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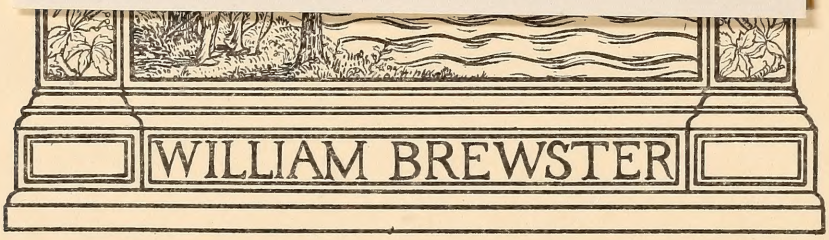
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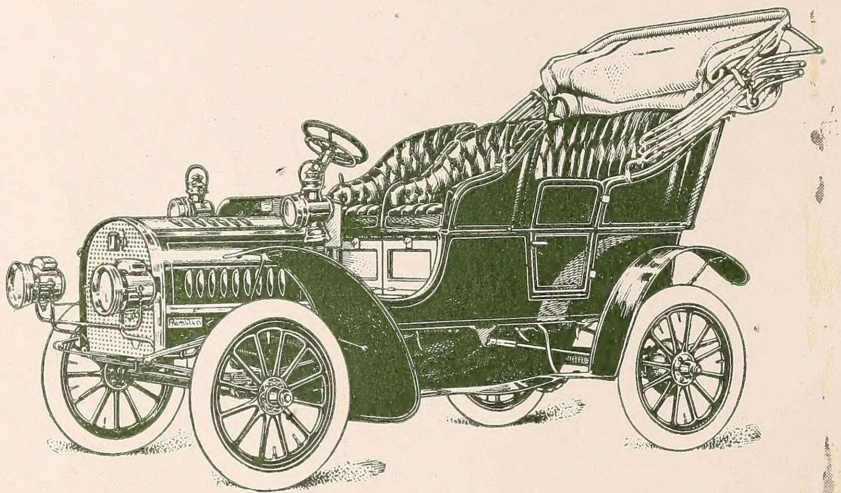

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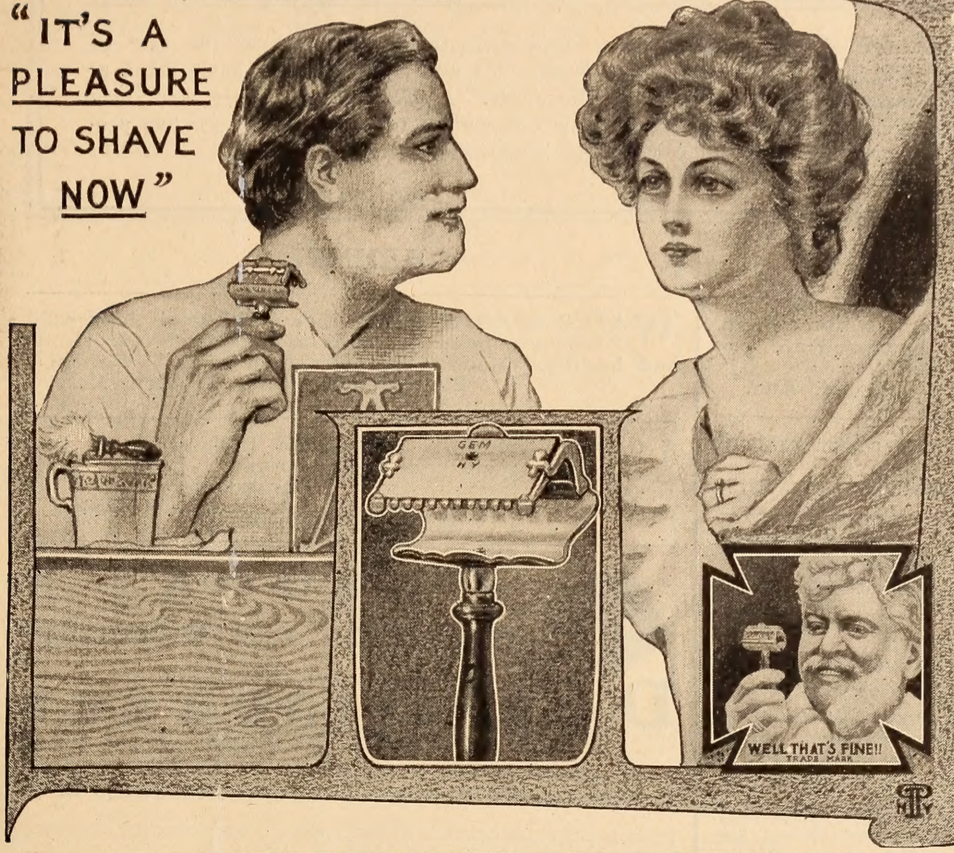

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The seclusion you would have to arrange for yourself; but I can supply any quantity of WILD RICE and WILD CELERY seed next fall *if you give me ample warning.*

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The preserve is about one hundred miles from New York City; consists of 45,000 acres, and is 1,200 feet above sea level. The clubhouse is everything that it should be, and the three lakes on the preserve are heavily stocked with bass.

I wish the publisher could spare me the space to dwell on the attractions this place would have for any sportsman of means and refinement, but it cannot be.

However, if you are thinking of joining such a club, take the matter up with me by mail, or, better still, let's arrange a meeting.
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WILD DUCKS of all species for sale at very low prices, also European White Swans, $40 per pair. Indian Crown Pigeons, $50 per pair. All kinds of pet animals for the lawn, pond or house.
WILLIAM BARTELS,
Wild Animal Dealer, 160 Greenwich St., New York.

Around Our Camp Fire

You're Always Welcome—Some Cheerful Letters —That Box of Cigars—Quick Work for the Buffalo

The July Number

We believe that this is the best number of Recreation we have yet printed. What do you think about it? We believe it approaches closer to our ideal of a family magazine for sportsmen than we have yet attained. To some extent, we were feeling our way for the last three or four issues, trying to get nearer to our readers on these topics.

Now, we have started the gait and mean to keep it up. This number by no means represents our ideal of what the magazine should be. It is better than the others, that's all. It is rather hard to keep from being "nicey nice" in our pages, especially when we read the splendid letters which have deluged us during the past three months.

THE MYSTIC FIRE

After all, in New York we are rather far from Nature. Although our office is not perched up on the nineteenth floor of the Flat Iron Building, like Frank Munsey's, or overlooking with quiet dignity the historic confines of Union Square, as does the Century and Everybody's, we are located just a stone's throw from the busiest centre of this, the busiest city in the world. True, we can see one dingy cottonwood tree from our window and the breezes that blow across the North River from New Jersey occasionally bring a shower that tells us that somewhere, not very far off, there is a green country.

While it is hard for us to get to the country, the country comes to us in many different ways. A boyish admirer of Mr. Beard recently sent him a big package of spruce gum. Frank Ford occasionally gets the skin of some unknown bird or animal for identification. Last week an enthusiast sent the office three big trout.

Then, the sportsmen of the country come in by twos and threes, bringing stories of the fields and waters and urging upon us kindly invitations to join them on favorite streams and handy camps.

We get a tremendous mail, and it is growing every day. Our publisher opens it all so that the head man of the office reads your letter, no matter what the subject is. That is one way in which we are cultivating an intimacy with our people. If you are in New York, or if you ever come here, take this as a lasting invitation to drop in and smoke a pipe with us. Don't forget to write us and suggest improvements in the magazine. You might win that box of fine Havana cigars we promised to give for the best letter of the kind last month. One box will have been awarded before you read this, and the cigar-winning letter will be published in the September number. The offer is still open, and another box will be awarded for the best letter which reaches us on or before August first.

Some staid, old city people think that Recreation's subscribers all come from the wild and woolly parts of the country. While it is true that Recreation reaches the lonely cabins in the far-distant mountains, the ranch house and the backwoodsman's home, it also finds a place on the library tables of many city homes. Everyone born on the American continent has sportsman's blood in his veins. The dignified jurist, the world-famous author, the big politician, the artist or the clergyman who may be your next-door neighbor, will frequently surprise you with stories of success in the game fields.

Quick Work for the Buffalo

On June 7th we heard that Miller Bros., the proprietors of the big 101 Ranch at Bliss, Oklahoma, were going to kill a number of buffalo on June 11th in an event described as the "last buffalo hunt to be held in the United States."

On the same day Mr. Beard telegraphed Miller Bros, as follows:

> *"How many and what kind of buffalo are to be killed at the ride June 11th? RECREATION'S interest is for preservation, not destruction. Wire answer."*

Miller Bros. answered on the same day, saying:

> *"Our entire herd of buffalo will be used in the hunt. Probably less than thirty-five will be killed."*

The astonishing statement that "less than thirty-five will be killed" started Mr. Beard on the war path; and the wires began to get busy.

To Miller Bros. Mr. Beard telegraphed:

> *"In behalf of American sportsmen we protest against the destruction of buffalo at your coming exhibition, and we believe that American people endorse the protest."*

The presence of five thousand Indians being advertised at the exhibition, Mr. Beard thought it proper that the Secretary of the Interior should know something about the matter. The Secretary received the following telegram:

> *"In Indian celebration sanctioned by you, Bliss., Okla., Miller Bros. telegraph us thirty-five buffalo are to be killed to satisfy desire for sensationalism. In behalf of the sportsmen of America we protest against destruction one of few remnants bison now nearing extinction. Is it possible, that the Government at an exhibition held under its auspices can or will permit this disgraceful and un-American brutality?"*

The Governor of Oklahoma received the following by rush wire:

> *"Miller Bros. telegraphed us thirty-five buffalo are to be killed, Bliss, June eleventh. Do not allow this blot upon the fair name of your commonwealth. Pitiful remnants of the bison should be preserved and not annihilated."*

The press agent of the affair had advertised the fact that two troops of cavalry and a regiment of infantry were to be on hand to assist in the slaughter.

Accordingly, Secretary Taft, of the War Department, had the following dispatch from Mr. Beard:

> *"The presence of Government troops at Indian celebration, Bliss, Okla., June eleventh, would indicate federal acquiescence in slaughter of thirty-five buffalo scheduled to take place that date. Are you willing that the people so understand it?"*

Mr. Beard's secretary then telephoned the President of the Society for the Prevention of cruelty to Animals and told him the story. The New York newspapers were also called up and given particulars of the threatened outrage.

The next morning, June 9th, the following dispatch, dated at Bliss, Oklahoma, time 2.25 a. m., signed Miller Bros., awaited Mr. Beard's arrival at the office:

> *"Only enough buffalo to be killed June 11th to provide barbecue for members editorial association. No females slaughtered. None more interested in preservation of buffalo than ourselves. We expect to establish and maintain largest herd in world. We appreciate interest taken by you."*

Mr. Beard dispatched the following reply to Miller Bros.:

> *"Why kill any buffalo? Editors would be glad to eat barbecued steer. American sentiment discountenances slaughter of even one bison."*

Answers to all Mr. Beard's telegrams arrived in due season, from the War and Interior Departments, the newspapers printed columns of sharp criticism, and the storm evidently reached Bliss, Okla., for Miller Bros. killed but one buffalo, and that was an old bull, the carcass of which was fed to an association of editors. The editors have not yet been heard from.

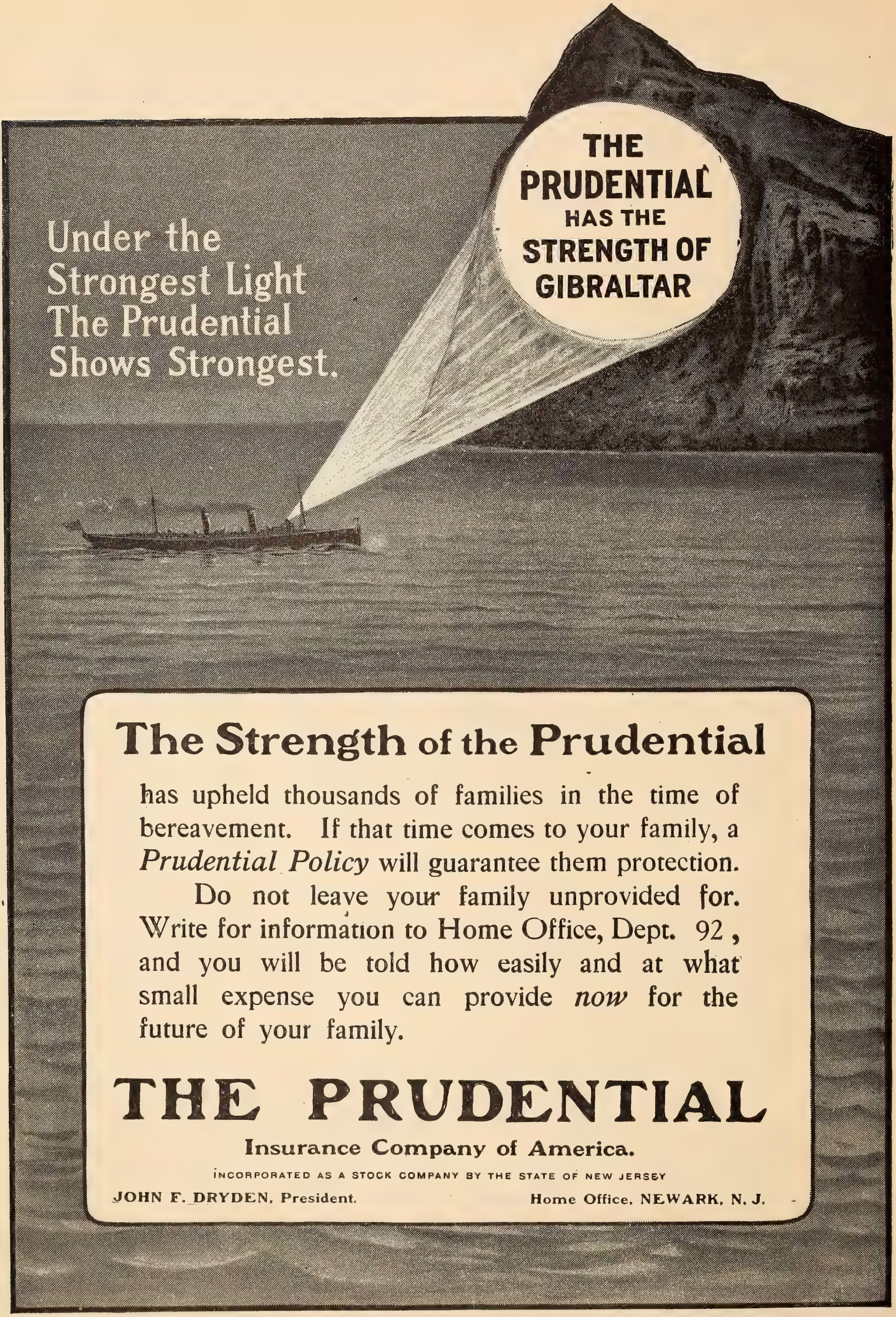
RECREATION'S PLATFORM

An uncompromising fight for the protection, preservation and propagation of all game; placing a sane limit on the bag that can be taken in a day or season; the prevention of the shipment or transportation of game, except in limited quantities, and then only when accompanied by the party who killed it; the prohibition of the sale of game. These are "Recreation's" slogans now and forever.

You Ought to Have a Copy

The Premium Catalog, recently issued by the Circulation Department, seems to have made a tremendous hit. The circulation man, Mr. Duncan, surprised us all at the wonderful collection of premiums gathered by him for our Circulation Builders.

Literally, there are hundreds of useful things in this most varied collection, things that every sportsman not only needs but should have in his campaigns for pleasure. Mr. Duncan will send a copy to every subscriber who wishes one.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Vol. XXIII Number 1

RECREATION

A Monthly Devoted to Everything the Name Implies

Dan Beard, Editor

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR TEN CENTS A COPY

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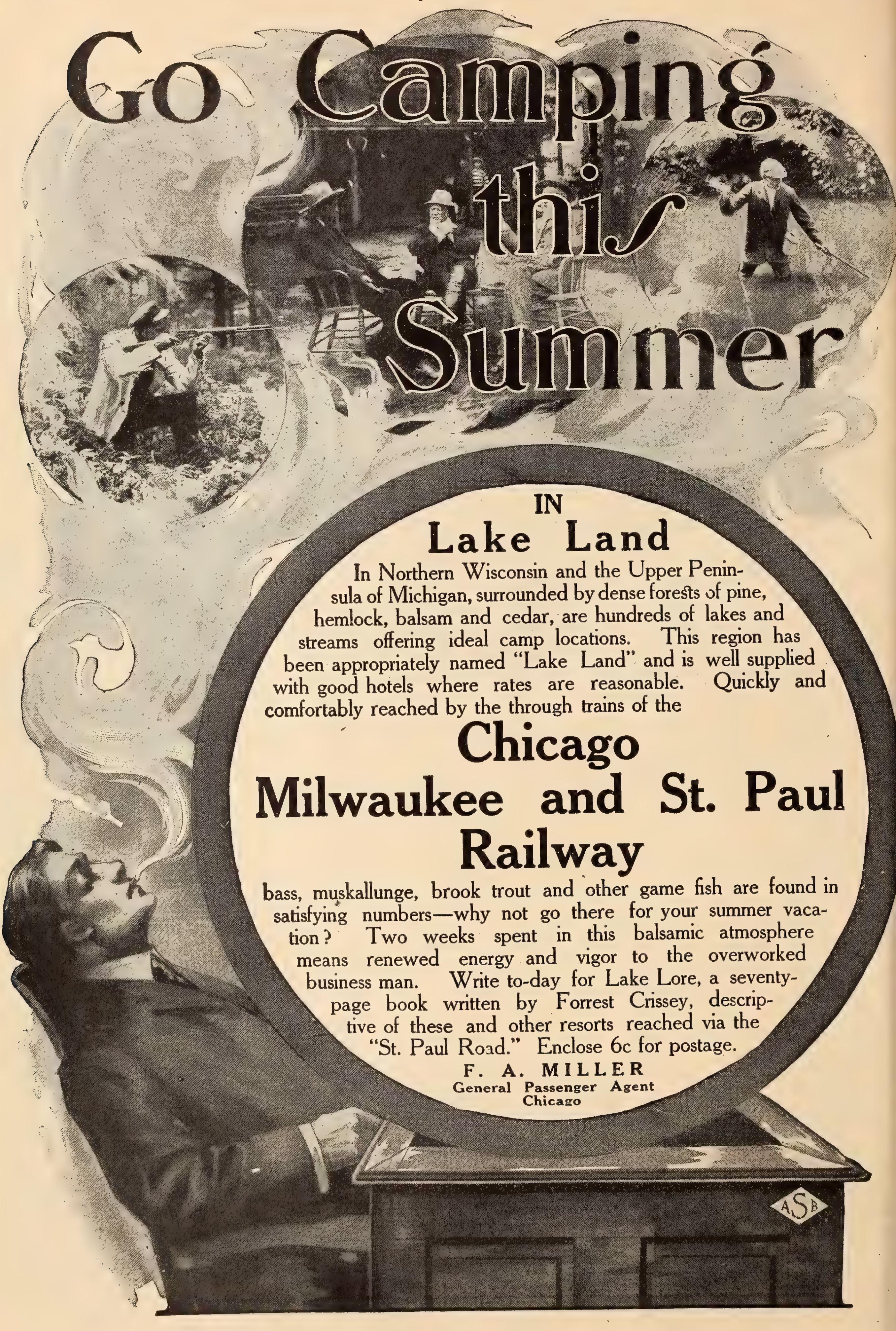

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IN

Lake Land

In Northern Wisconsin and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, surrounded by dense forests of pine, hemlock, balsam and cedar, are hundreds of lakes and streams offering ideal camp locations. This region has been appropriately named "Lake Land" and is well supplied with good hotels where rates are reasonable. Quickly and comfortably reached by the through trains of the

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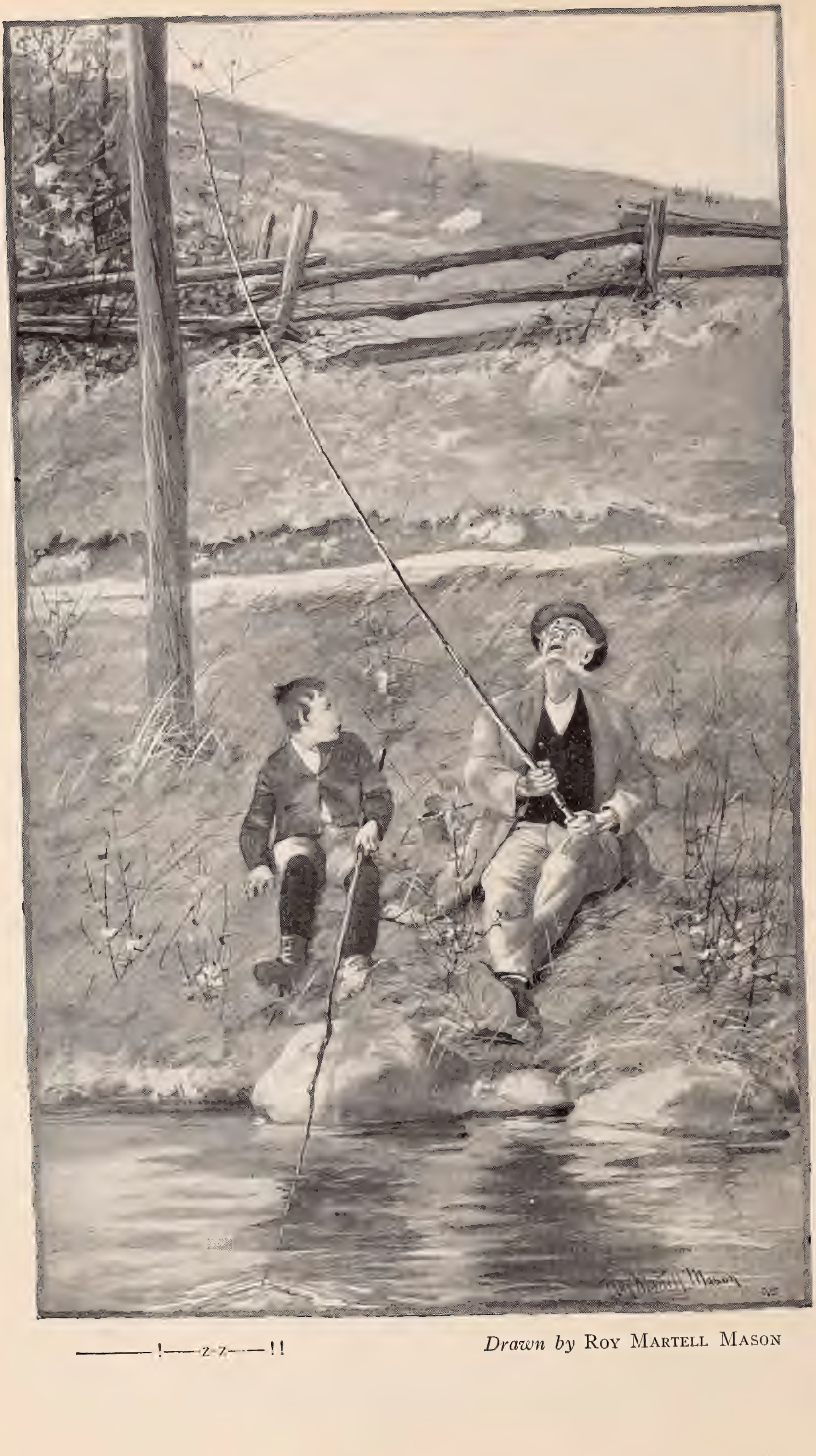
F. A. MILLER
General Passenger Agent
Chicago



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Drawn by Roy Martell Mason

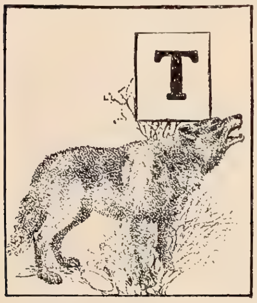
RECREATION

VOL. XXIII. JULY, 1905 No. 1

BUFFALO HUNTING THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

By CAPT. JAMES W. DIXON, LATE U.S.A.

Captain Dixon is deeply interested in our movement for the preservation of the buffalo, and in giving us this description of conditions on the plains thirty-five years ago he hopes to assist in the work by calling attention to the important part the Bison played in the upbuilding of the Western frontier. Coming from a veteran of the old Bison trails the article cannot but be of lasting interest to our readers.—EDITOR.



THE Kansas Pacific Railroad had been constructed only as far West as Fort Riley in 1867 and the great plains with their monotonous undulations known in Western parlance as "divides," stretched away for hundreds of miles North, West and South, unrelieved by any sign of civilization, save here and there a station of the overland stage route, or a military post or "fort."

So numerous were buffaloes when I first struck the plains that hundreds of thousands of them were killed by Indians, tourists and traders, many for their skins alone, and sometimes not even that excuse was made for their slaughter. Every traveling tourist who had the means must needs have his fling at the buffalo, and the only consolation in the contemplation of their wanton butchery is that the buffalo sometimes had his fling at them.

At this time the buffalo furnished the chief food of the five wild tribes of plains Indians, the Sioux or "Cut-throats," Cheyennes or Sacrificers, Kiowas or "Prairie tribe," Arapahoes or "Cutnoses," and Apaches, Lipans, or "poor band." The estimated number of buffaloes on the plains in 1868 was 2,000,000.

With the Indians the buffalo was the aboriginal occupant of the plains and the movements of the immense herds governed the location of the tribes. Before the settlement of the country by the whites, the buffalo roamed over the whole territory, from the Missouri river to the Rocky mountains and from the plains of Western Texas to the head-waters of the Missouri in the far North. Thirty-five years ago the buffalo was not found South of the Red river, or within two hundred miles of the Missouri at Kansas City.

Like many wild animals the buffalo was migratory in his habits, his movements having been influenced by the seasons and by abundance or scarcity

RICH PASTURAGE AND CONTENTMENT

of pasturage. Herd after herd have been seen stretching over a distance of nearly a hundred miles, all moving in the same general direction. Early in the spring months they were found South of the Canadian river as far as the Red, because in that region the winters are short and the grass appears early. The herds followed the pasturage as it appeared, toward the North, moving across the Cimmeron, the Arkansas, the Smoky Hill, the Republican and beyond the Platte.

The buffalo displayed an instinctive sense of organization and discipline wonderful and amazing in animals. Like vast armies the herd was subdivided into what resembles corps, divisions, brigades, regiments and even companies, each having its commander or leader.* Distances were observed and maintained when the great mass was moving. Each subdivision preserved its relative position to the others, and, in case of sudden fright, moved in a compact mass. Each herd had its videttes and these wary watchers gave the alarm of approaching danger. In approaching a herd, groups of four or five were first seen. When alarmed they galloped to the herd. The cause of alarm having been ascertained, the herd leader in advance, followed by the cows and calves, was off at full speed, the young bulls acting as rear guard and flankers. The cows and calves were always found in the center of the herd, as a measure of safety. The calves were thus protected from wolves and other natural enemies.

In the evening the herd set out for water. When moving for this purpose buffaloes were always seen in single file, following their leaders, traveling at a sort of ambling gait. Buffalo

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*Buffalo Jones and other authorities state that these small bunches are family groups and that the immediate relatives always herd together.

"trails" were often ten or twelve miles in length. Large numbers of buffalo passing in this way over the same ground soon marked out a well beaten track closely resembling a foot-path. These buffalo trails could be seen on the banks of streams and rivers running through the buffalo country converging from all directions, some faintly marked, others worn eight or ten inches deep. These trails always led to water. Many travelers on the plains have been saved from death by thirst by following a buffalo trail.

The buffalo, like other animals, was horribly pestered and annoyed by fleas. To rid himself of these and also to cool his hot sides, he wallowed in the earth in a manner peculiar to himself. Kneeling first, and then placing one shoulder on the ground, he revolved by the use of his hind legs, thus making what was called a "buffalo wallow." Standing water was often found in these hollow places far into the dry season. Every young bull aspired to become the leader of a herd. The question of rank was invariably determined by tests of strength, and combats, fierce and furious, were of frequent occurrence. Sometimes the death of one or both of the contestants resulted, but usually the vanquished bull took his place far in the rear ranks of the herd. If the victor had previously been the leader, he retained his ascendency, but if he could not maintain his position he was supplanted by his antagonist, without even the consolation of honorable retirement. Might made right in the buffalo herd.

Next in importance to the herd leader were a number of young bulls who acted as protectors of the herd. These had free range of the herd at large, so long as they did not interfere with the leader. Between the old and young bulls there was always a bitter hostility. As the younger ones gained in strength they attacked the older ones, and as the leaders grew feeble they were at last vanquished, when they be-

COWS AND CALVES ARE ALWAYS FOUND IN THE CENTER OF THE HERD came comparatively unimportant and occupied a sort of veterans' order on the outskirts of the herds.

The cows displayed remarkable affection for their calves. When a calf was wounded the entire nature of the cow underwent a wonderful change and she became an infuriated, savage creature, instead of a shrinking, comparatively timid animal.

The very aged and enfeebled buffalo bull was an object of pity and commiseration. Driven from the herd as a useless encumbrance, he was left to wander aimlessly about until pulled down and devoured by hungry wolves.

Something interesting may be said of the hardy little mustang that was used on the plains in hunting the buffalo. The smaller and more hardy species of the horse known as the Indian pony is supposed to be directly descended from those brought to this continent by the Spanish adventurers who first introduced him here at the time of the landing of Cortez and his followers on the Southwestern coast. The Comanche Indians were the first to acquire possession of horses from the Mexicans, and the plains of Texas, with their fine pasturage and streams of water, proved favorable for his habits.

As there was something formidable in the appearance of a buffalo bull on his native heath, it is no wonder that an ordinary, untrained horse refused to approach him. Some horses, and not a few, could never be made to overcome their fear, but others by a proper course of training, would carry their riders into exactly the position desired, without any direction whatever. These were termed "buffalo horses" and their owners took great pride in them and if parted with at all they commanded extravagant prices. The well trained "buffalo horse" approached the herd rapidly, but cautiously, enabling his rider to "cut out"

WINTER

or separate one from the others. This done, he followed the buffalo with an ever watchful eye, regulating his speed to that of the hunted animal, his every endeavor being to draw up alongside without unnecessarily frightening him. When the quarry swerved in his course, the horse, knowing this to be a dangerous moment, as the buffalo might suddenly turn and charge him, would change his direction and make a long turn, keeping up his speed, however, that he might not fall too far to the rear. When the buffalo fell, the knowing horse kept up his speed, described a circle and galloped back to the dead or wounded buffalo.

Great risks were run by timid riders on green horses in buffalo hunts. Good horsemen on "buffalo horses" made a dashing, striking appearance as they rode wildly over the plains in pursuit of this magnificent animal. Revolvers of large caliber were the weapons generally used in buffalo hunting. A shot just behind the near shoulder, if accurately placed, was surely fatal, as it pierced the heart. Expert hunters often used the rifle.

The tongue and certain portions of the hump were the choicest parts of the buffalo, but almost every portion of the carcass was utilized by the Indians. The beef closely resembled ordinary beef in taste and flavor, but was of a coarser grain and that of old animals was tougher and less palatable.

By Dan Beard

WHERE SOME OF THE BUFFALO WENT

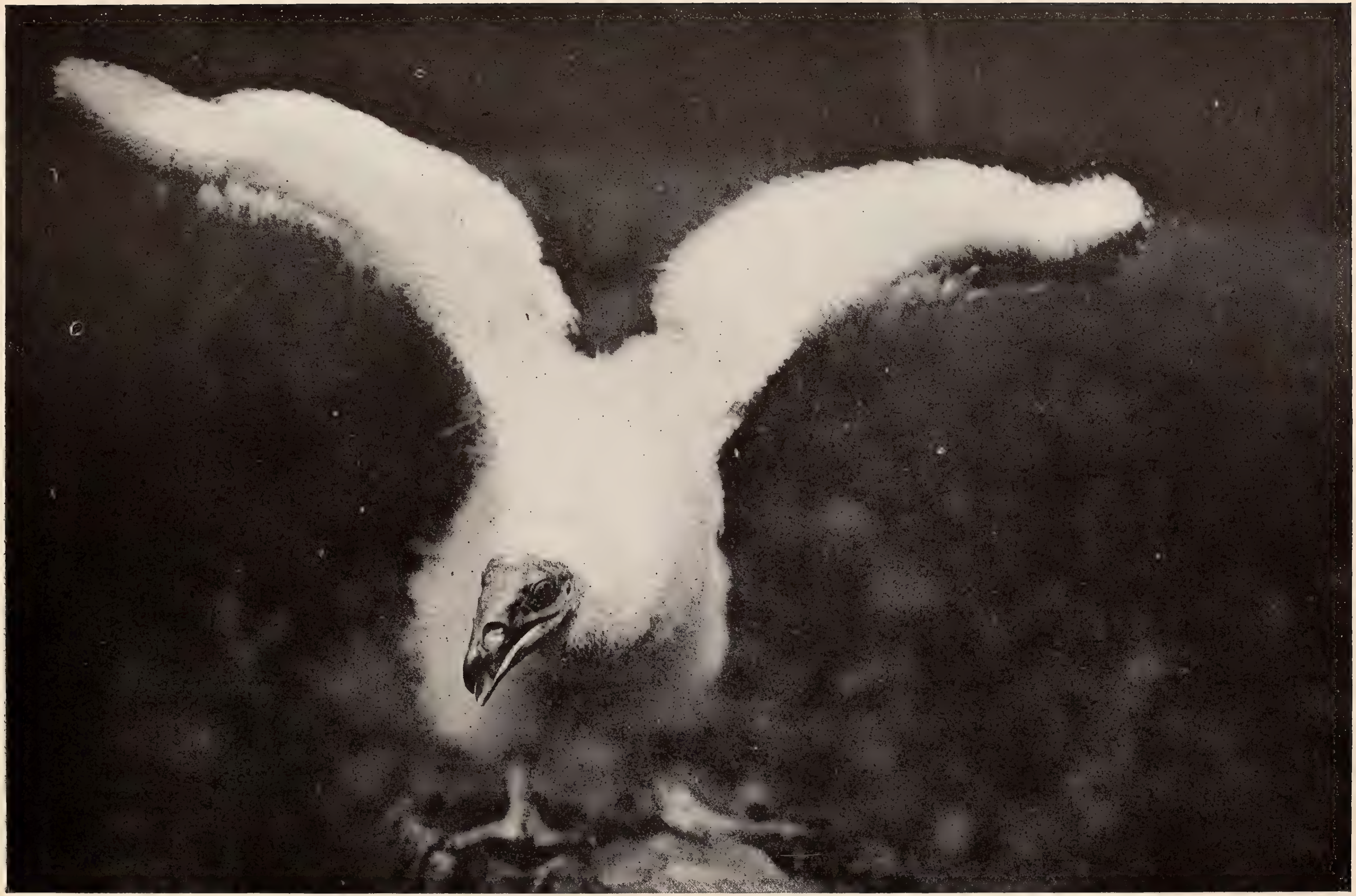
Chief Pretty Bird, whose chief claim to glory comes from the fact that he consumed 14 pounds of buffalo at one sitting.

TO A NIGHTINGALE

By MARGUERITE JAUVRIU

Heralder of the night whose soothing lay
Wreathes earth in slumber, overtowering care
Soar far above the embers of the day,
Pour melodies o'er all; silence to prayer
The watchers of the night. From darkened lair
Make starbeams brighten, and the echoes ring.

Dart 'mid the clouds of gray that rise like ghosts
'Till dusk lights slowly to yon twilights' shade.
As farewell then is spoken night's dim hosts
Scatter as leaves by winds blown down a glade,
Rustle and sigh, waiting until they fade.
Thus nightingale, bird of the gloaming, sing



The young birds are quite pugnacious

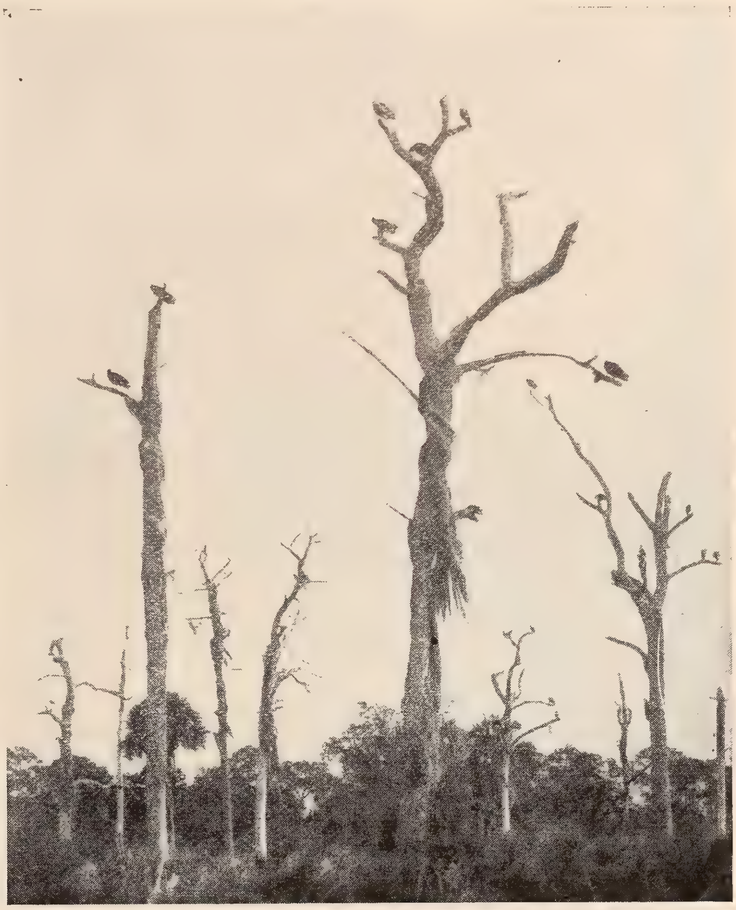
HOME OF THE TURKEY BUZZARD

By CARL E. ACKERMAN

IN the literature of my early youth, obtained through the expenditure of five and ten-cent pieces, there entered a character by name, Frank Reade. This man was a genius, who long before the days of the first successful automobile, constructed a wagon propelled by power. He invented many strange and wonderful machines with which he toured the wide, wide world, rescuing beautiful maidens in distress, exterminated bands of painted savages about to assassinate helpless settlers, slaughtered hordes of wild beasts, and, with it all, produced a new machine each week with which to delight and thrill his readers.

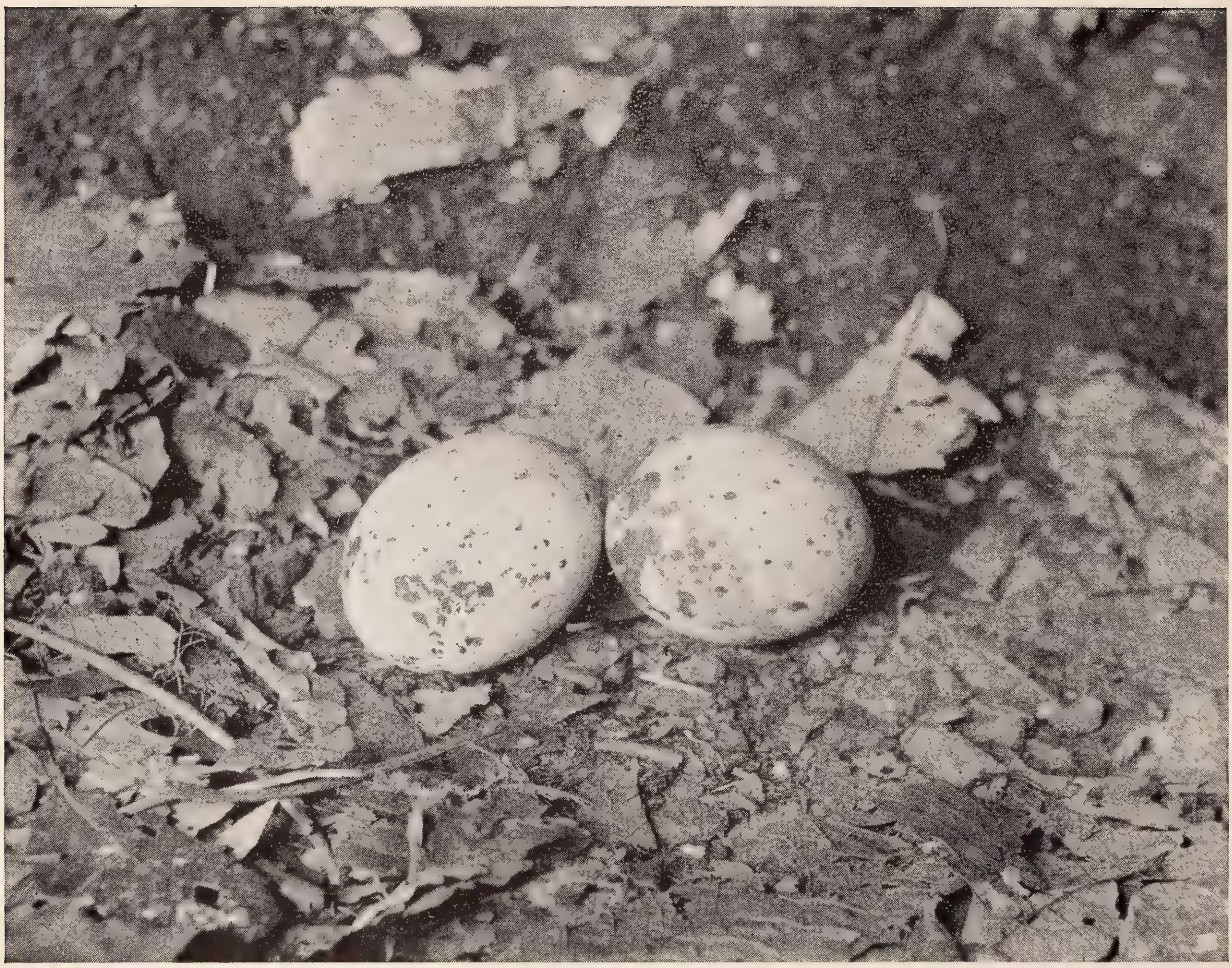
In the early part of one of the stories Frank Reade's family became greatly alarmed because of the strange actions of the marvellous inventor. Day after day he was to be found back of the barn, studying the flight of numberless turkey buzzards circling in the sky. The family, however, in the course of time, were greatly relieved to learn that the apparent queerness in the inventor was due solely to his desire to learn the method with which the birds sailed through the air so that he might apply the principle to his new air ship.

The story made a tremendous impression upon me and surreptitiously removing the old pair of field glasses which hung near my father's desk, I retired to the back of our barn and proceeded to look for turkey buzzards. Strange to say, there were several in the air, and, resting the heavy pair of glasses on one of the rails of an old fence, I followed their movements without fatigue for an hour.



Cluster on nearby trees

Suddenly I felt a tap on the shoulder. Turning I saw my aunt, who was spending a few days on the plantation. She rapped me on the bare head with her lorgnette and asked me what I was doing. In rather a pompous tone I told her I was studying the buzzards. She



Creamy white with large irregular brown splotches

complimented me upon the fact that I was manifesting an interest in a line of natural history which had nothing to do with fishing and shooting.

Although I little appreciated it, I had made a most favorable impression upon my aunt, and after her return to the city I received a box filled with all sorts of books on natural history. Thus I entered into the ranks of the naturalists.

While the lives and habits of many animals have interested me since my first lesson with the buzzards as subjects, I believe that this ignoble bird to this day holds me strongest, presumably because through their assistance my dormant love for nature received its awakening.

From my histories I learned that the turkey buzzard is a species of genus catharista commonly known as the carrion vulture. The name, turkey buzzard, comes from the peculiar walk of the bird on the ground and its actions while devouring its food. The wattles on the head and neck also tend to increase the resemblance to the domestic turkey. The turkey buzzard differs from his relative, the black vulture, in many ways. The black vulture is an awkward creature on foot, and hobbles around in a stilted sort of a way, while the turkey buzzard struts in regal magnificence. The flight of the turkey buzzard is different from that of his black brother, for while the larger birds, depending almost wholly upon air currents for support in the air, seldom flap their wings, the black vulture gives five or six flaps, sails a little while, and then flaps some more.

The height attained by these birds in flight is surprising. While on the summit of Stone Mountain, a queer granite formation in Georgia, rising three-quarters of a mile out of an almost level plain, I watched buzzards sailing over one mile high, making them approximately two miles from the earth. The flight is majestic, and the long, steady, circling sweeps being so closely allied to those of the eagle, it is very hard to determine the identity of the bird without glasses.

As in many other mountains there was a buzzard's roost on Stone Mountain. It was situated about half way up the steep side of the mountain, which was in the shape of a half dome split in twain. By careful work I approached within three hundred feet of this roosting place.

While the turkey buzzard is solitary in its movements this inaccessible steep brought quite a number of them together, and one spring I counted four different nests to be seen from my perch. The nests were rude structures, most of them built upon the stone. They contained from four to six eggs each. Further down the mountain I found another nest in a hollow tree. There were no sticks under the eggs, simply a rude sort of depression, evidently hollowed out by the mother bird. Two eggs had been deposited in it, the eggs being creamy white with large, irregular brown splotches, converging toward the larger end. The little ones hatched toward the latter part of May; and no one having knowledge of their parents' habits could for a moment suspect that the fluffy little creatures, covered with white down, were associated, in any way, with such repugnant ancestors. When touched, however, all liking for the little birds

Fluffy little creatures covered with white down disappears, for they quickly disgorge the food the mother bird has so carefully brought them and the atmosphere becomes anything but pleasant.

The young birds are quite pugnacious,—in fact, some years ago, Mr. Beard was bitten severely on the wrist by one which had fallen into the river and had been brought to him by boys.

All buzzards are protected by law in many of the Southern states, as they are the scavengers of the country. Enormous flocks of them congregate in sections over which forest fires have swept or where fields have been burned off, gathering in the dead rodents and birds.

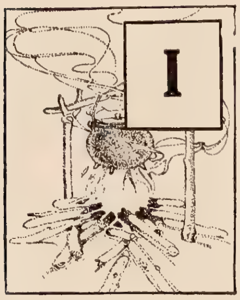
When food is in sight the quickness with which the flock assembles is marvellous. Not many years ago an epidemic of hog cholera swept over the South devastating many a stye. The last spark of life had no sooner departed from the body of the animal than the first scout appeared upon the scene to be quickly followed by others. If the impending dinner was not available at once the birds clustered on near-by trees or fences, occasionally flapping their wings and manifesting every desire to commence the feast.

Becomes anything but pleasant

"OLD INJUN," CHIEF OF THE COHARIE

By JOHN JORDAN DOUGLASS

Illustrated by Roy Martell Mason



IT was a bright, breezeless winter day: frost glittered on the ground; the air was crisp, cool and invigorating. Everything was ideal for a trip to the big woods.

I was in high spirits, for I had arranged to accompany old "Turk" Trotman on one of his famous turkey-hunts. His fame as a hunter had traveled far beyond the territory tramped by his tireless feet. To accompany him on one of his trips was considered the chance of a lifetime. When fully equipped and accoutered, I presented myself at his cabin door, my hurried rap received a ready response, and I entered the presence of my *chasseur chaperon.*

He was a lank, grizzled old fellow of sixty, with prominent cheeks, aquiline nose and piercing black eyes undimmed by age. He was giving the finishing touches to a reed turkey-call, and lifting it to his lips, sent forth such a natural yelp that for a moment I stood in silent wonder.

"How's thet fer 'em?" he queried, gazing up at me, a satisfied expression in his bright black eyes.

"Fine," I replied. "It strikes me that it ought to call up the shyest gobbler in the Coharie swamp."

"No hit won't," he said; "hit won't call up Ole Injun, the big bronze gobbler on the Coharie; ner nuthin else will. Thet's er turkey with ways like er Injun—shy, swif' on foot, sharp-eyed; here terday, yonder ter-morrer, an' the devil knows whar part uv the time."

The old backwoodsman shook his head and chuckled, doubtless at some wary exploit of the big bronze gobbler.

"The quare thing about hit is he's er tame turkey gone wild," he ran on. "He wuz hatched out here. I raised him with my own hands. But he wuz allus shy an' strange like. 'Peared ter be allus dodgin' an' lookin' fer danger. W'en the other turkeys wuz peacefully eatin' ther corn, he kep' liftin' his head, an' stritchin' his neck an' lookin' eroun. One day he heerd the yelp uv er wild turkey hen an' rez rite up in the air an' made er bee-line fer the swamp. He's never bin back sence. That wuz over two year ago. He's a big turkey jun ter-day; but hit'll be er glimpse an' the wildest."

I was so absorbed in the story of the big gobbler that I had forgotten our mission until the old man reached up and removed his long rifle from the "rest" of deer-horns over the doorway.

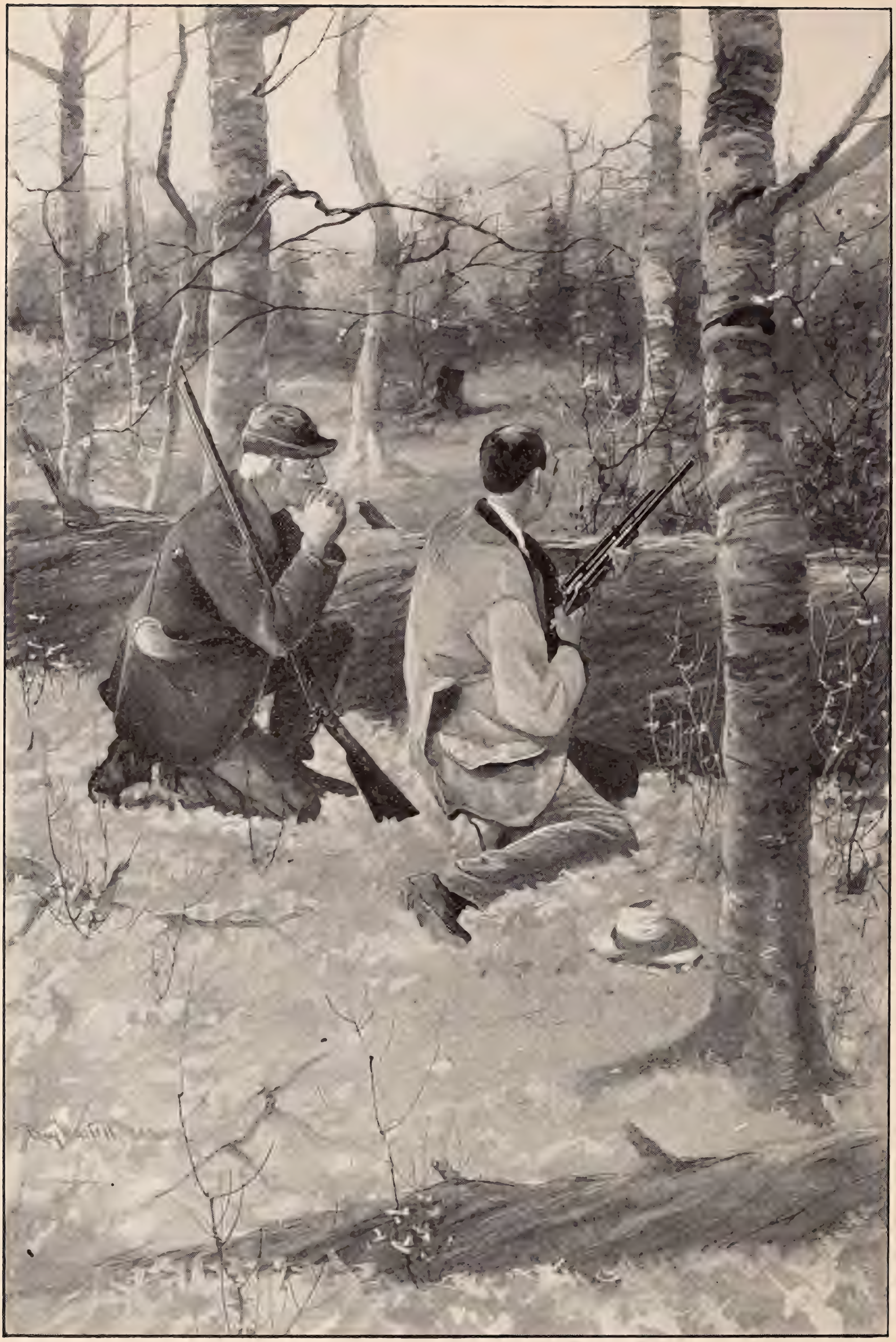
"Hit's time ter be goin'," he said. "Mebbe we'll git er glimpse uv Ole Injun ter-day; but hit'll be er glimpse an' thet's all. He knows all my tricks—he's sharper'n ole Satan."

We were quickly in the woods. I noted now that my companion became the very soul of silence. His sharp eyes and ears were ever on the alert. Not the slightest moving object escaped his notice. Once he sent a swift glance upward and indicated with his rifle a tiny object—apparently a mere wisp of gray moss clinging to the topmost limit of a mighty pine.

"Squirrel," he observed; "we're nigh the turkeys an' can't afford ter shoot."

"Let me try him with smokeless powder," I urged. "The report will not be sufficient to scare the turkeys."

"Be thet ez hit may," he answered, "they'll smell the powder jist the same.



Began to call in soft, seductive strain

Mos' folks fergit thet er wild turkey hez er nose ez well ez eyes. An' old Injun knows the smell uv man an' his gun, an' don't fergit hit. Be keerful now, we're gittin' inter the turkeys' feedin' groun'. Cum, le's lie down behin' this log."

He drew me toward a huge log, which lay on the border between the pine-barren and a stubby, disused stretch of clearing.

"Crouch low an' jes' keep your eyes on a level with the log," he whispered. "I'm goin' ter call."

With throbbing heart I grasped my rifle and did as I was bidden.

Then the old hunter, crouched beside me, raised the reed to his lips and began to call in soft, seductive strain. How natural the well-rounded, plaintive yelps that rose from the reed! With his lean neck craned forward and his bright eyes searching the farthest recesses of the adjacent swamp, the old hunter was himself strikingly suggestive of a huge gobbler.

Suddenly a twig snapped in the distance, and I was at strained "attention," my eyes glued upon the stretch of stubble. A moment later a flash of bronze greeted my gaze, but even as I trained my rifle upon it, it rose upward above the big pines that fringed the swamp. Quick as a wink it was screened from sight by the interlacing pine limbs. Once only, as we swayed our rifles to and fro, and then but for a second, did we catch a full view of the big bronze bird, well beyond rifle range. As we lowered our rifles, a half-grown hen ran into the opening. I took quick, careful aim, sending a ball through her neck. Excitement had doubtless proved her undoing. When we picked her up, we found traces of bronze upon her wings and breast. "Old Injun" had lost a member of his tribe.

"Dodgast ef I didn't like ter fool him thet pop," observed the old hunter. "I never got him thet nigh berfore. He mus' be losin' his grip."

Strongly impressed by the big gobbler's clever escapade, I could not agree with my companion's conclusion. I had never dreamed that even a wild turkey could so swiftly and shrewdly vanish into mid air. Deceived by the call he most assuredly had been, but those bright eyes, unfailing sentinels, had warned him in the nick of time.

" 'Taint no use ter stay here," said the old hunter; "he's gone down into the Coharie swamp. An' we'd jes' ez well try ter bait old Nick hisse'f es ter go down tha' an' bait thet turkey. I've tried all thet. He ain't goin' ter cum nigh er blind. In fac' I've tried everything 'cept callin' him from the top uv a pine tree. But I bleeve we'll git him yit."

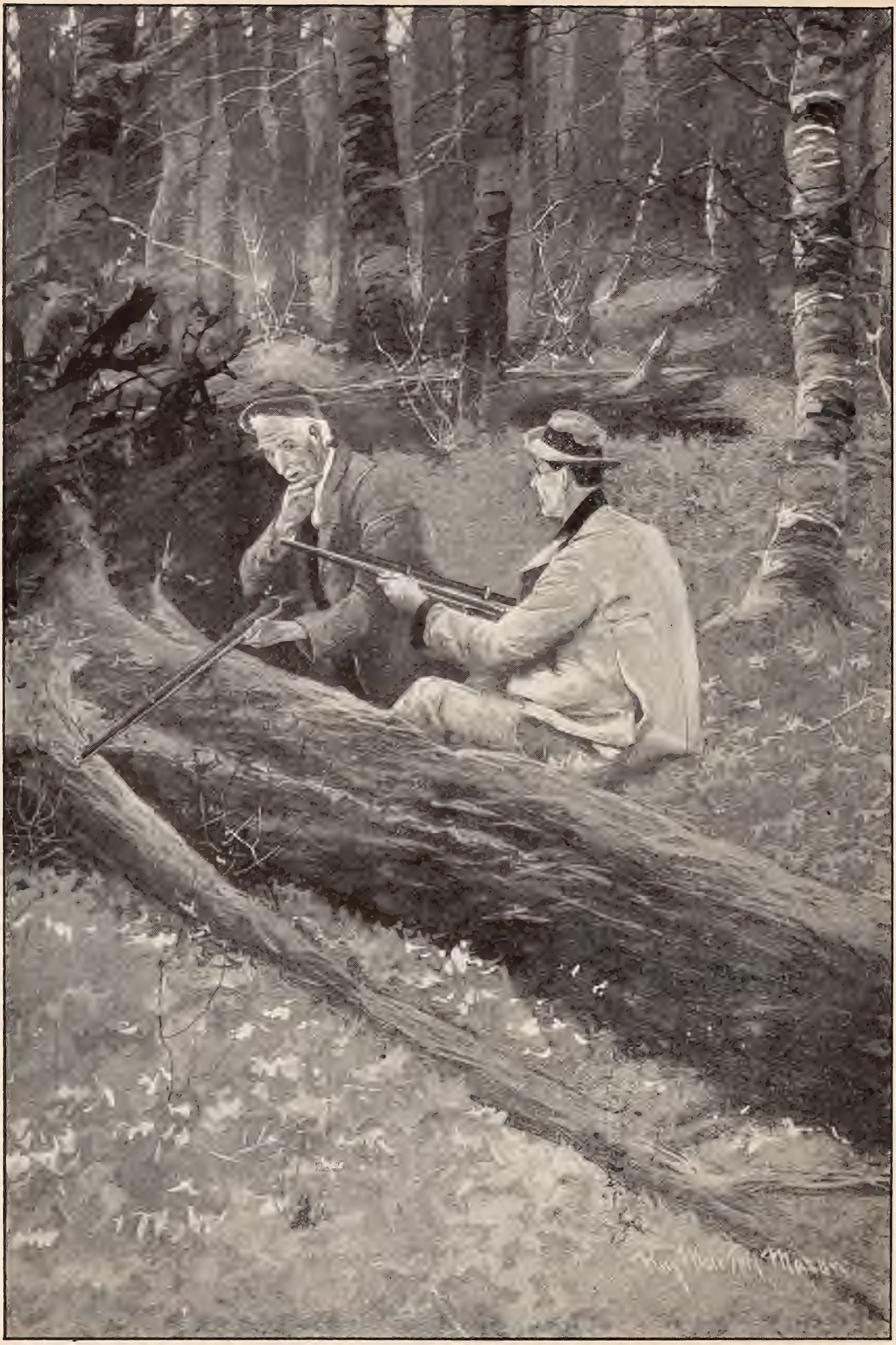
"How do you account for calling him so near to-day?" I asked.

"Wal, thar's no breeze, an', ez I've sed, he may be losin' his grip. Mebbe sum young gobbler's gittin' him shaky an' he's tryin' ter find new friends. Them wild critters is powerful like folks. W'en they git desprit they're more'n apt ter git bold."

He led the way toward Coharie swamp, a mile or more distant. He was strong in his opinion that "Old Injun" was weakening, and that some plan of outwitting him might possibly be devised.

Arriving at the swamp, we took up our station behind a big clay-root. Then again my companion began to yelp. For a long time there was no response, then a distant yelp quavered through the tangled swamp. A constant interchange ensued. But the turkey came no nearer. Not a solitary living object broke the smooth vista which stretched out between the bare beech trees before us.

"That wuz Old Injun," said my companion at length, "but you cain't allus fool him twice the same day. I mean ter have a shot at him, though, in spite uv faith. I mean ter set him out," he replied in response to my inquiry as to ways and means. "He mos' ginrally cums out erbout this p'int uv woods late in the evenin' an' goes off ter the big pines ter roos'."



I can't somehow fergit thet he wunst sorter nestled in my hand

It was late in the afternoon that, weary with inaction, I set out along the edge of the swamp in hope of shooting a squirrel. This I did against the earnest protest of my companion, whose patience was seemingly inexhaustible. I had not proceeded far before a distant scratching in the leaves attracted my attention. Creeping cautiously toward the sound, I at length approached near enough to discover a fine flock of turkeys feeding on acorns which they raked up out of the leaves. I noted among the flock two huge gobblers, one black and the other bronze; and even from the distance I detected that the big bronze gobbler—"Old Injun"—was losing caste. He lagged behind the others; the droop of his tail suggested a broken spirit. But all his old watchfulness remained. For a few moments I was so absorbed in watching the feeding flock that I forgot my rifle. Then I carefully raised it and instinctively took aim at the big black gobbler. I had him completely covered and my finger was pressing the trigger when a twig, upon which I had unwittingly stepped, snapped beneath my feet. In a twinkling the bronze gobbler gave the warning and the flock were off into the swamp. Disgusted, sick at heart, I returned to my companion. It seemed that fate fought for "Old Injun," the bronze gobbler, and for his feathered tribe.

As we sat behind one clog-root waiting for the brief twilight, I thought of a new plan of deceiving the turkeys. Accordingly I arranged the turkey which I had shot in the morning in a position as near life-like as possible and bade the old hunter use his call. This he did with consummate skill. In a little while there were answering yelps, which came nearer and nearer. My heart beat so high with the success of the venture that I could scarcely steady my rifle, for the entire flock, having perceived the turkey decoy, were coming toward us. Suddenly, however, the hens hesitated and held back among the undergrowth, but we noted that two big gobblers, the black and the bronze, came steadily forward. Finally they were in range. I could not help observing the rivalry which existed between them. It was plainly apparent, too, that the big bronze fellow was afraid of the other's growing power and influence.

The black gobbler being at the most convenient angle for me, and having somewhat against him, I signalled my companion to shoot the bronze. Suddenly, at the sign, I fired, and my gobbler, shot through the head, leaped high off the ground and plunged stone dead a few yards away. But, to my infinite surprise, the veteran hunter failed to fire, allowing "Old Injun" to rise and whistle off to the swamp, a majestic sweep of wing marking his flight. I turned to the old man for explanation, and beheld conflicting emotions playing in his rugged face.

"I jes' couldn't shoot him," he burst out; "somehow I suddently cum ter pity 'Old Injun,' an' I made up my mind ter let him live till he got ready ter die. W'en you decided ter shoot the black gobbler, I made up my mind ter give the old bronze back his place ez leader uv the flock. He ain't nuthin but er turkey, but I handled him w'en he wuz er pore puny leetle feller an' I can't somehow fergit thet he wunst sorter nestled in my hand."

Somehow it seemed right and proper that there were tears in the old backwoodsman's eyes.

A PANORAMA OF THE HUNT

THE FAMOUS COYOTE HUNT OF WELD COUNTY (COLORADO)

By CHARLES HANSEN

THE writer arrived in the little city of Greeley, Col., a few days before the annual coyote hunt, in which most of the able-bodied men and a no small number of women of the section take part. At first the few remarks heard here and there, in hotels and upon the streets, about the coming event, excited but little interest in the man who, from force of circumstances, had long ago abandoned life in the open for the stuffy office. But as the day approached and active preparations for the hunt were begun, something of the old spirit began to stir within him, and the final result was that he bargained with a livery man for a buggy and a fast team of horses with which to take in the sport. At the same time he armed himself with a five-dollars-a-day-photographer, to perpetuate the scenes in pictures. A good saddle horse would have been the proper thing, but the buggy was selected because friends said that a novice in the saddle had no place at one of these affairs.

It was about the middle of January, and the morning dawned bright and crisp, with the thermometer not far from zero. Sunrise found practically every man and woman who intended to take part in the hunt already on the road toward the open range. Scores of people could be seen on the move along the various country roads, all anxious and eager for the chase. Everybody knew where the round-up would take place in a general way, and as this point was nearly twenty miles from the city, an early start was essential to see the killing.

In a triangular section of the country, formed by two branches of the Union Pacific railroad and the Burlington, in Weld County, there is a stretch of open prairie, containing scarcely a settler, except coyotes and jack rabbits. It is from this great wilderness, thirty miles across, that the coyotes slip out in the dark of night and raid hen roosts and small stock corrals at the little scattering villages and settlements along the railroad lines. And it is the necessity of keeping the number of these marauders at the minimum that has made a great sporting event out of what was at first only a small war by stockmen and farmers to protect their property.

The hunt had been well advertised, both by circulars and the local country and city newspapers, and under a head captain, there were about twenty-five lieutenants, who had been sent out the day before to take charge of the men who were to form the circle, thirty miles in diameter. As we emerged into the plain from the northwest, a line of horsemen could be seen stretching away to the south and east as far as the eye could penetrate the morning air. More were constantly coming up from the rear and falling into the lines, so that there was only a distance of one or two hundred yards between horsemen. Up and down the lines the officers rode, distributing the hunters in the proper distances from each other. Some had strings of hounds, yellow, ugly-looking creatures that looked much like wolves, but in the open they could outrun anything on foot. These were also distributed at given points in the line, and kept in leash, that they might be fresh when needed, rather than to run themselves down on jack rabbits.

The appearance of the whole was not unlike a large scouting detachment of cavalry. The resemblance to an army on the move did not altogether end here, for behind the line of horsemen came a miscellaneous crowd of camp followers and "grub" wagons, the plains for miles being dotted with rigs of various kinds, loaded with men, women and children. Not a few women were also in the front line of horsemen, and in many ways proved themselves equal to the best men in the saddle. We were assured by the captain, who happened to be near us, that the thirty-mile circle was as complete all around as upon the part we could see.

The horsemen themselves were picturesque in the extreme. They represented practically every kind of business in the state. There were hardy-looking plainsmen, with woolly chaps, high-heeled boots and spurs, astride wiry cow ponies, riding immediately alongside a college professor or a banker, in the most up-to-date park riding habit. Even an occasional Englishman could be seen, riding with short stirrups and extremely awkward in appearance, compared with the grace of the cow man, who rode as though he and his horse were one.

THE KILL

The advance was at a slow canter, and for a couple of miles furnished no more excitement than the novelty of the scene, and that peculiar indescribable sensation one feels in the vastness of the open air.

Then a half dozen horsemen broke from the line and made a dash forward. The cause was a gray streak that could just be seen going over a rise in the prairie about half a mile away. No use, though, the first coyote had too much of a start, and no horse could run it down on a straight stretch. So they returned to the line with the assurance that it was in the circle, anyway, and they would, later on, have another chance at it.

Near noon, the north and west lines reached the rim of a hollow plain, probably two miles across and six miles long. Here, by a sort of system of wig-wag signals that was passed from captain to captain, the line was halted. This, then, was to be the scene of the final round-up.

Across on the opposite rim of this butterbowl-shaped plain, a confused mass of something that looked like a group of small buildings could be seen. But presently this dissolved itself into its component parts, and it was seen to be only a bunch of horsemen, who now strung out in a line; the magnifying qualities of the rarefied air causing the first deception. One could then hear a rumbling as of continuous thunder, that grew steadily louder. It was the hoof-beats of hundreds and hundreds of horses upon the frozen prairie. Involuntarily one's thoughts turned to the stories of the old plainsmen, who could hear the coming of the great herd of buffalo hours before the animals could be seen.

Down in the hollow could now be seen one huge coyote running here and there, instinct or sense of hearing dictating the direction in which the horsemen were the more numerous. It came toward the line that was halted, the silence apparently deceiving it. A short chase by a few riders, however, turned it again toward the opposite hill. There the same tactics once more sent it back toward the silent line, this time to break through or die.

Our rig had been kept in the front line all day, and it came straight toward us, evidently deciding that to be the weakest point in the line. Our camera man had unpacked his instrument long before this, and advanced to meet the animal with his deadly weapon. This was too much for a crowd of the men on horseback, and a string of dogs were also let loose. A semicircle of horsemen now darted forward like an avalanche. The pent up savage blood had finally broken loose. The man in the buggy caught the general contagion, and, with a whoop, he sent the blacks over the rough prairie at a 2.10 clip, leaving the crestfallen and disappointed photographer half a mile in the rear; the man with the reins forgot one of the principal objects of the trip in the excitement of the sport. But as compensation for the loss of a photographer and a possibly interesting photograph, he was within a few yards of the scrimmage and saw the hounds fight it out with the biggest coyote captured that day. It could only end one way; they were six to one. The hunted animal was lying gasping on the ground when the first horseman rode up, and with a merciful bullet from a Colt's, ended this incident. At almost the same time, another coyote made a break toward the point in the line

ONE OF THE VICTIMS

AFTER THE ROUND UP

thrown into confusion by the first kill, and escaped with a few straggling riders in pursuit.

The line on the opposite hill was as complete as our own, and showed restlessness at different points. Here and there a solitary horseman darted down the slope, and far over the plain could be heard the Hi, Hi, Hi, as he encouraged a pack of hounds in full chase after another coyote. The line was visible for four or five miles, and from the action of the riders, there must have been at least a dozen animals in the circle. Indeed, several of them could be seen rushing about frantically in the hollow, with little more chance of escape than a jack rabbit in a hole.

Suddenly the shout of "Forward" was heard along the line. It was the signal they had ridden or driven twenty miles to hear, and away the whole bunch went, helter-skelter, horsemen, wagons, dogs and women, they were getting out of it all there was to be had. The dogs seemed to be the only ones left with any sense at all, and attended strictly to business. Several coyotes were caught and killed by the dogs.

The round-up was over; eighteen coyotes had been killed. The last animal foiled its would-be captors by squeezing into a badger hole. There some of the longest armed men reached their hands in and could just touch the furry creature, which crowded still farther into the bowels of the earth, thereby sacrificing its own life.

Reluctantly the hunters turned from their prey, and then, for the first time, began to feel the pangs of hunger that had been unnoticed until this moment. Then, also, joy of joys, it was discovered that the sandwich and hot coffee man had kept up with the procession, and was now jogging leisurely down the slope headed toward the place of round-up.

THE FLOWER

By LURANA W. SHELDON

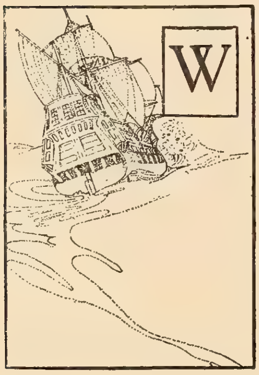
To hear the vespers of the dawn
On gentle zephyrs pealing—
To watch the rosy glow of morn
Across the meadow stealing;
To feel the dewdrop's tender kiss
And see the sunbeams dancing,
This is the floweret's dream of bliss—
This is its joy entrancing.

A HAUL FROM THE HERRING POND

(*Sea-Fishing Near New York*)

By EDWYN SANDYS

AUTHOR OF "UPLAND GAME BIRDS," "SPORTSMAN JOE," "TRAPPER JIM," ETC.



WHEN I go down to the sea in a ship I like to get at the bottom of things, always excepting, of course, the bottom of the sea itself. Time was when the genuine pleasures of angling semed to be confined to inland lakes, sedate rivers and hasty, brawling brooks, but that was when I labored under the delusion that it was all of fishing to take trout, grayling, bass and 'lunge. At last I came to the briny, and like your young singer, for the first time reaching the high sea, realized that my range had broadened.

Far be it from me to decry the sport of the sweet waters. No other fishing can compare with it, yet there is sea sport within reach of Gotham which is well worthy the attention of any man whose life-pump drives the real red stuff. From a tussle with a tarpon to playing with a porgie, the salt water sport has a charm all its own, and while it in no way resembles the artistic work with the fine tackle, yet it wears mighty well. If it had nothing more than the sea to commend it, the attractions would remain, for a close communion with old ocean has a fascination which never ceases after one has felt the spell.

Born a water dog with the Great Lakes in which to play, I was accustomed to vast expanses that spread to invisible boundaries, yet the first view of the Atlantic was a wee bit depressing. The white-whiskered rollers forever crowding themselves up the slopes of sand appeared to be mockingly chanting a deep, measured something which at first was hard to catch. But at last the untrained ear mastered the song and the pounding distinctly said: "Can't swim across me, can't swim across me!" The more I listened and watched the stronger grew the conviction that the rollers knew what they were talking about, so after making up my mind that a swim across was really out of the question, I cast about to discover how to best plague this defiant, mocking, corned-beef-hash flavored adversary.

For the first attack, I waited till the sea was roaring mad over something. Then I went at him, head first. For half an hour we had it up and down, then he flung me away up the bank and sat me down so hard on the sand that for some time I measured about an inch short of the average. But in a few days came wisdom on my part and a better understanding upon both sides, and then the old sea grew kind, and would playfully rock and softly sweep me hither and yon for one hour at a stretch. All this had something to do with the fishing, for a certain grizzly old beach-comber had watched my daily play with the waves until he grew interested. "Say, havin' a good time ain't ye? Wha' 'n thunder'd ye learn to swim, anyhow? What! L-a-k-e-s? Wa'al I'll be dummed! Didn't think no lake on God's hull earth was fit fur nothin' like that!"

He proved a bully old sport, too, and after I had told him a lot about the lakes, their sailing and fishing, we became quite chummy. One day he remarked: "Say, if ye can handle a boat half as well as ye can swim, I wouldn't mind takin' ye out enny day ye say. My mate's been sorta laid up fur a week, and my boat's loafin' in yonder earnin' nary a cent."

The upshot of the matter was that we agreed to start at gray dawn the following morning—he to furnish boat and such tackle as was aboard, while I provided grub and such of my own gear as I chose to take along. A few questions elicited from the proprietor of the quaint little hostelry the information that I had run foul of a rare good, but very peculiar, man who owned the best of the larger craft of the inlet. Somewhat to my astonishment I found the boat had once been an old-time racing single-sticker, which in her day, had led her class through many a lively bout. Her rig had been cut down a bit, but the good lines of the old hull were there—in fact, the craft was the very thing in the way of a handy sloop for all sorts of weather.

"We've got to go through that tha' trussle; how 'bout ye takin' holt for a spell? She'll pint wherever ye ask her in this breeze"; there was a twinkle in his eye which might or might not have meant mischief. I "tuk a holt" and in very few moments learned that she was all right. The draw was mighty narrow, but I managed to get through without scrapin'.

"Good for ye! Send her along—plenty of water ennywheres now," he chuckled, and presently she was heeling to it and flying for the open sea. So far as I could tell, we had the entire Atlantic to ourselves, and getting the course from the skipper, I let her boom along until further orders.

"Tha's bin a few blues ketched out yonder," he remarked, "but it's most too early yet. We'll anchor after a bit and use these," jerking his thumb toward a box of tackle. "Then we'll try for a tide runner."

"The bluefish, I knew, were addicted to a murderous prowling along the coast from about mid-summer till the first of the cool weather, and I was keen to get fast to one of the hard fighting bravos, of which I had heard so much. So far as sporting qualities go, the blue fish is the best of available fishes, but for some reason he seems to be losing ground, or water, or whatever is the right term, and season after season becomes more scarce. Be it understood that when I term him the best sporting fish, only our present method is meant, as every salt water bass fisher will readily understand. Our possible victims included no purely game fish, except the blue. Outside, we had black fish, porgies, cunners, sea-robins and blowfish, while inside, there were weak fish, flounders, skates, and so on. The weak fish, that mockery of a trout, is all right upon light tackle, but as his name indicates, he is slightly lacking in the strenuous. The blue fellow is a devil, a lusty, reckless fighter, game to the last kick and ready to grab a careless finger, even when he is gasping his last on deck. The others are just good enough to have fun with.

"Reckon I'd best take her now," said the skipper after a while, "tha's an old wreck lies off yonder and we've got to get right over it to get ennythin'. Ye can drop the mud-hook, an' be smart when I give ye the word."

He, of course, had certain shore-marks by which to locate that one small known good spot in all that waste of water, and because I knew of the need for swift obedience, the mud-hook was dropped with an earnestness that won unqualified approval, and in a few moments we were snug and ready for business. Not a vestige of wreck was visible but the skipper, after an earnest glance shoreward, declared we were about right. "Soon prove it anyhow," he grunted as he picked out a couple of hand lines, bearing two small hooks apiece. The bait was chopped clam, and so soon as his gear was ready he tossed it over, waited perhaps two minutes, then drew it in and tried the other side with a like result. Then he went forward, failed again, and finally went aft. "We cant's be so durned fur out. Aha! here ye be!" he exclaimed—and with the words a couple of blackfish were unceremoniously yanked aboard. I marveled, for he had calculated within the sloop's length of the desired spot, which meant getting within an area of more than fifty feet square.

What followed smacked more of fun than sport, yet it was by no means to be despised. There was an uncertainty in regard to what the next catch would be that kept one interested, while most of the fish taken were first-rate for the table. Now it was a brace of blackfish or a good-sized single specimen, next a winged sea-robin, then a cunner, a porgie, a skate, an occasional blowfish, and more than once a villainous-looking spider crab. We merely sat upon the rail, tossing out and pulling up as city lads do from the wharves. Because the skipper wanted every fish he could get, I stuck to the game for about two hours, during which an astonishing number of victims were secured. Then I began to loaf, enjoying the easy roll and staring far over the wrinkling plain. Far away a snowy tern was wheeling and dipping in swallow-like flight. Presently a second bird joined the play, and soon others, apparently from nowhere, added lovely life to the ceaseless evolutions. The graceful things were most interesting, and as I watched, it became plainly evident that the tireless birds had a method in their seemingly idle play. While whirling in a maze of circles, bird after bird dipped to the surface, only to rise and renew the wheeling.

"What are they at over there?" I finally asked. The skipper took one look, then hauled in his line and shouted: "Blues, by gum! An' us a-foolin' here. Get up that thar mud-hook—lively now!" In very few minutes we were speeding toward the winged telltales, the skipper steering while I got out a couple of long trolling lines, mine equipped with a fish-shaped lure of pearl, while his had one of cedar, to which was fastened a strip of eel-skin. The breeze had freshened a bit, and the old sloop was proving her quality of foot, when we bore down upon the busy terns, which reluctantly made way for us.

All unseen, a desperate tragedy was in full swing. A horde of blue thugs was harrying a crowding mass of helpless moss bunkers, as was attested by a greasy streak on the surface and floating fragments of the fish which had been chopped in two by powerful and merciless jaws. This is the way of the blue. Among the schools of small fry, he is like a dog among sheep; he seems to slay from sheer lust of slaughter. The skipper later declared that a bluefish will cram itself to the jaws with sections of its victims, then, when there is room for no more, eject the mangled mass and begin all over again. This may or may not be true, but certain it is that the blue is possessed of an appalling voracity, which the fragments of its victims do not seem to satisfy. The terns know this, hence their close attendance when the carnage begins. While nature often seems to work in a savage mood and to impel her creatures to what may look like outrageous slaughter, a little of close observation seldom fails to discover a method in the apparent madness. The terns and other sea fowl are grateful for all scraps that float, while on the bottom bide the slow-moving scavengers, ready to take care of whatever sinks their way. Nothing is wasted, and the lobster, crab and other bottom feeders must bless the name of the bluefish.

As the line straightened, I thought of something and from a pocket came an old pair of leather gloves. "Now, by gum!" ejaculated the skipper, "wha' did ye larn that? Not on no lakes, I'm bettin." I laughed, for the puzzled expression he wore just then was exceedingly funny. But there was scant time for fooling.

A strike—so savage that it suggested an abrupt fouling of a rock, warned me to be mighty careful, and in a moment began a lively set-to. Of course, on such tackle, there was little of anything akin to playing the captive; in fact, I just hauled him in hand over hand. He appeared to be most amazingly strong, but to my astonishment, the first good look at him proved that he weighed, if anything, little more than three pounds.

"Hustle tha'—get that line out again!" roared the skipper, who well knew the value of rapid work. The cord had scarcely straightened before another fish took hold, and this one proved no larger than the first. For five minutes there was no further action, so we put about and again worked toward the terns. The skipper thought we had missed the main school of blues and had taken a couple of small stragglers, but, of course, it is not unusual to encounter many fish no larger than ours. He proved to be right, too, for as he sung out: "Be ready tha'!" there came a jerk that almost carried away the tackle. Instantly I realized that this time it was a regular old rip-snorter, and at once the value of the gloves was proved. Resolute and strong, this fish fought like a bulldog, and because I knew a good thing when I had it, no liberties were taken. With the possible exception of a western salmon, I don't think I had handled so powerful a fish for the size—about five pounds.

Beyond all question, this fellow was as game as they are made, and unless my eyes deceived me, he tried two distinct snaps at my fingers before the hook was freed. Indeed, so strong and active was he that the knife-blade was pushed through his spine before I dared to let him go. As a rule, a lively fish is rapped on the head, but I prefer the knife, which does not bruise, while instantly killing the fish.

"Come on, skipper, your turn now!" I sung out, but the old boy, while keen enough, was reluctant to stop my fun. As I would stand no argument, we finally changed places, and it, indeed, was a treat to watch his weatherbeaten, but expressive face. "Foller them gulls," was his sole order, so I stood with the stick between my legs and studied the professional side. He was no end of fun. Veteran that he was, he had all the enthusiasm of a big boy, and his sizzling comments as he pulled in, fell harmless on the broad Atlantic. He took five medium-sized fish in rather rapid succession, and each capture only added to the glow of the war-spark in his keen gray eye. But he wasn't satisfied. My big fish lay in plain view, and it did make the others look like thirty cents, or snappers, or whatever is small change for bluefish.

Suddenly I missed the guiding terns,

and at last made out their distant forms winnowing in scattered array far in toward shore. "Too bad, durn it," growled the skipper, ruefully shaking his head. "We won't get no more. When them tha' gulls quit it's a sign that the blues have shighed and quit huntin' the small fellers. Wow!" he explosively added, and a glance at the line told that there was a serious case of blue trouble at the other end. "Now we hev got 'em!" he grunted, as he struggled with his prize, which when boated needed no second glance to prove its superiority over mine. "Best take a holt again. No! Well, out she goes!" he hurriedly remarked, and a blind man might have seen that he really didn't crave a change of places.

But alas! the totally unexpected happened, for without warning the good breeze played us false, so false that for hours we could not even make the inlet, to say nothing of further trolling. But we had good grub and tobacco and the sea was only two feet below. I peeled as easily as a boiled potato and enjoyed a glorious swim, which alone was well worth the trip. Finally I climbed aboard and soon after we both got into an argument with the grub. A loaf and a smoke followed and eventually our lost, strayed or stolen breeze found its way back and the good old sloop lazied homeward. Pleasant? Aye! wondrous pleasant. Far from the madding—clean, wholesome and in every way beneficial. O reader, make arrangements with the skipper and upon your return, deny, if you dare, that there is at least one form of that blue devils which is not very depressing.

THE GREAT SOUTH SEA

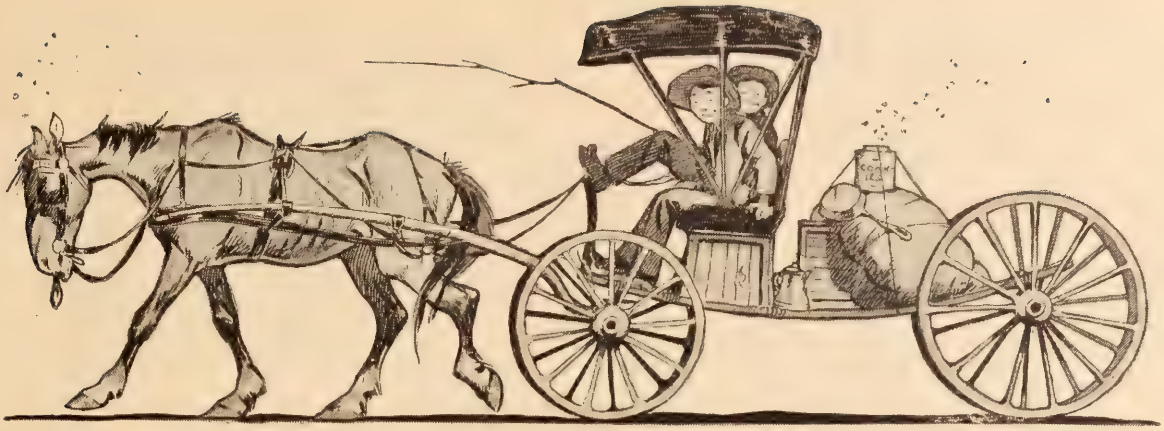
By GRACE BARTON ALLEN.

Oh, it's many a day since our ship left port, and the land dropped down out of view;
And it's many a day did she tack and veer, for the contrary winds that blew,
Till she leaned to the strength of the northeast trades, with all of her canvas free,
And they sent her bowling along her course, which was set for the great south sea.

Oh, it's day by day that the sun grew hot, as we sailed down out of the north,
And the sky and the sea took a warmer tone than they wore when our ship set forth.
There were flying-fish skimming in glittering shoals when the weeks of our voyage were three
And the ocean about was like fire at night, as we drew toward the great south sea.

Oh, it's then when the latitude grew low, that the favoring breezes fell;
There were languid airs; there were thunderstorms; there were calms with scarcely a swell;
But, while seeming moveless, she floated on, she was over the first degree,
And at last she drifted across the line, and we came to the great south sea.

Oh, the southeast trade winds, they fill our sails and our course it is full and by,
And we know, till the roaring forties are passed, we shall still see but water and sky.
We are weary of all that has gone before, we are sick of the used-to-be;
They have sunk to the under side of the world, and the top is the great south sea.



HOW TO MAKE A CAMPING TRIP ON $4 A WEEK

By E. SARGENT IRWIN

Illustrated by Herbert Johnson

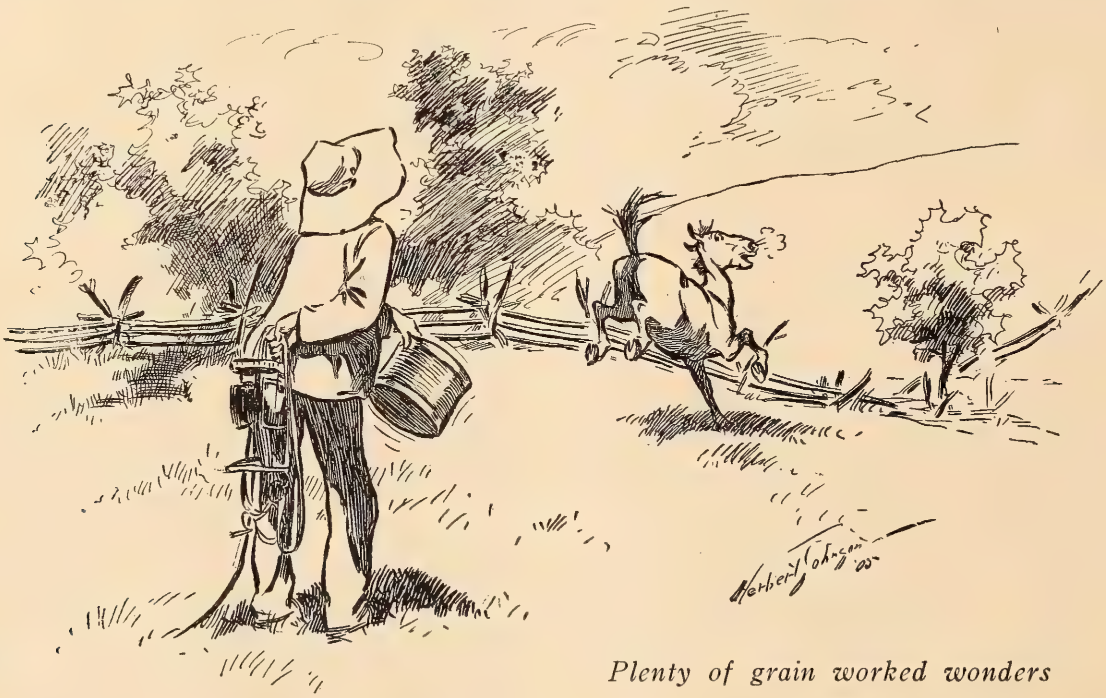
A SIX weeks' trip through a new country at practically no expense, with enjoyment such as no other outing ever gave, was the experience I am about to describe. I wished to visit North Conroy, N. H., and my plan was to drive to that place, camping on the way, with the accompanying pleasure of fishing en route. The start was made from a little country town near Worcester, Mass. The adventures and misadventures that befell us on that trip would fill a book.

First, of course, came the preparation for the trip. We had to have a horse and some suitable vehicle to carry two of us, together with a camp outfit for our simple needs, and only one who has spent much time in camp knows how few things are really required.

I had the running gear of an old, worn-out carriage, such as may be found discarded around 'most any blacksmith or carriage-maker's shop. With this as a base, I made a buckboard at a total expense of less than $2.50 for repairs to wheels and material. Hardwood strips for making the buckboard may be obtained at any lumber mill and a very little work by the blacksmith will put the wheels in condition for one more trip. Twelve feet long we made the body, but for reasons you will see later, nine is enough. For the seat a box was built and the seat and carriage top fastened to it. This box held all our bedding during the trip. Behind the seat we fastened another box, large enough to hold our little oil stove, gallon oil can, wheel grease, and wrench. A small shelter tent and our bedding, which consisted of one light weight quilt and one very heavy one. for each of the party, completed the outfit. Of course, a rubber blanket may be added, or a sleeping bag, but we preferred to claim the hospitality of some farmer in case of storm. So fortunate were we, however, in regard to weather, that only once did we set up the shelter tent, usually rolling up in our blankets with the great round moon and the stars for our roof.

For provisions we carried only sufficient for a day or two and a bag of oats for the horse. You can buy from your grocer for fifty cents each a couple of the tin cans, such as are used by the National Biscuit Co. for their fancy cakes, and upon returning them to any dealer your money will be refunded. These cans make excellent receptacles for food and we bought one full of our favorite cookies for between-meal lunches. A frying pan, milk can, plate, cup, knife, fork and spoon, salt, pepper, sugar, coffee and meal for each person completed the outfit. Don't forget the frying pan, meal and salt, for no fish dinner can equal the one cooked beside the stream from which the trout have just been taken.

All we carried could be placed compactly on the buckboard, and neatly covered with the tent which, in our case, was simply a 6 feet by 8 feet piece of heavy canvas.



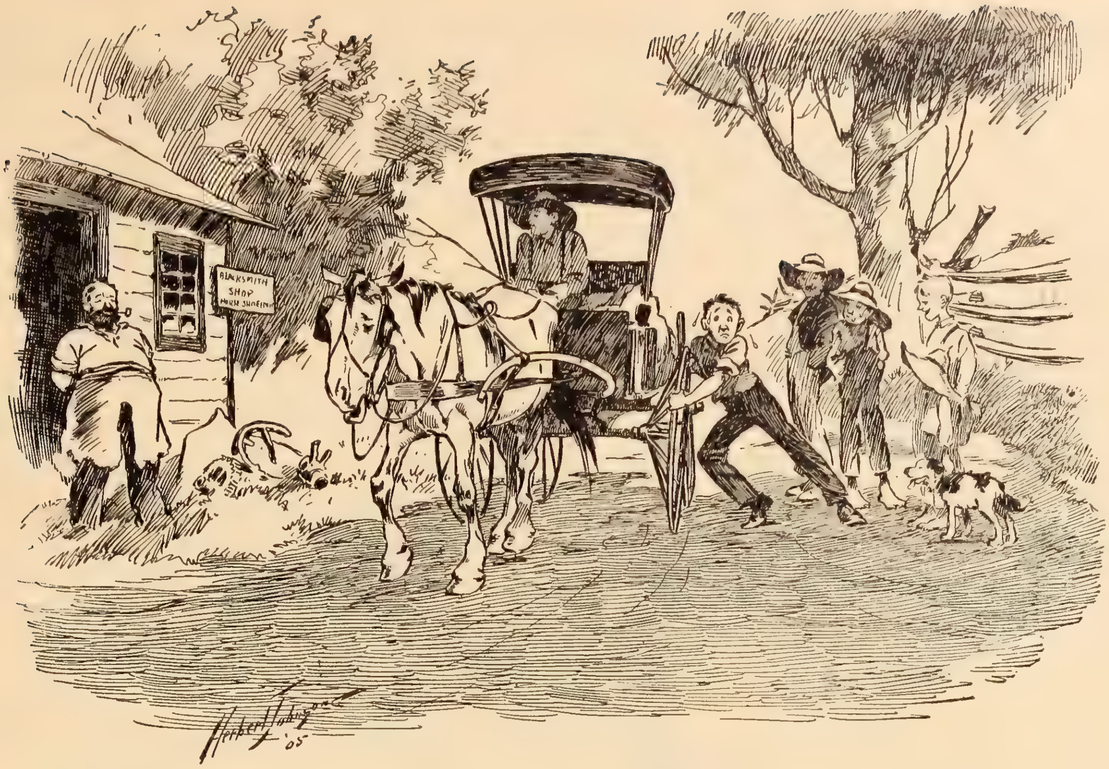
Plenty of grain worked wonders

In most communities you can find a horse that can be bought for very little money and one that good treatment and careful feeding will improve wonderfully. As you should plan to sell the horse at the end of the trip the price of the horse can be made to suit the purse of the campers. We paid $10 for ours and came near shooting him the next morning and charging it to experience, but a two week's run in a pasture, without shoes and with plenty of grain, worked wonders.

The sketches give you some idea of our outfit as we started. For clothes we took only what we wore, with a linen duster and two hats, a broad brim and a light felt for night wear.

Be sure to have your wheels well looked after before you start. Three of ours we had repaired and the fourth we thought was all right. It wasn't. It lasted just eight miles and left us four and one-half miles from the nearest village. We pitched our first camp right there, and after straightening up the wheel, threw it into a nearby swamp to soak till morning. This enabled us to reach Barre, Mass., where the wheelright "soaked" us $2.25 for fixing the wheel. It lasted less than three miles and then fell in of its own weight. We entered Athol, one riding and the other pushing the wheel up straight at each revolution, much to the ever-present small boy's delight. Here it was properly repaired and our troubles with wheels ended.

But here we met other troubles and only the fact that we had local friends of good repute saved us from the constable or at least bodily injury. We pitched camp for the night near a schoolhouse about two miles north of the city and after supper walked back



Pushing the wheel up straight at each revolution

to spend the evening with a friend who lived there. During the whole trip we often left our outfit unguarded for hours at a time and never had a thing disturbed. We attended the theater with our friend H., who decided to walk out and spend the night in camp with us.

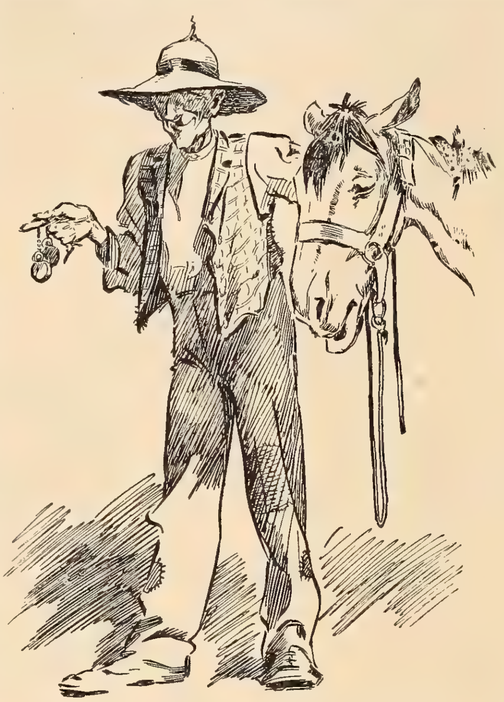
It was nearly one a. m. when we reached there and my partner left to get a drink from a well some eighty or one hundred yards away. He did not return, but instead came two big, husky farmers with cordwood clubs; and from each of three other sides came three other pairs each of which seemed to be bigger and worse-tempered than the others. They asked many questions, but would answer none. After being convinced of the identity of our Athol friend they departed. Our companion was allowed to return from the well, where he had been held up, and we were left in peace to figure it out for ourselves. The next morning I met the spokesman of the party and finally persuaded him to explain. Several farm houses had been burglarized just at that time, and seeing us leave our team in the early evening, the neighbors had sounded the alarm and collected all the nearby farmers to take summary vengeance when we returned with our booty. As time went on until one a. m. they became more and more certain of our identity, so that only the presence of a local friend of good repute saved us from serious trouble.

From there we proceeded to the last town we visited in Massachusetts, Royalston, by name, and as our horse's hoofs had begun to crack from sand, we decided to have him shod. The only smith we could find was a man eighty-four years old who only shod the very "quietest of horses." We convinced him that that was the very horse we had, so he did it. While he was busy on the horse we borrowed his tools and cut three feet off the length of our buckboard, as every time we turned a corner it was so long that it threw us off the seat into the road. Saturday afternoon, July 3d, we visited the stone quarries at Fitz Williams, N. H., and drove through Troy, N. H., camping a half mile North of that place. Here on Sunday morning we had our first experience with the strict prohibition laws. We went into the town to get the Sunday papers and seeing a sign on a building announcing "Ice Cream," decided to try some before walking back to camp. We entered and were asked what we wanted to drink.

"What have you?" we asked, and the question seemed to cause astonishment as they answered:

"Why, anything you want; whiskey, beer, wine, ginger ale, anything."

As we were both of the "Water Wagon" persuasion we were not lucrative customers for that "Ice Cream" parlor. About sunset we drove through Keene, N. H., and camped at the stone crushing plant about a mile north of the city. We walked in at midnight to see how the Fourth was begun in Keene and learned of the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Santiago, so, of course, were on hand early the next morning with the entire population of the place to get the papers from Boston. The station was crowded and the boys did a big business.


OUR FIRST YANKEE HORSETRADER

As I crowded forward to get a paper, a young lady stepped from the train and thrusting a check into my hand, said: "Here, get my trunk up to No. 4A Blank street, and be quick about it." She gave me no chance to say a word, but hurried off so that I had to see that it was done. I thought at the time that if she lost her trunk it might make her less hurried and more polite in the future.

At Atrim, N. H., we were invited to stay to see the celebration in the evening, but finding that it consisted of shooting the blacksmith's anvil, we passed on.

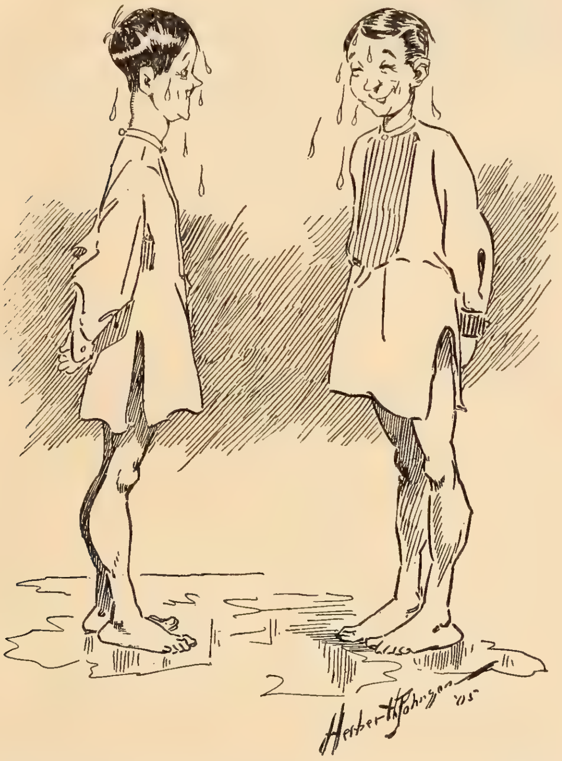
We did not move next day, but camped beside a stream where we did our washing, fishing, slept and enjoyed life generally. From the time we entered New Hampshire and began to circle Mt. Monadnock, the scenery had been magnificent and the trout abundant. A welcome awaited us at every house, and many times the occupants came running out to the road to ask what we were selling or if we would stay and help them get in their hay or something of the kind. We often stopped at some nice looking place and asked if we could buy a loaf of bread, or eggs, and never once were we refused. Generally pie and doughnuts came with the bread, and to take pay seemed against the ethics of the country. We had to effect a compromise and pay ten or fifteen cents as a courtesy price.

At Hillsboro we camped three days after a somewhat inhospitable reception. A band of gypsies was in the vicinity and when we asked permission of a farmer to camp in his pasture we were told to go about our business in short order. But finally he became convinced that we were not a part of the gypsy encampment and relented. Three days we camped with him, fished his streams, helped with his hay and enjoyed life generally. To this day farmer Brown has a warm spot in our hearts. Here, too, we met our first Yankee horse trader.

Would we trade?

Sure! He produced a couple of gold watches and offered the pair for our team. But we had seen them before. They cost $1.98 in any civilized village. The sawyer in a nearby mill desired to buy our "team" but could only give his note until he had an opportunity to go to his home, twelve or fourteen miles distance. We asked our friend Farmer Brown, if the note was good. "Good!! Of course! Why! that man makes $9.00 a week nine months in the year," which shows the maximum wage of that section; but board is $2.00 and $2.50 for the very best. We finally made a trade with Bob Clemens, the horse trader, for another horse with $5.00 and a watch chain to boot. The horses were about even, but we had the $5.00, and felt rather well satisfied with our first experience with the Yankee trader.

Our road book showed us that we were nearing Lake Winnepesaukee, so we pushed on and camped on the West shore near Laconia. Don't neglect to provide a good road book. The L. A. W. publications are excellent. Here we spent several days in camp, fishing, boating and exploring. We met several people from Massachusetts, and made friendships that have lasted to this day.



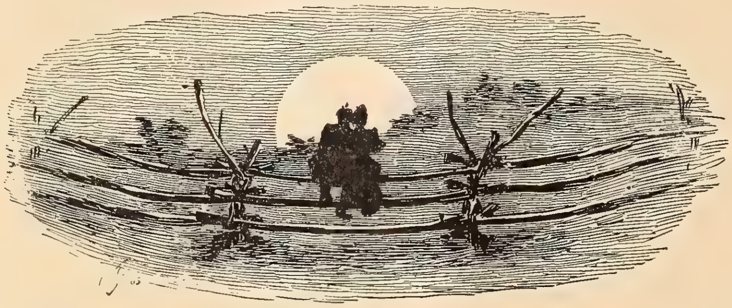
Too much sunshine in our souls to be ruffled

On again to Ossipee and the lake of that name, where we again made a three days' stop, with luck all with us as far as fish were concerned. A cordial welcome and good weather were giving us the time of our lives. The White Mountains were all about us and trips to all the points of interest kept us busy. Then on to Conway and Redstone, to North Conway, and we had reached our goal. Here we pitched camp on the edge of a mountain stream, near an enclosed pasture where our horse could be left in safety. A week we spent here, and such a week! The days were not long enough for all we would crowd into them. A convention of New England school teachers was in session there and helped to make the end of our trip a success. So much so that one of them has since embarked on a much longer trip with me to my everlasting happiness and advantage. Perhaps you, dear reader, may meet as pleasant a fate if you take a similar trip.

But the time had come when we must turn home again. We could not take the time to drive, so sold our "team" entire for $25.00; gave our oil stove, can, etc., to a nearby farmer who had been very kind to us, and, folding the bedding in the tent, shipped the bundle home by freight.

We took the train for Boston and arrived there at 11.15 p. m. This was deliberate, for we were not in very good shape to stand the gaze of the critical Hub. Six weeks had left us anything but a dandified costume. We entered the office of one of Boston's well-known hotels and called for two rooms with private bath. The clerk, after a critical stare, and without any preparation to assign us, remarked quite curtly, "We get $5.00 for that," but after he found that we had the five he assigned the rooms, but with an air that seemed to say, "I wonder where they got it?" We got our bath. Early in the morning a bell boy was sent to purchase clean linen for us and instructed to see how long it would take to get our trousers cleaned and pressed. Till 9.30, the tailor said. It did! 9.30—10.30—

11.30—12.30—1.30 and we must needs sit there in a hot hotel room trouserless. At 2.45 p. m. we got them back. But even that experience hardly ruffled our tempers. We had too much sunshine in our souls, to be ruffled. Six weeks we had been out in pure air and sunshine. We had climbed mountains, fished lakes, and streams, associated with the finest of people, and slept under the moon and stars. Our outfit had cost us about $15.00. We had realized $30.00. Our expenses had not been $4.00 for any one week, and a better, stronger, healthier pair of fellows you never saw than we were on our return If you doubt it, try it. I have not been able to tell one fraction of the pleasures of such a trip. If you can't take it six weeks, take it six days. I am going to repeat it this summer through the St. Croix Valley, and August will be the month. My companion this time is to be my wife—that same schoolma'am I first met at the end of my very, very Best Outing.



A SYLVAN SERVICE

By C. LEON BRUMBAUGH

Jack-in-the-pulpit says to-day,
He never can preach and much less pray,
While the violets laugh and the lilies nod,
And the anemones dance in the house of God.

High in the belfry, winds ring out
The columbine's chimes, while many a shout
From the wag-tail lithe from the bank below
Is evangel enough till the roses blow.

Thrust in the vestry, calm and sweet,
The Angelus sings in deepest retreat;
All the passion is gone from the rebel heart,
But that love which it does not bid depart.

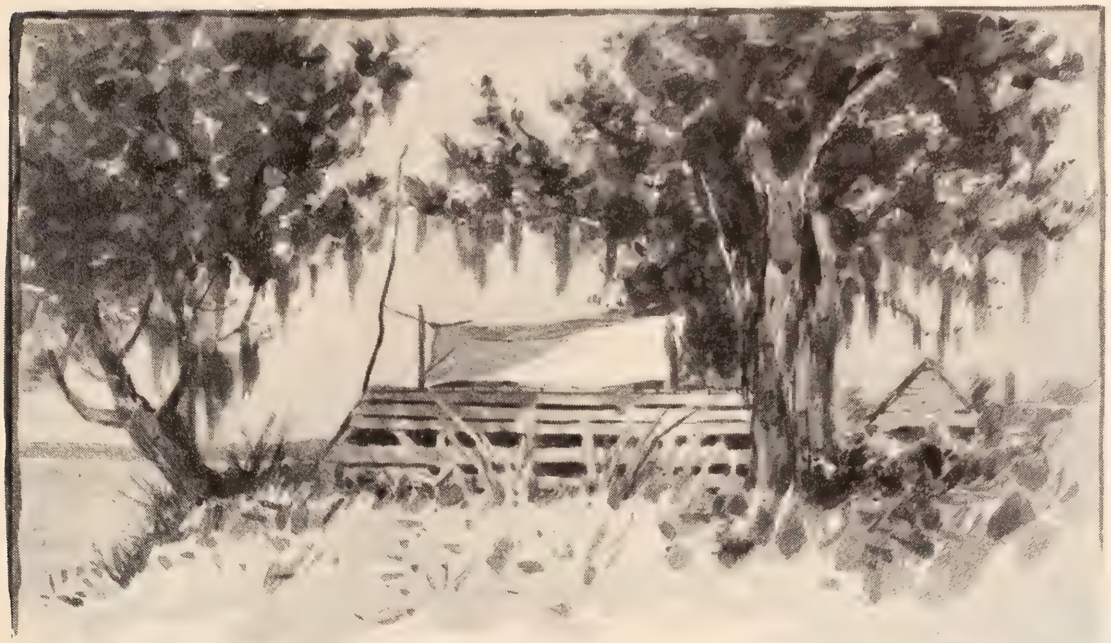
Jack-in-the-pulpit! then today,
You need not preach and must not pray;
The communicants drink of the cup called Peace,
'Twere a curse now to bring them Sorrow's lease.

CRUISING FOR CROCODILE

HOW THE HIDE HUNTERS OF THE SOUTH ARE DESTROYING THE LAST OF THE SAURIANS

By G. H. CLEMENTS

Illustrations by the author



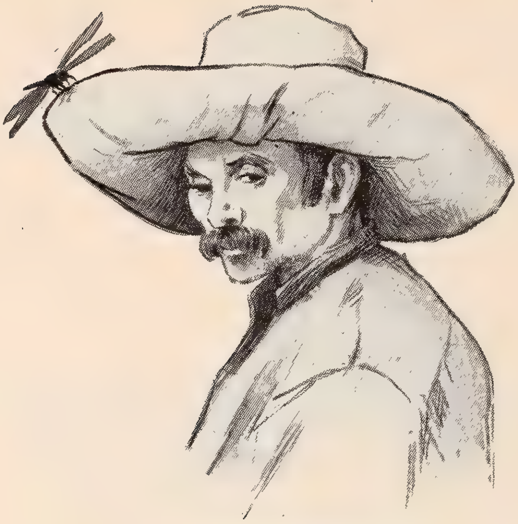
THE TEMPLE

RECENTLY I cruised in the rivers of Florida and skirted the bayous and swamps of Louisiana—where the American crocodile once swarmed—without seeing a specimen. The hunter and invalid-tourist have done their worst. However, the hardy explorer, willing to brave the fatigues and mosquitoes of the wilderness, may still hope to see and hear things of nature. If he ever hears the bellow of a bull crocodile and sees him in full size in his haunt, he will want to tell about him forever after.

In sight of the deep woods in the swampy bayous bordering the Gulf of Mexico, lies Barataria, a bayou, a bog and a rank borderland, inhabited by hunters and fishermen. They prey upon the game feeding in the malarial waters and oak-covered islands, using the bayous and lakes as a highway to the market at New Orleans. The hide of the alligator is the quest of many, and is sought winter and summer—the year round.

I found my way to the home of the hunters and engaged two to guide me through the rank maze of sloughs to their hunting grounds.

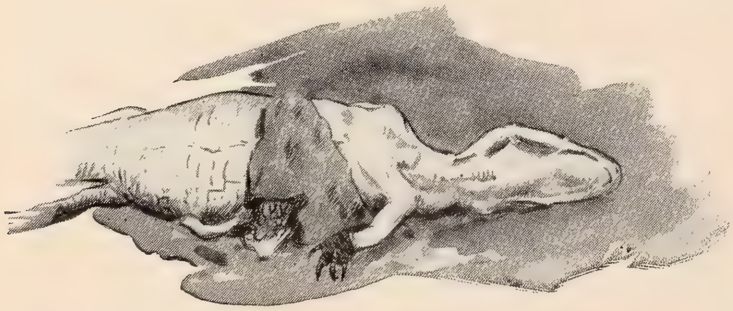
Being summer, it was a quest with shotgun and rifle. Léonce, the creole, had just returned with fifty-five skins for the itinerant merchant. He had been paid from twenty-five to fifty cents each for them, and was recovering from the usual orgie, which left such an attack of hiccoughs that quarts of swamp water failed to cure it. He was left to himself without regret, and



A HIDE MERCHANT

sturdy, teutonic John Helmer took the oars of his "pinnish" and swung down a sluggish stream, under cypresses and oaks, due south. I took my trick at the oars, and enjoyed tales of hidden treasure, of pirates and slave-traders, of great hunts, of tigers, geese, ducks and reptiles. The tenderfoot hears many strange stories tinctured by the enlarging imagination of lonely woodsmen. If John had brought in half the number of treasures of hides and flesh that he claimed, and been paid a fair price, why should he now slave for a poor man like me?

Descriptions of animals and their habits, unconnected with deeds of prowess of the narrator, are of interest, and these I try to believe. For instance, John's account of the winter hunt when the alligator hibernates in the muddy bottom, with chunks of wood, coal and mud in his stomach to prevent the collapse of that useful organ, has always been a prized memory. During this season long poles armed with a hook are used in probing where bubbles come to the surface.



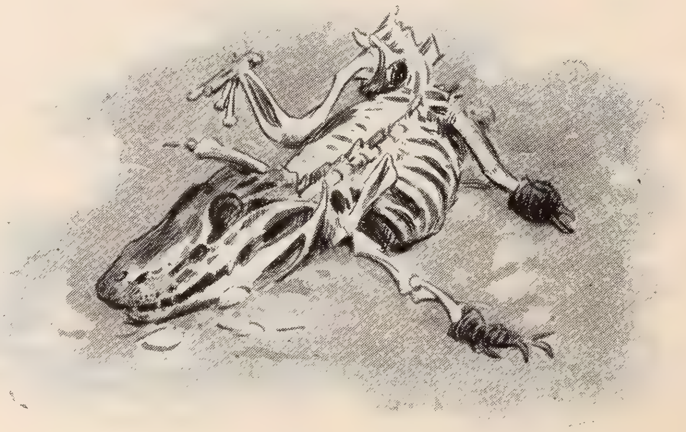
THE SKINNING PROCESS

The torpid brutes move on being touched, and frequently bite the hook.

Two men grapple the creature with two hooks, lift him to the side of the canoe and hit him with a tomahawk.

The hide is cut around the bony edge of the back, stripped off the belly and legs, salted and sold to the buyer. The musk and oil are sold as by-products. The teeth go the same way, eventually to be mounted and placed in the mouths of teething babes.

The habitually sluggish, placid swimmer and basker is swift and expert when feeding. His powerful tail serves to flip raccoons, muskrats and birds into his maw, or, with open jaws and lying upon his side, schools of small fish are gratefully received.



AFTER THE HUNTER, BUZZARDS AND ANTS HAVE TAKEN THEIR TOLL

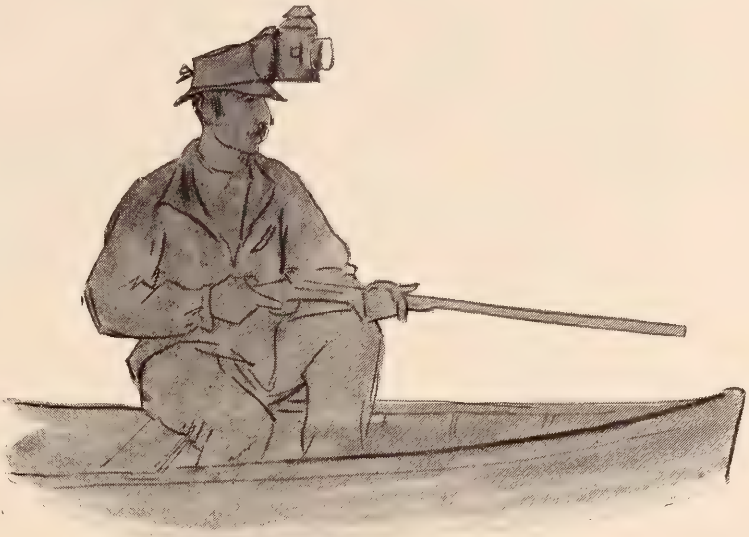
The love of pork has caused a price to be put upon his head. I was told of his attempting to climb into pig-styes, where cautious farmers take the trouble to keep their property away from the shores. I have seen the crocodile stand and walk like a dog, and was told that he is a good runner, although that is hard to believe.

Fortunately human flesh does

not tempt the reptile to exploits by land. Otherwise there would be no safety for hands on plantations bordering the cypress swamps of the Mississippi and its bayou-outlets. Of all good things, the dog is his favorite morsel, this fact being fully realized by the latter. If there be a dangerous stream to cross, the clever cur will call up the enemy by barking, then run up stream and swim for life. I have never witnessed this occurrence, but have seen coons catch crawfish, using their tails for line and bait; so why not believe the other story?

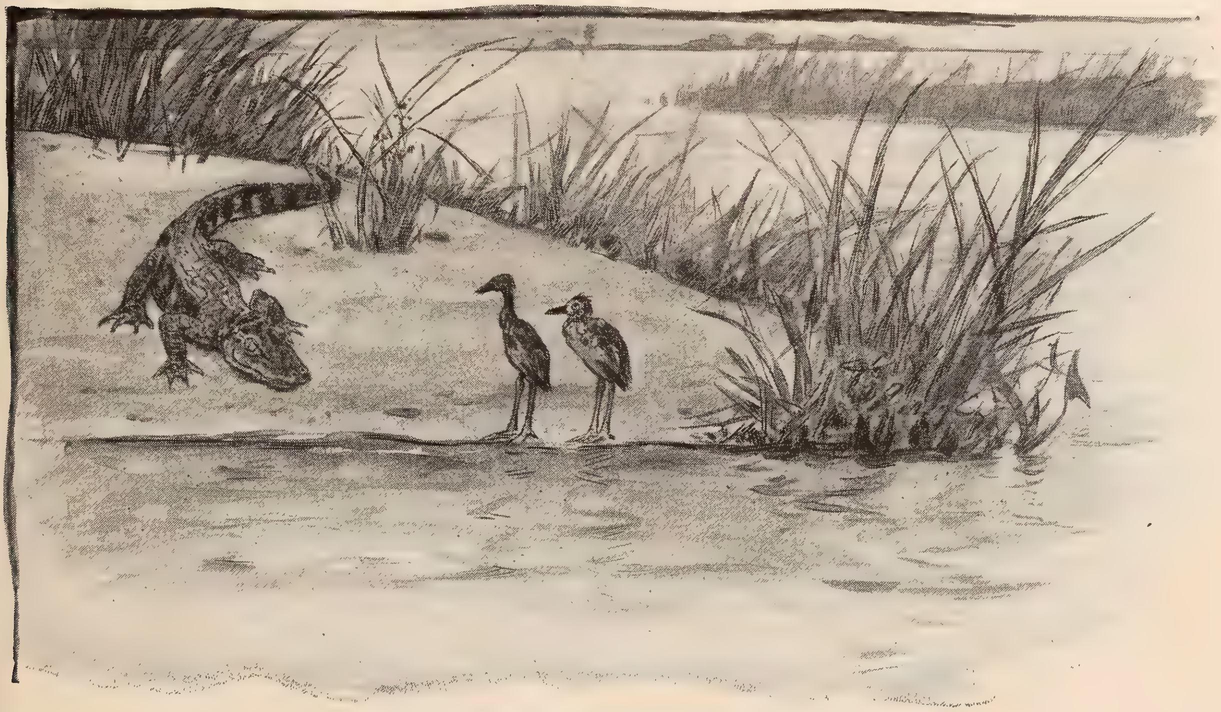
There is no close season on crocodiles, and the hunter gets after his victim in summer with shotgun, besides baiting a hook with a blackbird, or with alligator flesh. When hooked in this manner he lands his fish with the aid of a horse.

A few animals are kept alive in a corral to serve as bait in crab-fishing, as their musky odor is pervasive and attractive to fish as well as to negroes, who also relish the tail as food. The largest animal John killed was a monster measuring thirteen feet. He stretched the skin to eighteen and mounted it with a group of young ones, which he sold for one thousand dollars. I heard twenty-one feet mentioned as the record. Stretch it to thirty and behold a terrible man-eater, fit for a show!

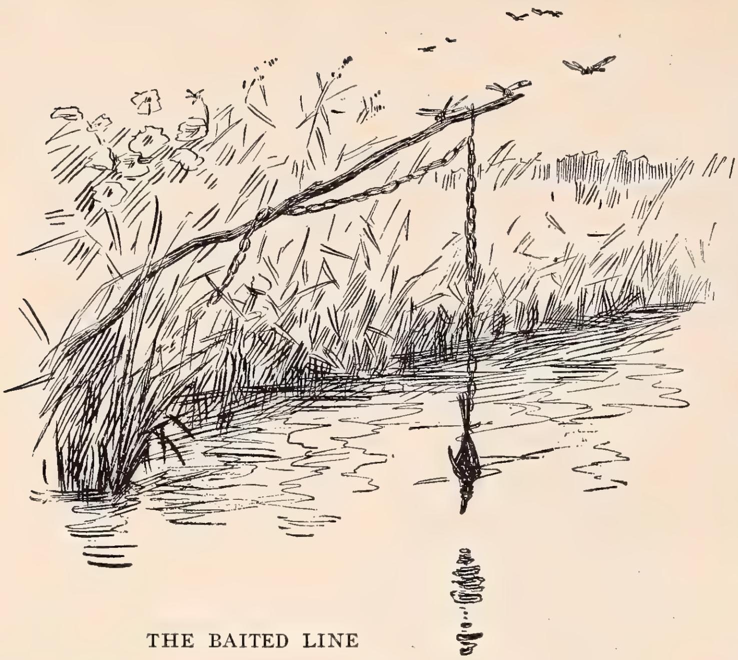


THE DAZZLING BULL'S EYE

On arriving at "the temple," an Indian shell mound with oak trees and a shanty growing out of the weeds, we set up our close-meshed mosquito-net over a bed of moss, laid upon an upturned

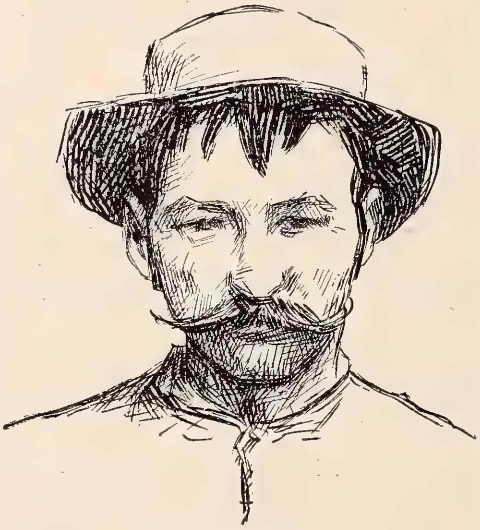


HE, ALSO, IS A PROFESSIONAL HUNTER



THE BAITED LINE

crab-car. Then we crossed the broadening bayou to enter a labyrinth of marshy waters handsomely lined with flowering plants and graceful reeds. Birds and dragon-flies were numerous, but the pestiferous mosquito remained at home to await our return. I rowed standing and looking forward, talking freely but careful not to vibrate the water by thumping the boat.



JOHN

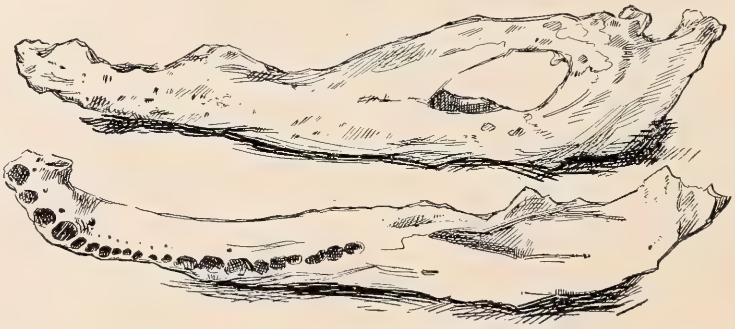
At the first point we rounded, a dark speck moved slowly, then it grew larger, showing an unmistakable head. Beyond was a beady length that sought the shelter of the vegetation. John was not long getting a shot and causing the head to sink. Another small target he missed clean.

The darkness came and a bull's-eye lantern, burning alligator oil, was strapped to John's forehead. It cast a disk of radiance along the placid water and encircled a pair of rubies. The gun thundered and again scored a miss. Other ruby eyes appeared and disappeared before I succeeded in putting the shooter within a yard of a dazed pair of glowing optics. This time the reptile was picked up, limp, and laid in the bottom of the boat. I had reason later to think him a specimen of the rattlesnake variety.

Having witnessed the hunt and secured a model to draw from, we rowed homeward, or mosquito-net-ward. Suddenly there was a lively commotion in the obscure bottom of the boat—the alligator had come to life and was thrashing his tail. The lantern displayed him holding fast to a loose plank at my feet. Two cuts of the hatchet paralyzed him and were the only wounds visible at the skinning next day.

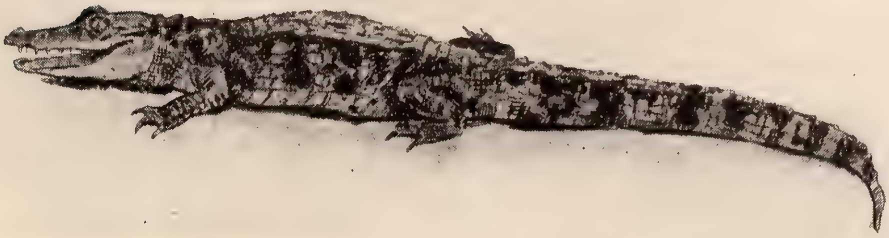
While writing of slaughter I might mention the ninety mosquitoes found upon my pillow; intruders through a mesh as fine as cheesecloth.

Of a hundred harmless, picturesque alligators I have seen, or owned as pets, I must plead guilty of having hit one with a brick—probably not hurting the animal—of catching a lively one in a seine and of shooting several to secure one as a model from which to draw. "There is no suffi-



SIDE AND TOP VIEW OF THE LOWER JAW

ciently expressive adjective in the English language to qualify the kind of sportsman who joyously butchers a sleeping " 'gator" adorning the shore of a romantic bayou in the Sunny South.



TO THE CREEK!

By ALWIN WEST

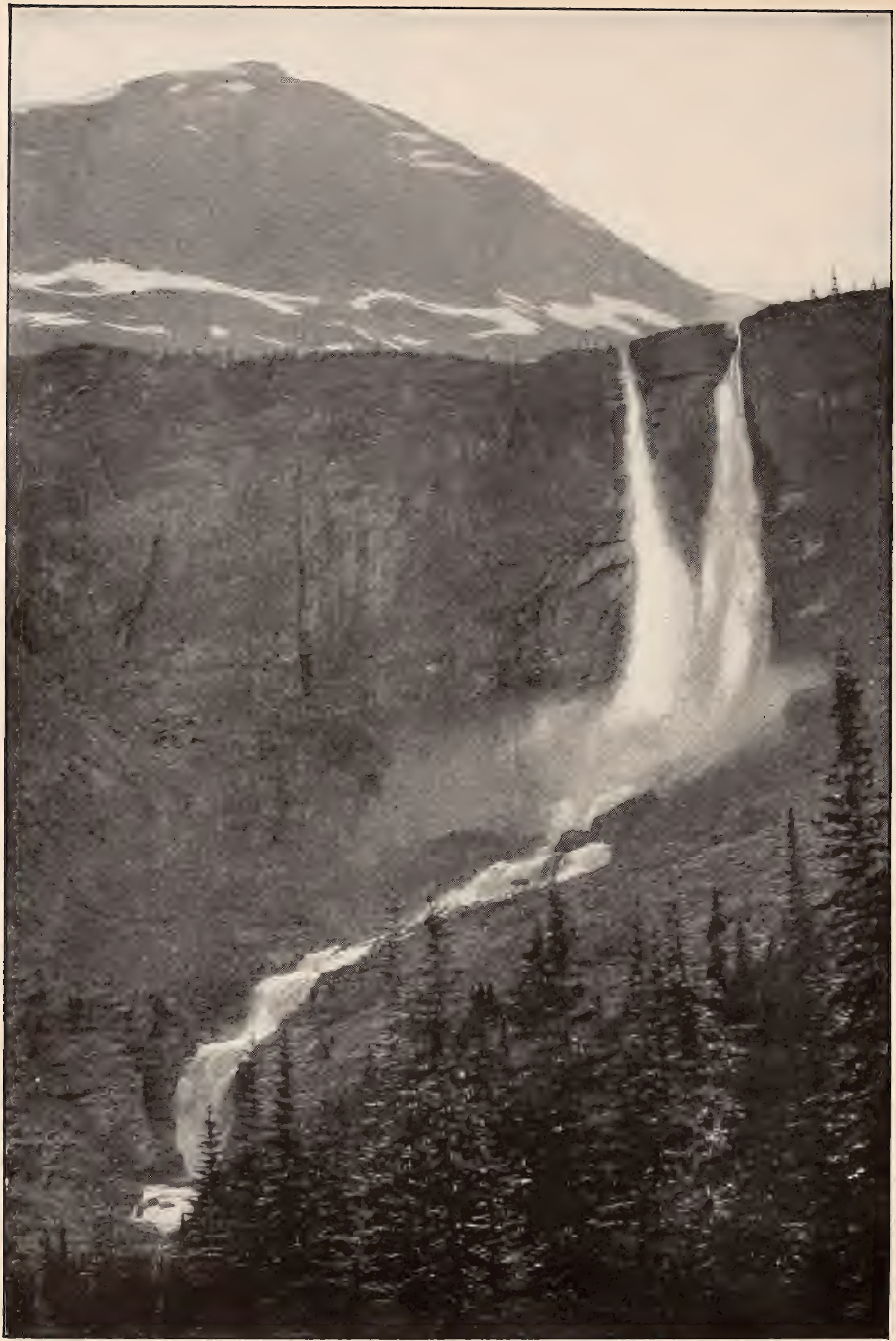
Come down the path where the bayberry grows,
And the bobolink sings in the tree;
Follow the winding way just as it goes,
Till you smell the salt breath of the sea.

Not the great, gruff sea whose waves all day
On the barren coast are tossed;
But one of his children who's wandered away,
And, amid the green meadows, got lost.

The waters laugh, so blue and so free,
With the glint of the sun on their breast;
The tall marsh grasses wave merrily
With the breezy day's unrest.

Then in we dash with a bounding splash;
The waters we gladly greet;
In diamonds drop they leap and flash
And our rough embrace they meet.

O, bird on the wing, through the air you skim;
Your flight is boundless and free;
But through the clear water to dive and to swim
Is a greater joy to me!



Streams of melted ice

THE SHADOW OF THE WITCH CROWN

AFTER MOUNTAIN GOATS AND BIG HORN SHEEP IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

By L. F. BROWN

AFTER months of waiting and longing, we had met to start on a hunting trip into British Columbia. Standing on the platform below the incline extending down the Canadian side of the gorge to the Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara, Frank looked at the raging torrent, across which an athlete could throw a silver dollar.

"Of course it is exquisite," he admitted; "in a limited sense, it is peerless and indescribable. Decent sort of golden mist up there over the amethyst flood in the notch of the Horseshoe. But the hills around here are not forty feet high, and that 'awful' chasm is a scant ten rods deep,—say 160 feet."

We eyed him sharply. Had he the hardihood to ridicule this greatest fall of water in the world? "What do you mean?" Dan demanded.

* * * * * *

"Boys," he drawled, as we lighted cigars and lounged in easy chairs on the porch of the Clifton House, "save your big wonder-words. We leave in two hours for a month with really big things,—hills, fish, glaciers a hundred miles long and hundreds of feet deep, torrents and water-drops, grizzlies, cinnamons, and the biggest lot of unfenced nature on the continent. No, that does not spell Colorado, although she's all right. Count the peaks in Colorado over 14,000 feet high; compare, and note how the Alps suffer by that. For up around the Mount of the Holy Cross is the backbone of North America. But we are after fool-hens and big-horns and mountain goats a thousand miles further north, and another thousand miles west of Colorado. Our hills will be a half mile lower; but glaciers and waterfalls,—well! Nothing in even the Himalayas or Andes so fine as the White Fire, Twins and Yoho! Yes, finer that the Yellowstone and Yosemite. No, it's not Alaska. But I'm not giving an illustrated lecture; pack your grips and come on; we shall live five days in a sleeping-car."

Chicago, St. Paul, Rat Portage, Winnipeg, and then days and nights speeding through a level region where blanketed squaws sell bead and basket work at the dingy stations; Moose-Jaw, Medicine Hat, the foothills, mountains that increase to majesty, and far, surprising ranges and vistas; Banff and more titanic hills and prospects; Laggan, and yet other mountain-worlds, then Field, our destination!

Two bronzed men in buckskin trousers with fringes, corduroy jackets and broad hats, announce that they are our "helpers," for guide was then an almost unknown term. They escorted us to the Mt. Stephen Hotel, where we learned the excellence of British fare.

We looked from our windows the next morning and saw a buckboard wagon piled high with camping utensils and foods. Tents, blankets and a pair of oars were strapped with the diamond hitch upon a donkey; two other mules and three saddled horses formed the balance of the dingy cavalcade that wound out of town, followed by Western jokes and loud wishes of

Scenes for a hundred miles

Taxing the Eye By A. O. Wheeler

goodwill. Our road lay along the right bank of the Kicking Horse river. No wonder the horse kicked, for that trail was then horrible. At the junction of the stream with the Emerald river a boat was hauled from the water and fastened over the strongest donkey. Here began our real parting with civilization.

If men could live on scenery, we would have needed no cook and "grub." Mass a dozen Switzerlands, make the peaks a fifth higher, remove the chalets and villages, and you will spell the region stretching away from Field in all directions.

Right behind us, east by north, and across the railroad track, Mt. Stephen rose, its peak glittering like a visible dream a mile and a half above us. Mt. Field and Mt. Burgess were quite as impressive,—hanging glaciers, tremendous crags! We turn to the right, go around the base of Burgess, and enter a straight and narrow road cut through a forest of white spruces standing a hundred and fifty feet high, and so close together that one may touch two trunks almost anywhere with outstretched arms. At one end of this green lane, Emerald mountain is visible; Mt. Vaux stands like a sentinel beyond the west end.

The trail turns to the right, and is yet rougher. Five miles from Field it again strikes Emerald creek. We followed the stream, forded it and traveled along its right bank to our little shanty or "shack" on the west shore of Emerald lake.

With a boat and a trolling spoon fair fishing may be had there and some very large trout are taken. Its outlet and the Kicking Horse also furnish brook trout for anglers. But while the angling is far better than in most streams and lakes in the States it has little interest for the stranger from the East. For he is awed by the tremendous scenery, right before him are streams of melted ice of glaciers falling from mountains a mile high—crags and precipices with woods skirting their brinks bathed in clearest sunlight. Everything sticks up on edge to dizzy heights and in one place on the trail to the Yoho valley a strata of rock set on edges dammed the river until it gradually wore a hole throught the barriers. A three-pound fish taken in such a place seems a mere minnow.

Royal days and nights I spent alone in camp beside the lake, while my comrades and the guides toiled on Mt. Burgess to shoot goats and sheep! The boat was big and comfortable and fine for trolling; the blankets and bough bunks the very home of sleep. It can rain in that country. Pouncing gusts, blackest cloud-rushes, and enough of lightning and thunder to make camping picturesque! Across the lake was a patch of briers where blackberries were ripe,—a perfect lunching place beside that spring. Once I all but put a hand on a fool-hen which was lunching off the berries. The bird "got up" with a heart-dazing bu-r-r-r-r? not two feet away. These birds are so tame that they will not fly until fairly pushed off their perch. I potted three with a pistol at a distance of six feet. The male bird has a black breast and tail, crimson eyes around dark pupils, mottled brown feathers, and weighs about two pounds. The fool-hen is called Franklin's grouse by the naturalists. It is delicious when roasted, and has saved many a hunter's and prospector's life. Its young are hatched in June and July. It is found only between six and nine thousand feet above the sea. Emerald lake had its fair quota of fool-hens during our camp life there.

But to fish, row, shoot, and eat and sleep all alone, grew tiresome; a hunter who was my guest after breaking bread with me, scared me with warnings of danger from marauding grizzlies. "Keep yer rifle; man killed daouwn thar in ther bushes on ther p'int not six weeks ergo." Friendly Indians later denied this. The hunting party came down Burgess, sore, mad, hungry, and so irritable that it was

A halt beside the lake

amusing and I knew at once that they had not seen a sheep or goat.

After one night of sound sleep, the mystery of the hills to the north lured us into breaking camp. Our burros and packhorses filed around the north end or head af the lake, and began to ascend an outrageously rough trail. Streams from melting ice fell along the face of the mountain to be dashed into mist five and six hundred feet below. After mounting 2,000 feet, we turned into heavy forest, passing an exquisite little pond called Yoho lake, beyond which, in the east, we could trace the curving buttresses of hills that formed that canyon, and could hear the Yoho river raging down its gorge. Of all ideal camping places, surely that grassy spot beside the water at the edge of the magnificent spruces seemed to be the best. Again we found fair fishing in the pond; plenty of ten-inch brook trout in two brooks across which one could step. We camped there for the night. What a dining-room! Bespangled ceilings, mountain ranges for dadoes, and frescoes of summer cloud-palaces above them. We were ashamed of our appetites. No butter, milk or sugar, but tea, hardtack, mountain trout fried with bacon, the inevitable orange marmalade made in London, spring water and the best of air. Then sleep, with the drone of a distant cataract in our ears.

A rapid march of twenty minutes the next morning brought us to Point Lookout.

Across a wild valley, whose nearest side bore a spruce forest whose trees were often four feet through at the bottom, and a mile across that gorge a thousand feet deep, an astounding river of glacier water leaps from half way down the opposite mountain!

Its first fall is about 400 feet. Already snow-white before it plunges, writhing as if knowing it had got into an awful scrape, thundering, raging, protesting, it strikes a shelf of rock and is spilled outward into space, falling down, down, absolutely white in hue 1,200 more feet! A fierce wind deflected the spume and mist; sunshine wove rainbows through that veil; cloud-shadows gave it ever changing hues and sharpness of detail. And with that marvelous view and the thunder of the fall always present, we went down a

SORRY FOR IT

By H. H. Dean

thousand feet into the canyon and saw uprooted spruces in the grasp of the torrent that were carried by it a measured half mile in thirty seconds! More drippings from crags, and wild flowers, mosses and ferns.

The din was unbearable, and up we went over a blind and outrageous trail, climbing all the afternoon, until we were on the left bank of the upper Yoho river, and above the Great Falls to where two nameless streams form the river. The miserable journey of five miles was exhausting to the point of collapse. The guides pitched the tent and rolled Dan, sound asleep, into his blankets. That was our "permanent" camp from which we sought sheep and goats—seeing a very few and shooting none. The writer fired twice at sheep, once where a miss was inexcusable, and the fine fellow scampered over almost impossible rocks plunged many feet and got away.

Along the left bank, of the left branch of the river was a yet more horrible trail for five miles to the forefoot and unknown expanse of the great Wapta Glacier. We slept on it ten nights, to get the early morning shooting, and all without getting a single head. The glacier has a motion of about two feet every twenty-four hours. We were often waked by the groans, heaving and "explosions" of the fracturing ice. The desolation and remoteness were indescribable. Crevasses, serac, couloire, neve, moraine and arete are not mentioned. The pictures showing the rivers of ice and the glacier's snout will explain far better than words.

Why call it Ice Land, Mountain Land, Glacier Land? All that is manifest. Above all, it was Sun Land,—being almost cloudless every day for about sixty days in midsummer. Scenes for a hundred miles in all directions, taxing the eye, and with such giants as Balfour, Gordon and the Witch Crown in all the sharpness of detail are wonderfully clear in that clear air. We were tired, happy and hypnotized.

Up the other branch of the Yoho we found two goats; but they were as elusive as ghosts. We longed for less scenery and more chances to fire at big game. Finally, a week of strenuous effort to secure at least one head of a bighorn. But those animals live above the timber line, coming down to the brush to browse on twigs, ferns and mosses, so one has to get above them, or they race back to safety and vanish. Few realize what it means to stalk them in their chosen homes. Not even a city athlete, much less the "tenderfoot," should attempt serious hunting for these animals without a month of training on the mountains.

I looked long through my field-glasses, and located four sheep munching at the twigs on the edge of a ragged patch of stunted trees two thousand feet above me with one of their number standing apart on a snow-field as a sentinel. It was two miles to camp; blankets and foods except our hardtack were back there. The climb to those sheep was a mile to the left, risking broken limbs and drowning at a point where the torrent could perhaps be crossed by using the trunk of a fallen spruce and the tops of rocks around which the water roared. Then, a climb of a thousand feet more (the Twin Falls are 700 feet high), to the valley or table-land forming their upper basin. Then, another mile of climbing. Finally, the skirting of the base of the pinnacle, and getting above the sheep (always assuming that they remained there), while constantly risking discovery by this marvel of keen sight. Possibly a long uncertain shot at last. If by happy chance the sheep fell there would be a painful backward descent during another day of exhausting effort, and a return with the horns to our camp. No wonder that Frank danced with joy at securing a fine head from an Indian for twelve dollars.

It is all very well to get enthusiastic on a sleeping car or in a city restaurant as two hobnobbing cronies exchange

The desolation and remoteness were indescribable By A. O. Wheeler

alleged experiences of actually bringing down this waif of the highest hills. The smoke from cigars, the light from candelabras and the air fragrant with notes of the "Blue Danube" or "Hiawatha," that is one thing. The peaks, the awful heights and thin air, the excitement, worry, and probable failure after days and nights, are quite another. Here is a picture of Dan on such a quest, far up the side of Mt. Field. Sore and bruised already by a day of tramping, always in danger of falling and fracturing a limb, he has summoned all his courage for a supreme effort. He climbs, climbs, climbs, until his heart beats ominously, and his legs almost refuse to obey the stern will. He sinks beside a mass of mountain boulders, and wonders if that rifle does not weigh fifty pounds instead of nine. He has been ascending three hours through the golden sunshine; yet before him are at least five hours more of climbing, with a good prospect of falling down some cliff and breaking his neck; for the hillsides have no trail. Along the skirt of the patch of spruces and white birch, he sees a sheep with a royal pair of horns. The animal is two thousand feet above him. Glacier water flows in rills and forms a stream whose low hiss comes to him to stimulate his courage! He can not face the raillery at home; he must not lie to his wife more than three thousand miles away,—and he dreads to admit he has returned, after all this expense and effort, with no head of a sheep to show his friends as they gather with him in that dining-room on the Riverside Drive in New York. Now for it; and he again climbs until he fears death, scales the cliffs, passes the night on the pinnacle while crouched, sleepless, and watching the moonlight set that upper world of snow and ice to glittering. He does see and shoot at one of the bucks, *misses,* and appears in camp the next day to not only vow but swear that he wants the camp broken and the return journay started the next morning. He sleeps "around the clock," eats for four; his growls gradually change to renewed longing as he sees another sheep; and, always hoping, he *climbs again,* gripped by the combined charm of the hunt and of that Sky World, a mesmerism whose power is known only to those who have actually felt it.

Vain trials, and the draining of the cup of chagrin! Oh, for more camp supplies, and another week here! But Dan has secured the heads of two goats and we have the purchased horns of a sheep, all we could show for a month of expensive hardship. Frank wonders and asks,

WAIF OF THE HIGHEST HILLS

"They call this fun. Is it?"

But we also returned with much that we could not show,—memories of places and scenes whose peer probably do not exist in the world.

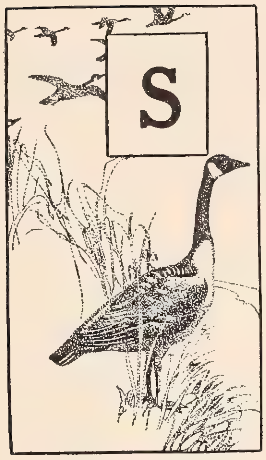
That trip has become easy. Chalets, lodges and resting cabins have been placed along the far smoother trail, even to the Laughing and Twin Falls. The fishing has become poor; and not even a field glass will reveal the presence of a sheep on the peaks. But the wild grandeur and stern majesty (I use the strong language deliberately) remain, and may be reached in comparative comfort.

One of the attractions of the region is the mingling of the quiet, almost imperishable hills "ancient as the sun," with the fragility and evanescence of the rainbows and the wild flowers. Some of the sheltered nooks have grassy slopes, facing southward that are starred with big wood-violets right below eternal ice not a hundred feet away. Acres of lilies of the valley growing wild and perfuming all the air; the dull red of the rhododendron bloom; the pink, apple-blossom hues of the laurel flower; and great patches of wild roses, the wry necked goblin thistles; these, in turn, will startle and enchant the hunter and climber. Sometimes when guided by his happy star, he will find a flower much like the lonely edelweis nodding in the crisp air. Two of these blossoms, carefully plucked, pressed and dried, are before me. They grew above the spring at our permanent camp where the two branches of the Yoho came together. The spring deserves honorable mention. Although Dan is practical and rather cynical, he "breaks" into poetry, as follows:

It was just a little violet on the bank above
the spring,
Just a tiny point of blue a-nodding in the
saucy air.
And as we saw the beauty of that wee and
winsome thing,
We felt that it was glad to see us back and
drinking there.

THE BEAVER AS A BUILDER

By CHARLES A. BRAMBLE



SOME wonderful yarns have been spun about the beaver. A great many are pure fiction, yet having seen a good deal of the animal in the undisturbed solitudes where it is at home, I confess to a profound admiration for its intelligence.

I do not think that we can credit some of the things the beaver does to pure instinct. Its actions often seem to be the result of thoughtful deliberation. The beaver sometimes selects a stream in which to build that is shallow, but when it does so you will invariably find that, a short distance below the spot where the house is to be built, there is a possibility of damming the stream, so as to make a pond, having about six feet of water just where the house is to stand. The house is built first of sticks and branches plastered over with mud, making a beehive-shaped structure. The entrance is at a point that will eventually be several feet under the water. After sufficient material has been gathered for the house, the beaver gnaws out a passageway into it, sloping upward to a circular chamber, which is just about water level, from which leads another passageway into the living room, still higher.

The house having been completed, the beaver or rather the beavers, for several, of course, unite their forces, start work upon the dam. When the stream is at all rapid I found that the willow and birch branches were laid with their sharp butts down stream, and the twigs pointing up stream. Upon the butts the beaver places quite heavy stones, showing a wonderful appreciation of the mechanical benefit to be derived by enlisting the power of the running water to force the butts into the mud and gravel, or, if you prefer, a still more wonderful instinct. Of course, if a flood came before the dam was finished, it would be carried away, and the animals would have to start over again, something they would lose little time in doing, as their industry and perseverance are proverbial. The tendency of the sharp pointed butt with a heavy weight upon it some little distance up stream, is to penetrate more deeply into the mud as the pressure of water upon the upper branches increases.

Layer upon layer of boughs are placed, one upon the other, large stones being freely distributed, until, at length, the dam has reached such a height that there will be at least six feet of water at the house. The top of the dam is always thickly covered with mud well plastered down by the beavers. It has been said that the crown of the dam always curves up stream. This is not the case, though there is often a bend in it, sometimes almost at right angles, to take advantage of the support of some boulder occupying the bed of the stream, and when this is the case the sections of the dam leading into the boulder, always run up stream.

The habits of the beaver render it absolutely vital that it shall have a free exit to the water at all times. This is the object of the dam. By providing a pond that will never freeze to within three feet of the bottom, the beaver can always get out of its house to escape from an enemy, or to bring in fresh supplies. Their principal food is the bark of the poplar, maple, birch and willow, and in the fall they cut down and haul to the water large quantities of these trees and shrubs, felling them, by means of two notches they gnaw into the tree, just as an axe-man notches a spruce with his axe. They can generally arrange so that the tree shall fall about where they want it, but not always, as one finds sometimes a large poplar left where it fell, because it was in such an awkward situation that the beaver could not cut it into logs and drag it down to the pond. These food supplies are stored in the pond and underneath the ice, and are hauled into the house as occasion demands.

Most of the winter is passed in sleep, yet the beaver often comes out early in the spring, long before the snow has disappeared, as I have seen their tracks frequently. In addition to the beavers that live in colonies and build houses, there are the bank beavers that seem to lead a solitary existence, and are said by the Indians to be morose old bachelors, but as to this I cannot say. My personal opinion, though I am open to conviction, is that the reason these beavers have their houses in the banks is that there exists already sufficient water for their purpose without house building. Consequently, they do not need to club together in order to build.

Beavers usually cut down trees less than eight inches in diameter, but they have been known to cut them as large as fourteen or fifteen inches. The larger trees are usually felled in order to get at the branches. Logs that are cut to put in the dam are generally from four to five inches in diameter, and not exceeding four feet in length. These logs are cut so near the water that the beavers are generally able to slide them into the pond, though, occasionally, they have to leave some behind, as everyone who has studied the workings of the beaver knows. You will find that they usually cut down trees so that the logs fall upon ground that is slanting towards the water. One or two beavers then fasten their teeth in the log and shake it, pulling it at the same time. Thus the log is moved to the pond.

Sometimes the houses are built about the roots of a large tree; and again they are often built among the alder bushes. Green poplar does not float, and the basis of their house is generally made of this tree.

The young beavers work alongside their parents in the construction of the dam, but the old ones do most of the work, and afterwards carefully attend to any damages that may have happened through floods or accident, until the ice is set for the winter.

The beavers work according to a certain system. Once they have fixed a number of logs, both horizontal and perpendicular, in their dam, they stop all the gaps with stones and mud, and, possibly, with water-soaked timber. Even grass leaves may be worked in. A discharge is always left in the dam, a foot or two below the general level. A heavy coating of mud is relied upon as a final waterproof covering to the dam. This mud is generally scratched up from the bottom of the stream, above the dam, and the water holds it in suspension, so that the current carries the fine mud against the face of the dam. Also, they carry mud clasped between their forefeet and their breasts.

The favorite hours of work are between sunset and dawn, but in the autumn, when the nights are long, they do not work so late. In the spring and early summer they are out by four in the afternoon, and may work long after sunrise on dark, rainy mornings.

Although the beaver is a very strong animal for its size, it does not often carry a stone weighing more than four or five pounds; and, it must be remembered that these stones are usually handled in the water, when their weight would be much reduced.

The dam is needed in order to make a pond for winter use. The floods in spring pass over the dam, sometimes in a sheet of solid water, several feet deep; but the beavers are not put out thereby, as they no longer require a dam when they can go out and feed at will. They sleep all day in summer, and in winter they practically pass their whole time in sleep, all the beavers in the lodge nestling together for warmth. When they feel hungry they bring some of their food into the lodge, peeling the stick from end to end, and then pushing it out into the deep water.

In each beaver clan that has not been interfered with, there are in summer three generations of beavers; the parents, the young ones of the previous spring, known to the Hudson Bay traders as "middling beaver," and the family lodge kittens of the present year. Each autumn the middling beavers leave to set up an establishment of their own.

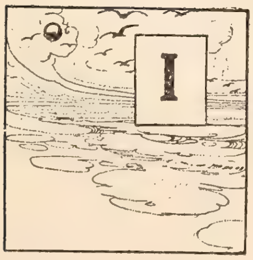
The worst foe of the beaver is, of course, the trapper. After him comes the wolverine, and then the otter. Left to themselves, they increase rapidly, but unfortunately, their fur is so valuable that, excepting far from civilization, they have but little chance to multiply and increase.

The Indian is the best game protector of us all. He realizes fully the importance, to himself, of a good game supply, and his custom has always been to partition the land controlled by his tribe among the members thereof. In some northwestern tribes the hunting rights belong to the women, and a man only acquires his territory through marriage.

He takes toll of the animals that produce meat and fur, but he is careful not to exterminate them, unless some white rival appear on the scene. When so minded, the Indian can clean out a territory very effectively. All that the white men know of trapping they have learned from the Indian, and it is safe to say that the best white man that has ever set a trap is a fool at the work by comparison with the Ojibway, or other northern Indian. I know that many western men will be inclined to question this statement. The Indians they are accustomed to meet are a very degraded set, not by any means good hunters or trappers, but some of the northern tribes (the Iroquois, Ojibways and Stoneys) are perfect masters of the art of hunting and trapping, and are often very intelligent men, even from our point of view.

MIGRATION OF CURLEW, PLOVER AND SNIPE

By FRANK FORD



INTERESTING as are the migrations of all birds, none compare with those of curlew, plover, snipe and shore birds. Some of the smaller species actually make the surprising journey from the Arctic regions to Patagonia and back each year, and yet they are tiny creatures weighing but a few ounces.

During the latter part of August and the first two weeks in September, the Labrador coast is alive with migratory species. About the 20th of August the curlew are found in wonderful abundance in the neighborhood of Belle Isle straits. Owing to the abundance of cranberries and blueberries just back of the shore lines, the curlew are then fat and are most delicious food. These birds are not met with in any numbers, so far as I know, along the Atlantic coast, and it appears probable that after leaving Labrador, they put boldly to sea and pass several hundred miles to the eastward of the North American coast as they journey South. I have heard that there are islands in the West Indies where they rest on the way, but I believe they are not found as plentifully as in Labrador, until some parts of the South American continent are reached.

Curlews are merely stragglers in New Brunswick and Novia Scotia, though they breed upon the high inland barrens of Newfoundland. They are shot, of course, all along the Atlantic coast, but in very small numbers as compared with the tremendous flocks found in Labrador just before the birds are ready to migrate.

Golden plover have been diminishing in number in Eastern Canada and in the Northeastern states of the Union very rapidly of late. Fifteen years ago large flocks were found each Autumn in New Brunswick, and, I remember, after one heavy northeastern storm in September, finding the beach between Bathurst and Belledune, on the Bay Chaleur, covered with golden plover that had just been blown in from Labrador. They were in a most pitiful plight. The birds were completely exhausted; so much so that they would not attempt to fly until approached within a few feet, and were mere skeletons.

I shot one or two, and then left them severely alone.

On the Western prairies the golden plover seem to be holding their own better than in the East, and although I do not suppose that they exist in the numbers that was formerly the case, they are an abundant bird yet. As to the sport of shooting them, there may well be a difference of opinion, seeing that they are tame to a degree, and after one discharge the flock will continue to hover around the wounded and dead birds—for most of the prairie men scorn to shoot at a single plover—until their ranks are decimated. The kildeer plover is found more abundantly than the golden plover, but is a much inferior bird.

Not only are the golden plover deminishing in number, but the true snipe—Wilson snipe—are becoming painfully scarce in districts that were once famous.

They are certainly not killed in the Dominion in any numbers; an Indian scorns to waste powder and shot upon so small a bird, and the number of expert wing shots who indulge much in snipe shooting in the Dominion of Canada is not great. All their efforts would be entirely inadequate to produce the results noticed. Of course in the Northwestern Territories of Canada snipe are enormously abundant, and are very little troubled by the gunner, who, in that region looks upon a teal as a small bird, and does not think much even of a mallard, reserving his best efforts for the goose or the sand hill crane, but in the Maritime Provinces and in Ontario, it has been noticed that the snipe are decreasing in numbers with great rapidity, and the same may be said of the woodcock. These birds are erratic in the extreme, and although last autumn some rather good bags were made, generally speaking, woodcock shooting means lots of hard work for few birds.

It is supposed that all these migratory species suffer very heavily during the winter in the southern states. Fewer seem to come back each spring, and I should be particularly glad to hear from some of the southern sportsmen who are readers of RECREATION upon this subject.

Has there been any great increase in the numbers killed in the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi? If so, this would substantiate the theory we northern men have formulated. If this is not the case, some other reason must exist.

DAN BEARD AND THE BOYS

A DANIEL BOONE SHOW.

I know that during the summer months there are many things to attract the attention of the boys out of doors, and that with trips to the woods and the seashore the Sons of Daniel Boone will be very busy; but right now, in the middle of summer, I am laying plans for your enjoyment when Jack Frost begins to turn the leaves gold and brown and the snow begins to fly.

I will tell you about one of these plans.

Recreation has just bought a big stereopticon outfit, with a lantern, lenses and screen all packed securely in a box for shipping.

One of the best photographers in the country is now engaged in making a series of lantern slides dealing with the early life of Daniel Boone, the country in which he hunted, trapped, fished and blazed the way for the civilization that was to come.

There will be pictures of all the animals he used to kill, although, of course, photographs will be made from the descendants of those that once roamed the Kentucky wilds.

Accompanying the slides there will be a type-written lecture, explaining each picture. This complete outfit, under proper conditons, will be sent to any of the established Daniel Boone forts upon request.

Recreation's object in purchasing and arranging this lecture or exhibition, to be given by the boys, is twofold. First, we want to thoroughly familiarize each and every son of Daniel Boone with the early life of the pioneers and the experiences of our ancestors. It is going to take a whole lot of money to do this and do it right, so do not think that the plan is designed merely for your amusement. It is designed for your education and the lasting impression I believe the pictures will make upon your minds. The second reason is that, as the membership of the forts increase it will be necessary to secure quarters.

I also want each fort to possess a number of books upon Natural History, History of the United States and Canada, and Lives of Some of the Great Americans. All of this will take money, and I know that few boys have enough pocket money to spend upon things of this sort, without depriving themselves of other things, which, in their boyish hearts they would rather have.

Now, if you wish, we will send the lantern outfit, with complete instructions for giving a Daniel Boone show, at which an admission can be charged. With the instructions will come printed tickets and posters to be displayed for a week ahead of the show.

It will, of course, be the duty of Daniel Boone, David Crockett and Kit Carson to make arrangements for an exhibition room and for advertising the show. Printed slips, containing matter for newspaper notices will be sent with the advertising matter, to be handed to the local papers, with the request that they print them.

The admission fee charged may vary from ten cents to twenty-five cents or more, as the boys decide.

The lantern will be ready to begin its journeys on October first.

Applications for its use should be filed at once, so that I can correspond with you and arrange definite dates.

LETTERS FROM THE SONS OF DANIEL BOONE.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Dear Founder:

I am fifteen years old and I like to read Recreation. In the May number I read of the Sons of Daniel Boone. I know that in a few years there will be no beautiful antelopes, no buffalo, or elk, or mountain sheep, and no big game. I would like to unite in a strong society for their preservation.

Aug. Raushenberger, Jr., Greenville, Pa.

Your name is inscribed in the Boone book. —Founder.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Dear Founder:

In May Recreation I see that you are to start a society called Sons of Daniel Boone. Will you kindly send us the instructions for the organization of the society.

I told some of my friends about the Sons of Daniel Boone and many were very interested, so kindly let us hear from you soon, and oblige,

O. P. Jallen, Milnor, N. Dak.

The June number of Recreation gives the information required, but we have replied by letter to O. P. Jallen.—Founder.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Dear Founder:

I see by the May Recreation that you

are organizing a society for the preservation of game. This I am in favor of and would like to hear from you how to organize a branch in Newfoundland so that we could help to protect King Edward's game, of whom I am glad to say I am a loyal subject. I am fourteen years old and my uncle takes RECREATION, which is better than ever.

With best wishes,

Willis Bogg,
Bay of Islands, Newfoundland.

"King Edward's game," as Willis Bogg puts it, is as dear to our hearts as Uncle Sam's, and we have written to Willis the information he requests.—FOUNDER.

NEW JERSEY.

Dear Founder:

I wish to join your society, "The Sons of Daniel Boone," for which please enter my name. Hoping to get more members and subscribers for the society and the magazine,

I remain yours,
G. E. Dimock, Jr., Elizabeth, N. J.

Your name is inscribed in the Boone book.—FOUNDER.

NEW YORK.

Dear Founder:

Four fine boys of Le Roy would like to make a local branch and join the Sons of Daniel Boone. If you will please send us the badges and constitution we will soon send in the name of our four. My father has a flintlock musket and a Civil War rifle, but they are fastened above the fireplace and I probably can't have either. But we will get a gun somehow. My brother and I can't have a gun and we don't want one much, because we shoot with the bow and arrow. I made one bow that I like very much because it will shoot hard and straight. I think we will call our fort Fort Oatka, after the creek that flows through Le Roy. We have had an Indian tribe called the Oatka Indians, but we are getting tired of that and the Sons of Daniel Boone has turned up at the right time.

Yours truly,
Paul O. Samson, Le Roy, N. Y.

The constitution and badges have been sent to Paul.—FOUNDER.

CONNECTICUT.

Dear Founder:

Having read RECREATION since it changed hands I want to say a word.

First: RECREATION is the best and most attractive magazine of its sort that I know of.

Second: All boys who have once read Dan Beard's talks with the boys can hardly wait for the next article to appear.

To me your camp fire circle is an ideal corner, and Mr. Ford's direct talk will be O.K., I am sure. The question box, too, is a source of great enjoyment to me also. Your articles on our feathered friends, for instance, Nests, Nestings, and Nestlings, which appeared in your last issue, are simply grand, so real and life-like. Personally, I am fond of fishing, such as one finds in the Farmington, on whose banks our home is.

Cordially yours,
J. L. Cose, Simsbury, Conn.

Now, Mr. Cose, start a fort at Simsbury and get in line with the other boys.—EDITOR.

MISSOURI.

Dear Founder:

I am starting a club in St. Joseph of the Sons of Daniel Boone. There are only four members now, and that is enough to meet and choose a name. Are the officers elected or appointed by Daniel Boone; are there any dues to pay?

Eugene H. Broughton, St. Joseph, Mo.

Four is enough for a start; get together and agree upon the officers among yourselves. You should be entitled to the position of Daniel Boone. A subscription to RECREATION for Audubon are the only dues for headquarters; the club regulates the dues to its own fort if any are necessary.

NEW YORK.

Dear Founder:

We wish to establish a Daniel Boone fort; eleven eager boys want to join, and, if you will send full instructions and badges, and if you have the patterns of the suits shown in RECREATION my mother will make them for us. We have a camp on Owasco Lake; it contains fifteen beds. We are going up there the 21st of July and stay a month. We have five boats, and we are going in our uniforms to the camp. We have a fine speaker named Francis Mee. We all have a gun, a hunting knife, and two revolvers, and we have a fine tally gun; it is an old musket with a bayonet. It belongs to my godfather. My father buys RECREATION, *Outing, Forest and Stream* and other sporting magazines. There are ten of us now to start the fort. The names are as follows:

Daniel Hamilton, D. B.; Francis Mee, D. C.; Johnnie Youngs, K. C.; Louie Bergain, Harold Zildersleve, John Sullivan, William Sullivan, Joseph Sullivan, Jos. Martin, Ed. Hamilton, Jos Costicks.

They are good strong and healthy boys. We have some good ball players with the club; the first six boys are the head ones, and there will be more join every day, when we get our badges and suits, and we will appoint more officers afterwards.

Daniel Hamilton, Auburn, N. Y.

The patterns, instructions and badges have been forwarded.—FOUNDER.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Dear Founder:

Greetings from the Fort Pike branch of the Sons of Daniel Boone. Fort Pike was astir early on the morning of June 10th, for orders were out to "hit the trail." We started at sunrise with four scouts and the following equipment, for a three days' campaign, in the interest of our allies in fur and feather. Our wilderness outfit consisted of two shelter tents 5 x 7 each, two large rubber sheets, four heavy woolen army blankets, one frying-pan, three small saucepans, one coffee-pot, two water-pails, several small jars for suet, pepper and butter. Each scout was provided with two days' marching rations, as follows: One-half pound of steak, one pound of bacon, three eggs, six potatoes, small can flour, corn meal and baking powder and small can coffee. We traveled light, each scout relying on his rod and tackle for his third day's rations. Our outfit was locked down the trail to Wolf Lake, there loaded into canoes and paddled a mile and a quarter to the farther shore. There we again locked our outfit, "hit the trail" and plunged into the forest. Our camping site was reached about 1 p. m., on June 10th, and a hasty dinner prepared before pitching tents, and making camp. Dinner was finished, dishes washed, each scout washing his own dishes, and tents pitched and all in order by 2.30 p. m. A fine mountain spring furnished drinking-water, while a plunge into the clear water of a mountain lake put life into the tired bodies of our scouts. Our first night in camp was spent round a large campfire swapping yarns, and talking over the future greatness of the brave Sons of Daniel Boone. We welcomed to our campfire two old woodsmen, about 9 p. m., who offered us some fish in exchange for hot coffee, and they pronounced our camp perfect in every way. Each scout had our emblem inscribed in his hat, which is a pine tree, showing that our place in the order is the wilderness. We would suggest that each order thus adopt an emblem; for instance, an order on the plains could adopt a prairie dog, an order in a valley a river.

Our camp was early astir on June 11th, and after a breakfast of fried bacon, eggs, corn bread and coffee, we took a cold plunge and were ready to start on our tour of inspection. We found birds' nests in plenty, made some excellent photographs, and saw muskrats and their houses, while one mink was encountered on our line of march. In the evening we gathered round our fire, comparing notes, and writing up journals. All our game has wintered well and our grouse are with young broods. We intend making these tours at least twice each month, and have constituted ourselves into a sort of forest patrol, to guard the interests of our game and uphold the motto of our order. We would be glad to receive a copy of the Constitution and By-laws, which you can send to Elmer R. Gregor, our founder and adviser. We also enclose one dollar for a year's subscription to RECREATION, which you can also send to Mr. Gregor. We are contemplating building a log club house, under his direction, which, when completed, we shall call Camp Dan Beard. Following is our list of members to date:

Eddie Joyce, Clifford Johnson, Ed. Hart, George Mulligan, Harold Williams, Gerald Baird.

We intend making our fort one of the largest and strongest in the order before we are many years older, and hope to put the game of Pike county out of the reach of the game butcher and his associates through our vigilance and patrol of the forests.

Wishing you and all our brother scouts the best of success, we remain,

Most respectfully,

Fort Pike Branch, Sons of Daniel Boone.
Pike Co. Penn.

THE BUFFALO.

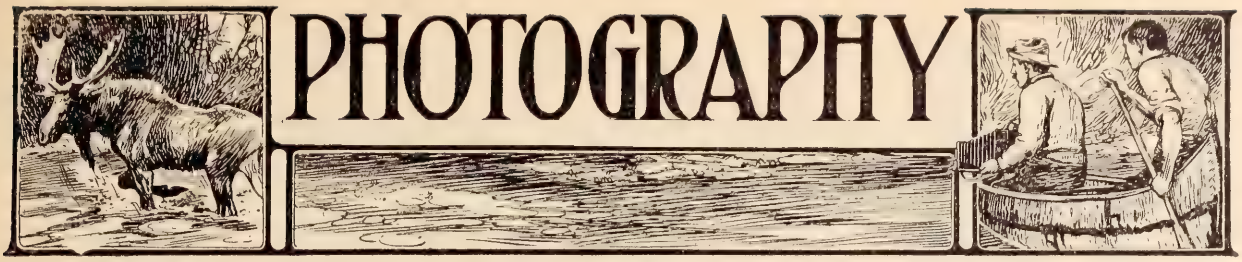
It is too bad that the "Sons of Daniel Boone" was not organized in time to take a hand with us in the preliminary work of preserving the remaining buffalo; but the Daniels need not feel bad over this, for the antelope comes next in line and the Boones can get busy now, working up a plan to save these beautiful little creatures from total extinction and earn some notches for Simon Kenton to cut in the stock of his tally gun.

Speaking of Boone reminds me that Tappan Adney, the traveler, author and artist called the other day and was so much interested in the "Sons of Daniel Boone" that he sent us some photographs of Boone relics and a Boone cave; but it was too late to get them in this number of RECREATION and they will appear in the following issue.

No doubt, all our young pioneers will be glad to learn that Gus Carson, the grandson of Kit Carson, the old Indian scout, lives on a farm a few miles north of Guthrie, Oklahoma, and it would be a good idea for each of the different forts now organized to write to Mr. Gus Carson and tell him he has been elected an honorary member of their fort, for Mr. Carson is a true sportsman and he knows more about the quail than anyone else in the territory where he lives.

He says he has planted twenty acres of Kaffir corn, especially for Bob White, and that colonies of quail live in the field of corn, which furnishes them food and protection all through the summer.

Mr. Gus deserves an official notch for his gun for this act in the preservation of game.



PHOTOGRAPHY

THE NEXT COMPETITION.

In the April issue we announced a prize competition, to close June 1st. The prizes offered were as follows:

1st prize	$10
2d prize	5

Five consolation prizes of $1 each

When the competition closed we found that only 278 pictures had been received. We were disappointed.

While the number of pictures received in the short time allowed for preparation was a flattering indication of the interest the photographer-sportsmen manifest in our department, we feel that the response should be more general. Therefore, we are going to raise the prizes offered in the next competition, which will close September 1st, as follows:

1st prize	$25
2d prize	10
3d prize	5

RULES GOVERNING SEPTEMBER COMPETITION.

(1) Awards will be made by the Art Editor of Recreation.

(2) All photographs submitted will become the property of Recreation; but no photograph will be reproduced, other than the prize winners, without a payment of One Dollar for its use.

(3) The following questions should be answered in submitting the prints:

Subject (give full description)?

Owner (if the prints represent houses, grounds, animals or other objects of ownership)?

Location (near what city or town; geographical name if a river or lake)?

Date of exposure?

How many views taken of general subject; is this the best?

Published or promise of publication elsewhere; if so, what publication?

(4) Any subject representing outdoor life or sport may be depicted. Birds and animals, fishing and hunting are particularly desired.

(5) Packages containing photographs should be marked "Competition," and postage must be fully prepaid.

The prize winners in the June competition will be announced in the August issue.

SUPERIORITY OF FILM.

The question which puzzles many a would-be amateur photographer is whether to use films or glass plates for his work, and why one is preferable to the other. Now, there are very strong reasons why the man to whom Recreation appeals should favor film as against plate, and we propose to point out these reasons. Mind you, we have no personal feeling one way or the other. We use both in our work and a critical comparison of the negatives taken respectively on films and plates reveals no difference in quality from the technical point of view. In the matter of printing, it may be mentioned *en passant,* that film negatives may be printed from the back, which is, of itself, a great advantage for carbon workers, as it obviates the double transfer over which so many amateurs stumble.

The most obvious advantage which films possess over plates is their lightness and complete immunity from any danger of breaking. The reduction in weight is not confined to the film itself, but its nature permits also of a reduction in the bulk and weight of the camera in which it is exposed, a fact which is fully taken advantage of by the manufacturers, some film cameras being marvels of lightness and portability.

Glass is proverbially one of the most brittle of substances, and a valuable glass negative is liable to be irretrievably ruined at any moment by sudden fracture; a pull, a chance knock, or unequal pressure in a printing-frame may at any moment cause its destruction.

Another point on which films score over their glass plate rivals is in the small space which they occupy when stored. Although this may appear to be but of minor advantage it is by no means so in practice, and to the average amateur who has limited space at his disposal for storing his negatives, it is a most important matter. However, economical one may be in making exposures, in course of time negatives accumulate, and glass negatives, if kept in boxes, as they should be, occupy a considerable amount of space, whereas the equivalent number of film negatives may be stored in envelopes between the leaves of a book, and, comparatively speaking, occupy no room at all.

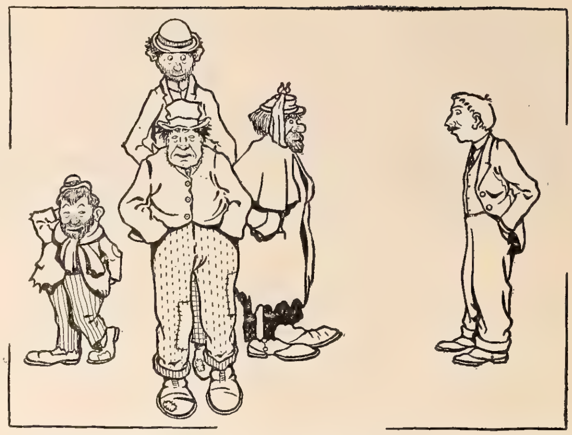
Before leaving the question of weight it is necessary to point out the increased comfort afforded by the use of film in the field, and on tour, particularly to ladies and those whose powers of physical endurance are not great. Even a small plate camera with a dozen glass plates becomes a dead weight after a day's tramp.

A further advantage of films over plates is the great liability of plates to accumulate dust, which will sift into the camera or through the plate-holder. Carried on a bicycle or on an automobile traveling over rough roads the plates in the holders will frequently be so shaken about that tiny chips of glass will break off, and getting on the surface of the plate, will cause spots and pin-holes that are annoying to say the least. A roll of film is subject to none of these disagreeable features, nor are cut films.

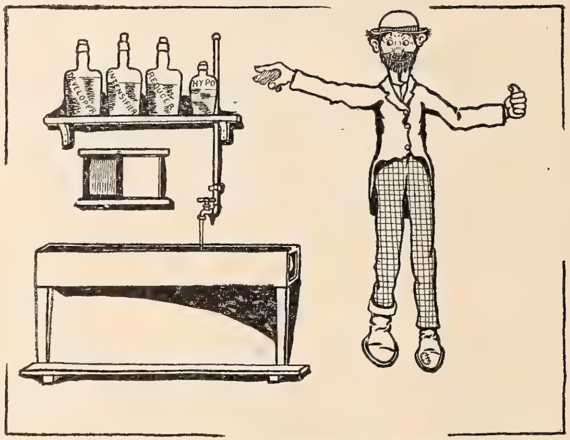
So far, the advantages of films have been referred to. Let us now glance at the other side of the question. Perhaps the most serious disadvantage possessed by films at the present time is their high price as compared with plates, and unfortunately there seems to be no immediate prospect of this objection being removed. Roll films cost nearly twice as much as glass plates of the same size and speed.

It is said that films are less reliable than plates, and that, therefore it is not so easy to produce good negatives upon them. This is, perhaps, the most important consideration of all from the point of view of a beginner seeking advice. According to Mr. Hodges, writing on this subject in Focus: "To give fair advice it is first necessary to consider the nature of the two articles, films and plates. In the first place, the emulsion, or sensitive compound on which the image is formed, is precisely the same in both cases, the difference being that in the one case the support is a piece of glass, and in the other celluloid. Glass has no mechanical or chemical influence either for good or evil on the sensitive emulsion; the celluloid support, on the other hand, under certain conditions, does sometimes exert a harmful influence.

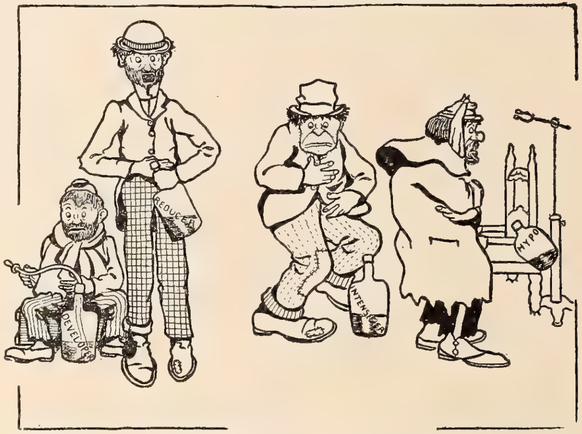
"The reader will ask, 'What are those conditions, and are they avoidable?' Let us start with the assumption, which is a sound one and may be relied upon, that if the film is fresh and procured from a maker of repute, it will be suitable for the production of negatives of the highest technical quality. Now, all sensitive emulsions, whether on glass or celluloid, deteriorate with age, but expert opinion goes to prove that the period at which the signs of deterioration begin to manifest themselves is shorter in the case of films than it is in the case of plates. Damp, particularly in conjunction with high temperature, and exposure to gas fumes both have a harmful action on films. It is obvious from these remarks, that if the film is procured from a reliable source, is fresh (and the makers now stamp the date of expiration of guarantee on each spool), is properly stored, there will be no more need for anxiety with regard to the quality of the negatives produced with its aid than if made on glass plates.



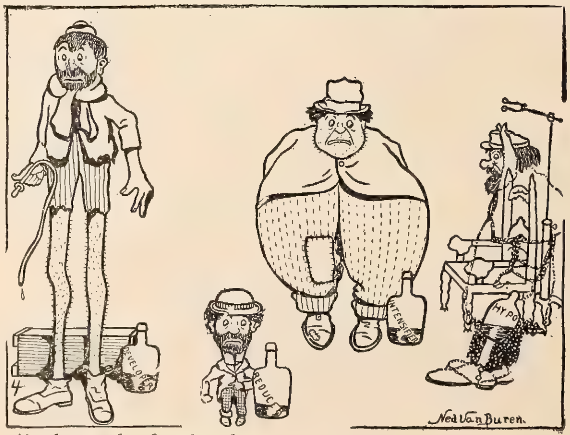
Mr. Snapshots: Job, eh? Clean out the studio and I'll make it a quarter apiece.



Tom Tumbleoff: Come, pals, de booze is here.



Chorus: Somethin' wrong wid de wood-alcohol.



Back to de freaks for ours.

EDITORIAL

THE NATIONAL BUFFALO PRESERVE.

From every portion of the country RECREATION has received assurances that its movement in focusing the attention of the government to the urgent necessity of securing at once, for the benefit of the people, the Pablo-Allard herd of buffalo is in the right direction.

We have good reason to believe that President Roosevelt is deeply interested in the future of the Pablo-Allard herd, and there is no doubt in my mind that he will do all in his power to further the objects of this committee.

From the letters of acceptance and personal assurances received at this office since the committee was appointed we have taken the following extracts:

> *"It will give me much pleasure to render any assistance within my power toward your commendable purpose to save for the American people the only remaining group of bison now in this country."*
>
> Clarke Howell, editor Atlanta Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.

> *"I will be very happy to do all in my power to save the Pablo-Allard herd."*
>
> Howard Eaton, Wolfe, Wyo.

> *"I will be very glad to have my name on your committee. Certainly, I hope that the herd of American buffalo will be protected and saved. They are picturesque and symbolic creatures and their tribe has played such an important part in the early development of our Western country that they deserve kind treatment. It would be a misfortune to have their shaggy forms utterly vanish from the face of the earth."*
>
> Henry Van Dyke, Princeton, N. J.

> *"You can depend on me to assist you always in anything that is worth the effort, certainly when it comes to the preservation of the disappearing bison."*
>
> Casper Whitney, editor Outing, New York.

> *"Anything I can do to preserve the Allard herd of bison will be done gladly. I remember my visit to that herd, feeding naturally and quietly in its natural feeding ground, with joy."*
>
> Hamlin Garland, West Salem, Wis.

"I will be glad to do all in my power to help you to preserve the American buffalo, along the lines suggested in your letter."

Homer Davenport, Morris Plains, N. Y.

"My services are at your disposal at any time in your work looking to the preservation of this sole remaining herd of buffalo."

F. N. Doubleday, editor World's Work.

"I shall be much honored and pleased to figure on the committee which interests itself in the work of saving the Allard herd of buffalo."

Chas. D. Lanier, editor Country Calendar, N. Y.

"I will be glad to do anything I properly can to aid you in the work you suggest."

Melville E. Stone, General Manager, Associated Press, Chicago, Ill.

"I shall be glad, indeed, to help you in the matter of saving the Pablo-Allard herd of Buffalo."

Robert Underwood Johnson, Associate Editor, Century Magazine, N. Y.

"I need not tell you I should be glad to be of service in the matter of placing the Pablo-Allard herd of buffalo in the hands of the government."

Geo. Bird Grinnell, Editor and Manager, Forest and Stream, New York City.

"I heartily accept a place on committee for saving the Pablo-Allard herd of buffalo, or any other of the pitiful remnants of the noble species now on the verge of extinction."

John Muir, Martinez, Cal.

"It is unnecessary for me to say that I am heartily in favor of the movement for the preservation of the Pablo-Allard herd of buffalo, and that I appreciate the honor you have

conferred upon me. With best wishes for the success of the undertaking."
W. E. Palmer, San Francisco.

We are informed by Howard Eaton, the famous guide and rancher, a member of our committee, that he has secured an option on the entire herd and that all that is now necessary to do is to secure a congressional appropriation, covering the purchase price and the passage of a bill, setting aside a permanent buffalo reservation either in the Flathead Country or in some nearby forest or government preserve.

The progress made has been duly reported to President Roosevelt and to the Secretary of the Interior. A bill is now being framed for introduction at the approaching session of Congress, fully covering the two points involved. As soon as the bill is in shape it will be printed in the pages of RECREATION and our readers and their friends can begin an aggressive fight for the immediate passage of the measure when Congress convenes.

ORIGIN OF THE PABLO-ALLARD HERD.

In the July 5th, 1902, issue of Forest and Stream, Charles Aubrey, of Browning, Montana, gives an extended history of the origin of this famous herd of buffalo, which now comprises some two hundred and sixty head.

Mr. Aubrey was an Indian trader on the Marias river, in 1877. This part of the river was a favorite winter hunting ground for the Black Feet and was the main watering ground between it and Milk river, one hundred miles to the northward.

Among the Pen d'Oreille Indians, who made up a hunting party from across the mountains, was an ambitious, bright, middle-aged man of the warrior class—not a chief, however,—whose Christian name was Sam. He was known to the Black Feet as "Short Coyote." Owing to a family quarrel, Sam had to leave the country for fear of punishment by the soldier band of the Pen d'Oreilles. Later he sought Mr. Aubrey for counsel, he desiring to return to his people. He said he was lonesome and wanted to go back but he feared the punishment that awaited his return. There being no buffalo in the Black Foot country Mr. Aubrey suggested to Sam that he take back a few young buffalo as a peace offering in hopes that it would lighten the punishment.

Here is the story of this first introduction of buffalo into the Flathead Reservation, in Mr. Aubrey's own words:

"I suggested that as he was a good hunter, an expert horseman, and could handle a lasso well, he rope some buffalo calves—now nearly a year old—hobble them and keep them with my milch cows. He could use my corrals until they were gentle, he could then drive them across the mountains by the Cadotte Pass, and give them as a peace offering to the fathers at the mission. He looked at me in surprise and doubt. I then showed him that as there were no buffalo in the Flathead country, I thought the fathers would appreciate the gift. He at once said he would try my plan. I encouraged him to go to work at once, and soon saw him arranging for a hunting trip.

"Next day I made a visit to his lodge and found him and his Pen d'Oreille wife hard at work, and both in a very pleasant humor.

"In answer to my inquiries as to how he proposed to handle the buffalo, he told me he would catch the young buffalo; he would then picket each by one leg at the place where he caught it. He would then take a blanket, peg it down at the ground at the outer limit of the picket line. I asked him why he did this. He replied it would attract the buffalo's attention and keep him quiet; by smelling the blanket it would become accustomed to the smell of man and would not be alarmed at his approach. He would catch and handle two at one time on the prairie. They would then be driven in and kept with the milch cows.

"Sam was successful on his first hunt and soon drove in two fine calves, then, April, 1878, nearly yearling buffalo—a heifer and a bull. The heifer was loose, the bull side-hobbled. The milch cows did not take kindly to the buffalo, but the buffalo persisted in being friendly. They finally made friends, for after a while the cows ceased to regard them as a curiosity, and seemed to enjoy their presence. Sam rested a few days after his first trip, his wife joining him in telling me the story of the wild chase and the fierce struggles with their captives. The hunt was far away, as the buffalo were already working to the summer range on the Saskatchewan. This would now cause some change in his plans. Being alone, he was afraid of the enemy—the Indians of the North. He would only risk one more hunt, and informed me I could look for him in eight sleeps. If he did not return then, he had been attacked by some war party. In that event he hoped I would make some effort to look him up. When I got up the next morning Sam was gone.

"True to his promise, he returned at the end of eight days with five young buffalo—two bulls and three heifers. Each buffalo was head and foot hobbled; the head and front foot tied together, with a skin strap two feet long. Each bull was dragging a long lariat, so as to be easily caught for night picketing. Sam was well pleased to find the first two buffalo so contented with the domestic cows.

"The milch cows objected as before, but the new arrivals took kindly to their new-found friends. Sam told me they had met with no accidents. He had worked hard—like a white man, as he expressed it—the rope skinning his hands many times. One could never tell when a buffalo would jump for liberty. He told me of killing one heifer, which he would have liked to save. She had a very fine, bright coat. In a hard chase along the side of a steep coulée, he singled her out of a bunch of cows. He threw his rope, and the noose settled on her neck. His horse, a powerful roan, settled for the shock. In snubbing, he gave her too much rope, and in the fall, which came an instant later, this fine heifer's neck was broken.

"His wife advised him to quit now. They already had five on the last hunt, and she did not like the signs brought out by the death of this fine animal. She said to him, "This means we must stop."

"Sam herded his buffalo with the milk stock for five days, resting and making arrangements for his trip across the mountains. He was feeling satisfied with his work, and hopeful that his peace offering would be accepted. He told me of his route of travel, and that he would be fifteen sleeps on the way home. Taking a small memorandum book from a parfleche, he showed me where he had six straight marks and then a cross for Sunday. He told me he did not want to start on his trip home on Sunday, and wished to know the day of the week, as he had lost his reckoning. I put him right, and he said he would start on the following Monday.

"His buffalo were doing well, and were becoming quite docile. All preparations were made for his departure, and he talked hopefully of getting safely across the mountains. He always impressed me as being an Indian of marked determination, and at no time did it occur to me that he would not succeed in his effort.

"On Monday he bade me a cordial good-bye, passing out, his wife and pack horses in the lead. They had discarded the travois with which they usually traveled, saying they could handle the buffalo better with her as a rider. Sam brought up the rear, the buffalo following the pack horses. The three bulls were head and foot hobbled, the four heifers loose; seven head in all is my recollection of the bunch.

"Of the trip to the Teton river, to the Sun river, to the Dearborn and up that stream to the Cadotte Pass I have heard no word; of the crossing of these streams at this season, of the trip over the main range, down the Blackfoot river, all trace is probably forever lost. Through Indian sources I afterward learned that on the way over by some accident one bull became disabled and died. Sam arrived safely in the Flathead without further accident to the other buffalo. I also afterward learned, through Indian sources, that immediately upon his arrival upon the reservation he was arrested and severely flogged, by order of the soldier band of his own tribe of Indians. As I understand the story, Sam had no time or opportunity to meet the fathers and tender his peace offering.

"In course of time I heard of Sam's death, not in battle as a warrior, but passing away peacefully in his lodge or cabin. His wife followed him some time after."

J. B. Monroe, of Teton county, Montana, furnishes this additional information:

"In 1882 or '83 Michel Pablo and Chas. Allard bought the buffalo from Sam the Pen d'Oreille. There were fourteen head, but the number of bulls and females could not be remembered. At this time there were still a considerable number of buffalo on the plains and they did not possess the interest they now have.

"Sam lived on Crow creek until '86 and died in that year. He left a few head of horses and very little property."

THE NEW INDIAN POLICY.

Early in March of this year RECREATION received information from one of its correspondents in Colorado to the effect that the Utes of Utah were killing deer and committing other devastations in Colorado, many miles from their reservation.

We referred the matter, in the regular course of our work, to the Office of Indian Affairs, Department of the Interior, at Washington, and after the customary red tape had been rolled off, the following report was received:

DAN BEARD, Esq., Editor RECREATION:
23 W. 24th St., New York, N. Y.

Sir—Referring to office letter of the 11th inst., advising you that the U. S. Indian Agent of the Uintah and Ouray Agency had been requested to investigate and report upon the complaint of your correspondent, as to the Utes of Utah wantonly killing deer in Colorado, you are informed that the desired report has now been received from the agent. He states, in brief, that previous to the visit of the Indians to Colorado, to which complaint was made, the matter of their going was considered and most of them were prevented from going; that parties of agency rangers and police were sent to Colorado for the purpose of preventing the killing of game and bringing back runaway Indians; that the allotted Uncompahgre Indians living at White river, very remote from the agency, went into the state before any knowledge of their whereabouts could be obtained, and undoubtedly killed many deer; that he is unable to prevent these alloted Indians from leaving their allotments and going on hunting expeditions in order to obtain their winter supply of meat, which if they were cut off from, they would probably kill cattle belonging to private citizens and commit other depredations which do not now occur; that this fall, after the opening of the reservation, all of the Utes will be allotted, and he will then be unable to compel them by force to remain at home, but will endeavor by persuasion to restrain them; and that he believes the only way to prevent the depredations referred to is by having the game wardens of Colorado proceed early to the game section of the state and prevent the Indians from hunting therein. He adds that he understands that the Indians have heretofore been able to elude the game wardens entirely, with the result that they have almost ceased to fear them.

It would seem from Captain Hall's report that he has acted wisely and promptly in the matter of restraining the Indians so far as within his power from committing the annual depredations on deer referred to, and that he would have no legal authority to restrain allotted Indians, who are citizens of the United States, from leaving their homes and going into Colorado for the purpose of hunting. The office considers that his suggestion that the game wardens give their timely and hearty coöperation to this matter, is a good one, and it is thought that if this suggestion be carried out, it will reduce to a minimum the annual slaughter of deer by the allotted Utes.

Very respectfully,
C. F. Larrabee,
Acting Commissioner.

The deductions drawn by Acting Commissioner Larrabee are significant.

The process of ruining the Red Race is so nearly completed that perhaps it is not worth while to lament over the final stroke, delivered upon the Five Tribes in the Indian Nation by the Curtis Act, with the enthusiastic approval of Indian Commissioner Leupp.

Is it really necessary to break up the tribal relations of the Indians, to give them citizenship and individual ownership of land; that is, to destroy the social system of a race and cast it helpless as a prey to the wolves of that perfected organization of greed which we call "civilization"?

To set up the Indian as a landowner and a capitalist, the benevolent aim of our new Indian policy, is to destroy him, or in other words, to civilize him. The Indian Commissioner admits that swindlers probably will get away with the Indian's land and money, but he consoles himself with the philosophical reflection that if the new-made capitalist falls a victim to sharpers, it "should teach a valuable lesson."

Teach it to whom? The Indian? What good will the lesson do him when he is a pauper, an outcast, a bit of civilization's wreckage more helpless than the tramp? Is it to teach it to Indian Commissioners and other benevolent meddlers? Why, it has been taught to them a hundred times already, and they have instantly and invariably forgotten it. They are incapable of learning it because they have not learned how to think, but imagine that the horrible scramble for wealth in which mankind is engaged is the ideal condition of human society.

In "Civilization—It's Cause and Cure," Edward Carpenter describes what we are doing to the Red Race by introducing to it the idea of individual ownership of land. He says: "With the advent of a civilization founded on property the unity of the old tribal society is broken up. The ties of blood relationship, which were the foundation of the gentile system and the guarantees of the old fraternity and equality, become dissolved in favor of powers and authorities founded on mere possession. The growth of wealth disintegrates the ancient society; the temptations of power, of possession, etc., which accompany it, wrench the individual from his moorings; personal greed rules; 'each man for himself becomes the universal motto; the hand of every man is raised against his brother; and at last society itself becomes an organization by which the rich fatten upon the vitals of the poor, the strong upon the murder of the weak."

Lewis Morgan, in his "Ancient Society," says: "The dissolution of society bids fair to become the termination of a career of which property is the end and aim; because such a career contains the elements of self-destruction."

Civilizations have lasted, on an average, about a thousand years, and then have died of corruption or been swept into the rubbish heap of history by healthy barbarism. Our modern disease has afflicted the world for about that period, and is approaching its climax—or its cure. The tendency toward a return to nature is already showing itself, promising a cure. And yet we persist in communicating the disease — along with others more specific and readily recognizable—to the only people among us who would live a natural, healthy life if we would let them.

All our interference with the Indian, no matter how benevolent its motive, has resulted disastrously to him and failed utterly to work out as designed. We have tried the reservation system, and pauperized tribes by making them our "wards." We have "given" them their own land in severalty and cheated them out of it individually. We have tried to make landlords of them and produced only landless men.

The only Indians who retain their native moral and physical virtues and live the simple, contented, peaceful, life are the Pueblos or town-dwellers. We have not despoiled them or contaminated them with our ideas of individual ownership. A few of them have been permitted to maintain the tribal relation and the community of possessions, and they have been wise enough to reject the glorious privileges of citizenship and taxpaying when urged upon them. It is true that we meddle with them all we can, insist on educating them our way and trying to break up their ancient customs, but their power of passive resistance is great, and today the Pueblos are the only human beings in the United States living natural, healthy lives, to the great scandal and horror of the missionaries, the commissioners, the educators, and all the other meddlers in our bedeviled system of greed founded on the worship of the golden calf.

Civilization—plug hats, bald-faced shirts and frenzied finance is human society running down a steep incline into the sea, and the Red Race is in the path of the stampede! The poor Indian, obeying the primeval instinct to stock his larder with the game of his forefathers, is corralled and sent back to his government home from whence, still obeying his instinct, he raids the herds of his white neighbors.

A tremendous wail arises heavenward, the cattle men protest, the game protectors protest, the Indian Commissioner writes letters, and the wheel begins to turn again.

But, contrary to the popular and accepted theory, we believe that Indians are human and blessed with a certain amount of rudimentary horse sense. We also believe that if some one who is in sympathy with the Indians will explain to them that enforcing the laws made for the preservation of game is the only way to keep up the supply, that the Indians will then, not only obey the laws, but become strenuous in their support of game protection.

AN ORIENTAL SUBSTITUTE.

From the Journal of Crookstown, Minn., we learn that Mr. S. F. Fullerton, game warden, says that the prairie chicken as a game bird will disappear from the state within fifteen years. We also learn that he is very enthusiastic over the introduction of the ring-necked pheasant and the state pheasant hatchery.

When a game warden states that the bird will be extinct it looks as if the pinnated grouse's fate was sealed; but why should the prairie chicken disappear from Minnesota? Are the people of that community so un-American, so un-patriotic, and devoid of sentiment as to allow the total extinction of their finest game bird and the substitution of the half-domesticated ring-necked Oriental? Has the lesson of the introduction of the English sparrow faded from their minds? Will sportsmen of Minnesota consent to become effete butchers of half-domesticated poultry?

We are inclined to think that there are enough men yet left in the state, men with the bark on them and the blood of the pioneers coursing through their veins, who will resent this substitution.

If the same amount of pains and care is taken to preserve the prairie chicken that is necessary to introduce the foreign birds in a few years, the prairie lands and open country of Minnesota will be again populated with the native game birds, and the pioneers may take their children out in the spring and show them the cock grouse as they strut around, with their yellow air-sack on the sides of their necks inflated like bladders, bowing and scraping to their dapper little mates, and shouting their boo-who-whooes until, as one author states, "The sound will roll over the earth in great waves." And then they can say, "This is the way it was when we came to this country."

It will not be necessary for the people of Minnesota to send to the wild animal man or to Europe to get birds with which to stock their open land, because there are even now enough seed birds left to do this if the people will only allow Nature to take its course. This idea of substitution of European animals and European birds for the husky and beautiful natives of our soil is repugnant to the feelings of any real American, whether he be a sportsman, naturalist, a nature lover, or simply endowed with a sentimental reverence for his own country and its characteristic and natural surroundings.

The marketmen of Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis and their patrons, the pallid gourmands, with bags under their eyes and rings on their fingers, swelled feet and bald heads, whose vitiated appetites call loudly for a hot bird and a cold bottle, are the ones who are exterminating the prairie chicken in Minnesota and the adjoining states.

We cannot believe that the great state of Minnesota will sacrifice this bird, so dear to the heart of the farmer's boy and true sportsman, either for the sake of satiating the appetites of useless roués, or for the petty amount of money the sale of these birds brings to the coffers of Minnesota's market hunters.

TO RELEASE PET BIRDS.

The Huntington (Ind.) Democrat says that, according to the interpretation of Section 602 of the new criminal code by the state game commissioner it is unlawful for any person to have any caged wild bird, be it a martin, red-bird, blue-bird, wren, canary or parrot, and it is hinted that the game commissioner will set free all caged birds, including canaries and parrots.

This, we think, is a mistake or simply a newspaper story, because the canary and the parrot will perish if freed. The canary is not a wild bird, it having been domesticated for so many generations that it is unable to care for itself if the cage door is left open and it is allowed its freedom. They have not the migratory instinct which would carry them South in the Winter and would perish, not from lack of food, but from lack of knowing where to hunt for their food. The experiment has been tried many times. Furthermore, the canary has learned to be happy in its little prison and, if they are to be released at all it should be in a climate adapted to their needs and where they could be cared for until they learned to care for themselves.

A gentleman in England is said to have canaries nesting in the bushes and vines around his portico; but he takes care of these birds in the winter time and has taught them to take care of themselves in the Summer time.

Late one fall, I saw several parrots, which had escaped from some owner and were slowly starving and freezing to death in the trees; and it would have wrung your heart to have heard their pitiful cries of "Polly wants a cracker," with no crackers within reach and no one to feed them.

THE DISGRACEFUL SIDE HUNT.

From the Springfied (Illinois) Journal we learn that the Central Illinois hunters will attend an annual crow and hawk hunt, which is conducted each May by the sportsmen of Kane County.

Each crow will count one point in the competition, butcher birds count three, and hawks five points. The side which loses eats crow.

The attention of the authorities and all those interested in agriculture should be brought to this subject. In all prairie countries there is a great amount of small, very destructive rodents, gophers, various kind of ground squirrels, mice and other creatures of the same family which are only held in subjection by the presence of certain birds of prey, which live almost entirely upon these animals. In all the late books upon bird life, in all the government reports upon bird life, and in the book of hawks, issued by the government, it is shown conclusively that most of these birds of prey not only are not enemies to the farmer but, in reality, his best friends.

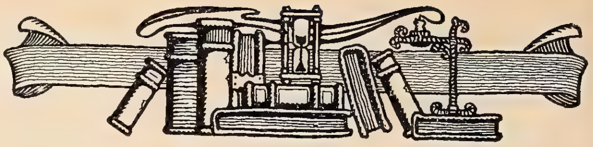
Is it possible, in spite of all the amount of literature issued upon this subject, that our worthy friends of the "Sucker" state are still so ignorant as to set out to kill every hawk in sight, regardless of its economic value to the community, or does this mean that the side hunt is gotten up entirely by ignorant people, whose only idea of sport is to go out and kill something for the sake of seeing the feathers fly and to count up their birds like a chalk-mark score in a bowling alley?

It would be advisable for the farmers in the section of the country where this hunt is to be held to read up a little upon the life history of these birds before they engage in or allow others to engage in their extermination. If they do not, they will learn to their sorrow that they can not interfere with Nature's buzzsaw without serious consequences to themselves; and then, indeed, they will all sit down to a feast at which the agriculturists and the merchants depending upon the district will be compelled to eat crow.

GRATITUDE.

BY LAURANA W. SHELDON.

Now speeds the wind across the dawn
  From East to West, and lo, the cry,
From all the sunny, dewy morn,
  "How doubly, trebly blest am I!"



BOOKS AND WRITERS.

THE OUTLET. By Andy Adams.

"The Outlet" is one more volume of cowboy life, giving in a vivid and accurate way an account of a cattle drive from Texas to Fort Buford in the Northwest. It will interest all readers of RECREATION who wish more information upon the dangers and details of cattle herding and cattle selling. The book is couched in a plain, matter-of-fact style, but it is hard to classify; it is not a scientific treatise, and it lacks most of the essential elements of a novel. The narrative falls far short of the humor and vigor with which men like Owen Wister have wrought the cow-puncher's life into literature, but the plot of the story maintains its interest. Dan Lovell, a cattle owner, starts to deliver some ten thousand beeves into government hands, in spite of several dealers who seem to be the forerunners of our modern trust magnates. These men of no conscience and large government pull hold up his herds at every turn. Among the results are a lively pistol fracas, and a free fight in a court-room. The final efforts of the grafters to beat the honest cowmen at the army post must be read to be appreciated. Tom Quirk, who tells the story, Runt Pickett, Forest and Saunders are all real men. Cloth, 371 pp. Price, $1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

OUR COMMON BIRDS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM. By John B. Grant. Charles Scribners' Sons.

"Jack" Grant was once a novice himself and had not forgotten his own trials and tribulations when he wrote this book; the consequences are that the book is filled with full-page illustrations from photographs of the mounted bird skins which have been selected because they show, even the novices, the characteristics of the bird represented, and serve to fix a mental photograph of them in the mind of the student, which is more lasting than any scientific description, no matter how carefully the latter may be written.

The letter-press is graphic, condensed, and based upon careful personal observation as, we can vouch, for we have more than once met "Jack" in the field with note-book and pencil, and also treasure fond memories of a certain highly-educated crow which he gave us after he had finished studying the bird's mental characteristics. As a rule there is a full-page picture for each page of letter-press in Mr. Grant's book, and all the smaller birds are shown life size.

THE HUNTING DOG

TRAINING BIRD DOGS DURING THE SUMMER.

BY JAMES DIXON.

The training of young dogs for sporting purposes should be begun when they are four or five months old, but the lessons should be short and should cover only certain elementary branches of their education. Puppies of this age may be taught to down or charge and to know their master's voice, but great care must be observed lest they become cowed and ruined. A young dog's intelligence develops with age exactly as does a child's, and too much must not be expected at the kindergarten stage of canine training.

To teach a dog to down or charge he must be placed in the proper position with hind legs under the body and not sprawling out at the side, nose flat on the floor or ground between the fore paws. The trainer should keep him in this position with one hand on his head, while he straddles the pupil's body. The word down or charge should be repeatedly spoken and whichever of the two words be chosen must be rigidly adhered to. This, and to know the whistle and their names, is all that should be attempted at this early age.

It is always a good plan to blow the whistle when approaching the pups to feed them. This accustoms them to associate the call with the gratification of their appetites and young dogs, like children, can be more easily influenced through their stomachs than by their reason.

Short, sharp names are the best. A world of meaning can be conveyed in the tone of voice used in calling the name of a dog, and this is as true in handling old dogs in the field as in breaking young ones. Names ending in "o" should be avoided "toho" is the word of command to point. It is an important part of a dog's education to know the meaning of the word "halt," to slow up, and as "toho" is the command to point, halt should be substituted for the word "no." Some sportsmen transpose this, but a rule must be made and followed in common justice to the dog. At nine months the serious part of breaking begins. Patience and perseverance accomplish much more than brutal flogging for uncomprehended faults. The whip should never be used out of the real hunting field and then as sparingly and as seldom as possible. The best authority extant on the art of dog-breaking recommends and strongly advocates a strong, light cord, eight or ten yards long, and says: "Fasten one end around the dog's neck, the other to a peg firmly staked in the ground. Before doing this, however, your young dogs should, along with a high ranging dog, be taken out into a field where there is no game and suffered to run at large without control until they are well practiced in ranging. Too much stress cannot be laid on this point, as on this first step in a great measure depends the future ranging propensities of the dog. When the youngster sees the old dog galloping about as hard as he can, he soon takes the hint and follows. After a few days the old one may be left behind, when the pups will gallop about equally as well. These lessons should never be too long, else the effect is lost.

"When the pup is confirmed in ranging one should take the cord as above directed and peg him down. Probably he will attempt to follow as one leaves him, in which case the cord will check him with more or less force, according to the pace he goes. The more he resists the more he punishes himself. At last he finds that by remaining still he is best off. Generally he lies down. At all events he stands still. This is just what is desired. Without intervention he punishes himself and learns a lesson of great value without attributing it to his trainer, and consequently a wakening sense of fear, to wit, that he is not to have his own way always. After repeating this lesson a few times the trainer may take him to the peg and "down" or "charge" as one likes the term best, close to the peg in the proper position. Move away, but if he stirs a single inch drag him back crying "down" or "charge." Leave him again, checking him when he moves or letting him do it for himself when he gets to the end of the cord, always bringing him back to the peg, jerking the cord with more or less severity. Do this eight or ten times and he will not stir. The trainer must now walk quite out of sight, around him, run at him, in fact do everything to make him move, when, if he moves he must be checked as before, until he is perfectly steady. It is essential in this system of breaking that his first lesson shall be so effectually taught that nothing shall induce the dog to move and one quarter of an hour will generally effect this. In all probability the dog will be much cowed by this treatment. The trainer should then go up to him, pat him, lift him up, caress him and take him home for that day."

There is no more severe or more gentle method of breaking than this; more or less run being put into the check according to the nature of the animal. It never fails to daunt the most resolute, audacious dog, nor yet does it cow the most timid after the first or second attempt, for it is necessary in the first instance that they shall obey. Coming "to heel" is also taught by means of the check cord.

After the young dog has learned to "charge" when ordered the peg should be dispensed with and the breaker or trainer should take the end of the cord in his hand. Some self-styled trainers make poor substitutes even for the peg, but if they have as much intelligence as the young dogs possess, the dogs will become steady under this treatment.

The pupil having learned to "charge" and to remain in that attitude until ordered to "hold up," and to range, the next step is to teach him to quarter. This is difficult and somewhat tedious, but very important. A field of about 200 yards in dimension, where there is no game, is the best for this purpose. Cast him off at the words "hold up," to the right or left "up wind," which means against it. It seems unnecessary to explain why the dog should always be cast off "up wind," but for the benefit and instruction of young sportsmen, new to the trigger, be it said that all pointers and setters hunt entirely by scent and that the indefinable air taint caused by the game comes down the wind to the dog's keen olfactory organs in something to them akin to the most delicious perfume, which causes every nerve to quiver and every sense to be on the alert.

The young dog must not be allowed to turn inward when quartering and he probably will not attempt to if started in the right direction, but should a young dog turn inward the trainer must get before him, up wind and whistle just before he turns. This if persisted in, will break him of the habit. The breaker should also walk in the direction the dog is going. When all this is accomplished he may be sent off to the right or left, indiscriminately, so that when shooting with a companion both will not start off the same way.

When considered quite steady continue the lessons in a place where there is game. Most likely he will flush the first bird he comes across and chase it. Follow him crying "charge." He will, in his order, disregard the command, but sooner or later will recover his senses and become ashamed. Do not beat him brutally, but remember that the very ardor that set him off will later be a most valuable characteristic. He must now be taken to the spot where he flushed the bird and rated and made to charge. Gradually, on repeating this, he will chase less and will learn to drop at the rise of the bird and not at the report of the gun, which is an important distinction.

Wellbred dogs should point the first time they scent game. When they do so, call "charge," checking them if they do not. It is wise to teach young dogs to charge when they point, as this makes them much steadier. After they become absolutely steady this need not be insisted upon. A young dog should be hunted alone until he has become steady. The spirit of emulation, not to say jealousy, predominates in all dogs, and when a brace is taken into the field too soon, each dog distracts the attention of the other and this causes trouble. Of course the cord cannot be constantly carried, but recourse to it from time to time, as occasion may require, will be amply rewarded.

Some dogs retrieve, while some do not. Those that do must have been taught when quite young. Some soft substance like a ball is thrown when the pup is in a playful mood and he is coaxed and petted until he brings it. He will not like to give it up, even after bringing it in, and here the most gentle persuasion must be used, otherwise he will give up then and there and all attempts to make him resume the game of romps will be useless. As soon as the young dog understands what is desired of him, and no sooner, can he be expected to obey.

Rewards should be more frequent than punishment throughout the young dog's education and in teaching him to retrieve, punishments should never be inflicted.

Having killed the first bird over the pupil, all other requirements having been fulfilled, he should be ordered to "seek dead" in the direction that is indicated by a wave of the hand. Coolness and deliberation are necessary. If the excitement of the presence of game overcomes the master, how can the young dog be blamed if it proves too much for him?

Dog breaking is not as difficult a task as it appears. Anyone with the requisite amount of patience can accomplish it within a period that will surprise him. Hotheaded men, unable to control their own tempers, should not attempt it, but should hire a trainer to break themselves as well as their dogs.

In dog-breaking no single breach of discipline should be overlooked in the hunting field, and this applies to dogs already broken. Punishments, though light, should not be omitted, for dogs soon learn to be tricky and it is emphatically true—if you "give them an inch they will take an ell."

COLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

So busy has the active season in college athletics been in the past month, that to review it briefly, but completely, requires little to be said on any score. The most notable happenings have been Cornell's victories on track and water, the showing of Princeton and Harvard on the diamond, the arrangement of an Eastern and Western meet, and the return of Mike Murphy to Pennsylvania. In its far reaching effect the latter is most important since it cannot result in other than the decided changing of the entire complexion of track athletics, affecting all colleges in the East indirectly. The other events have been more spectacular and may be treated in a more interesting way.

Cornell's rowing victory over Harvard, while not unexpected, was most surprising. The reports from Cambridge have been so hopeful and from New Haven so eulogistic of the Crimson that the casual follower of intercollegiate affairs must have looked upon the Harvard eight as quite exceptional among Crimson crews and altogether a formidable opponent for any boat. That it was fast and strong was the opinion of even those who have an expert knowledge of rowing conditions.

The race goes to show that both views were incorrect, though it is still true that the material at hand at Cambridge is exceptionally high-class and had possibilities far beyond the ordinary. For some reason, it has not been made most of. Wray ought to be able to turn out a first-class eight with a free hand. What influences have contributed to prevent it is hard to say. It is impossible at present to fix responsibility for the failure. The month that remains at this writing before the Yale race, it is to be hoped, will see the difficulty removed, but it is far more probable that in her present frame of mind Harvard will lose heart and make a fiasco at New London as sad as any of recent years.

The American Henley, while it developed satisfactorily from the amateur rowing standpoint, was a disappointment collegiately. The contests were not productive of the interest hoped for, but were beneficial, nevertheless. Again Cornell showed to the fore.

The Syracuse and Wisconsin crews are the only two not heard from in a race as yet. The Badgers are said to be rowing very fast and to have regained something of their lost power. They promise a strong showing at Poughkeepsie. Coach Ten Eyck says his present crew is even better than his old one, so Syracuse may be heard from again. Certainly as good a crew as her winning one would be surprising, and a better one hardly to be expected. However, it is certain that the boat will be near the front, if it is not there again.

Cornell's track victory was a staggering blow to Yale. That the Ithacans should do so well and Yale so poorly amazed almost everyone save those who had followed conditions within a week of the games very closely. Cornell's strength was due to the unexpected ability developed by her weight men. Cook and Pew, her hammer throwers, did better work than either of them have ever shown, while Porter surpassed daily the

PARSONS OF YALE WINNING THE HALF-MILE

intercollegiate put, which surprised those unfamiliar with his practice.

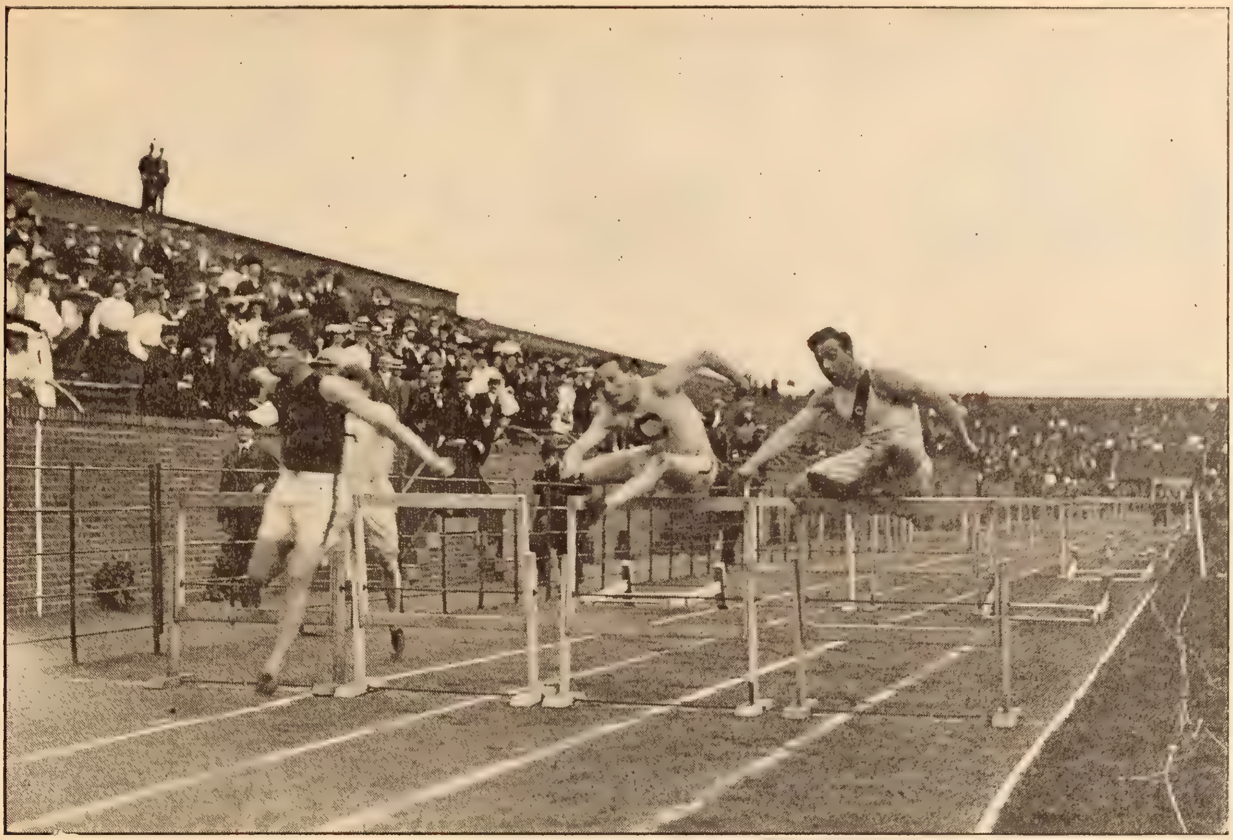
Yale, for two weeks before, had been complaining steadily of the falling off of one after another of her men, and the consequent lessening of her chances. If to any one thing can be ascribed her defeat the failure of Harris to qualify in the hammer throw did the trick. It was expected at New Haven that he would defeat Van Duyne, and he certainly has, in practice, done better work. The complete reversal of form shown by Alcott and Hill and Porter and White, completed the rout.

Pennsylvania, who was expected to contest supremacy with Yale and Cornell, disappointed her following by her failure. Like other teams which depend on a few stars, small things cause a complete break-down. Amsler's defeat in the low hurdles by Casteman in slower time than the Quakers can go, Moffett's failure to get even a place in the high jump, which he was capable of winning, Boyd's defeat by Porter, Schoenfus and Rollins, and Dear's injury and failure to secure a place in the hundred, deprived Pennsylvania not only of all chances to win, but placed her below Harvard, who had a remarkably weak team.

The strength of the smaller colleges was a complete surprise to everyone. Van Duyne was expected to possibly win the hammer throw, and Castleman to give Amsler a hard run in both hurdles, but aside from this the small colleges were not figured on. Reed in the hundred, Squires and Baker in the half mile, White in the mile, Brown in the hurdles, Weber and Hubbard in the broad jump and Rollins in the shot put were figured low in the estimation of most of the knowing ones.

The performances were much below the standard expected to be attained in every event, even in the two races where records were broken. Parsons, who broke the half mile mark, was looked to for better than

DRAY OF YALE BREAKING THE POLE VAULT RECORD AT 11 FEET 10⅝ INCHES



AMSLER OF PENNSYLVANIA WINNING THE 120-YARD HURDLE

1.56; while Dray, who vaulted 11 feet 10⅝ inches, was not expected to win the event, both Jackson and McLanahan having surpassed those figures in practice. Though Schick in the sprint did 10 flat and 22 1-5, this was no more than was expected of him.

SOME DISAPPOINTMENT.

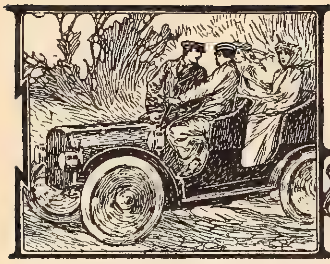
Hyman was looked to for a new record in the quarter, which he won in 49 1-5; Mason was counted on for better than 4.20 in the mile, while Magoffin, who only finished third in the two-mile, was known to be capable of close to record figures. Symonds, of Princeton, and Marshall, of Yale, performed up to expectations, and Porter and Van Duyne above them, but in no field events, except the pole vault, was a high class performance approaching records anticipated.

The failure of Dear to qualify in the hundred left Schick no competitor able to hurry him. He won as he pleased in 10 1-5 with Rulon-Miller second, Reed and Knakel far behind. In the 2.20 he was forced out all the way by Hyman and won by less than a yard, while Dodge was a poor third, easily beating Whitman. Hyman in the quarter was in no way worried by his competitors and had plenty left when the race ended in 10 3-5. Davies beat Burnap, with Carpenter fourth.

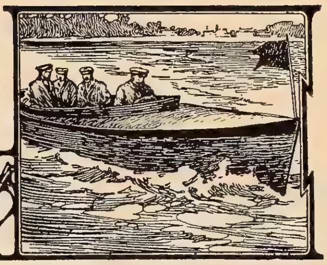
Parsons won all the way in the half mile, while Squires, Baker and Townsend defeated a good field, each running under two minutes. Williams was close up in the mile though not forcing Munson to his best. White's defeat of Hill for third was a surprise. Hale beat Willgoose and Magoffin by three yards in the two mile with Chapin far behind, while Amsler had no trouble with Castleman, Vonnegat and Brown, who finished behind him. Why he was beaten by Castleman in the low hurdles is inexplicable. The two ran away from Armstrong and Cates.

Symonds was far ahead of Weber, Hubbard and Knox in the broad. Porter and Crane forced Marshall to six feet in the high jump, Tooker taking fourth. Porter beat Schoenfus three inches and Rollins eight inches with the shot, with Boyd three-quarters of an inch behind. Van Duyne threw the hammer three feet further than Cook, who beat Shevlin twenty-one inches and Pew over nine feet. In the pole vault Phillips and Jackson failed to do better than eleven, four and three-quarters, while Gray won at eleven feet eight inches and then broke the record.

After the games it was announced that the intercollegiate winners next year would contest against the winners of the western intercollegiates in games for the National Tournament. The high caliber of the western athletes in recent years assures the games attaining an importance above those of any similar contests ever held, including international meets.



MOTORING



By WILLARD NIXON

ANOTHER TRANSCONTINENTAL TRIP.

Two Oldsmobile runabouts left New York recently on a run across the continent to Portland, Oregon,—a trip of 3,500 miles in all. The run is in reality a race for a prize of $1,000, offered by the Oldsmobile Co., and as a consolation the driver of the car who reaches Portland second will receive the machine which he operates. The cars have been nicknamed "Old Steady" and "Old Scout" respectively, and are driven by Messrs. Huss and Megargel. The intention is that both cars shall arrive at Portland in time to attend the opening of the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition.

At this writing the two machines have already covered more than half the distance with minimum difficulties only, the last report advising that one of the cars went through a bridge in Nebraska, causing a delay. This is the fifth transcontinental trip and promises to be especially interesting on account of the fact that Diamond tires have been fitted to one of the cars and Fish tires to the other, so that some valuable advertising on a subject of great importance to every automobilist ought to be obtained. The last car to cross the continent was a four-cylinder Franklin driven by L. L. Whitman, who covered the road from San Francisco to New York in thirty-three days, record time. The present trip, it is estimated, will take about a month and a half, barring accidents or serious delays.

HILL CLIMBING CONTESTS.

Such hill climbing events as have been held this season show an increasing popularity in this branch of automobile sport, for the recent competitions at Worcester and Springfield, Mass., and at Cincinnati, Ohio, were well attended by automobilists and excellent time scored, and all without accidents.

Hill climbing competitions combine the excitement of a race with the value of a good sensible test; the race feature is very good because in these davs of increased motor sizes, cars rush up the hills chosen for these competitions at exceedingly good speed, and as far as the real test goes, it may be stated that every automobilist wants his car to go fast, but is particularly keen that it shall show up well on the hills. That is to say, he wants a car that not only has sufficient power to climb all hills that he may meet, but he wants a car that will have sufficient power to climb them without having to change gears unnecessarily often. At first it was a question in a man's mind as to whether a certain car would, if purchased, climb the steep hills in his locality. Nowadays there is no question on this score; the only point is, "Will it climb these hills on the high gear, or how many times will I have to change gears in covering a certain specified route?" Consequently hill climbing tests are good events in all respects, and every automobilist should do all he can to assist the promotion of such contests when they are being gotten up in his locality.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING EVENTS.

Two mountain climbing events will be held this season, one in the White Mountains and the other at Pike's Peak. Last year the White Mountain climb up Mt. Washington was spectacular and very dangerous, and from recent reports it seems likely that those in charge may select a different course this season, Mt. Willard, at the head of Crawford Notch, having been named as a better place than Mt. Washington, although the climb is shorter—two miles instead of eight—although a great deal safer and the road in many places much steeper, thus affording a better test of modern motor cars. The writer went over the carriage road up Mt. Willard recently, and it seemed very narrow and steep and was in places partially blocked by fallen trees, but it undoubtedly can be put in excellent condition at a very little expense and seems in many respects an ideal course.

The proposed test at Pike's Peak is an entirely different proposition, and I am advised that Mr. George A. Wahlgreen, of Denver, who first conceived the idea, did not find until the promotion of the event was well under way that the expense of preparing the road and of holding the test was almost prohibitive, but so much publicity had been given to the affair that he found he had to carry it through at any cost. Although the snow is still thick on the mountain side, the course has been carefully inspected. and from the condition of the surface and the fact that the automobilists of Colorado Springs have become exceedingly interested and have subscribed a large sum of money to repair the old carriage road, the difficulties will not perhaps be so great as at first considered. Mr. Wahlgreen's proposal to hold a race up Pike's Peak is probably the most audacious one ever made in the automobile sporting world. Thus far only one automobile has ever reached the summit of Pike's Peak,—a light steam locomobile being taken to the summit by Messrs. Felker and Yost, of Denver, four years ago. This result was obtained by the combination of a car very light in weight and having very high power in proportion to its weight, and placed in the hands of two unusually strong and active men accustomed to exercise in mountain air. The road at this time was full of boulders, and the summit was only reached after the most arduous exertion, prostrating both men at the time. If the Pike's Peak climb is held, and from present indications it seems almost certain that it will be, it ought to be the most exciting and interesting of any hill climbing contest ever held either here or abroad

IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS

THE INTERNATIONAL RACE IN FRANCE.

This month the eyes of the automobile world are focussed on 85 miles of bad road in France over which the famous International race instituted by James Gordon Bennett will be held. We are informed that the Auvergne course must be covered four times during the race,—a total of 340 miles in all. It is undoubtedly the most heart-breaking Gordon-Bennett course yet selected, being very hilly and replete with sharp curves, there being no less than four right-angle turns on the course, and as a further example of the difficulty of the circuit, it may be stated that the longest straight-away piece of road is but two and one-half miles in length. These conditions will impose a very severe strain on the drivers of the cars, as well as on the machinery, and the race is likely to prove rather more a test of brakes, tires and clutches than of actual speed of the machines themselves. This is just what the French Automobile Club have been wanting to bring about, for the historic course from Paris to Bordeaux and other similar courses are flat and relatively straight, thus affording a test of practically nothing but speed, which in itself is only one of the points of excellence of the modern racing automobile. There can be no doubt that on the Auvergne circuit every part of a car will be tested to the limit, if not to absolute destruction. The roads are narrow,—so narrow, in fact, that it will be difficult and dangerous for one car to pass another except at a very few points,—and, as is well known, the drivers of racing cars in these big events take great chances.

FRENCH TRIALS.

The latter part of June the eliminating trials are held in France for the purpose of selecting the three French cars to represent that country, and as this race is held over the Auvergne circuit, the conditions will approach that of the Gordon-Bennett race in detail, and it has been predicted that owing to the numbers of the cars entered, so many accidents will occur that the Gordon-Bennett race will not be held over the Auvergne circuit, and perhaps not be held at all.

The English eliminating trials were held recently on the Isle of Man, resulting in the selection of two Wolseley cars and one Napier car. The English trials, held over a course comparatively free from danger, were not free from accident, as there were several smash-ups, among them being the wreckage of McDonald's six-cylinder Napier, through running into a tree. This car will be remembered as the one which broke the mile record at Ormond Beach last winter.

AMERICAN TENNIS

Official Organ of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association

All eyes in the tennis world center on Wimbledon for the first indication of the strength of the English team that will defend the Davis trophy in the International tournament which starts on July 9. The reports at this writing from the other side recite the serious illness of H. L. Doherty, the champion, and the probability that he will be unable to do justice to himself in the championships and in the international games, if he is able to play at all. Should this prove to be the case it will be most regrettable, for while it would likely insure the success of the American team's effort to regain the Cup it would be a disappointment to every one on this side to win it in that way, particularly as the managers having the trip in charge believe we have a splendid chance of bringing back the trophy with Doherty in top form. Not to be able to conclusively test the relative strength of the representatives of the two countries in an equal contest would be the occasion of lasting regret to all true sportsmen.

The American team has sailed and by the time this appears will have arrived on the other side. It was not the intention on starting of any of the team to contest in either singles or doubles in the Wimbledon championships. Holcombe Ward might be seen, it was thought, in the mixed doubles, with Miss May Sutton, who has gone over to try to win the English woman's title, but it was improbable that any other of the men would play at all. They expected to try out in one or two of the smaller contests, but none felt that they wanted to jeopardize their chances in the international tournament by undertaking the strain of such hard play as would be required to win honors in the championship. All expect hard practice to occupy them during the two weeks in England prior to the start of the internationals, so that each of the four men would be in first class shape when the time came for the start of their games.

The invitation tournaments held on this side before the men sailed were beneficial in the extreme. They played for ten days at Norfolk among themselves to warm up for the match play to follow. They were seen at Orange, at Philadelphia at the Germantown Cricket Club, at Knollwood and at Bay Ridge. In these four tournaments some line could be gotten on the men, though they were still raw in the final games.

There was much that these games were expected to clear up and in nearly every case they developed satisfactorily. Most important was the question of how the accident to Larned's ankle would affect his play. It was feared that the break it sustained in the winter might seriously interfere with his activity and might render him susceptible to a breakdown under the severe strain of championship play. Fortunately there is no evidence that either effect will appear. It now seems likely that he will be able to do full justice to himself when the time comes.

His play in the preliminary games was a bit ragged, although he is fairly quick to condition in the early season. It is expected that with the two weeks on the other side he will round into form without much trouble and be up to his full strength when the final tests are held. Clothier seemed to be better than any of the others for the early date and ought to be in fine form if he is called upon to play any of the important matches. Ward was quite up to his early standard and gave every evidence of reaching his last season's high estate again. There need be no fear as far as can now be seen about leaving the defense of the honors in the singles to these three men.

The showing of the doubles team was not so satisfactory. Here America must show better form than she has ever shown before to defeat the Dohertys up to their top notch. That the Dohertys now are not the Dohertys of three years ago is the firm conviction of tennis experts on this side, even before the disconcerting news of H. L.'s illness came to hand. Nevertheless, unless Ward and Wright played at best and beyond their average there appeared small chance of their carrying off the match. It is disappointing, therefore, that they did not show at best in the early games, although their troubles seemed to be simply lack of sufficient practice. Ward was as good as ever, but Wright seemed off color on several occasions, and the two did not work together up to their usual form. At Knollwood a scratch team, Alexander and Hackett, beat them, while they had hard work to win on several occas-

BEALS C. WRIGHT

ions against impromptu combinations. At Knollwood they were forced to play two matches against Hackett and Alexander and against Larned and Clothier in an effort to get more hard work to condition them. At Bay Ridge they did constantly better, but they were still below form. Reports of their practice on the other side will be awaited with considerable keenness and some anxiety.

The conditions of play, as far as the other teams are concerned, are no different than they were at last writing, as far as is known, with the exception of H. L. Doherty's questionable condition. The Americans will have to beat Belgium in order to play France in the second tie of the series. The almost certain default of the Austrians will thus pit them against the Australians in the final preliminary tie, provided, of course, they win the other two matches. The announced order of play is unchanged from last month and will remain unchanged unless conditions on the other side at the last minute cause an unexpected alteration.

Winning all three ties, America will have the privilege of playing as challengers against the English team in the final games for the Cup. Larned and Ward, barring accidents, will unquestionably be chosen to play these, and Ward and Wright named for the doubles. It is confidently hoped that Larned will win both his single matches, in spite of his uncertainty in big contests, while it is expected that Ward will defeat Riseley, who is at this time scheduled as England's second single player. This would win the trophy, leaving Ward and Wright to make assurance doubly sure in the doubles against the Dohertys.

While the American team is confident of success, there is no failure to appreciate the difficulty of their task. There is no disposition to belittle their opponents, even in the preliminary play. They go rather with the determination to appear only at best all the way through and to employ the utmost care and caution until the games themselves demonstrate their superiority, if they do. In this spirit there is no reason to anticipate any fiasco developing.

HOLCOMBE WARD

If the Davis trophy is brought back with H. L. Doherty playing in top form, it will be the greatest triumph that America could win on the courts, and one that will make the names of the four men competing memorable for all time in tennis annals.

The chances of Miss Sutton in the woman's championships are thought here to be excellent. She has classed on this side so far the superior of any other exponent of the game among American women that we cannot help feeling confident of her proving an equal superiority abroad. She plays so near the standard of excellence attained by the first and second flight of men players that this confidence seems entirely justified. If England possesses a player of equal capability Americans are not familiar with her play. Of course, there is the possibility of Miss Sutton not showing her true form, but this is not thought to be likely, so that it is expected she will be successful in bringing back the title. In the mixed doubles she should also do good work with Ward. They ought to work together very well in doubles and prove the hardest kind of a combination to beat. It will be a great feather in her new fall hat if she succeeds in bringing back both of the prizes she covets. Here's hoping she succeeds.

WM. A. LARNED

Since last writing the indoor games at St. Nicholas rink have ended, the interscholastic tournaments have been completed and the earliest of the club events have been played. The Southern championships at Washington are completed and developed, as promised, a higher standard than in previous years. John C. Davidson, by his victory, becomes the permanent possessor of the trophy.

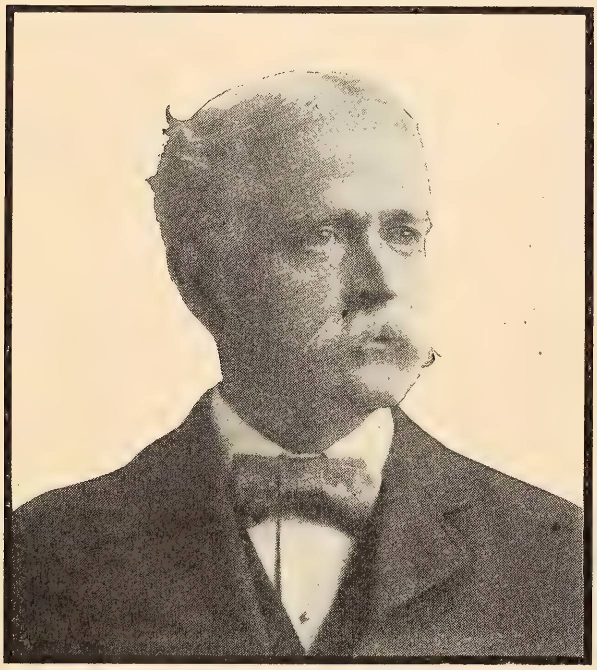
The St. Nicholas tournament fizzled toward the end.

AMERICAN ARCHERY

Recreation is the Official Publication
of the National Archery Association

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Archery Association, held recently, RECREATION was made the Official Publication of the Association. All official announcements, notices, news and gossip relating to the work of the national body will be found in these columns in future.



DR. EDWARD B. WESTON
President of the National Archery Association, 1905

THE CHICAGO MEET.

The annual meeting of the National Archery Association of the United States will be held this year in Chicago, August 15-18, inclusive. The indications are that a large number of Archers, ladies and gentlemen, will be present.

Dr. Edward B. Weston, 85 Dearborn street, Chicago, will be pleased to give any information in regard to the meeting.

FROM A VETERAN TO A NOVICE.

Here is an interesting letter written by an old-timer to a beginner which we are enabled to print through the courtesy of Dr. Weston:

Two things set me to thinking of you this morning; first the splendid flood of sunlight that came pouring through my window at early morning, calling up memories of Archery fields, and of days long gone in woods and fields, with bow and quiver, when I was young as you, and life was a full-fed river, "with beaded bubbles at the brim." Second, a letter came in from our treasurer calling for a little contribution to help on the cause of a new meeting, only seven short months away. You and I will meet, I hope, and on a fairer Archery field than that we staked out in the liquid mud of the Stadium. Sloppy and hateful as that job was, I remember it with great pleasure, for there I got a new friend, and shall never be quite so great an enemy to the water-soaked earth as before. It is the "evil wind that blows no good," you know.

I hope you are studying the "draw and loose" during the days of winter, when shooting in the field is denied. Much can be learned indoors.

I have had but two or three chances to shoot since the meeting at St. Louis, once at Portland, when I scored about 480 at the single York, getting 45—219 at 100 yards, and once in wild rain and wind on Thanksgiving day, when I made less than 400 with 96 at 60 yards, and once last week, when I scored a single York as follows:

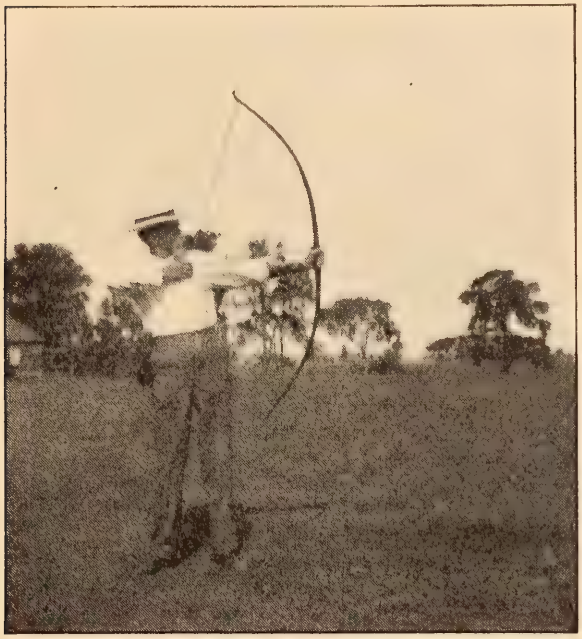
100 Yards	80 Yards	60 Yards	Total.
53—211	42—204	23—111	118—526

So you will see how unreliable even an old veteran can be. Sometimes I can shoot almost as well as I wish, and again I can't hit anything, and for some occult reason I cannot possibly get a good score at a public meeting. I suppose my nerves are strung too high to shoot well in public. Most persons fail at tournaments.

I sincerely hope to see you shooting well next season. What you need to do is to observe the following rules:

1. Get a good sharp-casting bow.
2. Test your arrows until you prove that all shoot alike. Six arrows may all be good, and yet no two shoot alike, and hence the scoring will be poor.
3. Draw a little lower—under the jaw, not beside it.
4. Draw 27-inch arrows (full long enough for you) to within an inch of the head,—hold steadily an instant, while getting your aim, and then do the one, necessary, all-important thing, while holding steadily, draw the other

inch, three-quarter inch, half inch, or quarter inch (as may prove easiest in practice) slowly, smoothly, evenly, and loose on the draw. Pull the fingers firmly and slowly off the string. Do not open the fingers. Pull them backward off the string. But pull them off slowly, firmly, toughly. You will realize the meaning of "toughly" when once you feel the fingers come off perfectly. Go into the park without any target. Aim so as to drop the arrows about 100 yards away, but don't try to hit anything. Don't shoot at anything. That distracts attention from the loose. Keep shooting in that manner without a target until the perfect loose and the perfect "hold" become mechanical, involuntary, natural. Then try the target, and not until then, and I promise you that you will surprise the Archers next August.



WILL H. THOMPSON

Several times Champion Archer of the United States

Mr. ——— has two of the most essential things nearly perfect, and because of them he scores despite some serious drawbacks. His hold is firm, not strained, and his final draw is made quietly while all is firm. If he would keep his cheek out of the way of the string by a two inch lower draw, he would grow in power rapidly. There is not, there cannot be any reason why you should not grow as rapidly as he. You have more strength, as quiet nerves and a mind as inclined to learn from others. Don't imitate him or any one else. We each have glaring faults. ———'s draw is wrong, his loose good. ———'s draw and loose, including the "hold," which is part of the loose, is good, but it is too high, and loses him many a shot by the chafing of the string upon the jaw. My draw and loose are good, but the loose is too quick, except when I am in especially good condition, because of a lack of strength in the left arm to "hold" steadily, and thus insure the smoothness and quietness of the final one-half inch draw.

I am interested in your Archery future, and if these suggestions should help you along I shall greatly rejoice. Please do not think me impertinent or egotistical. I can't shoot, but I do know how. I have studied the art until I feel as sure of my knowledge as I do of the multiplication table. Do not let the successful shooting of some one, who scores well despite his faults, lead you to adopt his faults.

Please do not attribute all this to an "old crank's hobby."

With the hope of a good New Year to you,
I am. X—Y—Z.

THE ST. LOUIS MEET.

The following extract from President Weston's recent circular letter is interesting at this time:

> There is not much more to be said in regard to our last year's meet in St. Louis; but I copy a little from Spalding's athletic almanac, comparing our shooting with the Indians and other outside peoples.
>
> "The archery contest was a disappointment. We have been led to believe that the Igorottes, the Africans, the Pigmies, the Cocopas, and the Ainus, who have been living for years with the bow and arrow, and with whom shooting with the arrow is an everyday occurrence, would exhibit the most marvelous target shooting that had ever been witnessed. The target, actually four feet by six, was placed forty-two yards away, and, astonishing to relate, only two of the entrants pierced—hit—the target. The exhibition of archery shooting by the savage tribes was very disappointing, particularly to those who a few weeks later had the pleasure of seeing the American archers use their bows and arrows."
>
> I am giving the following dealers in archery goods free advertising for our good. Last year many did not take up the sport for the reason they could get no bows or arrows. E. I. Horsman & Co., New York City, can still furnish you goods, as they did 25 years ago. The Peters Arms Co., of Cincinnati, deal in archery. A. G. Spalding & Bros. are carrying a better stock of archery goods than they have carried for several years. They are also getting out an "Archery Guide," which every archer should own. The fact that our own Mr. L. W. Maxson has prepared it, is proof of its value.
>
> Mr. F. S. Barnes, of Forest Grove, Oregon, makes fine American yew bows.

A JOINTED BOW.

Mr. Henry Clements, the artist, and Mr. James Pryor, of Flushing, L. I., are both enthusiastic archers and have been making some interesting experiments in the manufacture of home-made bows. Mr. Pryor has secured some hard, dark-colored tropical wood, which he is using with great success.

He also makes a jointed bow that may be taken apart and packed in small space. He promises to give the result of his experiments to RECREATION before long.

FISHING

SOME NEW BRUNSWICK TROUT.

BY CHAS. A. BRAMBLE.

Most trout fishermen know that the rivers flowing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence yield wonderful catches of fish, and it is true that one may hardly go astray, if contented with a moderate amount of sport, anywhere along the shores of that great inlet. Whether the fisherman's steps lead him to Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, or Quebec he will certainly find use for his fly rod from May to September, but of all the rivers in which I have wet a line, the Tracadie deserves the palm. There may be, probably there are, streams even better stocked with trout than the Tracadie, but as the only possible objection to this river is that it is too full of absurdly free-rising fish, no one need seek a better water.

A brief description of the Tracadie must precede my story in order that the reader may follow me intelligently, for to many the Northeastern corner of New Brunswick is a little-known region. Between the month of the Miramichi and Shippegan, a small fishing station at the entrance to the Bay Chaleur, are two quite important streams, though they appear insignificant on the usual small-scale maps of the province.

The more southerly is the Tabusintac, a famous trout water, but one that I cannot speak of from actual knowledge, the other, the Tracadie, one of the most "sporty" trout waters I have ever fished, east of the Rocky mountains.

I should estimate its total length at forty miles, of which a continuous stretch of fifteen miles is a succession of pools swarming with trout from June to the freezing of the waters.

Both the Tracadie and the Tabusintac discharge into lagoons, or gullies, as the natives call them, and just before winter seals the pools every trout drops down to salt water, nor re-ascends the river until the spring floods are subsiding, toward the close of May. When they first strike into fresh water, they are bright as a new silver dollar, their small heads sunk in their arched shoulders, with flesh deep colored, and full of curdy flakes, telling of much good living during the long months of a Northern winter. These are the "sea trout" of the earlier writers, and if you would convince yourself that they are identical with *Salvelinus fontinalis,* do as I did, camp by the river side and watch them change, day by day, until by the first day of September you may search each limpid pool in vain for a single one of those superlatively beautiful, silvern fish that were so abundant just six weeks earlier. Trout, there are, in abundance, big, lusty fellows, the males fiery red underneath, with ugly hooked jaws; the females dusky, though far less repulsive than their consorts, yet showing plainly the deterioration inevitable, apparently, in all the salmonidae upon the approach of the spawning season.

Let me tell of a couple of trips I made a few years ago to this wonderful little river. On my first visit I had to put up with a canoe provided by my guide, Frank Connors, and it proved rather too large for the river, which in its upper waters, is little more than a brook. A long half day's drive from Bathurst, a town on the Intercolonial railway, one of the best built and most up-to-date railways in the Dominion, brought me to Connors' home, in the midst of the spruce woods and secluded enough for a hermit, though on the main road between Bathurst and Chatham.

Here we "boiled the kettle," and then placed our belongings on a drag made out of a forked tamarac knee, which a heavy horse, accustomed to the woods, walked away with, and delivered, somewhat damp and muddy yet intact, at the dam on the upper South Branch early in the afternoon. Here our troubles began. The brook was dead low, and for two and a half miles we had to lift the canoe, filled with all our camp kit, over the shallows, only resting from our labors at the few pools that would float the outfit.

By dusk we were in camp at the Forks, and then the rain came down, and continued to come down for three whole days. Moreover, as the rain came down, the river rose to meet it, so in the end they drove logs out of the Lord and Foy Brook that had been hung up since the spring freshets had subsided.

Altogether, a week was lost, or rather it would have been lost had I had a less cheery and interesting companion than Connors, but as it was, barring the black flies that were bad, and the sand flies that were much worse, I did pretty well. Every few hours I would slog down through the dripping bushes to the bank, and watch the dirty, yellow flood mounting higher and ever higher up the stems of the willows, that at a normal pitch of water were feet above the surface. But, one morning the river had fallen a foot or so, and, although really far too high for good fishing, promised some sport.

The correct Tracadie fly has a green or orange body, natural red hackle, a dark mallard wing, silver twist, and is tied on a No. 1 O'Shaughnessy hook. A six-foot, single, leader of fine salmon gut, and a ten foot, ten ounce rod complete the ideal outfit. A light rod on the Tracadie is of little use; I made one five ounce rod look like a cork screw in a single morning's fishing. The river is peculiar, being narrow, between cut banks, very swift, and you must nearly always kill your fish on the rod, and reel him in straight against the heavy current. Any fisherman knows what that means with a four pound trout in grand fighting trim at the end of your line, and no trout fight harder than these Tracadie fish just out of salt water.

The most "sporty" trout waters I have ever fished.

My first try gave me three large trout, without moving from the opening in the bushes which we had made for camp use. That afternoon I took fifteen more, and the next day I broke camp as my time was up. We salted the fish, and Connors told me when we met the next year, that they had gone well with his excellent potatoes and had been highly appreciated by the family.

I now knew something about the Tracadie, and in the July following I was again at the Forks, in camp and ready for fishing.

This time all went well. The water in the South Branch was just deep enough to float my little Milicete canoe, bought on the St. John river, and the weather was perfect. As to the fish, every pool was full of them, and whenever I cast in a likely place, two or three trout would make a dash at the fly.

When, next day, we pushed off my rods were in their cases, and I did not wet a fly again, though we passed for miles through countless pools, and could see the great trout leisurely fanning their way up stream, or hanging, poised in the current, on the lookout for just such tempting fare as I had to offer.

In time we came to the first settler's clearing by the lagoon, at the very head of the tide, and as I wished to replace a broken paddle we went ashore. A toothless old hag came out of the hovel to meet us, and on hearing our wants soon produced a paddle, for which she asked no less than twenty-five cents. My reckless generosity was such that I actually handed her the sum asked and reached for the paddle. But the deal was not over by any means, for the good dame after biting the silver, examined it carefully, and then throwing it to the ground, seized the paddle, uttering meanwhile some very *recherché* French oaths.

Connors by this time was rolling on the ground in an uncontrollable fit of laughter. I could not quite see the joke at first, but finally grasped that the date on the quarter was not the same as the one the lady recognized as genuine; hence her very proper suspicion of the exchange.

However, all was made right by my pocketing the rejected coin, and giving her two ten-cent bits in its place.

That night we slept in a comfortable farm house near Tracadie Village, and the next day drove sixty miles to Chatham. We toted the trout, but had to abandon the canoe.

The Tracadie is now under lease, but I understand it may be fished by arrangement with the lessee. Report says it is as good as ever.

GIVE THE BULLFROG A CHANCE.

At last the propagation of bullfrogs is being seriously considered and Mr. W. E. Meehan, commissioner of fisheries of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, tells me that this year they will probably put out one hundred thousand frogs, and this is only the result of gathering some wild frogs' spawn and hatching it. The experiment was started at the Corry hatchery.

TUNA AT CAPE BRETON.

The presence of the famous tuna in the waters adjacent to Cape Breton is not sufficiently well known to our deep sea fishers.

If they realized that on a fine July day hundreds of these big fish may be seen in Mira Bay, Cape Breton, sporting and racing through the sunlit waters, they would surely get out their rods and traces, and depart for Cape Breton without loss of time.

The sport is yet in its infancy, so far as Nova Scotia is concerned, as only one man seems to have had the temerity to fish for these monsters of the deep, and he was broken after he had the fish on for seven hours. Yet they take a small mackerel or other suitable bait readily, and boats and guides may be had; so how comes it that our sea fishermen are neglecting Cape Breton?

Those who are thinking of making a pilgrimage to the Lower Provinces had better, by the bye, procure a copy of the Intercolonial railway pamphlet, entitled "Tours to Summer Haunts" (Fourth edition), as they will find it full of information that should be useful.

The horse mackerel, as the down-easters call the tuna, is also to be found along the Maine coast, and their tails are not an uncommon sight as a decoration for barn and stable, where they do duty as weather vanes.

THE FOOLISH SHORT-SIGHTED POLICY OF FLORIDA.

Editor Recreation:

I have just returned from my second trip to Florida, that land which is widely quoted in the railroad folders as a mecca for sportsmen: "Where fish and game abound in unlimited quantities." Perhaps a few words from an old-time sportsman who has hunted and fished this country over, may be interesting. I base anything I may say on actual experience.

This spring I met a host of sportsmen and anglers who told me they would never go to Florida again. The State authorities are allowing a lot of fish pirates to kill the goose that lays the golden (tourist) egg.

If the laws are enforced, Florida will long be a sportsman's paradise. But the law is a dead letter. Even the Secretary of State has no printed matter concerning the game and fish laws, and I doubt if he knows them.

When I first visited Indian River I heard the boom of swivel guns on beds of sleeping ducks, night after night. I sent word to the Merritt Island warden to know why he did not arrest these violators of the law, and the word I got back was that he "hadn't heard the guns." This seemed very strange to me, as he lived two miles closer to where the dirty work was done, than I did. Still he may be a more sound sleeper than I. Let us hope, for his sake, that he is.

Indian River, with its great marshes near it, is the winter home of untold thousands of ducks. The blue-bill is there in swarms, and they seem to prefer the river, while back in the marshes are black duck, teal, widgeons, canvasbacks, and some mallards. Just as I prophesied, many years ago, the extinction of the buffalo and the wild pigeon, and was derided for it, so I now prophesy the extinction of both the mallard and the canvasback, as far as Florida is concerned, and the time will not be far off.

Much of the destruction is wanton. The ducks are killed and left to rot. This is most true of the trim little blue-bill. What do sportsmen think of a "drummer" who got off at Rockledge, hired a launch, and killed over thirty ducks, never stopping to pick them up, but letting them float off. This information was common property, yet I never heard of his paying even a license to shoot, something which I believe the Florida laws—if there are any—provide for. The fishing here was once superb.

I caught bass that gave me from fifty minutes to an hour and a quarter of fair fight. These were salt water bass, but the lakes back of the river are literally alive with lusty big-mouth, fresh water bass. They will bite at almost anything attached to a line. Any old spoon will do.

These lakes have such great margins of rushes and grass that I don't see how nesters can get many, so the chances are that they will last quite a time. They run from three to eight and ten pounds and are as game as one could wish for. Still fishing is almost unknown. The river trout and bass will not take a spoon. Nothing but a phantom minnow appeals to their taste. All fish there are good. Even the despised mullet is rich and toothsome.

The quail shooting is far different from that of the North. Except in the big pine woods, the undergrowth is of such a nature that quail do not lie well. They find it too easy to run ahead of the dog a la California quail.

One must have a good retriever, one that will "face the music," for the ground all looks alike, and it is almost impossible to mark a dead bird. I may be mistaken, but the Florida quail seems to lack the size, plumpness and juiciness of his grain-fed Northern brother. This is a bad state for dogs. They seem to take every kind of disease and are eaten up by fleas and ticks. I had a setter there last season whose ears were one continuous nest of fleas and flea eggs. I had to anoint him nearly every day to keep his ears from becoming raw. This was in January, when the Northern flea is not much in evidence. Many good dogs, not native bred, are yearly bitten by snakes, and so, on the whole, a visitor ought to bring a dog he can spare and leave his "crackerjack" at home.

There are a few turkeys left and some deer, but here again we find a far different animal from the true Northern or "Virginia" deer. I have shot deer in many places, chiefly in Arkansas, but down here one does not see the big, plump fellows with "rocking chair" horns. The Florida deer is much like the Florida cow, small and scrawny. They slink through the undergrowth much as a rabbit does. I saw two just the other day, and both together wouldn't make one fair Northern deer. "Good eatin'" in the pine woods is very scarce and it affects all kinds of game. They "drive" chiefly, and I don't wonder, for if a good still hunter could ever get a shot in the tangled undergrowth it would be sheer luck.

As to alligators, once so closely associated with Florida, they are rapidly becoming extinct. Shot, first for protection or glory, and then for their hides, the war on them is now almost unceasing, and the few that are seen by tourists are confined in private ponds. I wonder how long shoes, purses and traveling bags will continue to be made of genuine (?) alligator hides.

Last winter the Times-Union had an article supposed to refer to Florida fish, headed, "Where are the fish going?" While the article was timely, it seemed to deal with ocean fishing and went back to 1885, when thirty to forty thousand barrels of mackerel were thrown away in New York. The Times-Union has only to send a man along the east coast to see where the Florida fish are going. One day I saw in a fish house of a little town the evidences of the work of two boats and four men during one night. I saw one ice box about fifteen feet long, five feet wide, and four feet high completely packed with grand bass, trout and king fish. Near this were four barrels packed full. Across the house was another ice box half full, and on the floor two piles of fish that would make an angler sick at heart to see. These fish were all taken in gill-nets. I learn that the State allows gill-nets, but they must be put down in the channel and the fish allowed to go in, if they choose. But, they must not be driven in. Now, I know by actual observation that the law is deliberately broken, with full knowledge, every time these fellows go out. They go across the river right in front of private premises, set their nets in the shallow water, and by beating on slats fastened to wading boots, at the same time keeping up an unearthly din on their boats, they scare out the bass and trout that are feeding along the shore.

This noise is made at any and all hours of the night, disturbing nervous women and sick men. Why some good man or men don't "shoot out their lights" is a mystery to me. The gang would last just one night on any Northern river.

Pearson's for February hits the case by saying that if the fish of a particular region are all caught, there is no hope that others from surrounding localities will take their place. The exhaustion of a local fishery is not like dipping water out of a bucket, where the vacancy is immediately filled, but it is more like scooping lard out of a keg where there is a space left that remains an empty hole, unoccupied by anything else, for it is a habit of fish to spawn on the ground where they were hatched, and the fish of any particular spawning ground having been destroyed, no others will come to take their place.

The above is, alas, too true, and an example is seen to-day in the beautiful Indian River, once noted for its fish. Indian River is a net work of nets, from its mouth to its head, and it is a farce for the hotels along its shores to advertise "good fishing." It is actually amusing to see guests go trolling day after day with no success. The poachers can catch more fish in one night than a dozen launches can catch in a month, fishing legitimately.

Strange to say, I lived there some six months and never heard of an arrest by any sort of a Game Warden, good, bad or indifferent. There is some talk of cutting more inlets from the ocean into Indian River. If they are cut, of course business at the fish houses will be better.

I think I know the trolling grounds here. I have a friend who caught three fish in one month, and I caught two while with him. And this in the wonderful Indian River, "Teeming with game fish." They had better cut that out of the railroad folders.

Nearly every negro in Florida owns a gun of some kind. They shoot at everything that moves, lives or has being, except cattle.

By the way, the Times-Union said, "Why not forbid the sale of fish as we do that of venison and quail during certain months?" Very good. But how about wardens to enforce the law? There is a close season of six weeks, but not a fisherman pays any attention to the fact.

Florida will, no doubt, take stringent steps to protect her game and fish—after it is too late. There is a law now against killing deer in my own State, but it is fifteen years since a deer has been seen there. After her fish and game are all gone and the hotels begin to lose patronage I expect to hear of some splendid Florida laws, and at present rate of vandualism, it won't be long.

An Old Timer.

BASS VS. SALMON.

Editor Recreation:

My experience with black bass has been obtained within the past five years, so my story is neither so long nor so thorough as that of many; but I have had an opportunity to fish some virgin waters, and as far as mere numbers go, my record is not a bad one. After reading most of the yarns that have appeared in sporting magazines and newspapers during the last decade, I have come to the conclusion that the typical black bass water is considered to be a sluggish stream, meandering among lily pads, and wherein are many submerged roots that serve as hiding places for the bass. Perhaps so; but my best fishing has been in clear northern lakes, where the fish are caught on sandy bottoms, and fight like demons. If you would enjoy such bass fishing, you will have to go to the lakes of Northern Ontario, where the waters, purified by six months of frost, are as clear as crystal and almost as cold as ice. There you will certainly be led to think yourself a heaven-born fisherman. You may use a spoon, fly, or bait, the result will be the same. If the demon bass do not smash your rod, break your line and bore holes in your landing net, you will be forced to leave off fishing long before you are tired of the game. As a sportsman, you evidently could not continue to fish for these fine knights of the water, so full of bull-dog courage, after you have taken all that your Indians and yourself can take care of. And, even in the forest, where one's appetite is ravenous, very few three-pound bass will suffice a man for a meal. I remember once on a lake called Obabika, finding small-mouthed bass in such numbers that the taking of them was ridiculously simple. I caught a half dozen, some on the fly and others with a small casting spoon, and then returned to camp surfeited. While the men were preparing the meal, a couple of New York sportsmen hove in sight. They had heard of the fishing at Obabika, and were crazy to begin. So I took them in my canoe and paddled a few hundred yards to where a long sandy spit almost divided the lake.

"What shall we use, fly or spoon?"

"Oh, whatever you like, but perhaps you had better begin with the fly." The sand spit was submerged for two-thirds of its length, one side shelving gradually, the other dropping suddenly into water of considerable depth. I paddled the canoe along the edge of this submerged bank at a slow rate of speed, my two acquaintances casting alternately ahead and abeam.

Within an hour they gave it up in disgust. The fish were too numerous and too easily caught. One of them said to me: "Why, we came all the way from New York City and talked of nothing but the fishing we hoped to have, and yet, within an hour we are almost ready to go back. There is no sport in catching such simple, ridiculously abundant fish."

I am inclined to think, however, that so far as Lake Obabika and the other lakes of the Timagaming chain are concerned, this reproach will not exist long. A railroad has been put in from North Bay to the eastern arm of Timagaming, and in a year or two the bass will be quite sophisticated and considerably fewer in number.

As a foil to this experience, I can recommend the black bass of the St. Lawrence river, whether it be at the Thousand Islands, Lake St. Francis, Lake St. Louis, or even opposite Montreal City. The big river contains many bass,—five and six pounders are often taken. Their perceptive and reasoning powers seem well developed; thus the number taken on artificial bait of any kind is infinitesimal. The most deadly bait of all is a small green frog; after that the larvæ of the stone fly, miscalled helgramites by the natives; lastly, a nice, lively minnow, hooked carefully through the lips. It is with these baits that the biggest are taken. Some few men managed to beguile an occasional bass by casting along the reefs and shallows with a fly. But it is only on warm summer evenings that they seem to be successful.

We have heard a great deal about the western or Kalamazoo style of casting, and of the short rod and free reel; but I'm afraid that these rods are better for casting than for actual fishing. For my own part, I think a three-piece rod, eight feet long, weighing about eight ounces, with agate guides, is the best rod for killing large black bass, though, perhaps, it may not be the best rod for hooking them. A six-foot rod is far from my ideal, although I must confess that I should like to hear from some brother fisherman who is in the habit of using such a rod.

My own reel is a Milam, No. 2, holding about eighty yards. But although it is a good reel in every respect. I have no doubt that equally good ones may be had from such firms as Mills, Abbey & Imbrie, and Julius Vom Hoff, but I certainly think for casting a light bait the reel is as important as the rod. Is not too much attention being given to casting, anyway? As an old salmon fisherman, I feel strongly on this point. I have taken men to the river bank that were wonderfully good casters, and who turned out to be wonderfully poor fishermen. My experience in bass fishing leads me to think that here, also, one can differentiate pretty sharply between the long distance caster and the patient, quiet, skillful fisherman.

When once hooked, a small-mouthed black bass, in the cool waters of the North is a terrific fighter; yet he is no better than the gallant rainbow trout of the Pacific Coast. And, ye gods! What a difference there would be were they laid side by side on the platter! The one brave, strong, active, is but a coarse fish after all; the other, the glorious champion of the rushing waters—beautiful and game—the Darling of the Gods! Perhaps I am prejudiced; but, for me, the salmonidæ are first and best, and I can grant the black bass, taking all his qualities into consideration—not merely his strength and pluck—but a poor second.

But, after all, have not youthful associations much to do with our judgment? The boy who strolled along the banks of some purling trout burn with a light heart, will be very apt to be a lover of trout to the end of his days; while the youngster whose half holidays were spent where the lily pads sheltered the redoubtable black bass, regal by comparison with the coarser denizens of the sluggish waters, will consider Micropterus dolomieu the King of the Fresh Waters.

Samuel King, Rochester, N. Y.

FISHING NEAR BUFFALO.

Editor RECREATION:

We have very good fishing within easy reach of Buffalo. The fish consists of muscalonge, perch, black bass, yellow perch and blue pike, the latter fish being found only in Lake Erie.

Muscalonge is good only for about a couple of months, but the other fish may be found all the summer. The bait we use for muscalonge is spoon; for perch, worms and minnows; for pike and black bass, soft shell crabs and worms. The bass, of course, take the fly, and muscalonge is also sometimes caught with that lure.

There are many places along the Niagara river and near Buffalo, at the foot of Michigan, Ferry and Hertel streets, where boats may be hired for one dollar a day, or, with boatman, at $4.50. We have any number of hotels and boarding houses where sportsmen may put up. At the Bedell House, the rates are from $2 to $3.50 a day. There is a hotel on the Ontario side, at Black Creek, kept by Mr. Charles Jenks, that is a good stopping place for fishermen.

Our muscalonge season opens June 1st, and ends with the month of February. Black bass fishing becomes legal June 15th, and also ends with the month of February. One muscalonge, weighing 18 pounds, was caught off Hudson street, Buffalo, on June 2d.

Black Creek, about twelve miles down the river from Buffalo, on the Ontario side, is the best place for perch, and the head of Grand Island, Niagara river is good trolling ground for muscalonge.

C. E. Sterling, Buffalo, N. Y.

SPORT ON LONG ISLAND.

Editor RECREATION:

We have had no fishing to speak of in Moriches Bay and vicinity up to date of this letter (June 2d), but there are plenty of black fish just outside. Blackfish usually run about thirty days. We use as bait, clams, barnacles, and fiddler crabs. Our tackle is a drop line, heavily leaded. Boats and boatmen may be hired for $5 a day. Fishermen will find good accommodations at either the Howell or Prospect houses, their rates being $2 a day.

There is good fishing for perch, bass and catfish in Kaler's lake, where there are also a few trout. Boats may be hired at twenty-five cents an hour.

Jacob H. Miller, East Moriches, N. Y.

SOUTHERN SEA FISHING.

Editor RECREATION:

Our fishing season begins here about May 20th, when bluefish, weakfish, kingfish, Spanish mackerel, and several varieties of bottom feeders are caught. A little later plenty of sheepshead are taken about our wrecks, and near our wharves. Some very heavy catches are made.

The most direct way of reaching this place is by way of Beaufort, N. C., taking the daily mail steamer from that port.

H. S. Doxsee,
Hunter's Home, Ocracoke, N. C.

MAINE COAST.

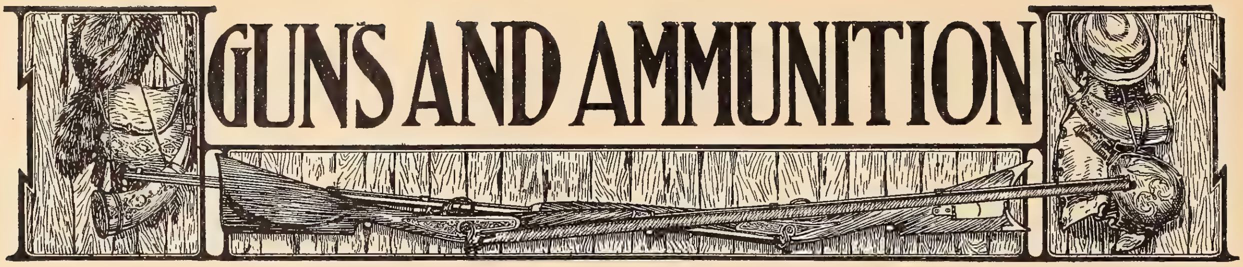
EDITOR RECREATION:

The present season is very favorable for deep sea fishing off this coast. Plenty of haddock, cod and pollock are being taken. We have a good hotel here, with accommodation for one hundred guests, within six miles of the fishing grounds. There is a large launch that can be hired.

Small fish, such as cunners, flounders and eels, are to be caught in great abundance, within a stone's throw of the hotel. Our fall and spring gunning is unsurpassed.

L. A. Dixon, South Freeport, Me.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION



PRACTICE AND THEORY.

Editor Recreation:

A few days ago I had the pleasure of holding a long chat with Major E. Taylor, the widely-known authority on ballistics. Like all other men of vast experience, the Major is by no means as well assured that certain accepted theories are absolutely correct, as is the tyro. The man who knows it all is generally a beginner; the veteran, who has given half a lifetime to the study of projectiles, powders, calibers, and shot in general, is usually modest and not at all inclined to dogmatize.

A good deal of attention is being paid just now to an automatic pistol by the United States Government. Although it is undoubtedly true that a man who can shoot accurately and quickly, can do most effective work with a .38-caliber revolver, in the hands of a poor shot the .45-caliber is the more trustworthy weapon. For this reason, the government is now experimenting with a view to putting an automatic pistol of that caliber in the hands of the soldier. Specimen cartridges were seen which had rimless bases, and metal jacketed bullets, and this type will, it is thought, be most probably decided upon.

As an all-round shot, Major Taylor's reputation is too well known to need endorsement by me. And, hence, it is interesting to learn that he has satisfied himself that the upward throw of a heavily loaded revolver, when fired, has no effect whatsoever upon the trajectory of the bullet. Careful experiment has shown that the bullet has left the barrel before the upward movement takes place; were it not for this, it would be impossible to hit a man with the bullets from a heavily loaded revolver, unless you aimed at his feet, when you might, possibly, blow the top of his head off.

Another experiment has upset a pet theory. We have always been told that any rifle would shoot inaccurately from a rest; yet, Major Taylor has succeeded in getting wonderful shooting out of his Krag at 1,000 yards, the rifle being shot from a vice-like rest. So certain is the experimenter that he can duplicate this result at will, that he has offered to shoot such a rifle against one held by any marksman whomsoever, the marksman to shoot prone or in a back position, as he may elect.

In view of this experiment, how are we to believe in all those fine-spun theories about flip and jump? One movement, however, has been noticed, and it seems to have been too obscure to have attracted much attention from practical shooters. It was found that there was a movement of rotation in the barrel, opposite to the direction of the twist. This can be accounted for by the pressure of the bullet against the guiding shoulder of the rifling.

Major Taylor has found that the principal drawback to pure lead bullets is the ease with which they fuse, and the fact that they shrink more when cooling than those containing a certain admixture of tin. This is recognized by such firms as the Ideal Manufacturing Company, which require to know the composition of the bullet a prospective purchaser proposes using before they undertake to make a mould for him. Some of the formulæ given for bullet alloys are certainly alarmingly complicated, and it is difficult to see how metals having such widely differing specific gravities and fusing points, can be kept intimately mixed while the casting of the bullets is in progress. It would seem that out of a batch of bullets there must be much difference in their composition.

In the Major's collection of bullets there are some that exhibit well the resistance of water. Soft point bullets, fired into an experimental tank, have been more upset by mere contact with the water than similar bullets fired through a series of pine boards. Firing into water, however, permits jacketed bullets to be recovered uninjured, and in a condition to be examined for marks of the rifling. Such bullets, by the way, are a means by which the depth of the grooves, and their width, as well as the shape of the lands, may be ascertained readily. All that is needed is a measuring instrument reading to 1-1000 of an inch.

The United States government and the large rifle manufacturers have their more elaborate methods, but riflemen can find out a great deal about the interior of his rifle, by simply forcing a bullet through the barrel, and then taking careful measurements of the projectile.

—St. Croix.

PHENOMENAL SHOTS.

Editor RECREATION:

Referring to the letter of Alexander McDonald, Medicine Hat, N. W. T., in the May number, under the caption of "Phenomenal Shots," and to your request to us to relate our shots, if we have ever made any, I can think of several of mine that might be classed as phenomenal ones, without exaggerating them any, which you don't want us to do.

Away back in 1896 I happened to be stopping at a stage ranch, at Mountain Pass, Texas. We had a mule there that seemed to have the distemper, and the station keeper turned him out to run in the green for a few days until it would be seen what was wrong with him.

One morning during a heavy rainstorm the mule turned up missing, and after breakfast, when the rain had held up a little, I offered to hunt him up. He had been left out in a chaparall, a prairie covered with Mesquite bushes, and going to it I began to look up his trail. I carried my gun, a Spencer carbine, under my right arm, with the muzzle pointing down, to keep what rain was still falling out of the barrel, and was going along slowly, looking at the ground ahead of me, when I came near stepping on top of a large doe that had been lying under a bush to get out of the rain. The doe saw me before I saw her, and jumping up, bounded off, and I, not waiting to get my gun to my shoulder and take aim properly, seized it at about the middle of the barrel with my left hand and still keeping it down at my side, raised the muzzle, drawing the gun forward at the same time, and fired, without hardly stopping to see whether I had the gun pointed at the deer or not. The deer gave a single jump, then fell dead in her tracks. She was, with one exception, the largest doe I had ever seen. The station keeper, that my shot had brought out, had to drag her all the way, as he could not carry her. I was sorry afterwards that I had not missed her. I did not make a practice of shooting does, but always let them go, and aimed at the bucks. I had been taught to spare the does while I was still a small boy, by a gentleman who taught me not only that but a good many other things. He would go without a deer rather than shoot a doe, and I had never shot one until then.

The next curious shot was at a deer also. I was riding up a small valley near the head of the Sabonal river, Texas, when I noticed three deer feeding in the open, close to a bunch of heavy brush, that grew at the foot of the hill. The deer saw me about the same time that I saw them, and they ran into this clump of brushes on their right and stopped in them, while I dismounted and got ready to shoot. I had a Sharp's carbine, and carried its cartridges and those for my Colt's army pistol in a small leathern pouch, all of them mixed up together. Both were forty-five caliber, but the pistol cartridges were the smallest and would not fit the carbine; in my hurry to load I got hold of a pistol cartridge and had it thrown into the chamber before I noticed it. Then, not wanting to lose any time in getting it out, I put in a carbine cartridge, throwing the pistol cartridge forward out of the way. Then taking aim at the only part of any of the deer that I could see between the bushes—it was the shoulder of one as it afterwards turned out—I fired, and two of the deer ran out and up over the hill. The one I had shot at stayed there until we got him.

On cutting the deer we found my pistol cartridge in him, it having killed him. The carbine ball had not hit him at all. I naturally thought that since this cartridge had not exploded it must be defective; the ball that had shoved it out of the gun must have hit it on the primer. But when I put it in the pistol in order to find out if it was defective it exploded all right. Why it had not done so before, I could not explain.

Another curious shot of mine was one that I fired at a buffalo—missed him—and shot a turkey that I did not see. I was out alone with a band of Comanches on a winter buffalo hunt, and at this time we were in camp, on a creek that ran in among some sand hills. The buffalo would often be found among those hills. I hunted them there on foot, using a Winchester that belonged to the chief.

I came across a buffalo there one day. He was between two of these hills, in a narrow valley that opened into the one in which the creek ran, and, when about two hundred yards away from the buffalo, I fired at him and missed him, as I thought, or else hit him where the shot would not hurt him much. He ran off down to the creek, while I shot again; then seeing that he was still going, I went into camp, and in half an hour one of my Comanche boys came in carrying a turkey, and carrying it to me says: "Here is that turkey you shot."

"Why, I shot no turkey," I told him. "I was shooting at that buffalo."

"Well, you missed him, and shot this turkey. There were four of them down there before the buffaloes came; I was trying to get close enough to shoot them (he only had a bow and arrows). when you shot this one and the rest all left."

I examined the turkey now, and found that one of my balls had gone clean through him. "My brother can have him," I told the boy; "take him home and eat him; I don't want him."

Another of my shots that might rather be called a long shot than a phenomenal one—killed an antelope.

The last time these Indians were ever sent out, in what was then the Indian Territory, on a winter's hunt, was in 1878. The buffalo had got to be so scarce then that but a few of them could be found, and the Indians came near starving. That winter the cavalry troop that I then belonged to was sent out with these Indians to relieve them, and we made our camp on Wolf creek, west of Fort Supply, about where the eastern end of what is now Beaver County, Oklahoma.

A few days before New Year's Day I was sent down to Supply with a dispatch to be sent by telegraph to Washington, asking for permission to bring all these Indians in as they were starving. On getting to Supply, I found that a dispatch was here already, telling us to bring them in. I took it back with me next day, going through to camp, sixty miles in less than a day. The captain now asked me to start early next morning and hunt up all the Indians I could find to the west of us, and turn them back home. He wanted me to go, because I knew every foot of that country and would not get lost; few of the men here knew so much about it.

I took with me a young Northern Cheyenne Indian, with whose band I had camped. He spoke very fair English, and I wanted him to act as interpreter between me and the Cheyennes and Arapahoes; I could talk to the Comanches myself; I spoke their language, and these three tribes and that of the Pawnees, who most of them speak English, were about all the Indians I could find out here.

I carried a Springfield, 45-70 rifle. Our troop had the Springfield carbine, but I had managed to get a rifle. I had a Marlin of my own, but this captain would not let me carry it; he did let me carry a Springfield, though.

We had been out now for several days, and had found and sent in a number of small bands of Indians. I was now going to the Canadian river to hunt up the Pawnees, that I knew were on it somewhere, and I was pushing the horses to get to the river before night. I was still about ten miles to the north of it, and was riding across a wide prairie that had been burned over not long ago. The new grass had just begun to spring up when my Indian suddenly pulled his horse up short, and pointing to the south, says, "Look! Heap antelope!" I saw them, about one thousand yards away, on the side of a high roll in the prairie, but had not the grass been burned off, neither I nor the Indian might have seen them. They showed quite plain now with this black soil for a background, and they were all in a bunch eating the new grass.

Jumping off my horse, I got my rifle off the saddle, then, going to the front, raised the sight to nine hundred yards, and knelt down to take careful aim; if I hit one it would be by accident. Had I my Marlin here, though, there would be no accident about it. The Indian spoke now: "Don't shoot; no good; you can't hit; too far."

"You wait," I told him, "mebbe so I can hit." Then, taking careful aim, I fired, and the whole bunch after running around for a minute, made off.

"You get one," the Indian told me. I could not see at first whether I had got one or not, but looking carefully to where the Indian pointed, I saw that one, at least, was down.

The Indian now wanted to go and get him. "No," I told him. "You stop here until I call you. I want to see how far."

We had been drilled to estimate distances, and I could guess any distance up to fifteen hundred yards very closely—I could guess one or two hundred yards almost as closely as with a tape line.

I rode off a hundred yards, then sent the Indian to it; then rode the next hundred and called him there, and kept on until I had eight hundred yards marked off. The antelope lay sixty-five yards still beyond that.

The Indian, coming up now, asks, "How much?" "Mebbe to nine hundred yards," I told him. Then looking back to where we had started from, and next looking at my rifle, he asks, "How far that gun shoot?"

"Mebbe to two miles and a half," I told him. It would not carry quite that far, but these Northern Cheyennes, the tribe that he belonged to, had a habit of breaking out every once in twenty years. They had left and had gone clean across Kansas the year before this and might go again. I wanted to impress this fellow with the idea that I could reach him several miles away if he went on the war path next time. He would, no doubt, tell his friends all about this shot on his return.

My ball had hit the antelope in the flank, and was still in him somewhere. I did not open him to look for it; I had not time. I cut off the hind quarters to take along with us. The Indian wanted to take all of him; he could eat a heap, he said. So could I. But I had taken an extra horse with me to pack instead of a mule—the horse would not give me the same trouble that a mule would give—and I did not want to load him too heavily—he had a fair load on him now.

The sun was getting low now, and I still had a number of miles to go to get to the river, and after getting within half a mile of it I might have to go several miles up or down outside of the canyon it flows through, before I could get down to the river itself. I did not have to do that, though, as it afterward turned out, but managed to strike the canyon at the only place a horse could get down it for miles either above or below there, and the Indians put in half of the night in trying to eat all of the antelope.

John A. Brooks, Erie, Pa.

"SHOT A MOOSE AND KILLED A HEN."

Editor Recreation:

In reading the account of a phenomenal shot by Mr. Alex. McDonald in the current issue, I am reminded of an incident that occurred under my own observation. My cousin Roy and I were shooting at a mark with my 38 caliber Winchester one afternoon in the summer of 1903. We placed our target on a stone heap at one corner of a garden, at a distance of about 100 yards, and after putting our target, which was an old tin cracker box about 14 x 18 inches, out of commission we set up pieces of broken crockery, as when hit they fly to pieces and furnish instant proof of a good shot. It was Roy's turn to shoot and I had given him as a target one-half of a dinner plate. He fired and missed, but claimed another shot. This time he was successful and the pieces flew in all directions, and the bullet, glancing from one of the stones, went singing through the brush beyond. On going to the stone heap to set up another mark, I found, on a flat stone in front of the target, several drops of fresh blood. Knowing from experience that "you can't get blood out of a stone" I looked for an explanation, and found that, probably disturbed by the bullet's striking the stone heap, a striped adder had poked his head out of the pile of stones, just in time to get his throat cut with neatness and dispatch by the bullet which broke the plate. On convincing Roy that he had actually shot the head off a snake at a distance of 100 yards with a rifle, he immediately got such a swelled head that he has since refused to shoot with me, as he no longer considers himself in my class. As my chances of matching his performance are slim, indeed, I must patiently wait for something to turn up so I can take some of the conceit out of him.

Miles H. Ray, Providence, R. I.

STUNNED THE RABBIT.

Editor Recreation:

Having just read Mr. Alex. McDonald's story about the phenomenal shot of Jimmy, I wish to tell about a "phenom" shot at a rabbit I witnessed. While located at Helena, Montana, a couple of years ago, I had some of the finest trout fishing trips I ever enjoyed. One morning a young fellow by the name of Keith and I started on wheels to "John's Ranch," to fish "Little Prickly Pear" creek. While riding between Scratchgravel and Silver, the jack rabbits and cottontails started to jump and make for the coulees Keith was a little in advance of me, when he noticed a little cottontail had stopped about thirty-five yards away, and was regarding us with curiosity. We were riding at a pretty good clip. Keith took a flying jump from his wheel and pulling his thirty-eight at the same time, he took two snap shots at the cottontail, which leaped into the air and fell over apparently dead. I got off my wheel and we walked over and I picked "Bunny" up. There was not a mark on it of any kind and while holding it by the ears it came to, then struggled and twisted to get away, so I threw it into a clump of sage brush, and off it went as lively as ever. Those bullets must have gone just close enough to stun the rabbit. Otherwise there was not a mark on it to show that it had been touched.

Will Wilhelm, Sunbury, Pa.

SMALL GAUGE GUNS.

Editor Recreation:

Reading the letters in Recreation relating to different sized guns impels me to give a description of one I have. Being out of the ordinary patterns manufactured, it may possibly start a controversy, but I hope not; for it is not my wish or desire to invite one. I simply wish to tell what my 28 gauge is capable of.

It may not be generally known that all Hudson's Bay Company's guns are and have been since the first guns were introduced into the territories, of a uniform bore, and that is 28. They are of this size from the old flintlock pattern to the fine breech-loading guns of the present day. It is, however, only of recent years that breech-loaders have come in general use, and I think my own gun was the very first made, special, by the company's gunmakers in London.

I sent a description to our secretary of the kind of gun I wished and he put the order in hand. The principal points that I insisted upon were the length of the barrel and weight, the first to be thirty inches and the weight not to exceed six pounds.

I wanted it of light-weight so as to enable me to hold the canoe motionless with the paddle while I aimed and fired with the other hand. In still watching for beaver to be able to fire with one hand is a great advantage, and this was what I had in mind when ordering the gun.

The makers did better than the requirements, as they sent out a gun that weighed five pounds, twelve ounces. In the instructions they gave 2½ drams powder and ¾ ounce shot. With this charge it could do wonderful execution, surpassing any gun I ever handled. With the same quantity of powder and a 28 ball on top, it was as accurate and effective as any rifle up to two hundred yards, and many are the caribou and bear that it brought low. I used it during many years for all purposes, always with success.

One shot in particular I noted. The first ptarmigan of the season had arrived, a single bird and very wild. I rose him twice at a distance out of all reason, each flight he was getting closer to the river and I determined that the next time I found him I would fire, be the distance what it might. As I came out through some alders at the edge of the barren grounds I perceived him sitting on a small snow drift looking very wild and apparently about to take flight.

I fired and was surprised to see the bird roll off the snow, so surprised indeed that I laid my gun on the snow and stepped off the intervening distance and found it one hundred and fifty paces.

Now, as an ordinary step on snow shoes covers about thirty-two inches, the result is that the bird was killed at one hundred and thirty-three yards.

The charge was three-quarters of an ounce of BB shot with the authorized quantity of powder. Three pellets struck the bird: one in the head and two in the body.

I have used it for goose hunting at long distances over water and also on the wing and found it equal to any large gauge gun as a deadly shooter. Of course it has no scattering power, being small and containing fewer pellets to the charge, but one does not, as a rule, desire to pepper the whole of one side of a barn. Effectiveness in hunting is what is desired, it is better to kill one goose dead, than to wound two, or more, and get none.

At one hundred and fifty yards it will deliver a bullet inside the circumference of a dinner plate and when I saw that amount of head or shoulders of a caribou, I counted him mine before pressing the trigger.

As to weight, there is a pleasing difference with this gun and one of the large heavy ones when one has to carry it through the brush on an all day hunt.

As to appearance, there is no comparison. One is a great heavy, clumsy affair; while the other is small, light and rakish looking. About the same difference as between the look of a coal barge and a trim mackerel schooner.

I had a very successful meat hunter at once of our posts away back in the latter sixties, who used a very small bore muzzle loading rifle. The bullets he used were no larger than a marrow fat pea, yet he killed moose, caribou and bear.

Of course, he fired for only such vital spots as the ear, jugular vein, or back of the shoulder to reach the heart, to send those pills to any other part was, as he put it, "all de same notting."

Number 4 was the size shot recommended with the gun, but for ptarmigan or sea duck I found BB more effective.

In shooting bear in steel traps one shot in the ear always stilled him forever and no other weapon did I carry while visiting my traps.

The Indians called the gun "Ka-na-to-wab-lo Pas-ki-si-gan," meaning, "The gun that breaks," owing to its basculing movement at the breech.

Martin Hunter, Brockville, Ont.

The foregoing letter from Mr. Martin Hunter, who is an old and experienced Hudson's Bay officer, may surprise some who do not know the capabilities of the small bore. For over one hundred years nothing was used by the Indian hunters for the Hudson Bay Co. except 28-bore muzzle loaders. At all Hudson Bay posts round balls, 28 to the pound, were obtainable to fit these guns, which were smooth bore. At first they were flint locks, but the later guns were all percussion.

The Indians living along the southern shores of Hudson's Bay, used to depend largely upon the ducks and geese they shot in the autumn for their winter supply of food. These birds, which they killed by the thousand, were all brought down with the Hudson Bay fowling pieces loaded with BB. shot, or larger. There is no doubt these small bores, loaded in this manner, sometimes killed at extraordinary ranges, but, of course, as pointed out by Martin Hunter, the spread of the charge of shot was so small that they had to be aimed as carefully as a rifle.—EDITOR.

THE GALLERY RIFLE.

Editor RECREATION:

It does seem as though any one should be able to hit a two-inch mark at a seventy-five foot range with a good rifle; but it will surprise those whose shooting has been at game only, with open sights, to find what nice holding is needed to reduce this act to a reasonable certainty.

I have been called a good shot on game, and may say without boasting that, although I have shot in company with many, I have usually been able to hold my own. Happening to be in New York recently, I stepped into a rifle gallery, and picked a light rifle, .22-caliber, not weighing more than seven and a half pounds, out of the rack. This rifle had open sights, and I shot just as I would with a rifle on game, that is to say, with the left arm well extended.

The result was surprising. My 10-shot score only amounted to 200, out of a possible 250, on a two-inch bull at seventy-five feet. This mettled me, as I thought I ought to do better. The next time I tried, I selected a plain trigger, peep sights, 10-pound rifle, and adopted the body rest. This brought my score up to 220. I followed this up by discarding the single trigger for the double Schutzen trigger, and my score went up to 235. No doubt, after sufficient practice I could work this up to 240, and, possibly, by using the telescope sight and palm rest, I might do even better.

All this goes to show that each style of shooting requires its own weapons and methods. For years I had scoffed at the Schutzen rifle, with its palm rest, aperture sights and enormously heavy barrel, but I have discovered that when shooting at a small mark, seventy-five feet away, a 12-pound rifle and hair trigger form a much better combination than a light rifle with plain trigger, and I am forced to acknowledge that there is a fascination about this style of shooting. Moreover, I think it must improve one's game shooting, as it causes one to realize the absolute necessity of a steady let-off.

William Ryder, Westport, N. Y.

MEDIUM POWER LOAD.

Editor RECREATION:

I have a large Smith & Wesson revolver, using the 44-40 Winchester cartridge. I would like to know what would be a good medium power load,—smokeless powder or black,—and whether I should use a wad over the powder or load loose. I have never loaded nor experimented with any but full loads.

H. W. Archibald,
60 Tyler St., Lowell, Mass.

You will find bullet No. 429,107, of the Ideal Mfg. Co., of New Haven, Conn., a first rade medium power bullet. Or, if you want something for shorter range, you might try either 130 or 110 grains No. 429,105 and 429,104, respectively. The full power loads being 40 grains of black powder, or 14 or Laflin & Rand's Sharpshooter Smokeless, or 17 grains of DuPont's No. 2 Smokeless Rifle powder. You might experiment safely, starting first with about one-half loads You will not need any wad, and as you experiment you will quickly learn the capability of your weapon and the charges that give best results.—EDITOR.

GOOD SHOTS AND BAD SHOTS.

Editor RECREATION:

It occurs to me that there is a good deal of misconception as to what constitutes a naturally good shot. We often meet men that shoot well, and sometimes, in fact usually, we are assured that the art came naturally to them.

Now, to my mind, the qualities that enable a man to shoot above the average are: Firstly, a perfection of the nervous system, that enables the hand and eye to work together with more than ordinary accuracy and rapidity. Secondly, a good eyesight. I am convinced, however, that eyesight does not play so important a part as the nervous system.

In order to hit a small mark, it is, of course, necessary to align the front and rear sights very accurately upon it, and the successful shot manages to press the trigger instantaneously, as soon as his eye has signalled to his brain that the sights are bearing upon the object it is desired to hit. When the shooter possesses this power he is a good shot. Most men, however, go through some such process as the following: The object is seen over the notch of the back sight and then the foresight is brought up to the mark, but, of course, refuses to remain steadily aligned upon it, going through more or less complicated gyrations, until, at length, the rear sight, fore sight and trigger, are all in line. This fact is realized by the shooter and he says to himself, mentally, "Now I am right, and will shoot." But by this time the fore sight is no longer bearing upon the bull's eye, and when the trigger is pressed, even supposing the let-off has been faultless, the bullet goes either to the right or to the left, or else high or low, but it does not, excepting by the merest accident, reach the point intended.

Some years ago experiments were conducted at Harvard, for the purpose of ascertaining what degree of variation there was in different individuals in the time required to register by means of pressure on an electric button, flashes of light. The figures are not at my command, and I am only speaking from memory, when I say that the individual differences were very great. Some nervous systems responded almost immediately; others were very slow. The impulse in each case had to be communicated from the eye to the brain, and from the brain to the hand. And this is just what happens when we fire a rifle.

Novelists are very fond of writing about the "rifle held in a vice-like grip," but as long as a man lives, the beating of his heart and the pulsations of his arteries, will effectually prevent his holding the sights aligned on any small object for more than a fraction of a second. The most successful shots are by no means the men whose fore sights wobble the least, but they are invariably men whose muscles respond immediately to their brains.

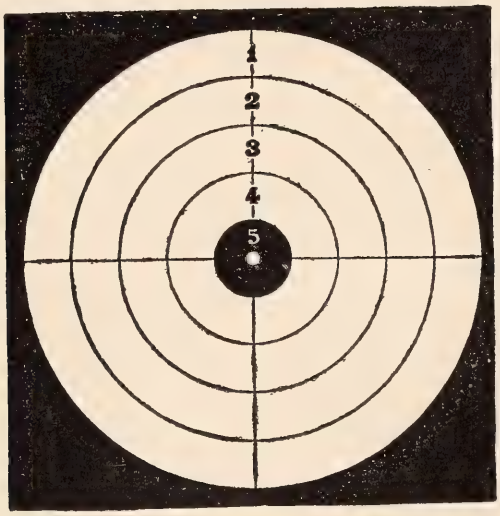
Most written instructions tell the rifleman to raise the fore sight, after viewing through the notch on the back sight the object aimed at, until it is just below the object he desires to hit. Yet, one of the best shots I ever knew always brought up his rifle to the level of the bottom of the bull's eye, but considerably to the right of it. Then, he pulled his rifle over the left, until it was just below the bull's eye, and cut loose, never attempting to hold the rifle without movement, but pressing the trigger while the barrel was still in motion, although that motion was an exceedingly slow and regular one.

I should like to hear from brother riflemen upon these subjects. Let each man tell us his own methods, and I am sure a good deal of valuable information will be forthcoming.

P. L., Jersey City.

A RUSSIAN TARGET.

Through the courtesy of Lieutenant John Marcoff, of the Imperial Guard, St. Petersburg, Russia, we are enabled to reproduce the Russian Indoor Paper Pistol Target, reduced. This target is for ranges of 20-30 yards. The diameter of the target is 11⅜ inches; each rim is 1⅛ inches across. The bull is 1⅞ inches, and the interior white aiming spot 5-16 inch full.



RUSSIAN PISTOL TARGET
(Reduced to 1-6th natural size)

These measurements, it may be observed, are only approximately, although very nearly correct, as the target is drawn according to metric measurements, which cannot be reproduced exactly without giving decimals.

We like the white aiming spot in the bull's eye, and believe that such a target would be found an easy one to score upon at 30 yards, by any of our crack pistol shots.

THE ALL-AROUND RIFLE.

Editor RECREATION:

Will you kindly advise me in regard to the purchase of a rifle and a shot gun through your valuable monthly, RECREATION? I desire to purchase a shotgun that will answer both purposes, viz.: duck and rabbit shooting, also a rifle that will do for wolf hunting and deer hunting. What make would you recommend for these firearms and what gauge and caliber? I am not an experienced hunter, and do not wish to make another mistake in the purchase of a rifle, as what I wish to purchase should be adapted to woodchucks, wolves and occasional large game. Purchase price of both firearms not to be over $50. Both to be repeaters.

Kindly let me hear from you through your paper and oblige,

Arthur Wehle, Milwaukee, Wis.

Out of a population of some 80,000,000 there are possibly 500,000 men seeking for the "all around" rifle—in other words, they want a gun that will be equally good for squirrels and deer. Unfortunately, this much desired weapon has not yet put in an appearance. A 22 caliber repeater is a magnificent rifle for small game, such as squirrels and grouse, but it is generally considered too small for woodchuck, and would be a highly improper weapon to tackle a big timber wolf with.

A repeating shotgun, such as you require for duck and rabbit shooting, may be procured in any large gun store. Get a 12 bore loaded with 3 drams or 3¼, and 1⅛ ounces of shot, Nos. 5 or 6 for duck, and use the new "25 yard" shells for your rabbit popping.

Use a .30 or a .303 caliber rifle, by any of the crack makers, and this will kill your wolves and other large game neatly and surely, when hit; while for small game you can use the short range cartridges. containing a leaden bullet of about 100 to 120 grains, such as is put up by any of the great cartridge companies for the rifle selected.

You must not expect too much of the 22 caliber rifle. It is a very useful little weapon, but it has its limitations.—EDITOR.

MOUNTAIN SHOOTING.

Editor RECREATION:

Can you tell me how an amateur rifle-shot can estimate the proper allowance to make for wind in mountain shooting at ranges varying from 500 to 1,000 yards with a 30-40 Winchester taking the U. S. cartridge.

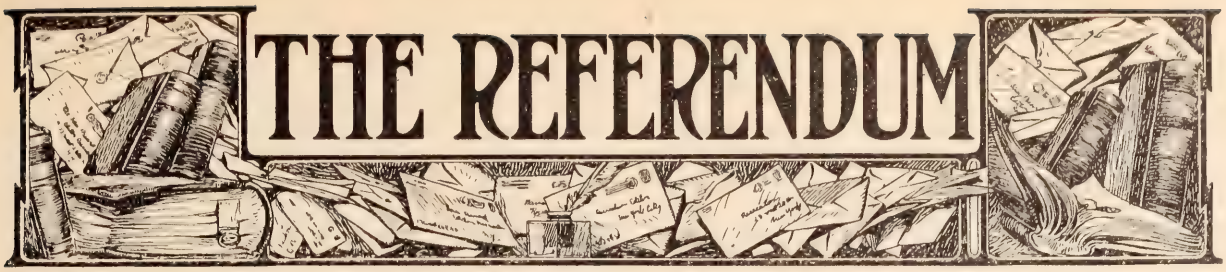
C. B. Hutchinson, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Although we cannot understand how any sportsman can possibly want to shoot game at from 500 to 1,000 yards range, we have much pleasure in answering your question. With the same length barrel, the bullet from the Winchester will have the same deviation, owing to the wind, that the bullet from the Krag has. The allowance for the Krag with a three or nine o'clock wind at

500	yds. is	20	inches.
600	"	26	"
800	"	48	"
900	"	56	"
1000	"	72	"

With a force of wind equal to four miles per hour.

With a wind velocity of thirty-six miles an hour, multiply these deflections by nine, and for any intermediate wind make a proportionate allowance.



THE REFERENDUM

RECREATION'S PARADISE.

Editor RECREATION:

Thirty years ago, a small boy in the East, I sat in the school with a geography spread out before me, with my fingers on that still unknown land in Idaho, where the Rocky Mountains sweep suddenly east from a southern course.

I mused,—if a small boy does such things, —over that strange land, and in my mind's eye I thought that perhaps some day I would explore it and hunt some of the big game which the text of the geography said inhabited the mountains.

Fate long since took me there, and now, while there is a trail through this section and prospectors have been over parts of it, there are many pockets and nooks here and there where man has never been.

Practically, it is an unknown land, and that this is so you can readily imagine when I tell you you can go from one branch of the Clear Water at its head to the other; and going along the divide it takes five days of hard traveling with a pack outfit.

Over one hundred lakes, so the forest rangers say, are contained in this region. This great forest reserve is one hundred and fifty miles long and about as wide. Elk, deer, bear, sheep and goat abound within its confines. It is traversed by rivers and streams, filled with mountain trout, and, in season, large salmon run up to spawn.

It is death on tender feet, the roughest, hardest and most irregular region imaginable, and this will insure the preservation of the game for ages to come. The State game warden has helpers who patrol this region wherever the trails make it possible for parties to come in, either on the eastern and Montana side or from the south and west, and they have of late enabled the game to increase by keeping parties from shooting out of season or killing too many at one time. This may decrease the number who come, but it will increase the amount of game each year. The market hunter does not enter here. The distance is too great, the hills too steep, the trail too hard for the market hunter! While in other places game protection will never be settled until the market hunter is driven out of business, nature has made it impossible here for the man to ever do much who makes merchandise out of the small amount of game yet living.

One can travel for days through heavy timber, and if you keep to the high ridges beautiful changes of scenery come and go continually. There are nooks and valleys in this reserve as near perfect as it is possible to imagine for an outing among big game of a month or six weeks. Those who want an easy time need never come. Those who cannot stand the hardest and toughest traveling along difficult and dangerous trails and who cannot stand unpleasant conditions had better stay away.

That is the reason why so many come and go back disappointed with the region and all out of sorts with themselves.

To the man who will hunt and get away from the trails and who knows how to watch for game the reward will be abundant and satisfactory. This is the home of the grizzly and brown bear. A Mr. Roberts, who always gets big game, had quite an experience with two very large grizzlies. He arose one morning very early before the party from Chicago who were with him were awake, and walking about half a mile, decided to get a big elk before breakfast. He was obliged to come out into a little opening from the timber through which he had traveled in the dusky twilight. As he stepped out into this opening, just twenty steps from where he stood were two big silver tips quietly looking at him and wondering what kind of creature had invaded their hidden sanctuary. Although he had a high power rifle, he simply stood there with the cold chills running up and down his back, for he realized that the situation was hopeless for him. They calmly walked away, occasionally looking back to see whether he intended to follow them or not.

Two hunters from this region camped last fall near our camp. One morning just at daylight they spied a large silver tip about eighty yards from their beds and from where their horses were. Both arose simultaneously, ond one was so excited that he did not wait to get the ramrod out of his rifle, but fired it at the bear. In all they shot fourteen shots, but did not get him nor hit him hard enough to make him fight.

For the man who has the love of nature in him and who has will power enough to push ahead and determination to hunt, this is recreation's paradise. Many parties have been known to refuse to go into the really rough big game region of this reserve. They fear so many things and hold back so much as to ruin the trip. A few in Idaho and in Washington who go in there each year always bring out trophies the richest and best possible in the big game line.

To camp in an ideal location go far up to the head of some big meadow, above which loom the great toppling granite peaks of the Rocky Mountains, or, as they are called out here, the Bitter Root Mountains. Beside you flows a clear mountain stream with pools here, and there filled with the crispest mountain trout. On the right is a thick timber patch about eight miles through, with basins here and there, the haunts of big game. The meadow where you camp has been rolled down in places by bear and eaten off at the upper end by elk and deer. On the mountain side is a big huckleberry patch, and not far away are little creeks with sandy bottoms, ideal prospector's ground. You can hunt early in the day, fish after dinner, then prospect for a few hours and be ready for the path used every night by big game not two miles away, and come back with the satisfaction that you have had a real hunt in nature's hunting paradise. The man seeking an easy time had better remain away. The man who expects to know more about how to go and where to go than those who have gone there many times, will have no satisfaction, but for the real hunter and man who is not afraid of roughing it there is no better region.

W. T. Euster, Moscow, Idaho.

HOW TO TOTE A DEER.

The other day I noticed in a publication issued by one of the large railways, a cut of a man standing upon a frozen lake with a deer at his feet. It was evidently intended to represent a practical hunter, resting on his way to camp with a deer he had shot, for there was a cord tied to the deer's horns. This set me thinking what my old friend Joe Petawawe would have thought of this hunter and his methods. How, think you, would a big buck draw, supposing he were frozen stiff with his legs at right angles to his body, if you tried to drag him for several miles through the woods by his horns? If you have any doubt as to the pleasantness of the task, just try it the next time you get the opportunity. After cleaning the deer, which may be done through a very small opening, whittle out of hard wood a skewer, and make it about 1½ inches through and 10 inches long. Before the deer has time to freeze, bring the two fore feet up to the muzzle, and drive the hard wood spike through each leg just above the fetlock and through the deer's nostril. In this way the right foot would be on the right of the muzzle, and the left foot on the left of the muzzle. After this take a rope, such as I always carry when I expect to kill a deer, and make a running loop, and pass it around the skewer either side and over the nostril. Thus tied, a deer will offer little resistance, and may be dragged by a moderately powerful man for several miles without excessive fatigue.

Chas. Bramble.

TO TREAT DRIED SPECIMENS.

Editor Recreation:

To restore dried specimens soak them in a solution of caustic potash until puffed up to normal size. If soaked too long the tissues will dissolve and the specimen go to pieces. The action of the alkali may be checked by formalin.

Frederic Vreeland, Montclair, N. J.

SIMPLE BREAD-MAKING.

Editor Recreation:

I am not a subscriber, but I notice in the May number an article "How to Make Bread in Camp," and I can tell you a much easier way.

Half a teacup of water and a spoonful or so of flour with the addition of a little molasses or sugar will ferment and make ordinary yeast in eight or ten hours if set in a warm place, and if this is added to more flour and water you will have all the yeast you want.

It can be kept going indefinitely, simply pouring the yeast into the flour and water intended for the bread, and after stirring it about, pouring a little back into a jar or bottle for future use.

Jos. Hardwick, New York City.

PRESERVING THE BIG ONES.

The abode of the hunter is often adorned with the trophies of the hunt. The botanist gathers flowers and plants and preserves them for future reference. The geologist collects his specimens. But the lucky angler eats his catch, and, when he has finished, nothing remains but a fish story and a certain contentment of mind felt only by the followers of the "gentle art."

The other day, an angling friend showed me how he preserved his big ones. The idea was in the shape of a book, made by himself. The covers were of flexible, tan-colored leather in one piece. On the front, the words "Fisherman's Luck" were burned, supplemented by an illustration taken from the advertising columns of a sporting magazine. The back cover was adorned in like manner by a fish's tail.

The pages of the book were about seven inches square, cut from extra heavy, linen paper. The whole was bound together by a thong of leather placed through holes punched in the cover and paper. The first sheet contained the inscription "Some Big Ones Caught by Myself."

When a "daddy mossback" was caught, the fish was carefully weighed and measured. Then the tail was cut off and nicely trimmed with the scissors, when it was stretched on a board to dry. When dry, it was given a coat or two of alcohol shellac. Then it was glued at the top of the sheet. Below it was entered the name, size, weight, date, and place where caught, besides remarks as to bait, and length of the struggle, and other items of interest.

We'll tell no lies,
We'll fish the brook;
And when they doubt
We'll bring the book.

Charles Herbert, Ann Arbor, Mich.

This is an excellent idea, but the tail shrinks while drying and hence a careful outline of it should be traced for record while the fish is fresh.—Editor.

MOTHER LOVE OF THE LOON.

Editor Recreation:

Once and only once, I caught a young Northern diver. It was in July in the Laurentians in a little lake far back in the forest-covered hills—loons always nest on small islands in lakes, never where foxes can get at the eggs or young. The birds at first are coal black. The one I took was the size of a pigeon, and it took me twenty minutes to get it. When pursued the little fellows make for the open deep water, never skulk among the weeds, and rely entirely upon their wonderful diving powers. You can only catch them when they are very young and on a perfectly calm day when you can see them the instant they come up.

I followed the bird up so quickly that I was always near when it rose and by shouting and brandishing the paddle, frightened it into diving before it had regained its wind. At length, it could not dive more than a foot or two below the surface, and then I caught it in my hand. It was savage and seasick in the canoe. The mother kept near it from first to last, swam round the canoe calling most plaintively the while, the note being Whe-ou-ou-ou; quite distinct from the usual mocking laugh Ha-ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha-ha! I paddled the little loon about half a mile and then put it overboard very gently. The mother led it off in triumph. The full clutch of a loon is two eggs. In this case one chick must have come to grief. While they are very young the mother carries them around on her broad back. The bird makes a charming picture with her two downy nestlings cuddled on her. If suddenly frightened she dives instantly, and the young float as lightly as corks. Loons are very inquisitive, and may be tolled easily with a bright red rag.

The male bird generally leaves the small forest-sheltered lake each morning, returning just before dusk. They fly high and very fast. I think they take back fish to feed the young, and, perhaps, the mother. I once shot a young loon in August before it could fly, though it could dive very fast. It weighed six pounds, and had a pike-perch weighing twenty-four ounces in its gullet. The young loon remain North quite late, as they cannot fly until mid-October.

Graham West, Windsor, Canada.

THE WOODCOCK'S DRILL.

Editor Recreation:

A few years ago while walking in the foothills of the White mountains in central New Hampshire, I came upon a hemlock tree about twelve inches in diameter, which had been completely ruined by the work of the pileated woodpecker. The wood of the tree was apparently sound, but the bird had drilled seven holes into the trunk to a distance of five or six inches, to the dark heart wood of the tree. The outline of the opening was elliptical, from seven to nine inches long, and from three to six inches wide and slightly tapering. The size of some of the chips taken out in the work was astonishing, the largest ones being three inches long and three-fourths to one inch in width. My companion told me in all earnestness, that this was the work of the woodcock. I do not understand how a person can be so ignorant of some of the simplest things in nature. Just think of a woodcock with its long tapering bill and sensitive point, hewing out such holes in the solid wood. Yet, thousands of people go on year after year making just such silly blunders, when a little reading and observing would open their eyes and make the world seem like a new place. That which before was nothing but a barren pasture and scrubby stump lot, would now become a place where a hundred secrets would lurk, every one of which would be of intense interest.

Nelson A. Jackson, Kenka Park, N. Y.

Mr. Jackson is right about it being the work of the pileated woodpecker, but his companion is also right. This magnificent woodpecker is known to all the old guard of woodsmen as the woodcock, while the real woodcock is called by the same woodsmen, mudsnipe, blind whistling snipe, and bog sucker.—Editor.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

A teacher is a paradoxical term. In the nature of things no one can teach us, we must learn of our own free will. Teachers are but sign posts pointing the way. It is our object to make of Recreation a big sign post. At the same time it must be remembered that one might line the bottom of the sea with signs and not a clam or jelly fish living there would be benefited by it. Fortunately we do not appeal to the jelly fish or clams of the communities, but to the people with good red blood in their necks, sound hearts in their breasts and with brains capable of reading and understanding.

To those who have posted themselves on this subject it is unnecessary to say that the preservation of our streams is necessary to the preservation of our fish, but many of the readers may not yet have considered how intimately the preservation of our forests is connected with the preservation of our streams and hence the very existence of many fish, especially brook trout, depends upon the preservation of the forests.

To illustrate this relationship between forests and water, make a couple of troughs, line one with clay to represent the country denuded of trees, the opposite trough line with sods of grass or moss to represent the forest-clad mountain side, set them on an incline and connect their upper ends with a rough reservoir. Pour a pail of water into this reservoir and there will be a wild rush of water down the clay-lined trough, while the moss and grass-lined one will drip for hours.

It only needs a little imagination to convert this machine into a forest-clad mountain and one denuded of timber.

The cloudburst represented by the contents of the bucket of water suddenly poured into the top reservoir is only a dangerous cloud burst on the barren slope. By the use of this simple device you can explain to a child the absolute necessity of preserving the forests upon the water sheds, if we would have continuous running water and not the certainty of flood and droughts which are caused by the water-sheds being recklessly denuded of timber.

Clinton Harris, Nashville, Tenn.

THE QUEER KOOTENAY CANOE.

Editor Recreation:

Canoes differ in model and vary in size and weight as you pass from one district to another. Canada is the land of the canoe, because the forests are, as a rule, dense, in many parts there is no feed for ponies, but there is an almost unrivalled system of water ways, permitting easy passage from one valley to another. The canoe with which most of us are familiar, is either the large, high centered, seaworthy, Micmac canoe, used in the lower provinces, or else the smaller, lighter, and more graceful birch bark of the Algonquin. But for originality of model the Kootenay canoe, made by one weak tribe in Southern British Columbia, carries off the palm. This canoe is small and narrow, and of rough workmanship, being originally made of spruce bark, although canvas is now much used in place of bark; however, its strongest claim to our notice lies in the peculiar shape of its ends.

Both bow and stern have ram-like projections similar to the ram of a battleship or cruiser. It puzzled me to account for this, and none of the white hunters seemed to know just why the Indians had selected this strange model. One day, however, while on a steamer on Kootenay lake, with half a gale tearing up the clear, green waters into respectable waves, I solved the problem. An Indian and his kloochman were paddling vigorously against the wind, and as each wave approached the canoe, the buoyancy of the under water ram was so great that it invariably lifted the canoe well up over the crest of the wave, and not a drop of water found its way into the frail little craft. Another advantage of the long ends is that it keeps the canoe traveling in a straight line, without yawing, as an ordinary birch bark must do when a single paddler is propelling it.

The Kootenay Indians have a method of

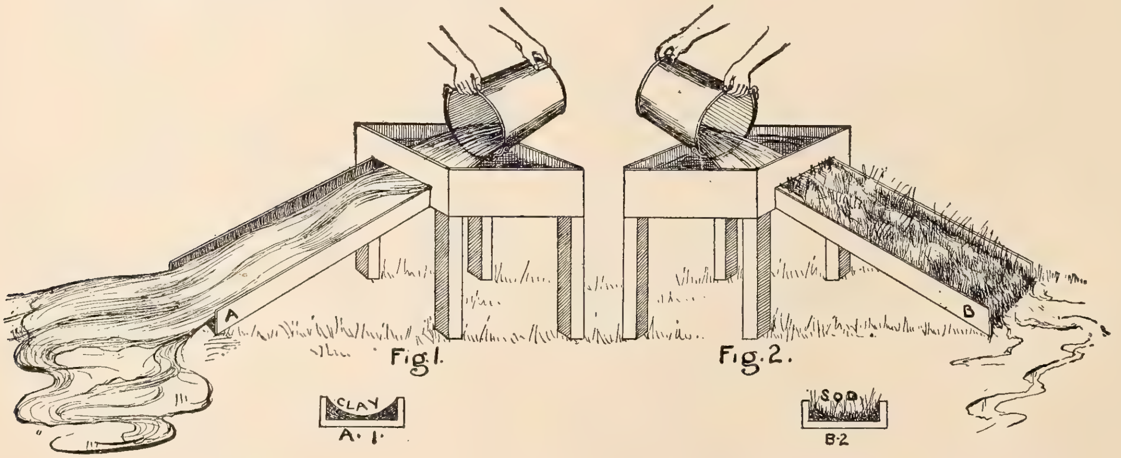


Fig. 1 *Denuded water shed*

Fig. 2 *Forest covered water shed*

A AND B, WOODEN TROUGHS REPRESENTING HILLSIDE.

A1 CROSS SECTION OF A. B2, CROSS SECTION OF B.

paddling that is as distinctive as their canoes. After a couple of strokes the paddle is shifted with lightning-like rapidity to the other side of the canoe, and back again after two more strokes. This they can keep up for hours, owing to long practice, but it must be fatiguing in the extreme, as the paddles are ponderous affairs with a broad blade, and weigh considerably more than the rock maple paddles used in the East.

The Siwash Indians, inhabiting the sea coast of British Columbia and Washington, have yet another system of paddling. Instead of turning the paddle handle inward, when paddling over the port side of the canoe, they turn the right wrist out at the end of the stroke, forcing the back of the paddle outward. The Eastern Indians, of course, just reverse this custom.

Hank Hennings.

HOW TO CROSS STREAMS.

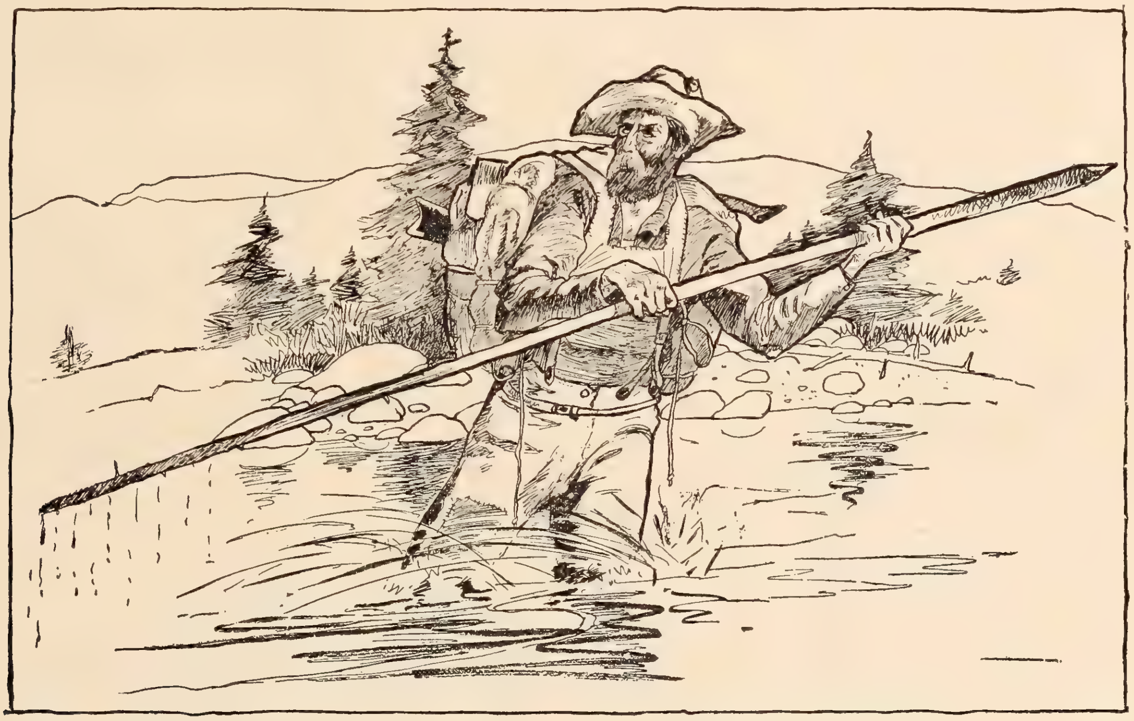
A stream in the wilderness may be either a blessing or a death-trap.

When the hunter or prospector is traveling by canoe, every stream is a benefit, and the rushing waters carve for him a broad highway through mountains and lowlands.

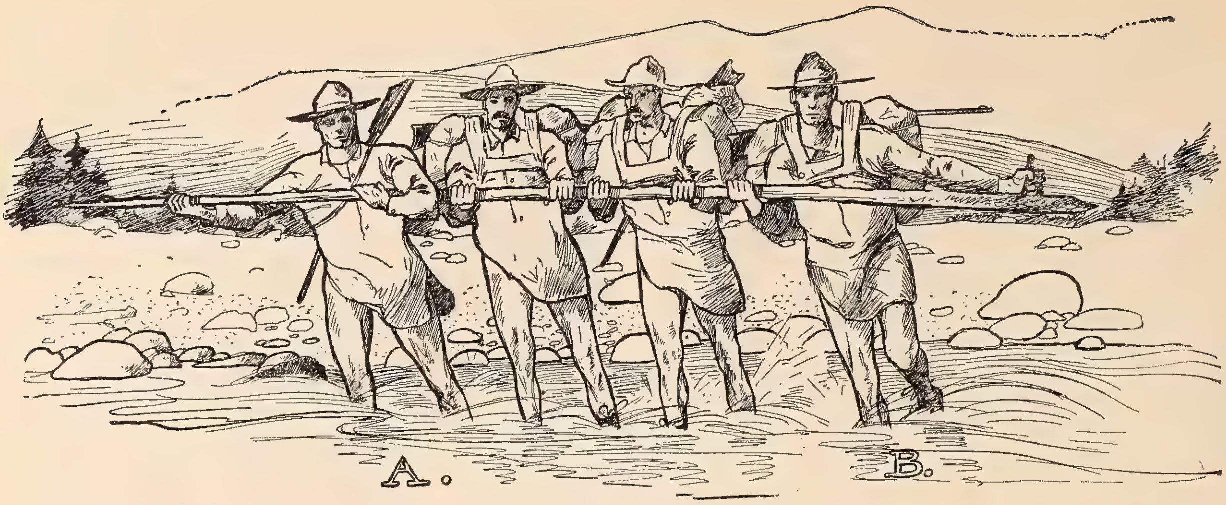
In the mighty land that stretches from the Frazier to Point Barrow the streams are legion and yet the canoe is seldom used. Along the coast the natives are masters of the canoeing art, but their knowledge is confined to salt water. There are two reasons for this. In the first place a good part of the Alaskan coast and interior is very mountainous. The streams are usually very swift and shallow, and there are few lakes in the general water systems. Secondly, the Siwash, Thlinket, and Russian Aleut are fish-eaters and turn their canoe-bent backs on the sheep mountains of the interior. I have seen Alaskan natives eat refuse from the beach, when only seven days travel away there were mountains teeming with sheep.

On the larger rivers such as the Stikine, Pelly, Liard and Yukon, there is, of course, some canoe travel, but among the interior tribes the canoe is little used.

Because of the swiftness of the waters paddling, and even poling, are impracticable. The tracking line is universally used, and even the large Hudson Bay barges are drawn by man-power. The "trackers" become most skillful in this mode of travel, and it is a hard and dangerous calling. The same reason that makes these northern streams difficult to canoe renders them a source of danger to the wilderness hunter and prospector. These men in their wanderings must continually ford them; in this work they are often threatened with starvation through the loss of their provisions, and sometimes with death by the fury of the waters. To a man alone in the wilderness there is no sight or sound so appalling as the irresistible force of a glacier river, and the snarl and roar of its milky waters. As one stands on the bank and looks yearningly across, one can think of many graves that are more attractive. But the river must be crossed, so how shall it be done? If the river is large and one has pack-dogs, or horses, the



PACK FORDING *Drawn by* BELLMORE BROWNE



POLE FORDING *Drawn by* BELLMORE BROWNE

animals must swim, and the duffle must be rafted. But here we will deal with fording, and there are three kinds; pack-fording, pole-fording and rope-fording. Of course, the chief drawback is your grub, you must get it across, and keep it dry.

PACK FORDING.

Suppose the stream is 30 yards wide and you find a place where it is swift but not over waist deep; here your grub will help, for an 80-pound pack will hold you to the bottom, when without it you would be swept away. This fact is well known, and rocks or gravel from the bank will be useful if your pack is too light to hold you down. In this fording your pack must be well up on your shoulders and ready to drop quickly, for if you fall down with a tightly tied or strapped pack, you will not come up until you have lost interest in the undertaking. Frequently one can find an easy ford, but on occasions there will be no good crossing for several miles.

POLE-FORDING.

If there are three or four in the party decide on the best ford, usually the widest stretch. Cut a slender pole between eight and twelve feet long and at least three inches in diameter at the small end. You can find balsams or alders on almost any glacier stream, except in high altitudes, where fording is usually easy, and the streams are small. It is good to undress as then there will be less resistance to the water, and you keep your clothes dry, but keep on your footgear, or the round glacial stones will grind your ankles. When all is ready, stand in a line and grasp the pole. The lightest man (A) should be on the up stream, and the heaviest man (B) on the down stream end of the pole. A's pack and clothes should be distributed between the others, as they need weight, and A will be under water occasionally. Now all start across in line, working down stream, always keeping the pole parallel with the current. As the water deepens A may be swept from his feet, but he must hold on to the pole for he is making an eddy for the others to walk in. If possible, always pass below rocks, the water is deeper there but less swift than on the up-stream side.

The first time I saw this ford made was in Northern British Columbia, where three of us crossed a swift stream with perfect ease.

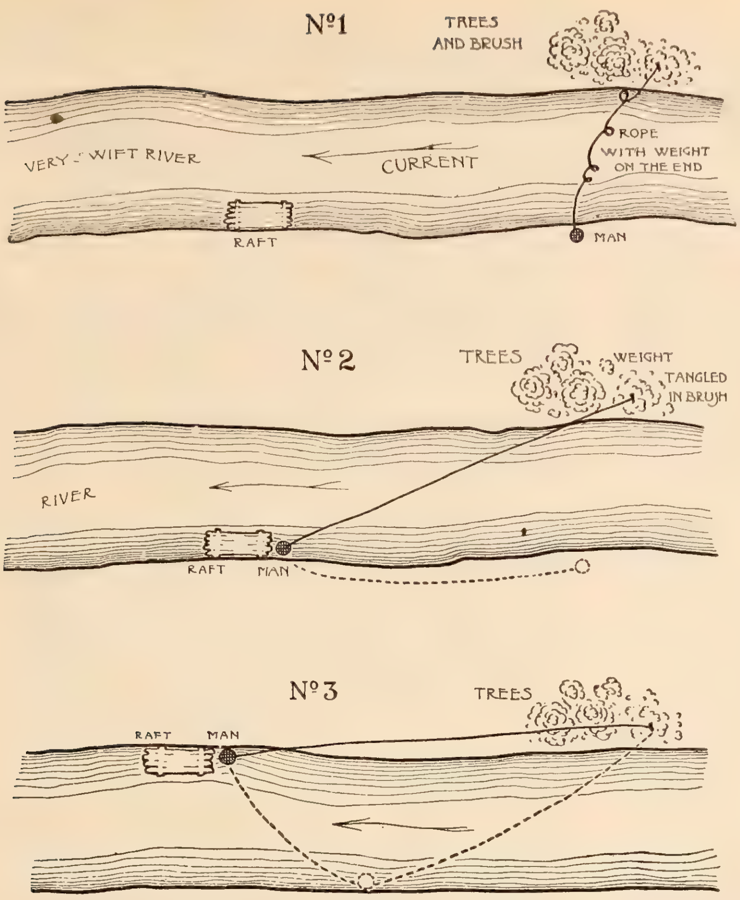
BRIDGES.

Occasionally one can just span a stream with a tree. Sometimes these bridges are shaky affairs and great skill in balancing is necessary to one who crosses with a heavy pack. Often nothing but a wetting would result from a fall, but frequently there is enough danger to make it very interesting.

This "tight-rope walking" is always a pleasant change from the monotony of packing, and the man attempting the ford or bridge always has an appreciative, but rather too critical audience. A failure, unless the accident is serious, always evokes long and enthusiastic applause from the men on the bank.

The pack-dogs in the North become adepts at crossing streams. I remember one of unusual intelligence. He seldom failed to cross the slender bridges without mishap. One day we crossed a narrow but particularly swift stream on a dead balsam tree. It was wet and the dog slipped when he was about half way across. He managed to hold on to the tree with his forepaws, and the swift current kept his body on the surface. Without hesitating, he began to work his way, paw over paw, towards the bank, and landed safely, pack and all. When a bunch of pack-dogs approach running water they become greatly excited, for they realize the danger, and the fact that a wet pack means trouble with their masters.

Swift water can be crossed when the banks are brushy or timbered, by throwing a weighted rope across and letting it tangle.



HOW TO RAFT ACROSS A SWIFT STREAM

All that is then necessary is to hold on to the rope and the current will do the rest.

If the water is swift but shallow one can wade, holding on to the rope. If the water is deep and you have a good deal of dunnage you must first see that the rope is perfectly secure on the other bank, then make a raft, put your dunnage on it, make the rope fast, and pull off. The current will then swing you across.

But in all fords remember that it is the fool who never turns back. If the water feels too strong, return while you can, for a glacier stream has no mercy.

Belmore Browne.

HOW TO CLEAN A HEAD

Editor Recreation:

A good taxidermist is an artist; a bad one —well, a bad one is too bad even to think about. Some of the terribly grim moose-heads and deer with swelled parotid grands and faces like manatees, found hanging on the walls of sportsmen's dens are not cheerful things to look upon, and although the owner is more lenient towards their shortcomings than any of his friends or acquaintances could possibly be, even he, at times, must feel shocked when he looks at these absurd parodies upon animals which are the quintessence of grace before they are killed and upholstered.

In the old baronial halls of Europe are some heads of stags killed hundreds of years ago by the iron tipped shaft from a cross-bow. These heads are in magnificent state of preservation, as no attempt was made to preserve the skin of the defunct animal. This should give us a hint. Unless within reach of a reasonably good taxidermist, it is better to be content with saving the antlers and skull instead of trying to preserve the skin for future mounting. In very distant expeditions this is sometimes the only way of saving anything. In this case, however, the antlers must not be sawn off the skull, nor must the skull be sawn longitudinally for convenience of packing, as is permissible when the head is to be mounted with the skin on.

The skin having been removed, the flesh should be cut and scraped from the bone, and the brain and eyes removed, the containing cavities being most carefully cleaned. The lower jaw may or may not be saved. A few hours' shade exposure of the cleaned skulls to the antiseptic air of the northern forest, or mountain, will make the heads fit for transportation. Later, when they are to be mounted on a shield, they may be boiled in strong lime water until all the shreds of flesh peel off easily, and the bone, when dried, is bleached.

Nor'west, Calgary, Alberta.

WHAT IS A CINNAMON?

Editor Recreation:

The books say a cinnamon bear is merely an accidental variation of the black bear. In other words,, it is no more a species than is a black fox.

Hunters are quite as positive that the cinnamon is a species.

Which is right?

Each side has excellent arguments to advance for its faith. Anatomically the black bear and the cinnamon appear to be similar, hence the contention of the scientists is, as far as they are concerned, unanswerable. On the other hand, the color of the cinnamon and its very different nature, seem to sustain the opinion of the frontiersman. Most hunters would as soon face a grizzly as a cinnamon, having found by experience that the one is just as likely to put up a fight as the other. Neither the grizzly nor the cinnamon is, to-day, as vicious as it is said to be, yet, either will give a lot of trouble occasionally, and even succeed in charging home, to the undoing of its assailant. The black bear is, however, quite harmless, and, as all hunters know, one of the most arrant cowards of the animal kingdom, at least when it comes to facing man. So who shall blame the hunter for treating the cinnamon and black bear as distinct species?

May not the true solution be that the cinnamon bear is a cross-bred animal?

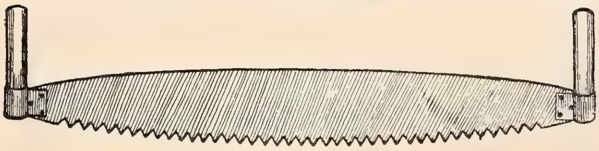
It is only found in the West, where grizzly and black bear inhabit the same range, and does not exist through the vast wilderness from the Saguenay to the Saskatchewan, which is, from end to end, the home of the black bear, but lacks the grizzly?

W. J. Cressey, Lexington, Ky.

HOW TO MAKE CLAPBOARDS, SPLITS OR SHAKES.

Editor Recreation:

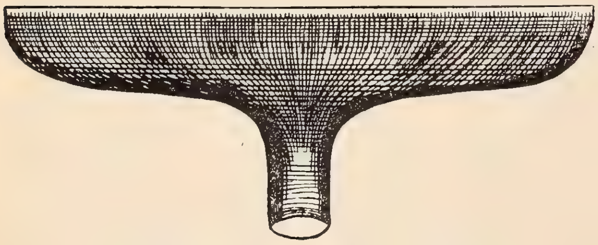
Everyone who has traveled in the mountain districts of the South, in the Maine woods, or in the wilderness of the Northwest, has noticed the long rough shingles used by campers, trappers and settlers with which to roof, or even cover sides, and all of their shacks or log-house. In the South these shingles are called clapboards, in Maine splits, and in the West shakes, and very handy they are for many purposes.



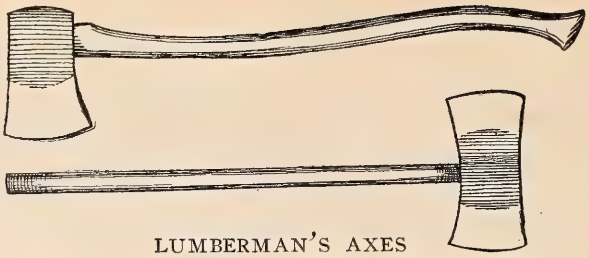
CROSS CUT SAW

The best wood, when it can be had, is the white cedar, but any wood that is straight of grain and splits easily will serve. The cypress is an admirable wood, also the basswood, while on the Pacific coast the Murray or black pine makes a good shake. The Western cedar, the Sitkan spruce and the Douglas fir are used successfully.

Often the pioneer has nothing but his axe with which to work, and then he must be an expert to make good splits. Select a good straight-rifted tree as free from knots as may be, chop it down, and cut the butt as high as the first limb into billets, four to six feet in length. The small end must in each case be cut off squarely, although the larger end may be left "sniped" or pointed. Next the bark must be hewn off by short half-arm blows with the axe, holding the handle nearer the axe-head than one does when chopping. To make a really first-class shake, the sap-wood should be taken off, but for rough buildings it is usually left on, and not infrequently the bark as well.



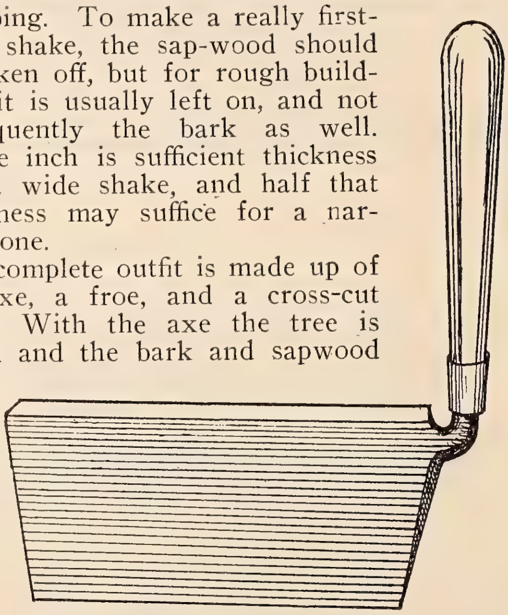
FROE USED IN THE NORTHWEST



LUMBERMAN'S AXES

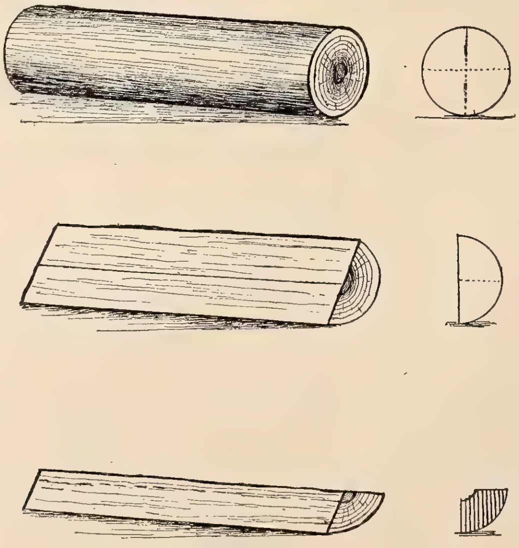
One inch is sufficient thickness for a wide shake, and half that thickness may suffice for a narrow one.

A complete outfit is made up of an axe, a froe, and a cross-cut saw. With the axe the tree is felled and the bark and sapwood hewn off; with the cross-cut saw the ends of the log are squared, and with the froe the shakes are peeled off one by one.



COMMON FROE

In the case of large logs it is often found



HOW TO HANDLE A LARGE LOG.

preferable to quarter them and remove the heart-wood as well as the bark and sap. When this is done the quartered logs are split, as shown in one of the accompanying sketches. The froe is not always of the same shape. Sometimes it resembles a meat-axe with a particularly broad back. In splitting the large Douglas fir and Sitkan spruce of the Pacific coast, it is customary to use several large iron sledges that are driven in with a heavy sledge-hammer, but as this sort of work is exceptional, so also is the need of such implements.

Hiram Swift, St. Paul, Minn.

A WAKEFUL GROUSE.

A few weeks ago Mr. J. E. Kezar, of Lincoln, N. H., sent in an interesting communication dealing with the habits of the ruffed grouse. One of his statements seemed so contrary to the usual experience of investigators that I ventured to ask him if he was quite certain as to his facts. He had stated that a ruffed grouse was drumming at midnight. He replied:

> "I am sure that the partridge was drumming at thirteen minutes past eight, on April 16th, and not only am I certain of that, but I am as positive that he was drumming at twelve o'clock of that same night, and had been at it all the evening. He drums on an old log in front of my store, and only a few yards away. On April 16th, at 11.30 p. m., I went out and drove him off the log; I had a lantern, and got within ten feet of him before he flew into a tall spruce fifty yards away. At twelve o'clock he was back again. I had just retired, but he kept it up until about one o'clock, when I went out and threw sticks at him, and drove him away for the rest of the night.
>
> "However, he was back at daylight next morning. On cold or windy nights, or dark nights, he does not drum. It is the first time I remember hearing a partridge drum at night, but come up here any warm, bright night and I will convince you that he is on duty. I often go down on dark nights to look at him with a lantern. He roosts in the same place every night, and I have made him move to another log about fifty yards from here."

I have seen a great deal of the ruffed grouse, having lived for months in the woods where they were abundant, but of my own knowledge I have never known a ruffed grouse to drum after dark. I, therefore, ventured to show Mr. Kezar's letter to Professor Frank M. Chapman, of the American Museum of Natural History. His experience had been the same as mine, but he suggested that the subject be referred to Dr. C. F. Hodge, of Clark University, Worcester, and to William Brewster, of Cambridge, they being recognized authorities on the habits of the ruffed grouse.

Dr. C. F. Hodge replied to my letter of inquiry as follows:

> "I have visited my grouse almost nightly before retiring, but have observed no signs of activity. My experience thus tallies with yours. Still, I have always understood that the grouse do drum quite commonly on still, moonlight nights, and though I have never happened to hear them myself, have had no reason to doubt the possibility. In Forest and Stream, 1900, p. 405, H. H. Russell reports the occurrence and the editor remarks it is not uncommon. Of course my birds are only a year old, there are more hens than cocks, they have not drummed very much or persistently, and, so far, we have had very cold, windy, moonlight nights. I am still in hopes later of catching them in the moonlight scene, and, if I do, I shall try to write you again about it."

Mr. William Brewster had the following to say:

> "Your correspondent's statement is undoubtedly correct. I have heard ruffed grouse drum at all hours of the night, and, on one occasion (in April), near where I was camping, apparently through one entire night. At least I heard it at short, regular intervals whenever I was awake, which was very often, for the night was cold and, for the season, I was poorly supplied with blankets, so I kept waking up and dozing off again, getting hardly any sound, prolonged sleep. There was, I remember, a full moon that night. The grouse ceased drumming shortly after daybreak, I think."

I venture to think that of the thousands of men who have studied more or less intimately the habits of the grouse, few are aware that on warm, bright nights the male will drum throughout the hours of darkness. My own experience has been largely in the Northern woods, where foxes were extremely abundant; and I think that a ruffed grouse that permitted itself to drum at night, unless it is possible that he does it on the branch of a tree, would soon fall a victim to some prowling reynard; so it is quite possible that the best country in which to hear a partridge drumming throughout the night is a fairly civilized region where foxes are scarce.

—Editor.

BRAVE WASHINGTON GIRLS.

Editor Recreation:

The crop of 1905 fawns will be fairly large this year, as owing to the lack of snow during the open season there were comparatively few deer killed in this section (N. E. Washington and the Pan Handle of Idaho). A year ago last winter the slaughter of deer in some places was shameful—one man in Stevens county, Washington, is credited with murdering nineteen deer in one day—ran them down in deep snow with snow shoes and shot them at short range—nothing done with him.

The lawmakers of our sister State, Idaho, recently discovered that cougar destroyed deer and with praiseworthy alacrity passed a law intended to punish the cougar. It provides a bounty of $15 for each and every cougar killed in the State. The right fore-leg is skinned out and the bone taken by the proper official and burned.

The first bounty was claimed a few days ago, the animal being taken in a trap set for a bear. This is a move in the right direction. These animals are very hard on deer and, like some city hunters, kill more than they can use.

The Washington girls are not built of the kind of timber that jumps on a chair and screams at sight of a mouse. On January 13th, of this year, a man working for Fred. Phillips, a rancher, two miles from Northport, Wash., ran to the house from the creek bottom, where he was chopping, and reported that the dog had treed a big cougar. Mr. Phillips was not at home, but his daughters, Faye and Florence, aged seventeen and nineteen, seized the rifles and ran to the spot.

The "cougar" proved to be a large Canada lynx. He was perched high up in the tree and glared savagely down on his feminine adversaries.

The young ladies drew a steady bead and at the crack of the rifles the animal bounded into the air and lit within a few feet of the girls who, with the nerve of the frontier, stood their ground and reloaded their rifles. The dog sprang at the lynx, but badly wounded as it was, it soon gave the dog the worst of it. The girls, though expert shots, dared not fire at the lynx for fear of killing the dog, as the movements of the battling animals were so rapid. At last a yell of agony from the family pet was too much for the girls to stand and they rushed to the rescue; one caught the dog by the hind legs and by main strength pulled him away from the infuriated cat, while the other sent a bullet through the brain of the lynx.

J. A. Nash, Spokane, Wash.

SINGLE-DAY TRIPS.

Editor Recreation:

Dear Sir: Well, we have had articles on camping out galore. Now, I have a gospel to preach. It is on the necessity of spending single days, when one can not get more time, in the wilds of nature, all the Sundays and other holidays during the warm season of the year, and some of the time also when it is not very warm.

The fore part of the day in the wilds is far more cheerful and profitable than the latter part. Those who do not get out until two p. m. or later, walk around for an hour or two, become warm with the exercise, and then it is time to return home, which they do on a trolley car. The cool atmosphere of the evening chills them and they are exposed to colds and rheumatism; then they are so disgusted with the outing that they feel inclined to "swear off." It is often desirable to go out as early as sunrise or earlier, taking lunch along for breakfast. Naturalists often find it desirable to take along enough for noonday meals which enables them to spend the whole day.

Against the numerous articles needed for a camping outfit, I have learned by experience that for a single day's outing in the study of nature, one can seem almost to take nothing along and yet have all he needs. Often I have appeared at the rendezvous when friends would ask me whether I was taking along anything at all, yet I would have with me a good field-glass, a pocket lens, manuals for both birds and plants, lunch and tackle for repairs in case of little accidents.

No indoor exercise in the world can be a substitute for fresh air and sunshine; and these things are needed far more than anything else by all those who are confined to indoor work of any kind.

Ewing Summers, Washington, D. C.

"BORROWING" ON FAST FLYING FOWL.

Editor Recreation:

Every man who has shot wild fowl knows that it sometimes takes a good, smart shot to stop them. A mallard, or a teal, with half a gale under its pinion feathers, can travel at a pace that makes the fastest express slow by comparison, but some recent experiments carried out by a Scotch sportsman are, nevertheless, astonishing. By a clever system of signals and timing, he ascertained that mallard occasionally reach a speed of 190 miles an hour, and teal 144 miles under identical conditions. In a flat calm, wild duck did sixty miles an hour, and ten and a half in the teeth of a gale.

As wild fowl are much the same wherever found, there can be no doubt American birds attain similar speeds. Granting this, let us consider the practical side of the question. Supposing, a man facing north and shooting at a duck flying to the eastward, at a pace equal to 190 miles an hour, the bird being exactly forty yards distant when the trigger was pressed; we shall find that the shooter must swing to a point almost twenty-eight feet in front of the bird in order to center it with the charge, almost but not quite, for so violent a gale as must blow to help a duck to this speed, would inevitably carry the charge of shot several feet to leeward.

This allowance is calculated upon the supposition that trigger pull, fall of striker, passage of charge up gun barrel, and shot flight over forty yards, take one-tenth of a second, which is true with a very narrow margin of error.

To give this allowance, the muzzle of a gun with thirty inch barrels and ordinary length stock, should be swung just ten and one-fourth inches.

In a flat calm an allowance of nine feet should be made, with a swing of three and one-half inches.

If the birds are flying in the teeth of a heavy gale an eighteen inch lead would perhaps be sufficient, but it would be better to allow more, even up to five feet, to compensate for short drift.

Jas. Westlake, Norcross, Ga.

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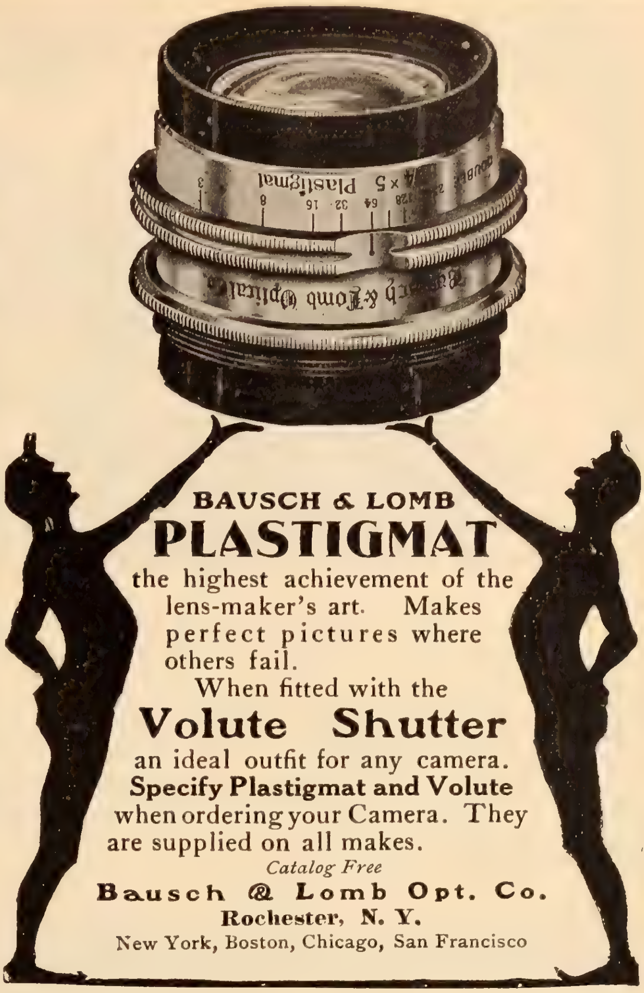

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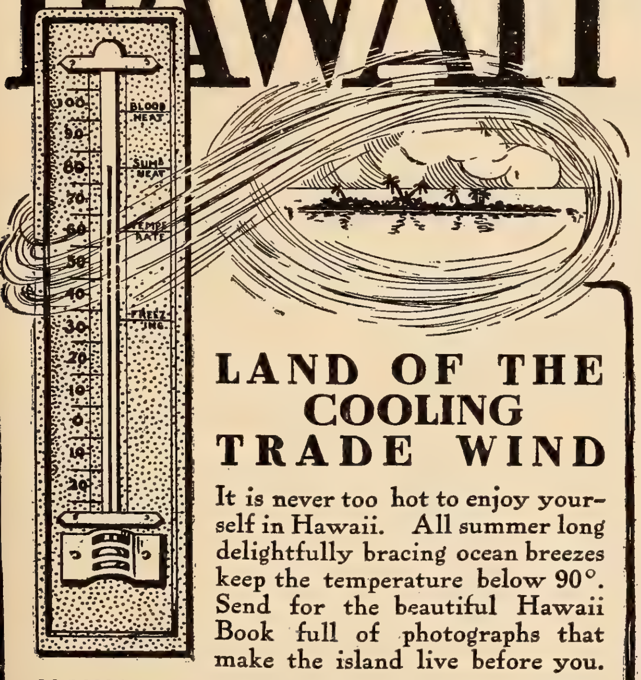

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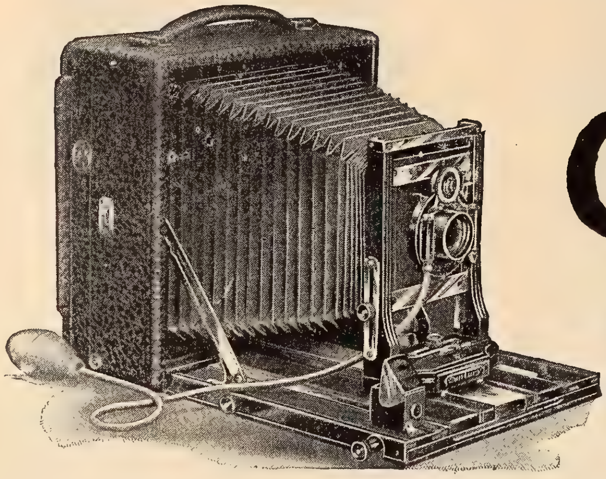

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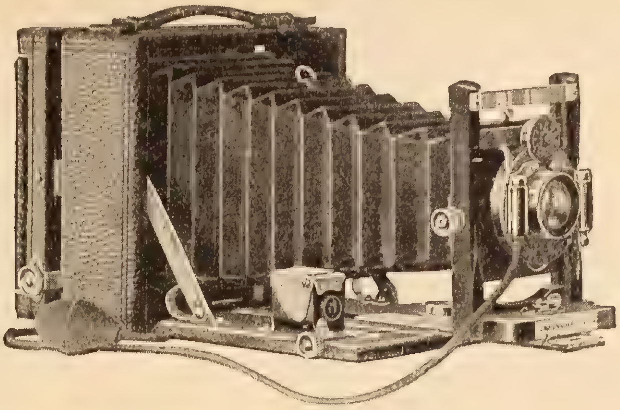

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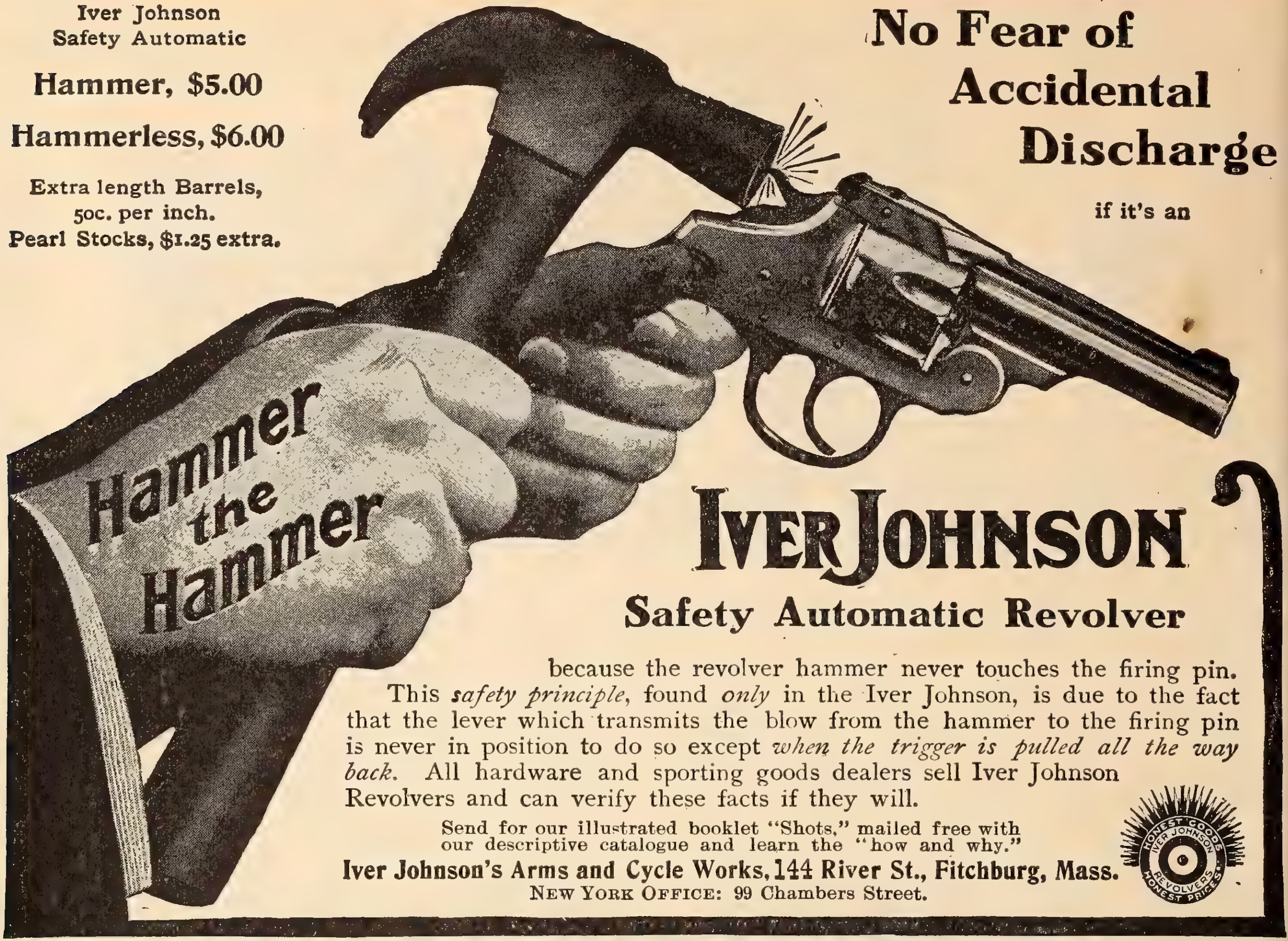

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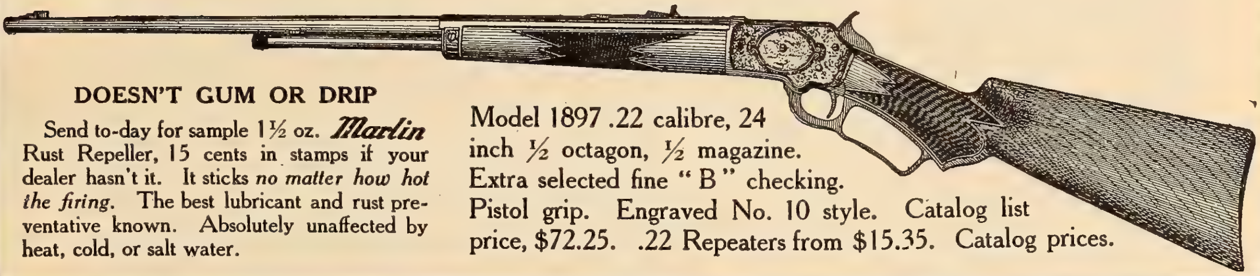

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If you can drive a nail and cut out a piece of material from a full sized pattern you can build a **canoe—row boat—sail boat or launch**—in your leisure time, at home, and the building will be a source of profit and pleasure. All you need is the patterns costing from $2.50 up, and materials from $5.00 up. The tools are common in every household. Patterns of over 40 styles and sizes, all lengths from 12 to 55 feet. The **Brooks System** consists of exact size **printed paper patterns** of every part of the boat, with **detailed instructions** and **working illustrations** showing each step of the work, an itemized bill of **material** required and how to secure it. **Over six thousand amateurs** successfully built boats by the Brooks system last year. Fifty per cent. of them have built their second boat. Many have established themselves in the boat manufacturing business.

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Originators of the Patterns System of Boat Building.

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at the St. Louis Exposition by the Jury of Awards, who, allowing and confirming every claim of excellence and superiority, unanimously pronounced it

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HIGHEST POSSIBLE AWARD

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is designed to meet the first requirements in accidents or emergencies which may occur at any time. It has the approval of physicians, nurses and hospital officials everywhere.

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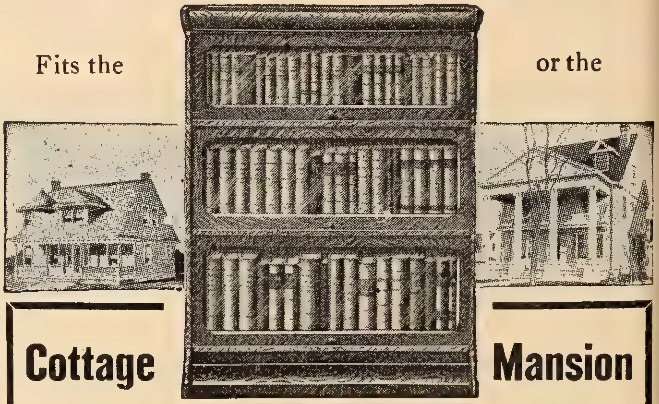

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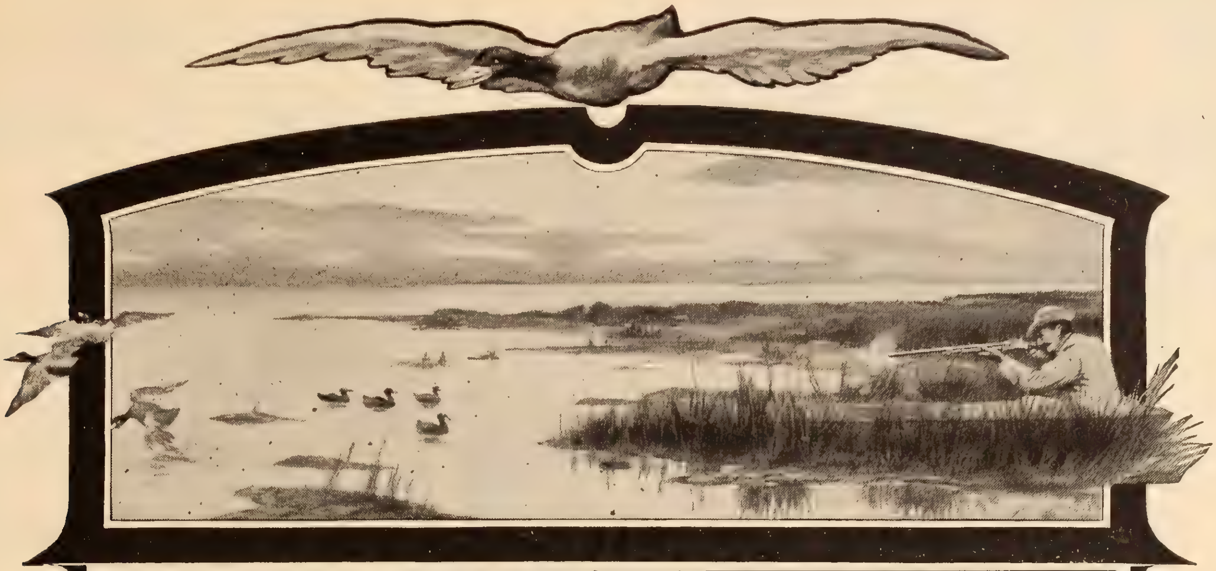

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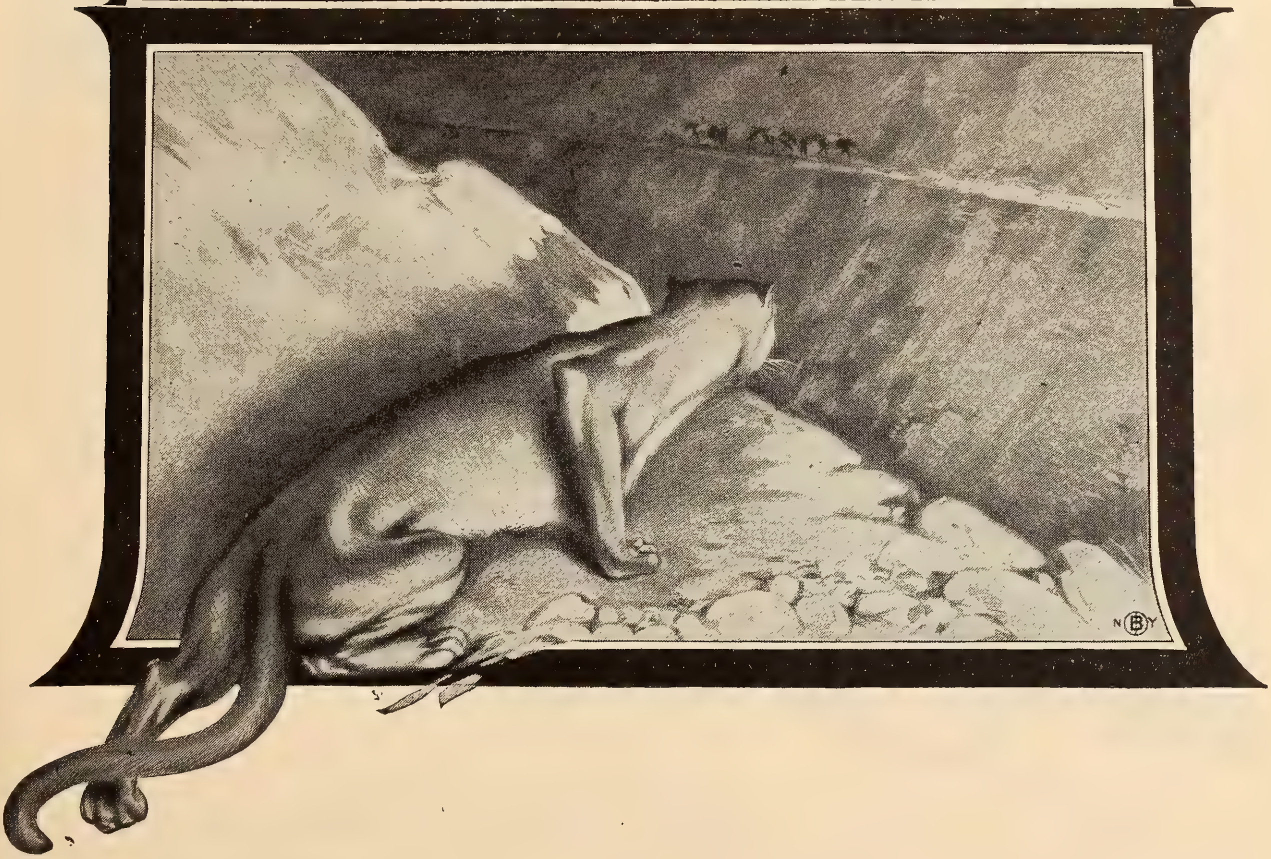

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SPORTSMEN AGREE

That for mosquito and fly bites, sore and perspiring feet, **Prickly Heat. Chafing and Sunburn,** the surest safeguard is **MENNEN'S Borated Talcum TOILET POWDER.** See that you get the original. For sale everywhere or by mail, 25c. Sample Free.

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Won in three events in the Palm Beach Races in February. It was a winner in the Marblehead races last July. No crank required to start it. Speed regulation perfect. A reliable, simple, powerful engine. *Send for catalogue of Motors and complete Motor Boats.*

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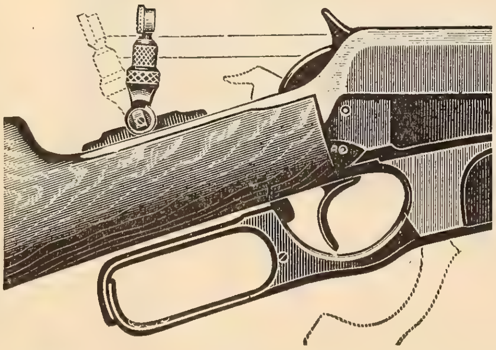
Marble's AUTOMATIC FLEXIBLE JOINT Rear Sight



There are SIX Reasons why this Sight is better than any other, and the price is only .... $3.

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Smith Guns
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Absolutely perfect.
Put on any L. C.
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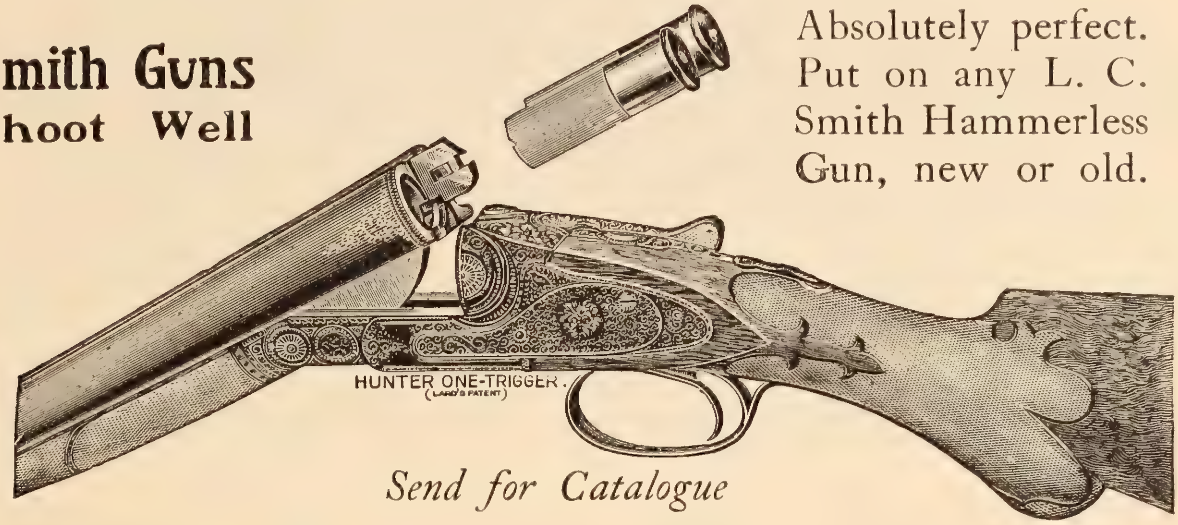

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BY order of the Ordnance Department U. S. Army, the U. S. Government conducted an ammunition test at the Springfield Armory for the purpose of determining the relative merit of Krag-Jorgensen .30 cal. cartridges, made by the different manufacturers.

Conditions: 10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.
Distance, 1,000 yards.

The official report stated that the U. S. cartridge excelled all others. This result was also true of the velocity test.

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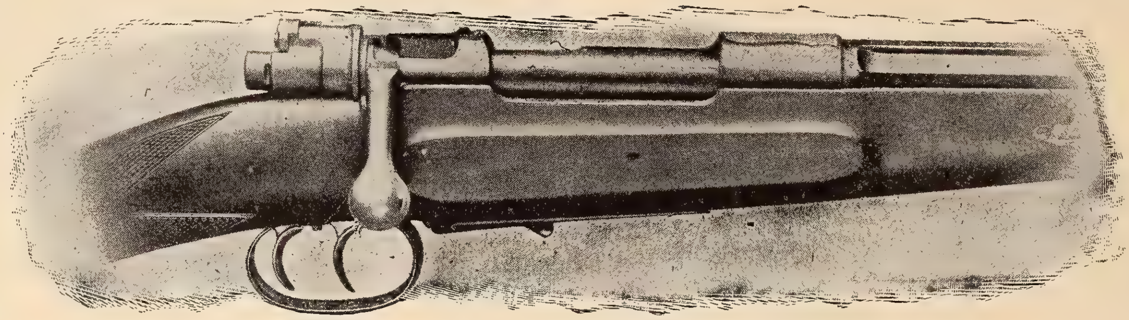

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8 m-m or .315 calibre. Killing range 4500 yards, Point Blank 300 yards, V. C. Schilling Rifles, 9 m-m or .354 calibre, quoted in our Specialty Catalogue.

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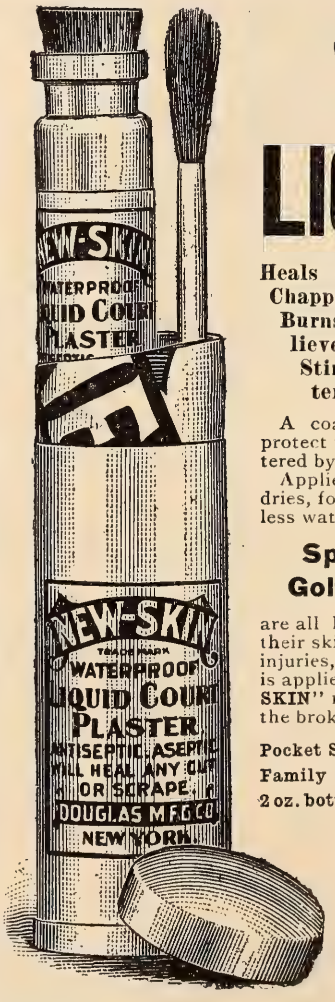

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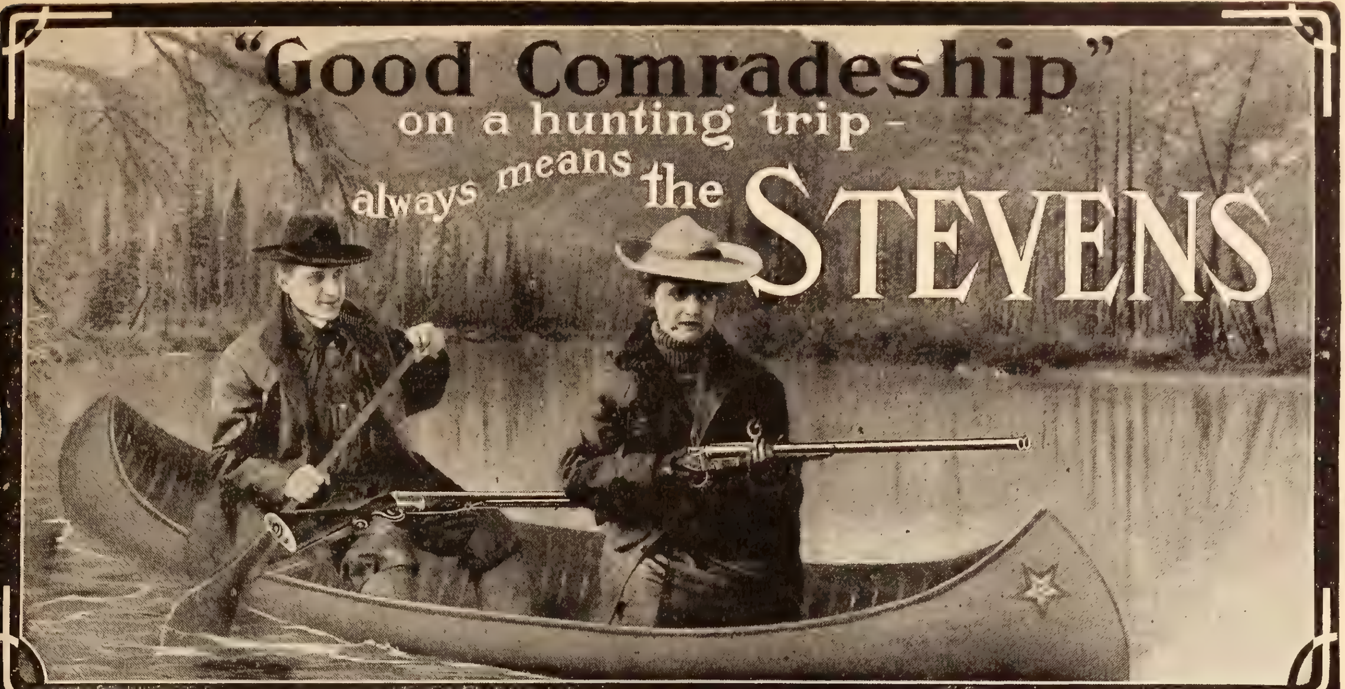

When you shoot, you want to HIT what you are aiming at—be it bird, beast or target. Make your shots count by shooting the STEVENS—for 40 years STEVENS ARMS have carried off PREMIER HONORS for accuracy.

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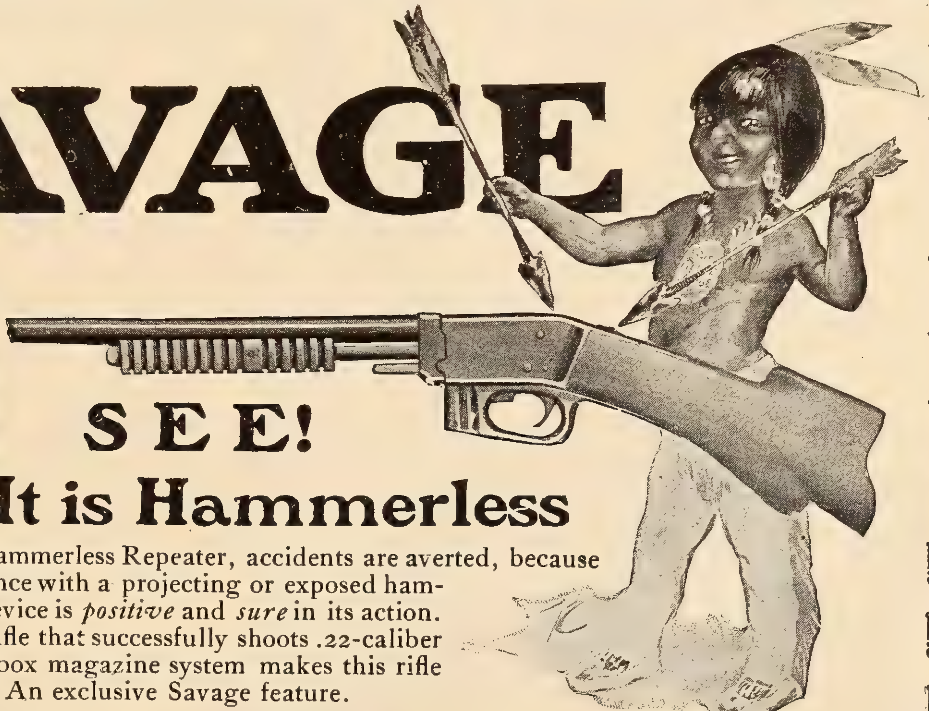

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*"No savage beast would dare to trifle
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The "Junior" is the only Single-shot Rifle of its kind that ejects the shell and throws it five or six feet to one side.

If your dealer won't accommodate you, we will. Either rifle delivered, charges prepaid, upon receipt of price. Try your dealer first, but send to-day for catalogue.

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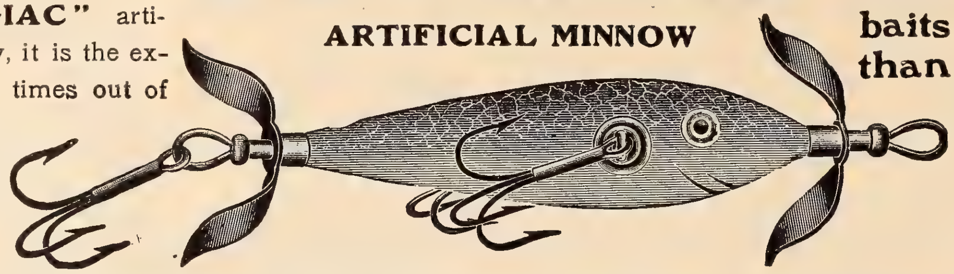
"DOWAGIAC"

ARTIFICIAL MINNOW



More "DOWAGIAC" baits are sold than all other artificial casting baits combined

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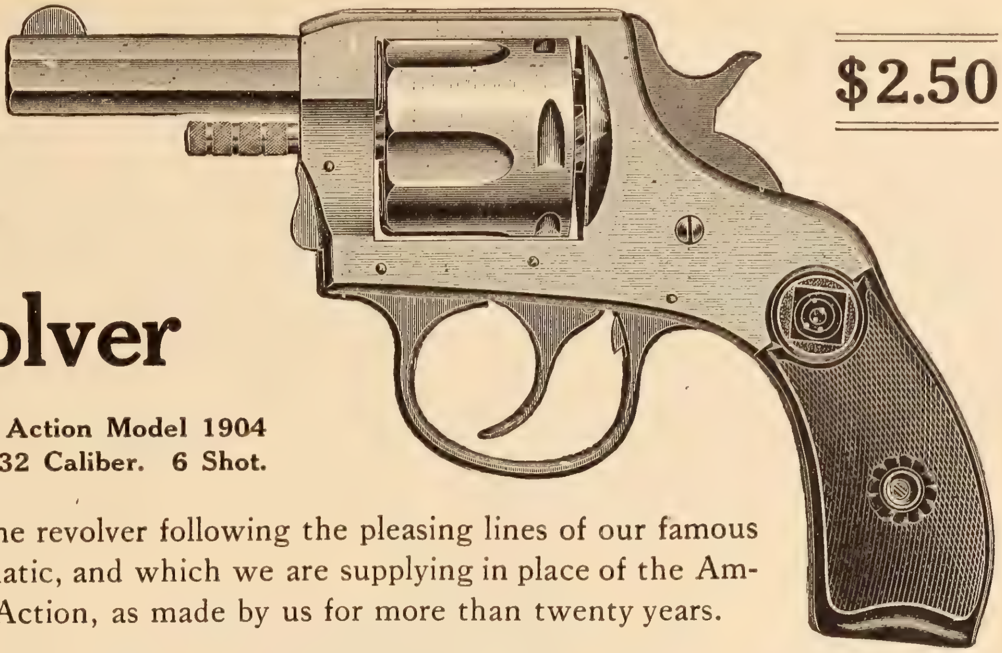

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H. &. R. Double Action Model 1904
38 Caliber, also 32 Caliber. 6 Shot.

A solid frame revolver following the pleasing lines of our famous H. & R. Automatic, and which we are supplying in place of the American Double Action, as made by us for more than twenty years.

Specifications. 32 caliber; 6 shot; 2½ inch barrel; weight 16 oz.; C. F. S. & W. cartridge; also S. & W. Long and Colt New Police Cartridges.

38 caliber; 5 shot; 2½ inch barrel; weight 15 oz.; C. F. S. & W. cartridge.

Finish—Nickel. We can furnish with 4½ and 6 in. barrels and in blue finish at additional cost.

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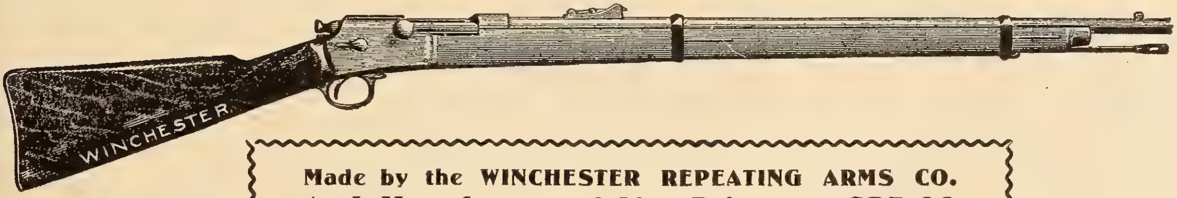
Catalogue for Postal **Makers of H. & R. Single Guns** **Dept. R., Worcester, Mass.**

Hotchkiss Repeating Rifle

for $7.50



Made by the WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
And Manufacturers' List Price was $25.00

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Orders enclosing money will be filled as long as the lot lasts, and if Rifle on receipt and examination is not satisfactory it can be returned and money will be refunded, less cost of expressage.

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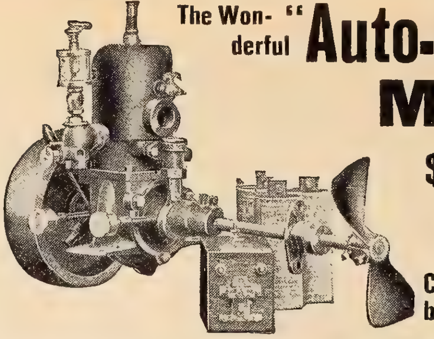

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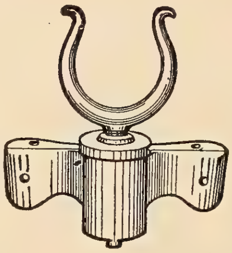

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Send for descriptive circulars.

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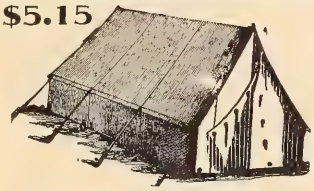

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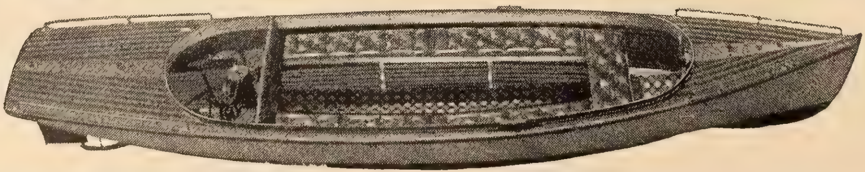

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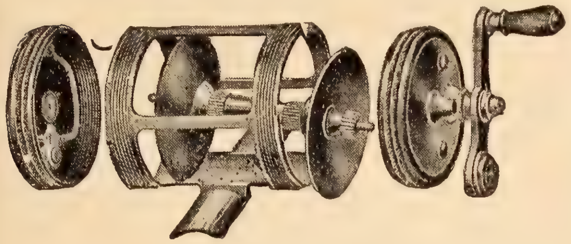
is made of the finest materials by the most skillful workmen, using especially constructed tools.



A new friction device assists the beginner to get his "thumbing" under control, preventing backlashing.

Handle and click can be set in different positions by shifting head and end plates.

Prices $5 or $6, according to style
Ask your dealer to show and explain it to you.

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Tent-making is where we started. The reputation which has given us the outfitting of polar expeditions grew from our tent-making skill.

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Finger-Reach Control

In this car all controlling levers are assembled at the steering post. Wheel, gear shift, clutch, throttle and spark control are all within finger-reach, so that the operator need never take either hand away from the steering post. This arrangement, together with the responsiveness of the Autocar running mechanism, makes this car easier and simpler than a horse to drive. The greatest value ever offered in a light four-passenger car is

Type VIII AUTOCAR at $1400

Horizontal two-cylinder opposed motor—no noticeable vibration. Twelve actual horse power.

Three speeds forward and a reverse. Ball bearing, shaft drive. Front and rear construction has ball bearings throughout. Gasoline tank holds 10 gallons—sufficient on good roads for 200 miles.

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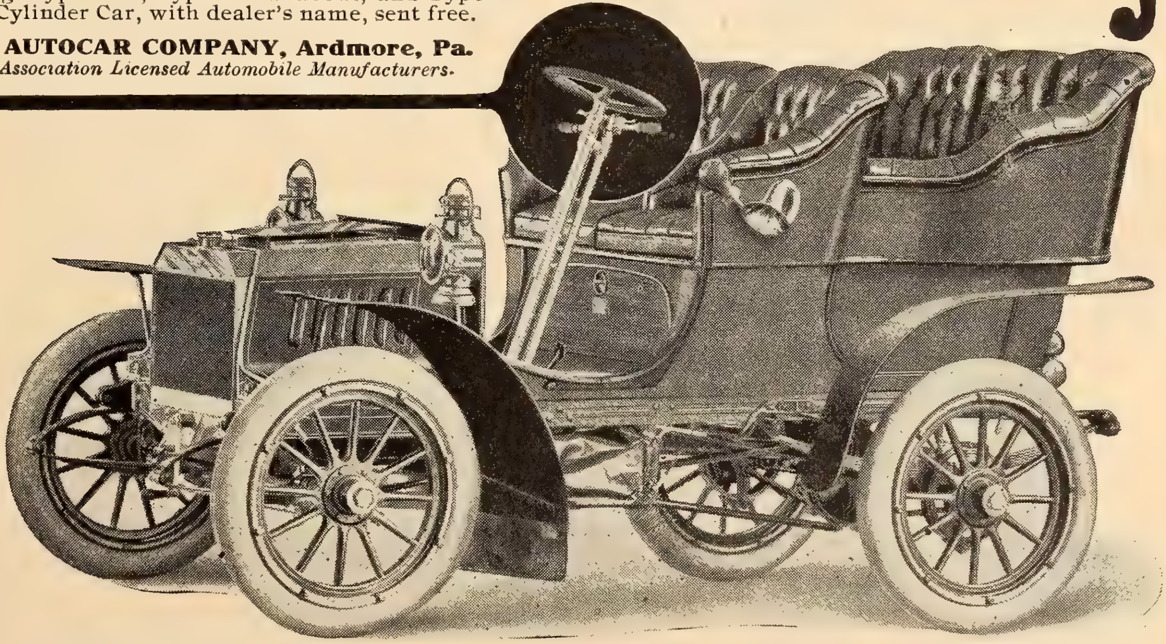

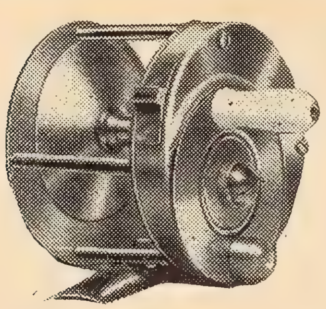

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By Anyone at Any Price.
4 multiplier—weight 4 oz.

Highest Award World's Fair, St. Louis

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Every Reel Adapted to both Bait and Fly Casting

As much better than a $30 reel as it is better than a 30-cent reel.

PRICE, $10 00 **REDIFOR ROD & REEL CO., WARREN, O.**

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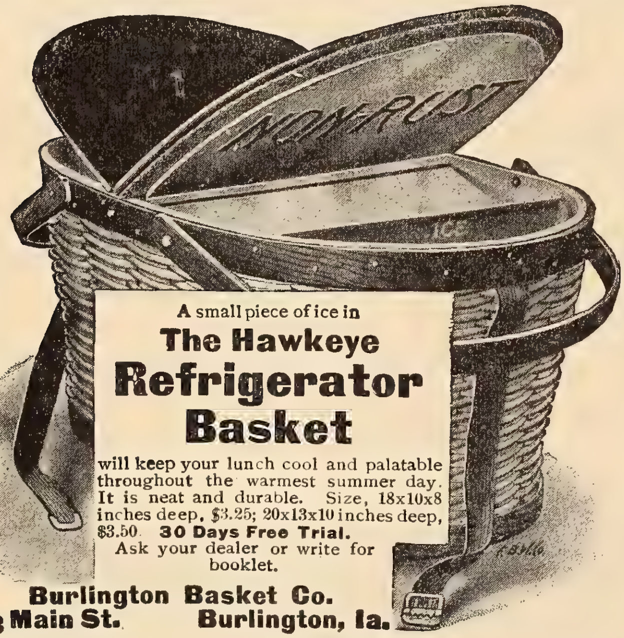

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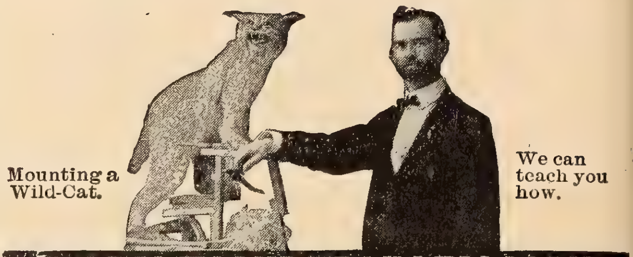
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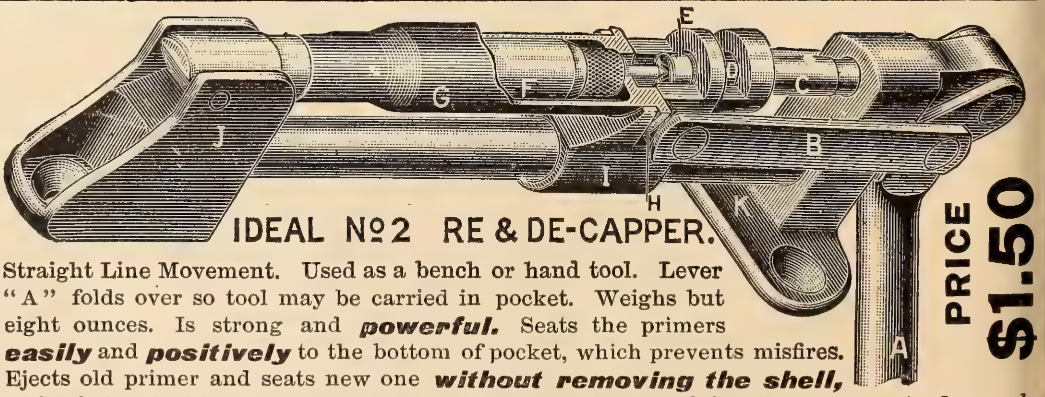

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I buy, sell and exchange things During the past two months I have assisted exactly 278 "Recreation" subscribers to either sell, buy or exchange all sorts of articles. You will be surprised to know the variety of things which I have handled in this way. Early in May I sold an estate and over $10,000 exchanged hands in the deal. The same day I bought and shipped an Angora cat to a man in Arkansas.

I tell people where to go, how to get there and what it will cost The vacation season has brought me hundreds of letters from subscribers anxious to avail themselves of the facilities of my department. The answers to these inquiries go out almost automatically, and if the kindly letters of thanks that I am receiving is any indication of the value of the service, I am more than pleased. Remember that I am simply a representative of "Recreation," and my services are just as free to "Recreation" subscribers as are the pages of your own copy of the magazine. There are but two conditions: You must be a subscriber, and you must enclose a two cent stamp for a reply.

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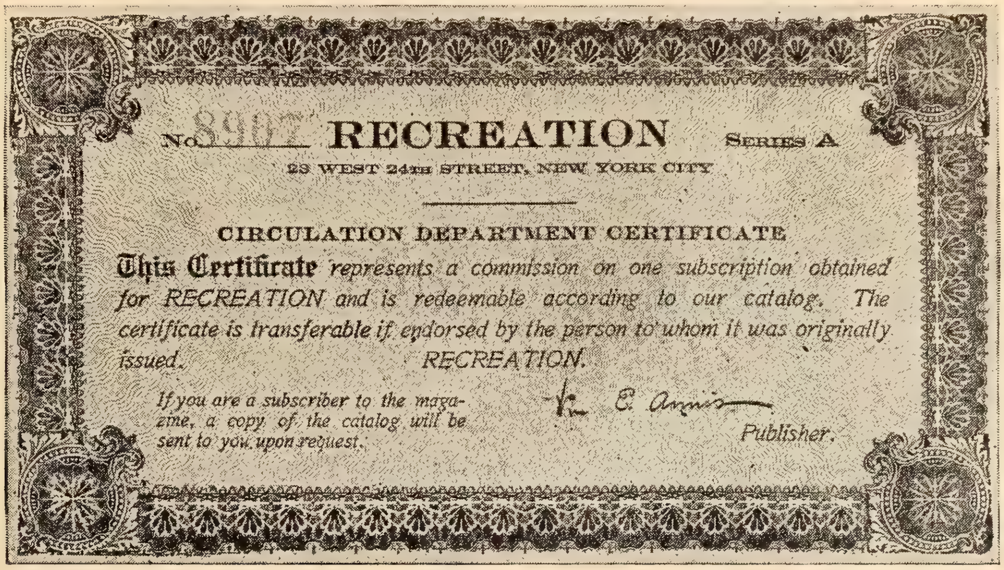

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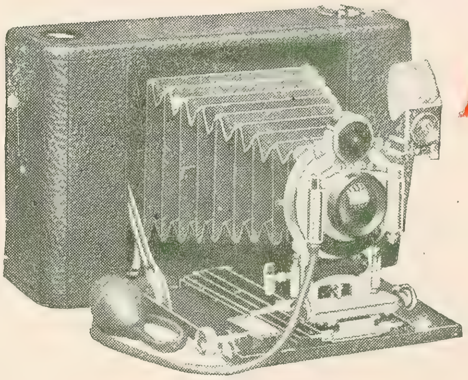

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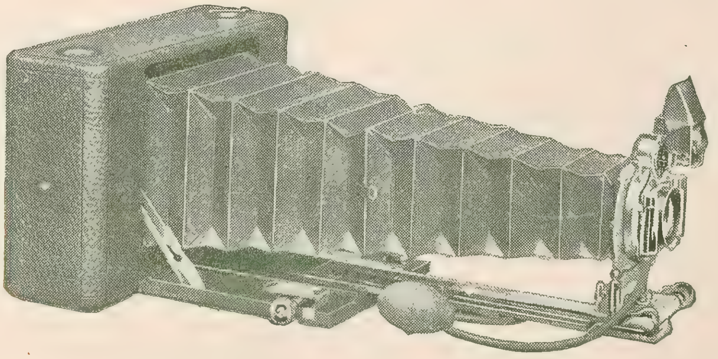

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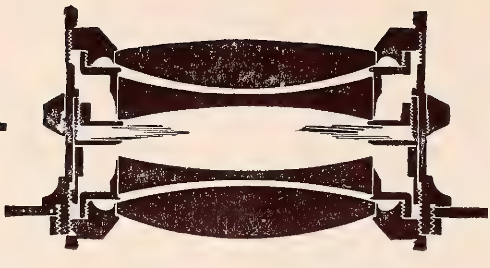

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Around Our Camp Fire

I leave this rule for others when I'm dead,
Be always sure you're right—then go ahead.
—DAVID CROCKETT.

Some of our friends have suggested that in our enthusiasm for Nature we are becoming worshippers of Pan. This was said jokingly, but we choose to take it seriously. Pan is the ancient god whom artists use to personify Nature, but whose grotesque form plainly indicates that he was not originally intended for that purpose but to represent what we know as "of the earth, earthy."

RECREATION claims that Nature is the material manifestation of the Divine Mind, and, even if we were worshippers of Nature, we should still hold a higher position than those people who pretend to worship a Deity whose handiwork they spend their lives in mutilating and destroying. *No man respects an artist and destroys his handiwork.*

We want each of you to bring a log to the camp fire until it blazes so high that it will illuminate the whole country around so that people will stop and ask what that light means reflected in the sky; and you can honestly reply, "That means a REVOLUTION,—a revolution from the hard, suicidal, unsentimental, dollar-and-cent way of viewing life, to one in which each of us is doing our little part to restore this world, as near as may be, to its original plan of a pleasure-ground and garden for those who are sojourning here."

RECREATION'S PLATFORM

An uncompromising fight for the protection, preservation and propagation of all game; placing a sane limit on the bag that can be taken in a day or season; the prevention of the shipment or transportation of game, except in limited quantities, and then only when accompanied by the party who killed it; the prohibition of the sale of game. These are "Recreation's" slogans now and forever.

More Guests at the Camp.

Thanks to our enthusiastic and generous public, the logs in RECREATION'S camp fire are burning brightly and, although the circle around it is constantly being enlarged, we must still make room for the growing army of juvenile campers, for the "Sons of Daniel Boone" are loudly clamoring for a seat in our council lodge and we give them a hearty backwoodsman's welcome.

It is perhaps unnecessary to remind our

Old, Tried Campers

that the boys of today are the men of tomorrow and the men of today are buried tomorrow. In other words, we must depend on the boys to carry on the work which we are now doing, and the manner in which they acquit themselves of the responsibilities which will soon fall on their shoulders is strictly governed by our actions and examples.

In the July number we spoke of the

Quick Work for the Buffalo

and quoted some of the dispatches sent. The facts of the matter are these: that it was widely advertised that there was to be a grand buffalo hunt in which the buffalo were to be chased around in front of the grand stand and shot by Indians and hunters. When we telegraphed to the proprietors of the ranch, in Oklahoma, where the show was to be given, they would not deny this report and it was not until then that we brought the pressure to bear upon them that put the summary stop to the proceedings; but this was only

One Move on the Chess Board.

Our object now is to preserve these noble beasts for all time, and we want each reader of this magazine to sit down now and write a letter to his congressman, asking him to give his enthusiastic support to the bill which will be presented to Congress, authorizing the government to make a permanent buffalo park and to purchase the Pablo-Allard herd of buffalo and place it upon the reservation selected for it.

Every one of you, subscribers and casual readers, can help us in this great move and

You Owe it to Your Children

and your grandchildren and your interest in the history of this country to act immediately upon this suggestion and not only write the letters yourselves but, whenever it is possible, personally see your representatives and urge this measure upon their attention.

We have assurances from the members of Congress that if the public really wants the buffalo preserved by the government that there will not be the slightest difficulty in having the bill passed.

We are constantly getting letters from people all over the country, giving us suggestions as to

How to run this Magazine

and we are not ignoring these correspondents' ideas, and if any of them find that some pet plan of their own is not being adopted by RECREATION, it is because there are more letters from other people who did not want the changes made which this correspondent had asked for in his letter.

It is our earnest aim to make this magazine the most popular, readable and indispensable publication for out-door people printed in America, and we are going to do it.

We take this opportunity of thanking those whose interest has impelled them to write to us, and to give us the advantage of their experience and thought upon this matter. Keep in mind that this is not a magazine for the sole benefit of the parties who are printing it, but a magazine for the people, by the people and of the people, and one where every honest subscriber will be heard and receive attention.

Hands Around the Fire.

There is yet another way in which the readers of the magazine can make it more valuable, and greatly assist Mr. Beard in his pleasant task of editing it.

You, who live next to the great heart of Nature, perhaps little realize how refreshing is a whiff from forest or plain, to the man whose spirit is with you, though his body is chained to a desk. Since he cannot enjoy the freedom of your life, the best he may hope for is that you shall tell him of your sports and pleasures. When he ensconces himself in an easy chair, either on the piazza or in his den, it is not fine writing, nor Addisonian English that he is hungering for, but a plain, straightforward yarn, from the man who is doing the things he would give his eyes to be doing, and living the life that he himself hopes to lead again, even though but for brief periods and at long intervals.

Send in the stories of your hunts and your fishing trips to RECREATION. Let's make it a diary of the doings of the members of our big family—a family of sportsmen and open-air men and women. Of course, the better written the stories, the better we like them—as a working day, even in New York City, is but twelve hours long—but sometimes the man who has most to say that is worth reading is not much of a fist at writing; and in such cases we are only too glad to have an opportunity of putting on the polishing touches.

Just note what Colonel David Crockett said in the Introduction to the little narrative of his life, published in 1834:

"On the subject of my style, it is bad enough, in all conscience, to please critics, if that is what they are after. . . . But I do not know of anything in my book to be criticized on by honorable men. Is it my spelling?—that's not my trade. Is it my grammar? I hadn't time to learn it, and make no pretensions to it. Is it on the order and arrangement of my book?—I never wrote one before, and never read very many; and, of course, know mighty little about them. Will it be on the authorship of the book?—This, I claim, and I'll hang on to it like a wax plaster."

Send in your stories and if your outfit includes a camera, don't forget to send in all the good snap shots you can, and, *see that they are printed on glossy paper.*

The Editor intends this magazine to be redolent of The Outdoors, and the only way to make it so, is to fill it brimful of hearty, truthful papers from the pens of men who have heard the call of the Red Gods and obeyed it.

The Scotch proverb says, "A stout heart to a stiff brae," and perhaps there is nothing that assists more materially in giving this stout heart than a few cordial words of encouragement. We have no wish to throw bouquets at ourselves, yet, we must confess that letters such as the following are very much appreciated.

My dear Mr. Beard:

I write to congratulate RECREATION. *I think it might not be inappropriate to say 'The New Recreation,' as the late issues would warrant such an appellation.*

There are many capable editors of many creditable magazines in America and elsewhere, but if I were asked to name, to the best of my knowledge, the man most adapted by character, sentiment, habits and education, to conduct editorially a high-grade magazine for sportsmen and devotees to nature, I would name "Dan Beard."

You have long understood and loved animals, and, I believe, best of all, you have understood that branch of the animal kingdom classified as the "genus homo." You have realized our kinship to the lower forms and have stood as courageously for their protection and welfare as you have for the welfare of man, and have given voice to your convictions. All who know you will be glad you have acquired another medium of expression, through which you may reach the public ear.

Confident in your capabilities, and in sympathy with "the cause," there are those of us here in the West who shall lend our small assistance and watch for developments.

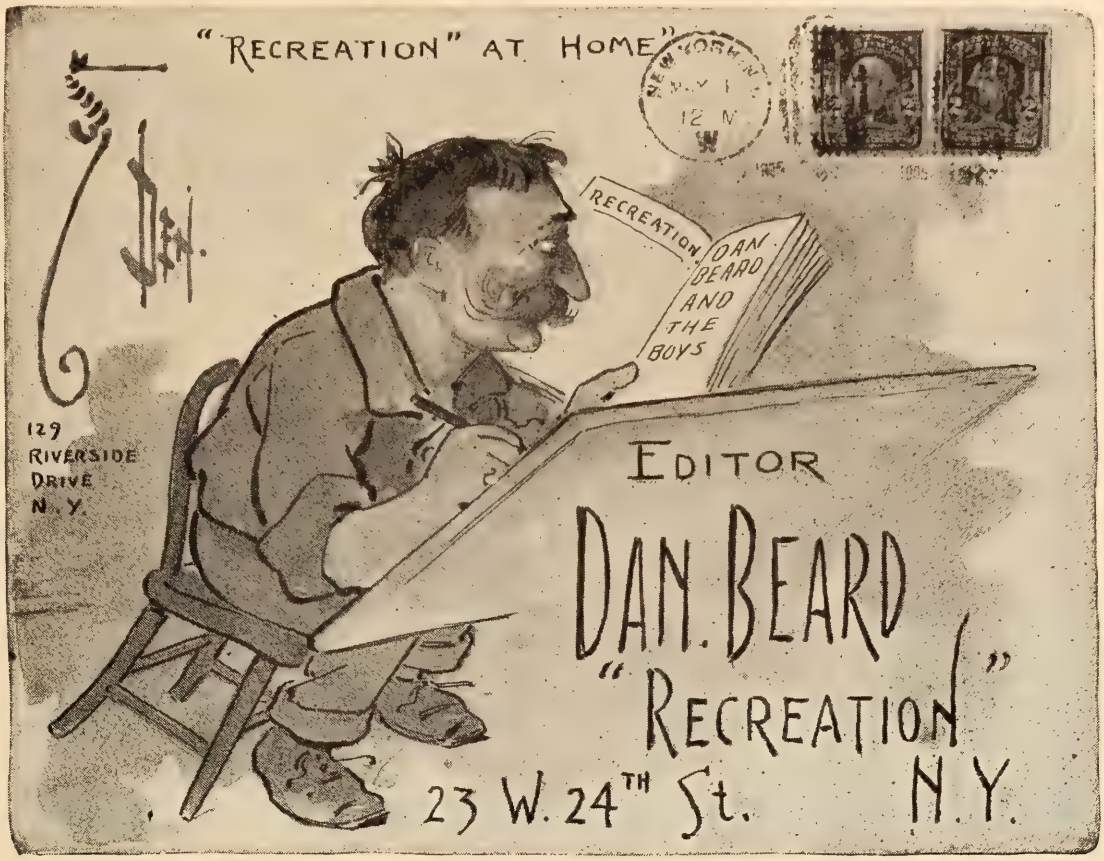
With kindest regards, I am,

Cordially yours,

J. Chester Fox, Seattle, Wash.

Stands for Game Protection.

But RECREATION is not merely a magazine of amusement. It represents a principle, and that principle is the protection of our vanishing American game. It does not require a gift of prophecy to foretell that in any land where the game belongs to the people, and where the population is increasing as rapidly as in the United States, game requires protection.



DENSLOW, THE HUMORIST, TAKES HIS PEN IN HAND

When this continent was discovered the Indian population was absurdly small. Hence, notwthstanding that the red men slew, sometimes indiscriminately, the effect they had upon the head of game was a mere nothing. Now matters are very different.

RECREATION'S correspondents in the West tell of districts in Wyoming where the settlers are living upon antelope meat, and the game wardens are looking on and doing nothing. Yet, we know that the range of the antelope is but a fraction of the acreage over which it once roamed. If we can bring about such a change in public sentiment so that such detestable lawlessness becomes impossible, this magazine will have achieved one of the aims of its being.

Our Premium Catalog

There has been an extraordinary demand for the premium catalog recently issued by our Circulation Department. Although it does not seem to be quoted in the publishers' lists, it is quite possible that it is the hit of the season. Future editions will evidently be called for at short intervals.

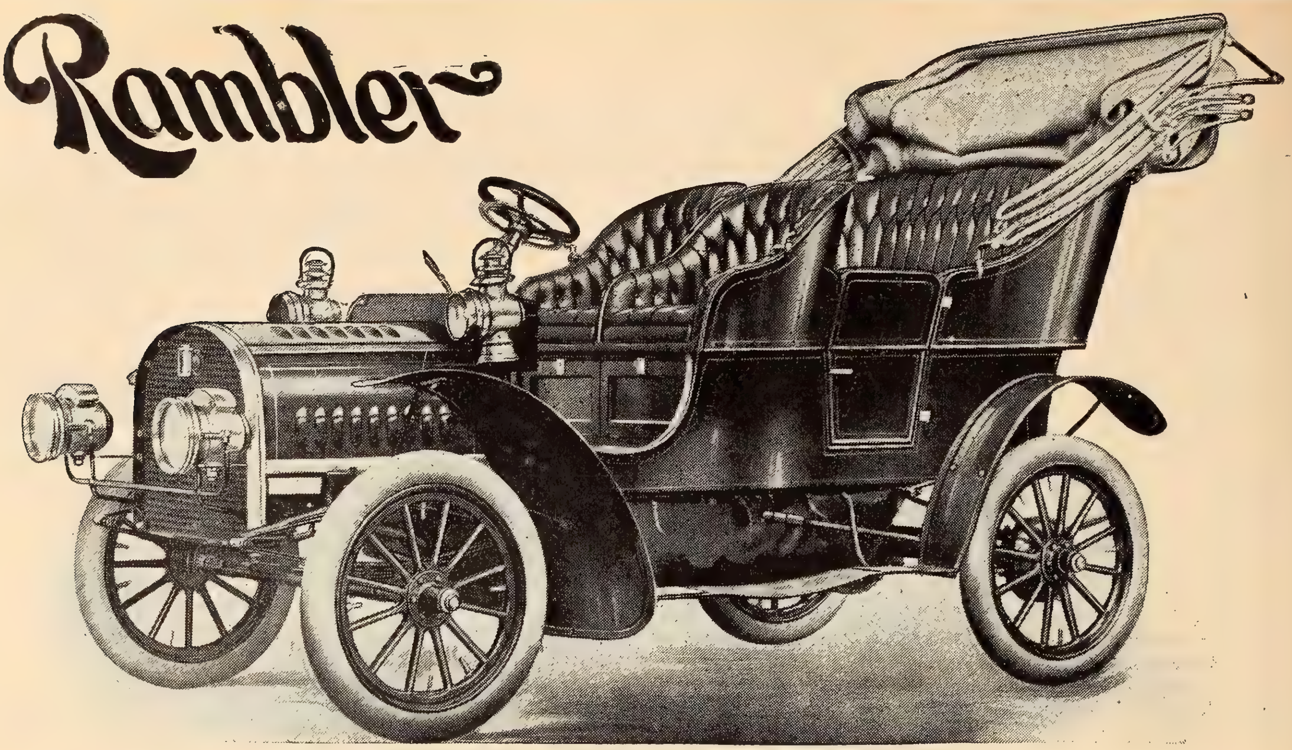
Those that are inclined to occupy a little of their spare time most profitably should write to Mr. Allen Duncan, Circulation Manager, for this catalog and study the tempting offers contained therein.

Frank Ford's Work.

Perhaps the most popular member of our staff is Mr. Frank Ford,—the man who answers questions. He has been kept quite busy since the last issue went to press, and there is no sign of a slack season even during the dog days.

Several persons are now happy possessors of launches, sailing boats, hunting dogs and country estates, thanks to his efforts in their behalf. If you are in the market for anything write and see what he can do for you.

Rambler



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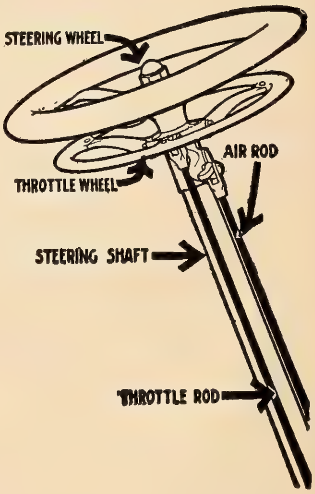

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Vol. XXIII Number 2

RECREATION

A Monthly Devoted to Everything the Name Implies

Dan Beard, Editor

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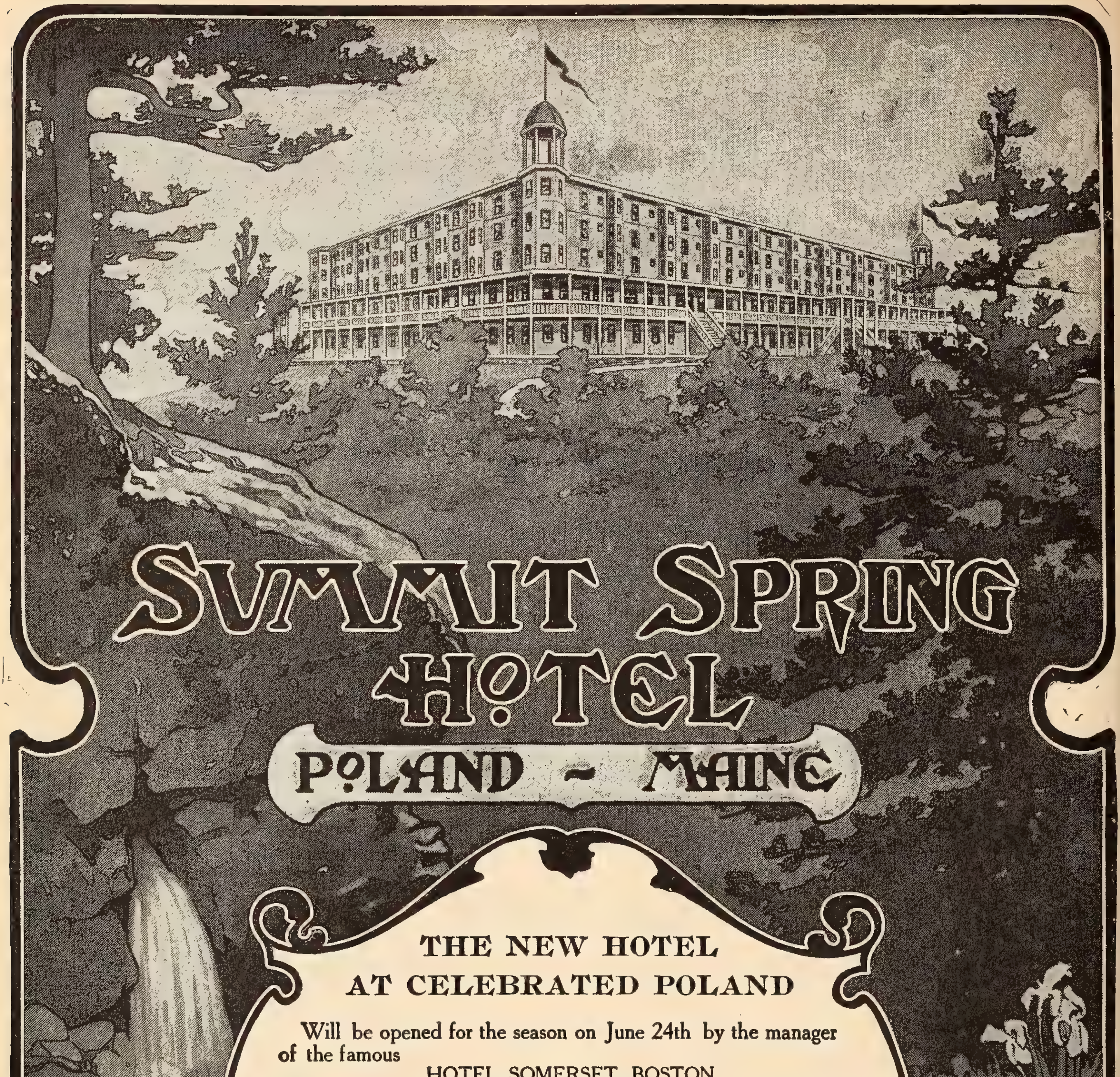

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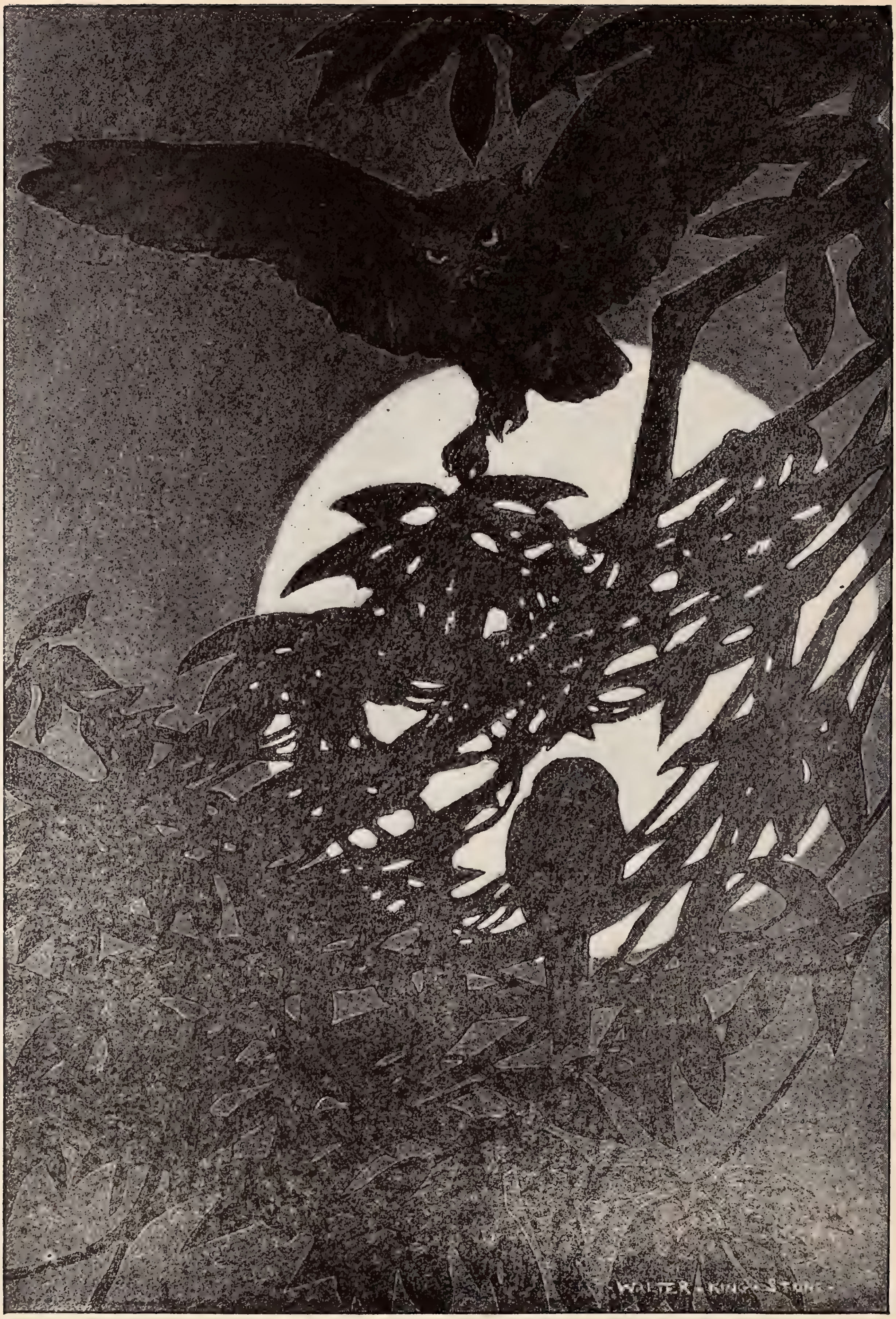

WALTER KING STONE

. . . . *Something hovers overhead* *Drawn by* Walter King Stone

RECREATION

VOL. XXIII. AUGUST, 1905 No. 2

THE CHARM OF ILLECILLEWAET

A TRIP TO AND UP THE FAMOUS CANADIAN GLACIER UNDER THE BROW OF SIR DONALD

By L. F. BROWN

WESTWARD we journeyed until 2,500 miles stretched between us and Montreal. We watched the mountains, ravines, snowy pinnacles, and furious streams where mist-wraiths rose from winding green water. Scenery until the tired senses rebelled, and we grew listless! Bare, desolate black peaks rising, sombre, lone, almost piercing dark, sullen clouds; snow-fields by hundreds of square miles and stretching away to unknown fastness, on which wan sunlight rested as it came through the widening cloud-rifts. Lower, masses of ice glittering under sunnier skies whose blue distances held faint mantlings of shadows. Yet lower, lofty tops of conifer trees along far-reaching slopes and down into gloom of cañons. Occasional titanic cliffs with bare walls in fantastic splotches of gray, pink, ochre and dull red. A jumbled world of tremendous hills sticking up on edge nearly a mile.

Before us were more astonishing mountains, every detail plain in the marvelously clear air which made the distances so deceptive. Just back of the hotel rose more lofty firs, and beyond, not a half-mile away, was the forefoot or "snout" of the great Illecillewaet Glacier.

Coldness and lack of passion in attempting to describe it are proof of weakness and lack of knowledge. But the picture given herewith will tell something of its majesty. If this small illustration in mere black and white, and which the reader can cover with his hand, can tell such a story of it, think what it must be as one views those mile-wide ice masses stretching back for long leagues; of its witchery under sunshine, moonlight and cloud-shadows, all never alike for two consecutive instants. That slow, relentless ice-flow of silence and appalling power seems to have actual life as well as titanic force. Note the line of stones which the advancing ice has pushed aside. In the pedantic language of the mountain-climber, that is the "*moraine.*" See how the crystal masses of the *couloir,* slanting down that ridge on the upper right of the picture, give a climax of almost unearthly effect to the scene. While this poor attempt to describe it in words may not escape the charge of rhapsody, it is yet true that

SHOWING MAN'S INSIGNIFICANCE *Photographed by* DAN BEARD

the best writers would hesitate before the impotence of words to tell of what the eye beholds there.

The peak which pierces the snow-field above is an *arête*. Over a rock fifty feet high, the concealing ice has been forced onward and downward until it has formed an ice-cave where exquisite, aqua-marine lights play hour after hour. Observe the figure of the man who stands at the foot of the chasm, half serac and half crevasse, which seams the descending ice-slope behind him.

We lived there a fortnight, getting acquainted with the ice-river. First, we moved the camera over logs, through brush and amongst a chaos of huge, loose rocks; and finally waded through glacier-water to the very foot of the solid river. The resulting picture with its dim outlines of the men inside the Cave, shows with admirable fidelity of detail, the results of ice-motion, pressure, fracture, and the action of sun, wind, and melted water. That cave was an awesome and dangerous place. As we stood at its back and sixty feet from the mouth, we could hear the groaning and protests of the ice-masses as they were being forced along.

A wider view is also given of the surfaces of the Glacier, showing how the snow gradually sinks and changes into ice. Another picture shows the stream of glacier water—melted ice—flowing through mazes of logs.

All the illustrations show much of the truth of distance, space, perspective and the power and great size of the Glacier; but it is repeated that the photographs and the cuts made from them cannot show the constant changes of light and shadow, the brilliancy and color. The printer can only use black ink on white paper. Yet their fidelity to detail is admirable.

This glacier, a solid, crystal stream, flows about eighteen inches daily, and most swiftly at its centre. The snow of its body far above is many hundreds of feet deep. It gradually changes as it sinks, until, in its lower parts, the snow has become solid ice. The upper snow is called the *névé*. Where the lower ice emerges free from snow, it is called the dry glacier. Of course this ice flows by reason of the attraction of gravitation—the same force that will make a long beam of ice when supported only at each end and with no support in the middle, bend and sink until curved like a horseshoe.

So the ice crowds down the slope or ravine, flowing with well nigh resistless force. If the hills deviate or change its course, the outside edge travels much faster than the inner one. Variations in its inherent pressure crack and splinter it; these cracks are widened by the sun and the flow of water from melting ice, until they form crevasses sometimes a thousand feet deep, and four and six rods wide.

The forefoot of the Illecillewaet Glacier is about 1,800 feet wide. Being low down on the mountain side and at the bottom of a ravine, the air is warmer there, and the front of the foot melts. On sunny, warm days, the ice melts far up on the body of the mass; often this released water pours into wells that the water makes. These great holes are called *moulins.* When the sides of transverse crevasses melt and form ice-towers, the towers are called *seracs.*

The hypnotism of the mountains made the trout-fishing in the Illecillewaet river a few miles beyond Glacier House, and available right beside the railroad track, seem very tame. The taking of a three-pound trout seemed a small affair; for, always, we were dominated by the overmastering scenery. Nature seemed on too large a

DEFIANT OF THE ICE TRUST *Photographed by* DAN BEARD scale. Even the ascent twenty years earlier of the Matterhorn, and along some of the upper ice-fields of Switzerland, did not bring more impressive spectacles of glacier, mountain and valley.

We soon stopped fishing, and longed to traverse that glacier-field. Its *névé* is very accessible. Several guides from the Alps live at the hotel, and are available for the tourist. They charge from three to five dollars daily for their services. A powerful, low-set, wiry and athletic coterie, they are not only vital aids on the hills, but are cultured, intelligent, and admirable companions.

The mountain-climbing fever is both contagious and infectious. It "works like madness in the brain." The results at Glacier House were often ludicrous. Belles in high-heeled shoes, portly grandpapas and grandmas, weaklings escaped from the pampered life of the cities, "tenderfeet" who would not walk a mile over the pavements at home, would be seized with an uncontrollable longing for mountain and glacier "exploration." Then they would go to the hotel office, and "book" themselves for a climb over the hills. The man who assigns the guides to "parties" did not smile, at least outwardly. He received the deposits of cash, ordered luncheons put up, helped the novices to don hobnail shoes and choose alpenstocks, and listed them to be called at four o'clock the next morning. Often these climbing parties would return long after dark, tired to the verge of collapse, yet vowing that their day had been "perfectly lovely." The guide did not sneer—such parties pay him well.

But when two or three ambitious or sturdy men would propose a trip up Sir Donald or to the upper Glacier, it was different. Then he would prepare

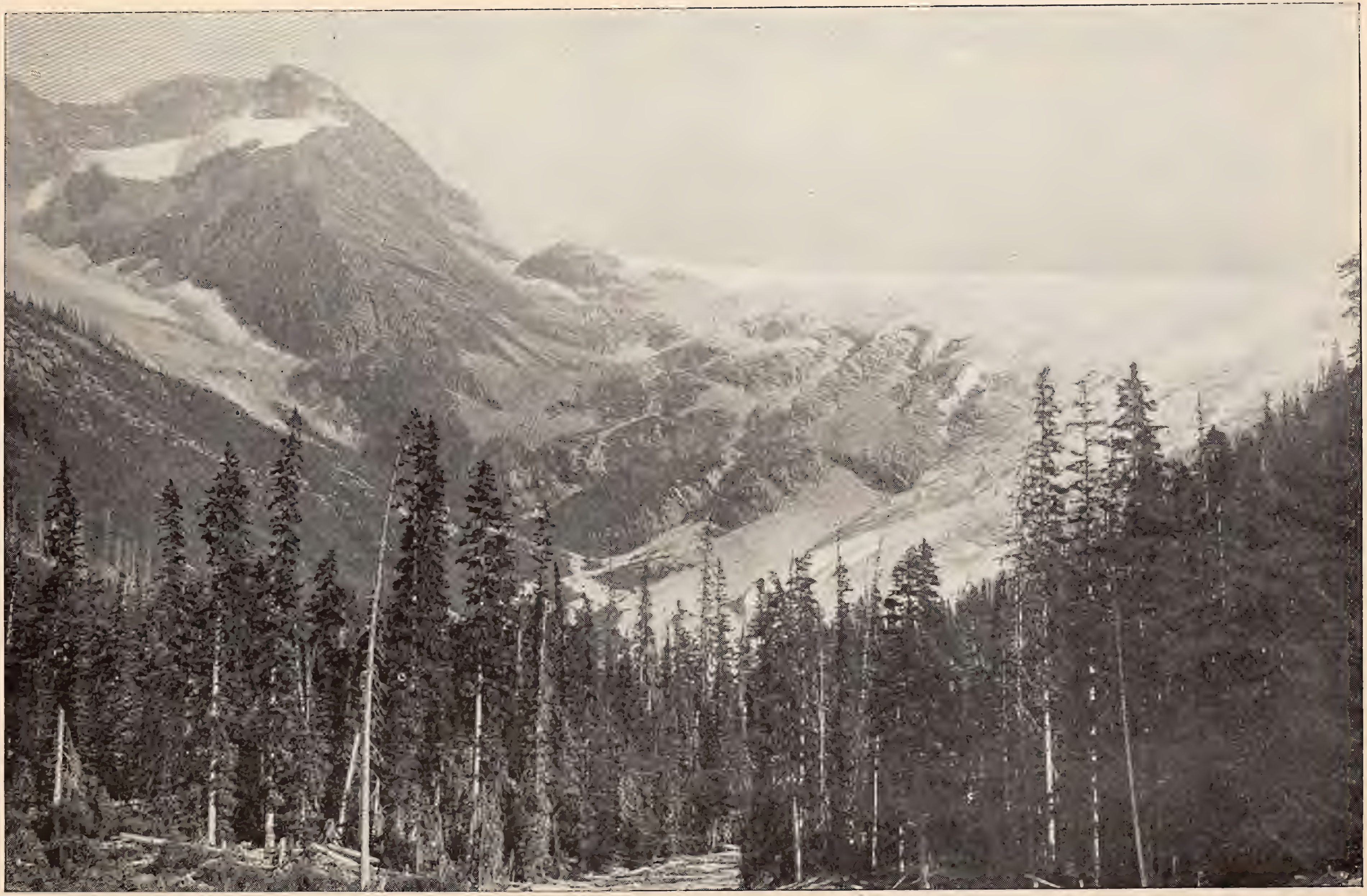
THE TONGUE OF THE GLACIER *Photographed by* DAN BEARD

A FAIR MOUNTAINEER *Photographed by* DAN BEARD

the climbers by a day or two of preliminary work, just for exercise and "hardening." Sitting in his comfortable chair on the hotel porch, he would say between puffs at his briarwood pipe:

"Get yourselves into better physical condition before we start. Take a day or two of preliminary work by yourselves without a guide. Keep entirely away from below the edges of the ice-fields. Stick to the bare mountain-sides; beware of the faces of the glacier; there you will be in grave danger when you least expect it. See that ledge up on the timber-line? Looks like you could almost throw a stone to it. Well, it is a long three miles away as the crow flies. Now, start and scramble over the logs and through the brush, being careful about loose rocks. Leave the hotel at sunrise in charge of a native who will carry your luncheon. When you reach that rock at noon, wave this big red handkerchief at me; I will see it through field-glasses. Then descend easily. Shoot a fool-hen if you can find one; build a fire and have supper, and return in time for going to bed. You will sleep all right, and enjoy your breakfast in the morning. Then you can tell me how stiff and sore your legs are, and we will see about taking you on a real trip."

He may keep one at this preliminary work for a week, or even refuse to conduct members of a party who do not respond well to the "training." The incidents of such days at the hotel are often ludicrous. Men will return hopelessly wearied, on the verge of collapse, profanely stating that they are several kinds of idiots for submitting to this sort of thing. The next morning they will drag their jaded legs down to breakfast, abuse the guides, vow that



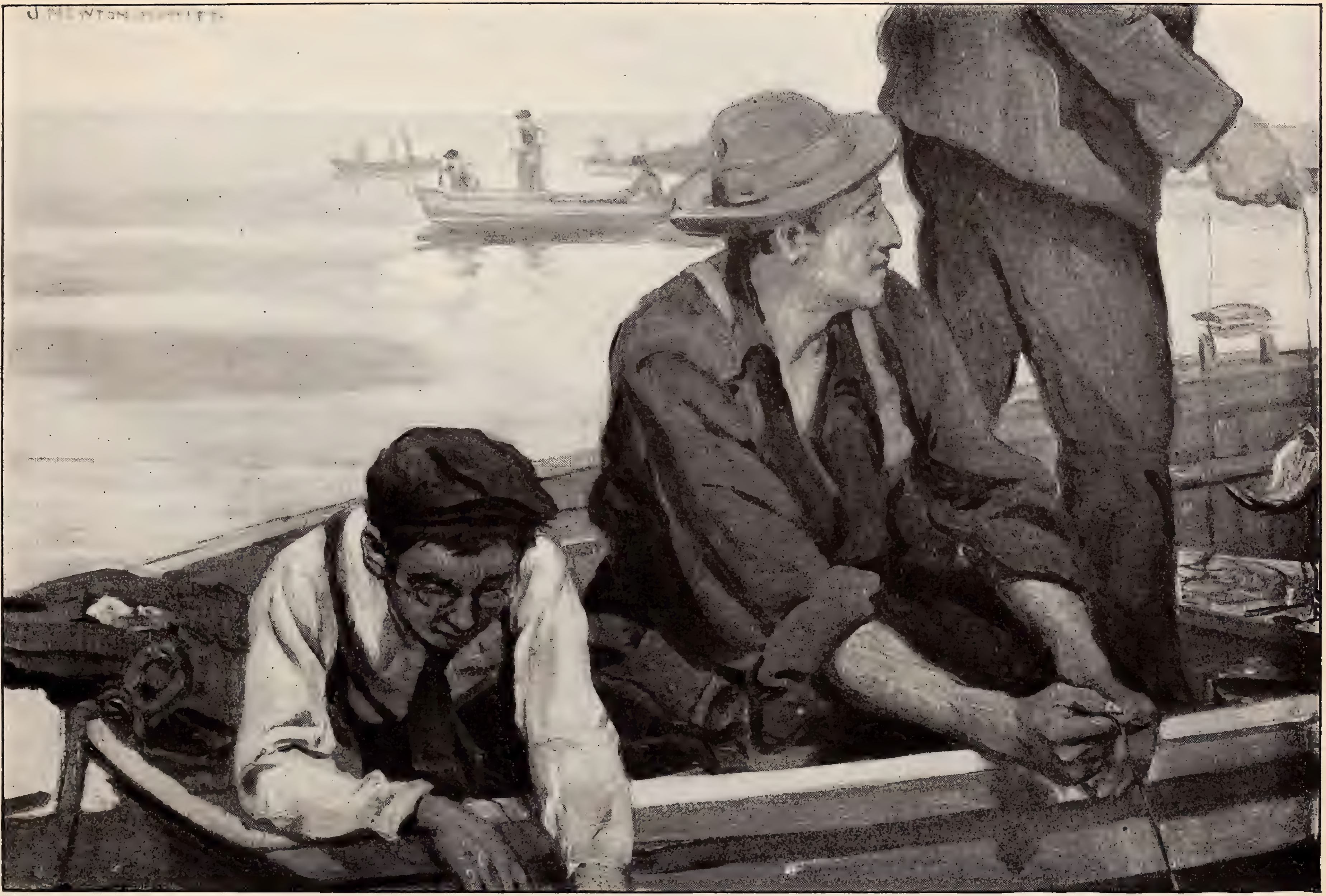
THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE ILLECILLEWAET

they are leaving by first train, and will even pay their bills and pack their luggage. But the mountain fever is as bad as the opium habit. Women become hysterical over their tea, weep, even go back to bed. But lunch and supper revive these weaklings; they come out on the porches and hear the gossip; and the spell returns as they look at the scenery, often raving about its beauties, and of what they saw from far "up there" at noon yesterday. Sarcasms, rivalries, challenges to tests of endurance, development of a hunger that will hardly consent to be satisfied, and a new kind of sleep! The novelty and unexpectedness, the peeping out of that part of human nature which makes us all civilized savages; and the next morning a limping, sore, slow-moving little party starts to some other and higher point; while the guide again smokes solemnly, and after the "explorers" are out of sight, he lets his inward smile come out and beam over his face. Some of these novices are sure to develop skill and power in climbing. They get the Alpine names at their finger-ends, venture, even find the shy flowers of the upper heights, which bloom nowhere more exquisitely than at the edge of the snow fields, where the ground is damp.

Finally, a real ascent is planned, and the guides take charge of the party. Shoes shod with short iron spikes, a rope, flasks of water and wine, more sandwiches, even tiny bundles of wood for making a fire and boiling coffee above the timber line. The guides carry two or three extra and warm woolen jackets for use by chilled members of the party. Each one carries an alpenstock, a stout staff shod with an iron point. Some alpenstocks have a metal head which has the blade of a tiny axe on one side, and a pointed iron pick on the other. These ice-axes are used to chop steps in icy slopes. The pick opposite the axe-blade is sometimes swung over the head and brought down into the ice-slope above the chopped steps, when the handle of the alpenstock furnishes a hand-hold, and greater security.

Nothing could be more full of nameless charm than a passage over one of these ice-slopes. The party is usually five in number—three guides and two guests, all tied together with the long rope, one of the guides at each end, and one in the middle. The advance guide will pause at some ice-incline, perhaps five hundred feet across, and with its lower edge terminating at a crevasse or cliff at the brink of a descent, sheer, of several hundred feet. He chops the first step with his ice-axe, and then another; when, if necessary, he swings the pick side of the axe-head over his shoulder and fastens the pick into the slope above him. Then he orders the novice on the rope behind him to place both his feet into that first chopped step. Thus the entire party slowly advances across the slope. The "bright face of danger" is before them; the spell of the mountains is upon them. No more absolute monarchs in all the world than these guides have become. Standing at the middle, head and rear of the party of five, they hold the lives of the other two in their hands, and risk their own lives also. Let the reader become a member of such a party, stand in the quickly formed niches or steps made by the head guide, become frightened, lose his head and try to sit down. Then he will know what it is to be admonished and reprimanded until his wrath overcomes his fright, and he is brought back to moods of safety. For those guides have a blistering, unprofane vocabulary of awful words for just that juncture, and which is sure to be of vital benefit to faint-hearted novices.

The pen drops, impotent to tell of the vastness and grandeur of the scenery, of the strange sense of remoteness felt by the members of our own party of three as we slept up on those mountains during another fortnight's fruitless quest for bighorn sheep. It is there. Immense, alone, comforting and supreme.


J NEWTON HOWITT

WHEN THE DAYS ARE LONG

Drawn by J. NEWTON HOWITT

TROLLING FOR PACIFIC SALMON

By JAMES E. SAWYERS

THERE is no better or more beautiful stretch of water for the angler to do battle with the royal chinook, or with his smaller brother, the pertinacious silverside, than in Oregon, where the Umpqua's crystal flow mingles with the salt water of the Pacific.

In the bays along the Pacific Coast, and as far up their tributaries as the tides ebb and flow, these red-meated fish gather on their journey to the spawning shoals. At this time they are vigorous, in prime condition and may be taken by trolling with hand-line or rod and reel.

In autumn great schools of silversides enter the bays and inlets, and wait until the streams are swollen by the fall rains, when the ascent is begun. Instinctively they battle with the turbulent waters, often jumping over falls, winding through rugged gorges and performing almost incredible feats in overcoming the furious currents, until the goal, the spawning ground, is reached.

The chinook begin running early in the spring, when the streams are roily, still swollen, and experience less difficulty than the autumnal silverside. However, small runs of this species continue to enter the rivers as late as September. The head waters of the streams are beset with continuous rapids which the fish must overcome before the destination is reached. Good chinook fishing may be had in the channels and eddies where they congregate about April or May, a few being taken at the spawning grounds.

It is conceded that these fish do not feed after leaving salt water. The fact that their bodies become emaciated when in fresh water, throats contracted, stomachs shriveled, with the consequent loss of weight, sustains this theory. This deterioration becomes more evident as the reproductive organs are developed. Yet they manifest a desire to feed, not unlike a dyspeptic, craving something that can not be retained, which explains why they pursue floating leaves, flecks of foam, dart at the spoon, and occasionally take a fly.

Were it not for the extraordinary vitality of these fish they could not retain strength enough to follow up the streams whose waters rush and swirl through irregular channels and over rugged boulders, plunging under log jams, and over falls many feet high; but the irresistible impulse to go up stream urges the fish to surmount every obstacle.

The Pacific salmon does not always realize when it has finished spawning, often instinctively continuing these efforts until death ends its career. Those that do not die on the spawning-beds are so weak that they drop back to the deep pools where they exist but a few days. They are frequently blind, and covered with a fungus-like growth which attacks the many cuts and abrasions received when dashing against sharp rocks or rubbing over gravel beds. Truly, they present sorry figures as compared with their condition when in the salt water.

Most of the trolling is done when the silver salmon are running in the fall, at which time they are near the head of tide water, or in the deep eddies near the rapids. There are, also, enough chinooks about these favorite fishing grounds during this season to render certain the capture of these royal fel-

NEAR THE HEADWATERS OF NORTH UMPQUA

lows, adding zest to the possibilities the troller enjoys.

The ordinary trollers, the settlers, use a light skiff. Two men compose the crew. One acts as oarsman, while the other handles the line, the former performing the duty of gaffman. A few use a rod and reel with baited hooks, but the boys, girls and inhabitants along the streams use a hand line and spoon. The lines vary in length from twenty-five to one hundred yards or more, depending upon individual experience.

The long line is better, especially in wide rivers with long stretches of deep water. A good oarsman is essential, for the smoothly running boat assures the more regular spinning of the spoon. The irregular or jerky oarsman is surely a hoodoo, for the salmon do not take kindly to the dragging spoon resulting from spasmodic use of the oars. When the breezes favor a sailing speed of three or four miles an hour, the most fascinating and certain method of trolling is assured.

The line is released gradually, a bit of slack always being held in reserve for emergencies. When a fish is hooked, the line is hauled in hand over hand, coiled sailor fashion in the bottom of the boat. When thus coiled it pays out evenly, and should the fish run, it can be more readily given. It is astonishing how proficient the salmon trollers become in handling a line in this way.

The memory of a September day's angling upon the estuary of the Umpqua, where the tides come and go, ceaselessly as time, appears like an enchanting picture, or a scene from a fairy tale. Our boat glided swiftly over the sparkling ripples; a chinook breeze drove the murmuring waves against the boat; many trollers, in boats of every kind, from the hired boat of the sportsman to the trim craft of the private owner, were in evidence everywhere. The broad, deep river was entertaining the public. As far as the eye could see, boats were in view, some carrying a solitary fisherman, many only the customary crew of two, while others were loaded with gay crowds out for sight seeing.

The salmon seemed to be in a frolicsome mood, and were leaping two or three feet above the water. The mountains on either side began at the water's edge and rose abruptly skyward, each vying with the other in richness of robe. Leaves of scarlet, gold, and sombre brown stood out in bold relief and made the tall firs and spruces more stately.

To the westward an excited angler was matching his skill and rebellious reel with an early riser, but the taunting laughter and derisive shouts that greeted his efforts impaired his judgment. He did not heed the kindly advice of his companion. Another moment and the silvery king shot into the air like a projectile and shook himself free.

An atmosphere of goodfellowship prevailed, and the autumnal scene flashed before the eyes in a panorama. An Indian, spectre-like, moved out from the shore in a cedar canoe. He and the group of Indian shacks on the bluff near the water's edge added variety to the happy throng, and furnished an impression long to be remembered. Comfortable homes lined the shores, emphasizing the survival of the fittest.

A sudden commotion! Looking leeward, we beheld an inspiring sight! A slender girl, standing erect in the stern of a boat, faced a wildly leaping, vigorously fighting twenty-pound silverside. The slender pole "bowed a sweet acknowledgment" of the strenuous strike, like a reed swaying before the wind, and the merrily singing reel added its metallic voice like the fifer in the confusion of battle.

The fish headed downward, stubbornly protesting. Only the swish of the quivering line greeted the ears of the on-lookers. The slowing *z-ze-ze-ze* of the reel indicated the good judgment of the fair angler in her efforts to stop the heavy strain on the hook and line.

After a series of spasmodic bottom rushes the salmon led up, but when near the boat he rose to the surface, hesitating a moment, then running straight away, gradually settled until finally checked. For a moment he struggled obstinately, keeping near the bottom, then rushed wildly toward the boat in a frantic effort to escape, the reel rapidly taking up the slack. A sudden pause, a dull tugging, and the fish came toward the inevitable.

Slowly the reel took in the slack line, then the infuriated silverside had his second wind, and made a wild run for the deep eddy; but the damsel at the reel maintained her composure, letting out the line slowly as the fish surged and tumbled. The line slackened and the soft grumbling reel took it up. The silence was ominous, still the line was slack. Had he shaken the hook loose? No! He flashed in the bright morning sun; leaped successively two or three feet into the air, then rolling, and darting viciously, churned the water into a seething, boiling foam. Like a half tamed mustang he led in, but suddenly at the appearance of the boat he pulled back, throwing and shaking himself, and then as if to free his body of the iridescent silver he shot out of the water and fell back, slapping the water savagely with his tail as he again disappeared. Cautiously she reeled him in again, but the prize fought the taut line; he was only brought to gaff when overcome with exhaustion.

The silver salmon is a well shaped, handsome fish. His bright, silvery scales, darker along the upper portion of the body, give him a peculiar distinction among his kind. In weight he varies from 5 to 30 pounds, the average being about 10 pounds.

Each fisherman selects the trolling spoons and lines which he considers best adapted to handling the fish, and for this reason there are no rules to guide the beginner. Any trolling spoon equipped with a No. 6 hook, with proper handling is strong enough to land the average silverside. Because of the possible strike from an extra large silverside, or a large chinook, it is wise to have a No. 8 hook.

The salmon troller has many petty annoyances to worry him. The stringy moss that drifts in the fall gathers on the hooks and swivels, preventing the spinning of the spoon. The angler can easily tell by the pull of the line whether or not things are going wrong. Much trouble is caused by the biting of small fish especially chubs; they lead up so meekly that the sight of one soon becomes repulsive. Salmon trout are likely to bite, and a two or three pounder furnishes considerable sport, as they are very gamey and fight to the finish. The diminutive brook trout will some times strike the big hooks and he looks quaint enough fighting the heavy line in his weak way.

The fascinating feature about salmon fishing is the ever present signs of the fish. If the fisherman fails to secure a strike immediately he may enjoy the intervals observing the interesting and exciting spectacle afforded by the success of his fellow-anglers. Sometimes an old man with gray hair and whiskers draws near and swings away toward the southern shore. In a moment his spinning spoon is visible. Quickly, like an arrow from a bow, a chinook shoots upward through the dark green water, striking heavily, then, leaping into the air like a bucking cayuse, he plunges back into the snowy foam. The old man's countenance is soon ablaze

EVER PRESENT SIGNS OF FISH

with the glow of battle; the dim eyes seem to brighten with eager light and dance in the keen desire of conquest.

The aged fisherman is an angler of the old school, skilled in the overhand method of hauling in the line, reaching out as agile as a boy and drawing in the line in big loops, which appear to drop coiled systematically at his feet, while the big salmon is running deep down but toward the boat. The salmon rushes, tumbling and rolling erratically, but keeps near the bottom, despite the veteran's efforts to the contrary. The line slackens and is quickly taken up, loop after loop being dropped in place. The casual observer might conclude that the fish had escaped, but the sanguine gaze of those eyes watching a vague figure shaking and twisting, fortells a grand rush. A steady tugging for a few moments; and then, the strong fish runs madly to the surface, darting hither and thither, leaping and plunging as if proud of his strength, or in defiance of his would-be master. Away in a cake-walk style goes the infuriated salmon, now galloping, now rolling, now tumbling like an acrobat, and then ricochetting straight away like a glancing missile. When fifty yards off he dives to the depths, bitterly protesting. Again the line is gracefully gathered and coiled as the almost exhausted salmon leads up, occasionally shaking and throwing himself convulsively like a wild colt wearing his first halter.

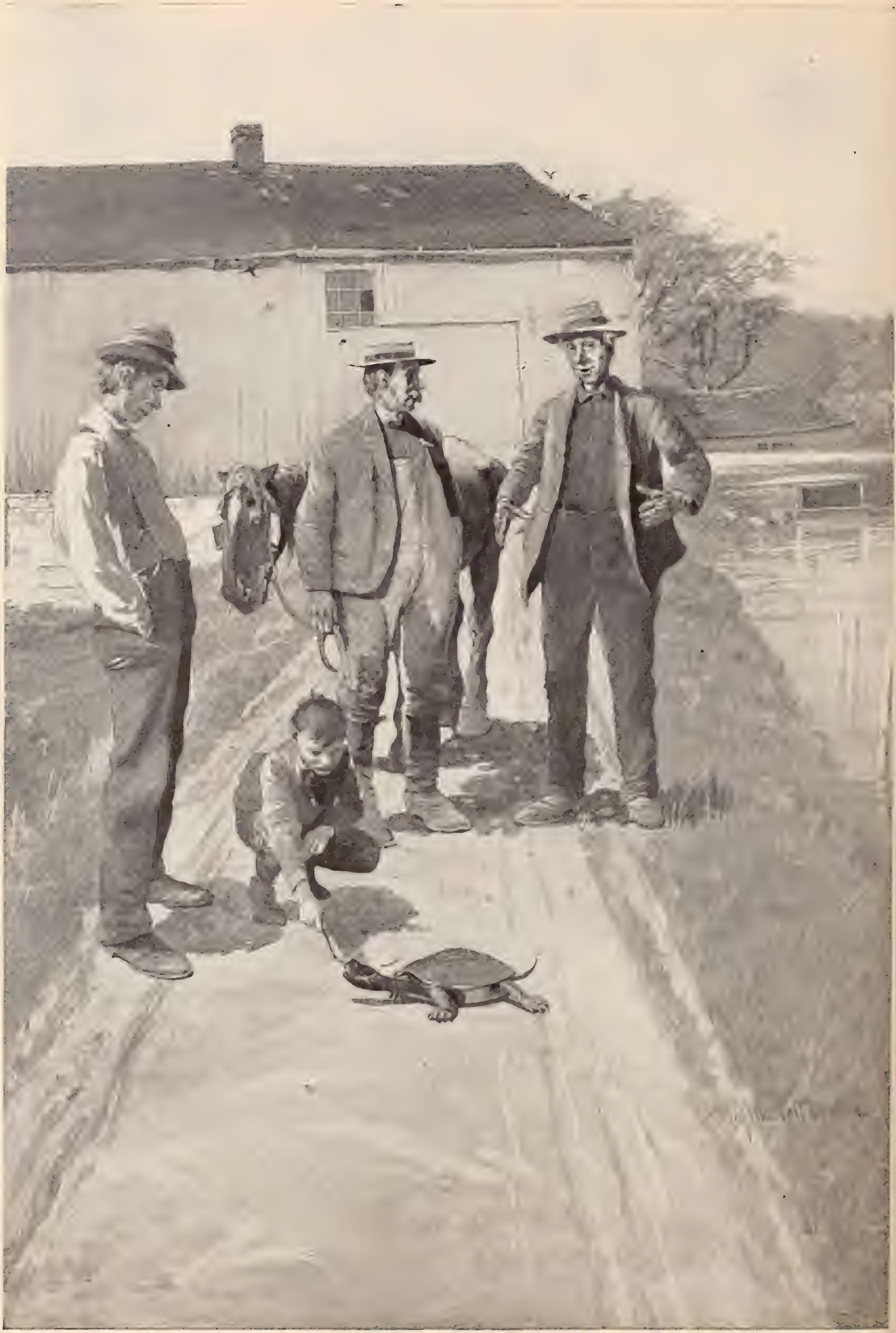
The sight of the boat seems to fill him with new fear, he leaps intrepidly and sulks like a spoiled child. Every reckless run is checked by the taut line; the fish responds by summersaulting and whirling irregularly, wrapping the line about himself, plunging and racing until the last furious run draws the line securely over his gills; his race is run and the silver crowned angler has won.

His face glows with pride as he examines the royal captive that pulls the indicator of the scales to 52 pounds. A noble fish, with symmetrically formed body, bright, silvery on sides and underneath, an expressive head of metallic lustre, small, round black spots on dorsal and caudal fins, all uniting to reveal the beauty, power and endurance of the Royal Chinook, the gamest of all food fishes.

PAST JUNES

By CLARENCE H. URNER

Past Junes still win my heart to roam
O'er meadows, lush and woodlands wild:
My footsteps feel the hint of home,
And I am happy as a child.



THE VILLAGE LIAR

Drawn by Roy Martell Mason

THE DREAM OF THE YELLOW-THROAT

By C. WILLIAM BEEBE

MANY of us look back to the days of Columbus with longing; we chafe at the thought of no more continents to discover; no unknown seas to encompass. But at our very doors is an "undiscovered bourne," from which, while the traveler invariably returns, yet he will have penetrated but slightly into its mysteries. This unexplored region is night.

When the dusk settles down and the creatures of sunlight seek their rest, a new realm of life awakens into being. The flaring colors and loud bustle of the day fade and are lost, and in their place come soft, gray tones and silence. The scarlet tanager seeks some hidden perch and soon from the same tree slips a silent, ghostly owl; the ruby of the humming-bird dies out as the gaudy flowers of day close their petals, and the gray wraiths of sphinx moths appear and sip nectar from the spectral moon-flowers.

* * *

With feet shod with silence, let us creep near a dense tangle of sweet-brier and woodbine late some summer evening and listen to the sounds of the night-folk. How few there are that our ears can analyze! We huddle close to the ground and shut our eyes. Then little by little, we open them and set our senses of sight and hearing at keenest pitch. Even so, how handicapped are we compared with the wild creatures. A tiny voice becomes audible, then dies away,—entering for a moment the narrow range of our coarse hearing,—and finishing its message of invitation or challenge in vibrations too fine for our ears.

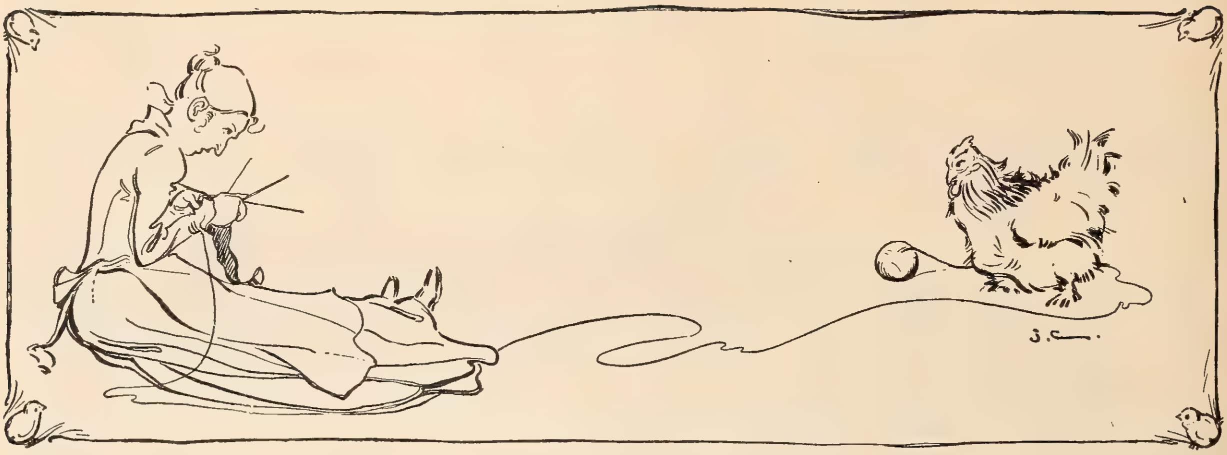
* * *

Were we crouched by a dense yew hedge bordering an English country lane, a nightingale might delight us,—a melody of day, softened, adapted to the night. If the air about us was heavy with the scent of orange blossoms of some covert in our own southland, the glorious harmony of a mockingbird might surge through the gloom,—assuaging the ear as do the blossoms another sense.

But sitting still in our own home tangle, let us listen,—listen. Our eyes have slipped the scales of our listless civilized life and pierce the darkness with the acuteness of our primeval forebears; our ears tingle and strain.

A slender tongue of sound arises from the bush before us. Again and again it comes, muffled but increasing in volume. A tiny ball of feathers is perched in the center of the tangle, with its beak hidden in the deep, soft plumage, but ever and anon the little body throbs and the song falls gently on the silence of the night: "I beseech you! I beseech you! I beseech you!" A Maryland yellow-throat is asleep and singing in its dreams.

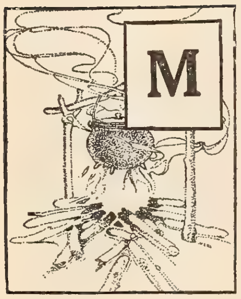
As we look and listen, a shadowless something hovers overhead, and, looking upward, we see a gray screech owl silently hanging on beating wings. His sharp ears have caught the muffled song; his eyes search out the tangle, but the yellow throat is out of reach. The little hunter drifts away into the blackness, the song ends, and the sharp squeak of a mouse startles us. We rise slowly from our cramped position and quietly leave the mysteries of the night.



THE MOTHER INSTINCT

By JOHN CASSEL

Illustrated by the Author



MINNIE was an ordinary hen—no particular breed — just a plain hen. Not at all pretty, but possessed of intelligence rather above the average barnyard fowl. As a chicken she was deserted by her mother and left to scratch for herself.

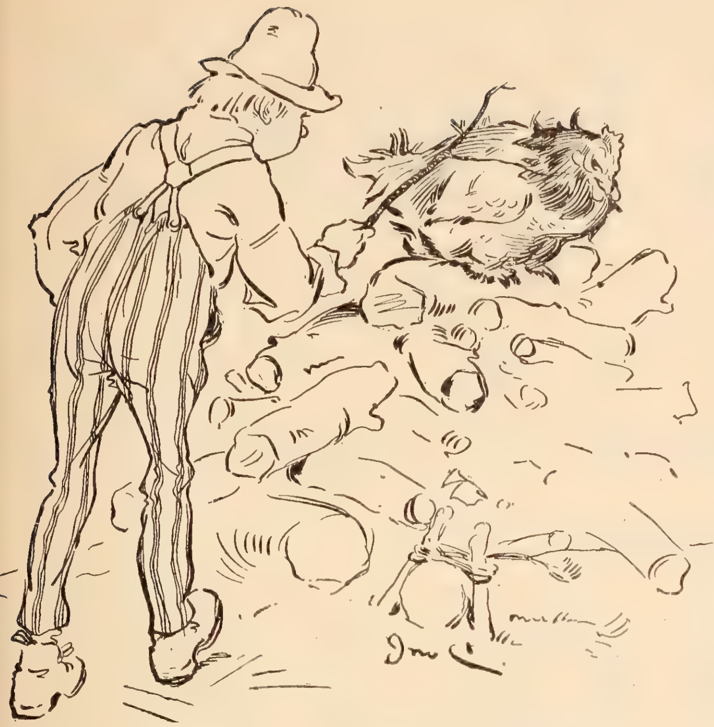
My aunt, a maiden lady about forty-five years of age, brought the chick into the house on a cold rainy day and placed her in a small box under the kitchen stove, to dry out. At this time she was too young for us to be certain whether she was a hen or a rooster, but we named her Minnie and it turned out all right.

She grew rapidly under the care of Aunt Martha, and it seemed but a short time till Minnie was a robust, healthy hen. But time didn't favor Minnie with good looks. Her feet became knotty and red, and many of her feathers grew bent and twisted in a way that suggested a number of cow-licks. Father said that Aunt Martha had left the chick too long under the hot stove and her feathers had warped.

There was something about Minnie's unattractive appearance that appealed to Aunt Martha. Neither my aunt nor the hen could lay claim to any degree of beauty, and no doubt it was the "bond of sympathy" which made them such good friends.

My aunt would sit in the cool shade of a large elm tree knitting and thinking; thinking and knitting. She had done them both for so many years that they had become almost involuntary. She never thought of her knitting and the knitting never interfered with her thoughts. Now and then she would look up at her companion and sorrowfully shake her head.

"Poor Minnie, you are so homely. You have nothing to look forward to in this world. No one likes a homely woman—especially the men." Then she would sigh heavily, and listlessly return to her knitting. Minnie would vainly try to smooth her ruffled feathers, then seeing Aunt Martha's wrinkled irregular features, doubly unattractive for the sadness they showed, would seem to say, "Poor, poor Aunt Martha; I know what ails her. She wants a home and family, and her chance, if ever she had one, is gone.

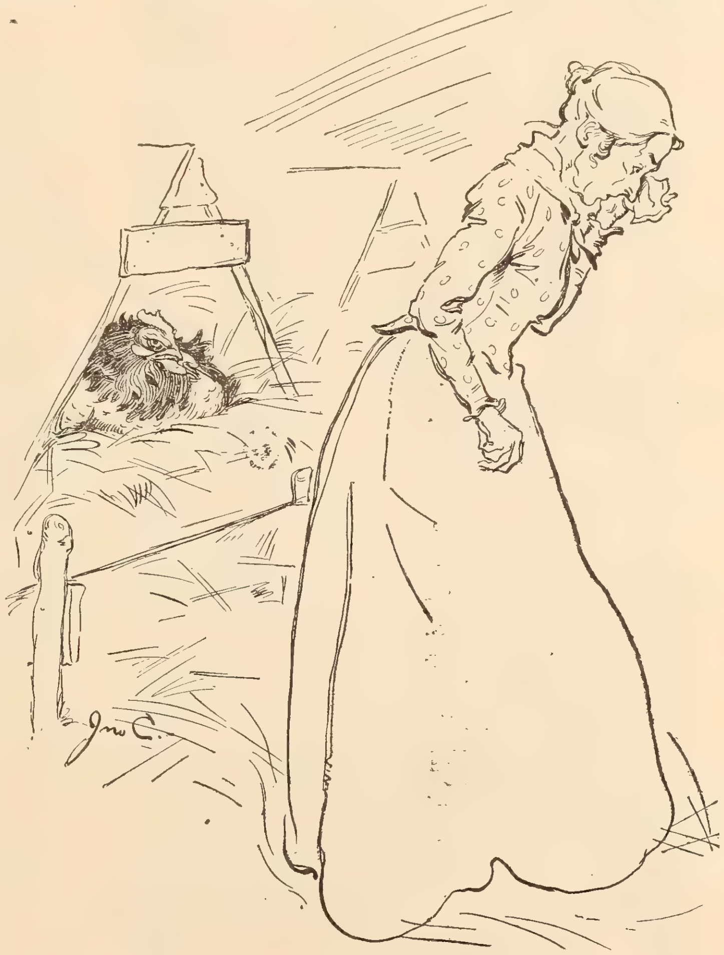


We are both 'old hens' and we must find solace in companionship."

Minnie was a devoted friend of Aunt Martha and would follow her about like a faithful dog. Every night before going to roost in the winesap apple tree she would come to my aunt and cluck persistently till Aunt Martha said, "Good night, Minnie."

Minnie was glad to be with Aunt Martha, but she was anything but a happy hen, and as time went on, became less attentive to her companion. She seemed to grow melancholy and sad. We often found her sitting on the wood pile, so deep in thought that she would barely look up at our salutations. Aunt Martha tried in every way to cheer her up, but she grew more and more thoughtful and downcast, till at last she was content to go to her roost without her usual "Good night." Some one suggested that she might be ill. No—a sick hen is unmistakable. A veterinary may doubt the illness of a horse, and it is not at all uncommon to hear a mother say, "I *believe* my child is sick," but every raiser of chickens knows a sick hen as far as he can see it. Minnie was not ill. The maternal instinct was asserting itself, and at last it crushed all other sentiments and we found her sitting on a nest of eggs. In her eye was a determined fierceness which expressed an unshakable purpose. She had settled herself in the nest with the same firmness that the stout boarding-house lady sits on your trunk till you pay up your arrears and make financial apologies for the water pitcher you broke.

Minnie had invariably shown a preference for the companionship of the human race as against that of her own kind, but now, as we all stood about the nest and my aunt reproachfully said, "Why, Minnie, what *are* you doing?" it was plain to be seen that Minnie's love for us was not so deep as we had made ourselves



believe. She seemed to say, "You can all—every one of you—go plumb to thunder. I'm going to set!"

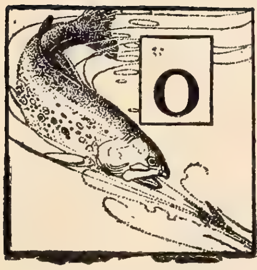
"But, Minnie,——" began my aunt.

She stopped! Those determined eyes! It was too late to argue. Aunt Martha gazed at her long and silently. A tear slipped into her eye, hesitated a moment, and slid down her furrowed cheek. She turned slowly away.

"Minnie's just a woman," she said brokenly, "and I don't blame her a bit."

PANTHER HUNTING BY AMATEURS

By D. J. McGILLIVRAY



OUR camp on the Frio River could not have been better located. It was situated on rising ground amid the live oaks that fringed the banks of the river. The shade, drainage, etc., thus afforded was perfect, and game plentiful enough to suit the most avaricious; in fact, our larder being full we had let up on the deer, turkey and quail. Doc and Mickey had taken to fishing; Charlie was away to the foot-hills for foxes, while I busied myself with overhauling our armament and doing other camp duties. One day while thus engaged, Charlie raced into camp with his eyes almost starting from their sockets, saying: "Mac, I seen a panther." "Where?" I asked. "Over in those foot-hills." "Did you take a shot at him?" "You bet not. I would not trust this 32-20—don't shoot strong enough. Say, you take the Krag, I'll take the Springfield, and we will go after him right away." "Done," said I, "but wait—let us take something to eat." While stuffing two haversacks with corn-pone, cold quail and bacon, Doc and Mickey arrived in camp with a nice string of fish, and to them Charlie related his experience. "Well," said Mickey, "it's useless for you to go after him now. Why don't you wait until dark and bait him." "Bait him?" I asked. "What do you mean?" "Why, just take some meat and stake it out near where you saw him, then get under cover and wait until he comes." "A good idea," said I, "but where will we get the bait?" "That's easy," said Mickey. "Over in yon hollow is the ribs of the last two deer we killed, provided the coyotes have not been around. Take these and stake 'em out securely, as I told you."

Off we went for the hollow, without noticing the mischievous twinkle in Mickey's eye. And, sure enough, the ribs were there, but smelling fearfully strong. However, our hunting fever overcame this, and to tie them up and drag them out of the hollow was the work of a few minutes.

An hour before sundown we started, and had trudged but a short distance when our bait became very oppressive, causing us to relieve each other frequently in carrying the load. On the way we jumped three deer shortly after leaving camp, and further on walked plump into a bunch of wild turkeys seeking roost, and the noise of their taking flight made me think that every tree in the thicket was falling down. We carefully refrained from taking a shot, as we were very near the panther's lair. The night was well on when we reached the place, and after depositing our bait on a little plateau we crossed a gully and took cover about eighty yards away. Patiently we waited in the dim moonlight for our quarry, but he came not. An hour passed, and we became uneasy through the constant vigil. A pull from the dram flask encouraged us somewhat and we waited on. Finally we gave up hope of getting the panther that night and sorrowfully made our way back to camp. The fire was blazing brightly as we approached camp, revealing several forms seated around, which betokened visitors. On entering the circle of light the horse-laughs that greeted us were long and loud. The visitors proved to be Mr. B., who owned the nearest ranch, and his two sons. Noticing my crestfallen appearance, Mr. B. took me in hand and gave me an insight of a panther's habits. Said he: A panther prefers to be his own butcher, for he is very fond of fresh blood. If he eats the meat it is generally the saddle—no tough parts for him. Now, I'll tell you what I will do. There is a lively young billygoat at the ranch which I will send you to-morrow morning. Stake him out in the vicinity of where you saw the panther, and if one is in the neighborhood the kid will draw him.

This proposition struck me immensely, as it did all our party, and I immediately mixed a toddy for all around, which we drank to the success of the new scheme, and then our visitors departed. On retiring that night Mickey was lulled to sleep by words from us that I am sure he never heard in his childhood days on similar occasions.

Next morning along came a Mexican from the ranch with the goat, and a very frisky little fellow he was. He soon chased our dogs out of camp and proceeded to make himself generally disagreeable. Mickey happened to be engaged in scrubbing some pots in a stooping position, and the goat, seeing an opportunity, collided with him so violently that he remembered the incident many days afterward every time he sat down. It took our combined efforts to keep Mickey, who was mad clear through, from killing the goat right there. Along in the afternoon the B. boys came into camp with their Winchesters, and shortly before dark our party started out with the goat. We made much better time this night, and it was not long before Billy unwillingly took his position as decoy and we retired to cover. We had waited, perhaps, half an hour with no sign of our prey when, of a sudden, Billy began to bleat loudly and tugged at his rope violently. A cloud obscured the moon, shutting out Billy from view, but I knew that something was about to happen, for I felt my old enemy, the buck fever, creeping on me. In a few moments the cloud passed and the moon again shone brightly, revealing to my benumbed senses a long yellow body crawling almost on his belly, his tail moving slowly from side to side, his eyes blazing like a cat's, and heading straight for the goat. Suddenly a shot rang out on my left; then an irregular volley, my contribution being given with both eyes firmly closed. When the smoke cleared away there, with his youthful whisker pointing straight to the moon, was poor Billy giving his last kicks, while away toward the open prairie a yellow streak marked the course of the frightened panther putting yards of territory behind him at every bound. It would indeed be a hard matter to picture the countenances as we stood around, ready to blame each other for the bungling. A post-mortem was held over the goat, and it revealed the fact that deceased came to his death by a 40-82 bullet fired from a model 1886 Winchester rifle, and all eyes were immediately turned on Mickey, who handled that rifle. He stoutly denied deliberately killing, but a knowledge of his being a sharpshooter in the U. S. Army for many years, coupled with the incident of the morning, made the crime a first degree one, and a hasty assembled court-martial sentenced him to give the goat a decent burial and do camp chores for the remainder of the hunt. Both were faithfully executed, and even now, should any huntsman or traveler happen by where the San Miguel empties into the Frio, he will see a small mound surmounted by a board, on which is inscribed an epitaph as given further on.

The reader may imagine that ours was a party of poor shots. As a matter of fact some really wonderful deer and turkey hunting was done, but, to my mind, the most readable hunting yarns are those of the comedy order.

THE EPITAPH

Here lies

William Goat

A Sacrifice to Poor Aim

December 27, 1895

THE WAY TO THE FOREST OF ARDEN

By OSCAR BRUMBAUGH

No signboards show which road to take
To reach its ever-peaceful skies;
Each one must his own journey make
To find where Arden Forest lies.

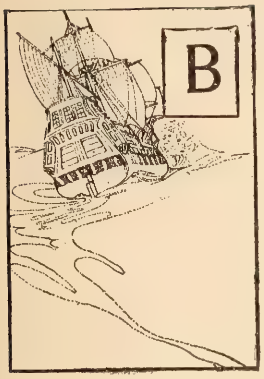
For who can tell how far to go,
There is no book from which to learn;
One may stop here or there, and lo!
It's gates are just beyond the turn.

The path that leads on straight ahead
May take one farther from the goal;
And this one which so many tread
May still perplex and vex the soul.

What route to take no one can say,
'Tis found on neither may nor chart;
Only the joyous find the way,
Only the kind and light of heart.

TERRORS OF THE SEA

By HARRY B. BRADFORD



BEFORE many weeks have passed those who are fond of bathing and swimming will seek the sea, or bay shore, in pursuit of their favorite pastime.

Probably few swimmers, even of limited experience, have failed to become acquainted with the sea-netttle or jelly-fish, in a way to make them ever remember it.

The common jelly-fish with a mushroom-like body, from the under part of which extend long streamers or tentacles, appears in great numbers on our coasts and bay shores about August. It is then that the swimmer's pastime is turned into pain, if he happens to come in contact with one or more of these harmless looking Medusæ.

It is practically impossible for a swimmer to detect these scourges of the sea, especially in rough water, as most swimmers hold the head well into the water. In using the "breast stroke," however, they may be occasionally observed in time to avoid them.

A breeze from the sea or bay usually blows them shoreward, and at such times the bather does well to remain out of the water, for this is in truth an "ill wind" which, in this case, as many can testify, certainly blows "no good."

At low tide I have often seen several jelly-fish, some with bodies as large around as a breakfast plate, stranded between the stones, and left by the tide to dry up in the sun, along the Narragansett shores.

Only the long streamers or tenacles are venomous, and one may take them carefully with the hand as they float aimlessly about a boat or raft, and throw them upon the beach.

A favorite swimming locality I have often helped clear in this way.

A bathing suit protects one from the sting, but when a bare portion of the skin comes in contact with the slimy streamers, there is instantly felt a sharp burning sensation, which rapidly increases in severity, becoming inflamed, and feels like a burn from a lamp for from four to six hours or longer.

On reading that the juice of a lemon was the best remedy for these stings, and if rubbed on very soon after contact would alleviate the pain, I brought a lemon down to the shore, placing it on a conspicuous, large rock, where I could apply it quickly.

I had a chance to judge of its efficacy very shortly, as I hadn't swum one hundred feet before a jelly-fish's tentacles partly wound around my wrist. Rapid strokes were made shoreward and the remedy applied, but the pain was in no way relieved, so no lemon was brought to the shore for that purpose again.

The inflammation and pain became so intense that later at dinner I had to leave the table soon after being seated, and retire to "scratch" and rub the burning wrist and forearm.

A lady kindly handed me a little bottle of camphor, which seemed to help matters, then some alcohol was added to make more liniment, and I was greatly rejoiced to have the pain leave instantly.

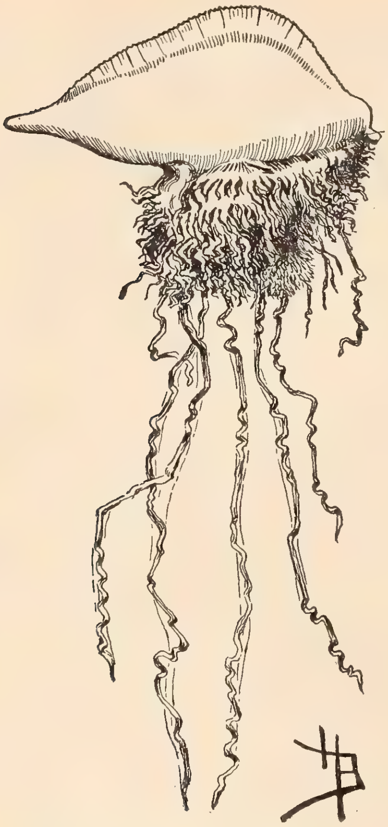
So a mixture of camphor and alcohol ever after was my remedy, and it never failed to relieve instantly.

The proportions which were used I cannot tell, but probably about equal parts.

A doctor who saw such immediate

results and heard of the simple remedy said, "It would be interesting to know just what chemical or other changes took place there, to instantly arrest all pain from so serious an inflammation."

What the unhappy victim would undergo who was unfortunate enough to swim, or dive, without a bathing suit on, into a school of large jelly-fish, I do not know, but I think it would take careful hospital treatment to bring him around again.



PORTUGUESE MAN-O'-WAR

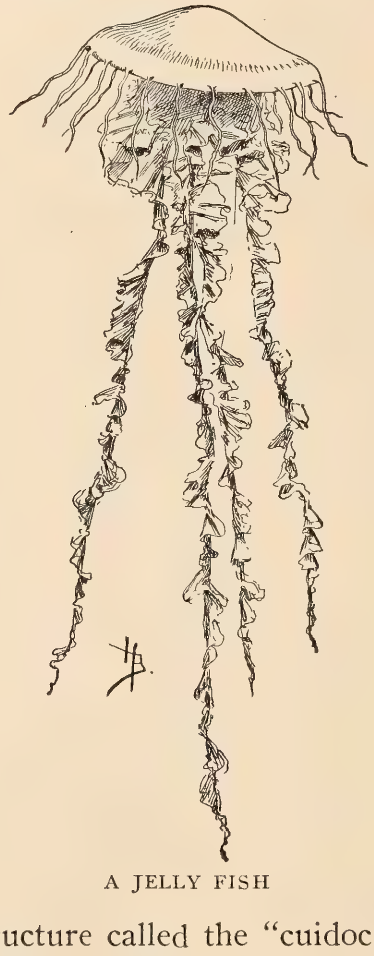
The largest and most celebrated of these terrors of the sea is the Portuguese man-of-war.

This beautiful but most formidable species is found in all tropical seas, and never fails to attract the attention of anyone who observes it for the first time, as it is brilliantly colored in blue, yellow and pink.

The general shape of these remarkable creatures is a bubble-like envelope filled with air, upon which is a crest, and from the under part of which hang a number of long tentacles.

These tentacles are formidably armed with a venomous secretion containing microscopic, stinging cells or nematocysts, (from two Greek words, meaning thread and bag-cell.) The common jelly-fish, or sea-nettles, have these cells also, but those of the Portuguese man-of-war are much more formidable and somewhat different in general shape. The office and structure of these cells, or nematocysts, is very peculiar and interesting.

In structure a nematocyst is a little cell or capsule, one end of which is drawn out into a long tube. This thread-like tube is inverted into the body of the cell as a glove finger may be pushed backwards into the glove palm. Connected with the cell is a hair-like structure called the "cuidocil," and when this is touched the nematocyst "explodes," or, in other words, the little thread is forced out, as you would blow out an inverted glove finger from the hand cavity. The fluid contents of the cell is carried out with it, which in its



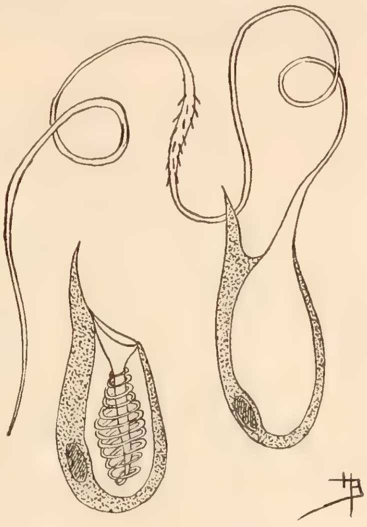
A JELLY FISH

physiologic action is much like formic acid, being sufficient to kill small animals and to paralyze larger ones.

A glance at the illustration will show how this little thread-like tube is placed in the cell, and in the "exploded" one how it appears when thrust out.

From their structure they are also known as thread-cells, nettle-cells and lasso-cells, and when once "exploded" cannot be used again.

They are found mostly in the tentacles and some varieties are provided with barbed hooks or backward-pointing thorns like fish hooks.



A NEMATOCYST
(Charged and exploded.)

The appendages, which are feeding mouths, float along back of these animals at times, and again are found hanging below depending on the wind or current.

I heard of a sailor who possessed little enough discretion, not looking before leaping, who dove right into an immense Portuguese man-of-war from the yardarm of a ship, in the Gulf of Mexico. He was taken to the hospital where several months were spent in fever and suffering before recovery.

We will hope sense enough was left to prevent his repeating the "stunt."

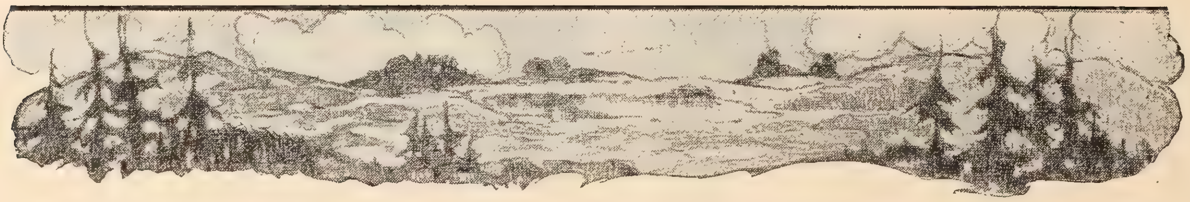
THE "LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE"

By IRENE POMEROY SHIELDS

I wish to go, dear, dimpled maid,
This pleasant afternoon,
Where your little feet have strayed
Through all your sunny June;
Take my hand and clasp it close,
My promise true receive—
I'll never show the way you go
To the "Land of Make-Believe."

Through pleasant lanes where heartsease grow,
And buds of promise bloom,
Where cheering springs of comfort flow,
Soft winds waft sweet perfume;
And there fond old-time hopes long dead,
Old friends I held most dear
Old joys that all too quickly fled,
Old songs I fain would hear—
Shall come and bide with us awhile,
Our hearts with rapture fill,
And tears forgot, we'll keep the smile,
When down the western hill
The golden sun has hid his face,
And we for home must leave,
Forever holding fast the grace
Of the "Land of Make-Believe."

And some blest day our Father's hand
May lead both me and you
Adown a golden sunlit land,
Where "Make-Believes" come true.



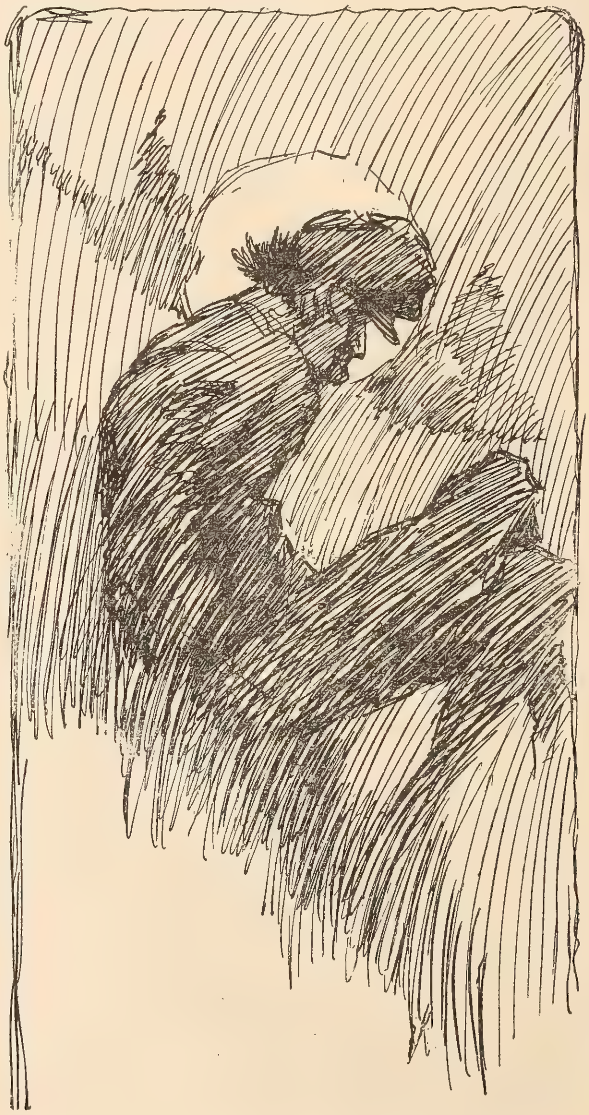
AN ARGUMENT WITH A MOSQUITO

By TUDOR JENKS

I WENT into the Adirondacks this summer to hunt and to fish. We were not far from Mount Marcy and, one day while camping in the woods at its base, I was left alone in the shanty. The others were fishing, but I had preferred to keep quiet, having made a long tramp the previous evening.

The woods were beautiful, and I enjoyed remaining near the shanty all the forenoon, and all the afternoon, until about four o'clock. At that hour, the mosquitoes, who had bothered me but little during the day, seemed determined to devour me. Their singing was loud and threatening, and their bills seemed sharper than ever before.

I threw damp leaves on the fire, to make what is called in that region a "smudge." I put oil of pennyroyal on my face and hands; I rubbed my bites with various remedies; but, do what I might, I could not stand their attacks.



. . . . *I could not stand their attacks*

I rose and started for a small stream that was near; but the clouds of singing lancets were thicker than ever. I turned to regain the camp, and their attacks ceased at once!

"This is strange," I said; "I seem to have found a place that is free from the grievous little torments."

But I halted as I said this, and the onslaught was at once renewed. I went again toward the camp; and again I was left in peace.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "you mean to remain in the camp"; and I made all haste to reach the shanty. While walking toward it, I was not bitten; reaching the fire, the charge upon me was resumed, all the little creatures singing and stabbing with the fury of Zulus.

"There is surely some method in their campaign," I muttered; "and they seem to leave me in peace only when I do as they please. Very well; I will let them have their way. It is like playing 'hot and cold,' only I am bitten when I go wrong. Let's see what they want."

So saying, I rose and tried the different points of the compass. A few minutes showed that I was charged upon whenever I tried to go anywhere except toward Mount Marcy. Having made sure of this, I walked briskly up the side of the mountain, and during my progress was not molested. Once or twice I tested the question by attempting to turn about or to remain still. In every case there could be no doubt that I was being driven up the mountain.

"It is most remarkable," I said to myself; "but these little fellows have made up their minds to climb this mountain. I have heard of dogs bringing aid to lost travelers, and even of cats that have shown the same intelligence; but it isn't likely that mosquitoes would try to rescue lost children or travelers." Then a sudden thought came to me: "Perhaps they have a grand banquet up the hill, and I am being driven there to be remorselessly devoured alive."

As this notion came into my head, I stopped suddenly. At once a dozen of the creatures dashed upon me; and, to my wonder, I saw they were much larger than they had been, being nearly an inch long. They were not moose-flies, which I knew very well, but plain mosquitoes. To prevent unpleasant results, I resumed my journey uphill; whereupon the dozen big fellows resumed their stations, six on a side, not far from my head.

When I had gone a rod or two farther, these big fellows were relieved by others still larger; and you may believe that I didn't care to pause again. After a few more rods, the size of these escorting guards again increased; and so it kept on until I had reached the top of the mountain, and the mosquitoes had become as large as good-sized hawks.

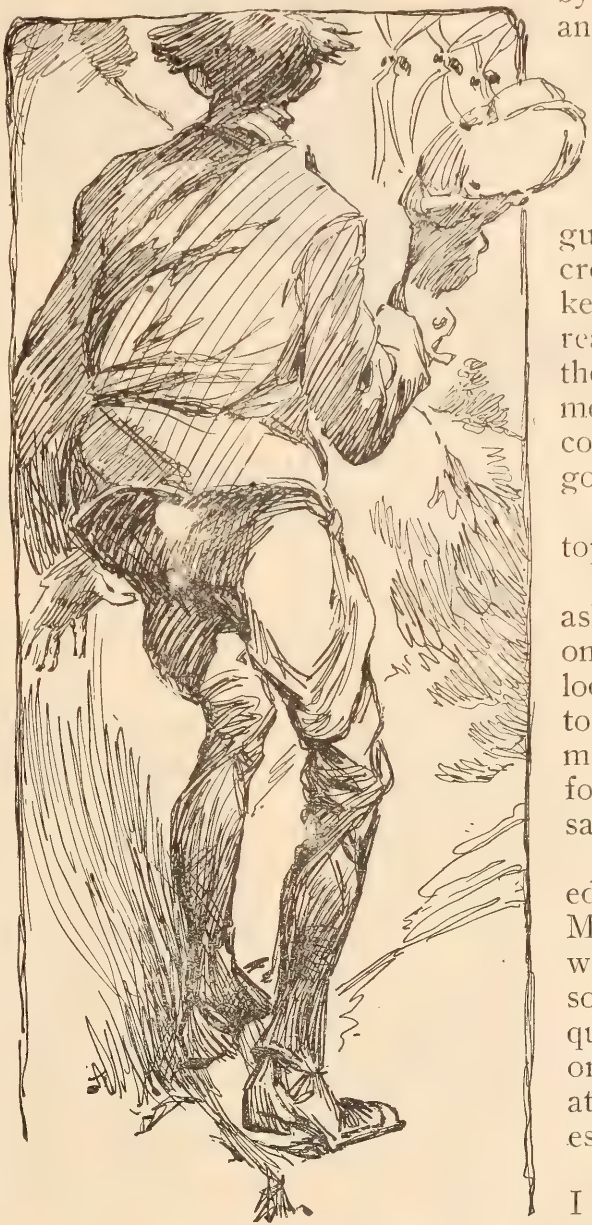
When I was at the top I came to a halt.

"Where now?" I asked my captors. At once a distinguished-looking mosquito flew toward me, saluted me by raising his foreleg politely and sang out:

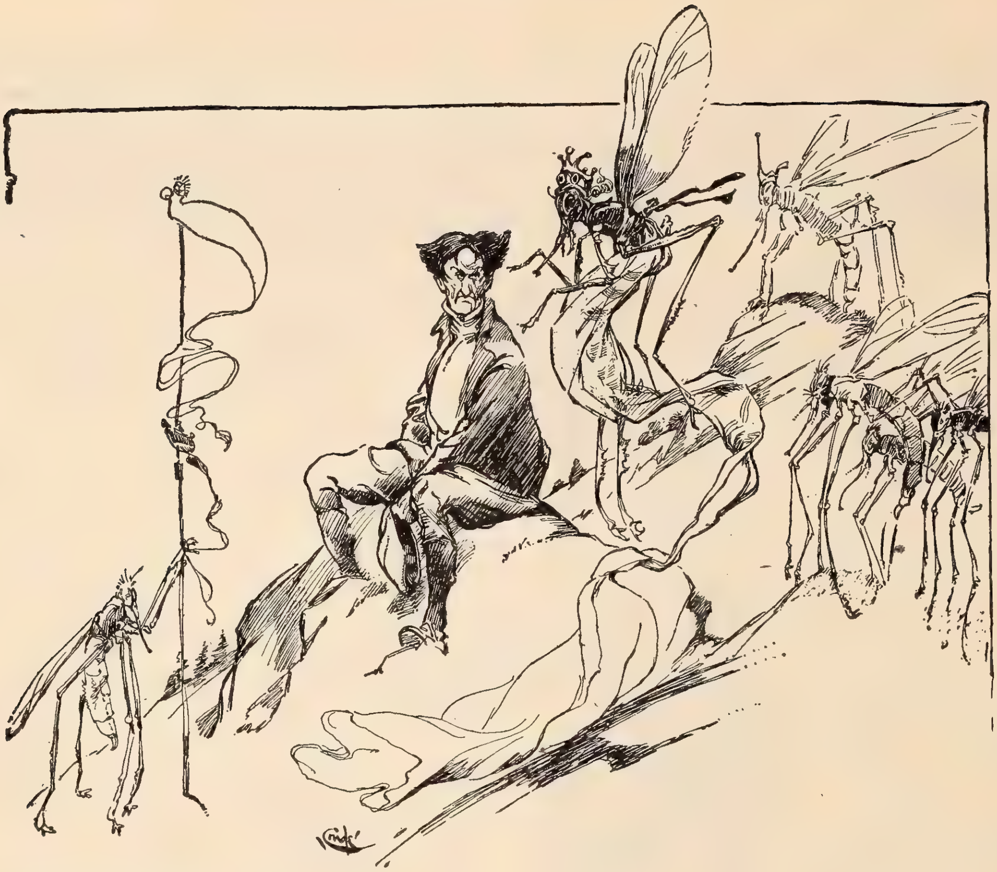
"You will be seated please, until her Majesty arrives. You will not be molested so long as you remain quiet, but we have orders to attack you at the first attempt to escape."

"I understand," I replied, trying to keep cool.

The Captain returned to her station, and we conversed no more. I was too amazed to talk. When I had started to climb the mountain, it was a mere fantastic idea of mine that led me to humor the mosquitoes. I had not really believed they were trying to influence my actions; and yet by that foolish yielding to my fancy I was now fairly in their power.



. . . . *Thicker than ever*



. .. . *I saw the queen smile*

"So I am to be sacrificed to those bloodthirsty creatures," I reflected, "kept as a dainty morsel for their queen! But I shall not die without a struggle!" and I thrust my hand into the pocket of my blouse, where I carried my hunting-knife.

As I gloomily considered my probable fate, I glanced at my guards, and noticed that they seemed agitated. Their eyes were turned upward, and they acted as if about to launch themselves into the air. I looked upward, and saw an enormous but very graceful mosquito hovering above me. While wondering whether this was "Her Majesty," my doubts were set at rest by hearing the following chorus from my guards:

Wave every gauzy wing!
Ye Amazons, now sing!
Dashing through the air,
At once, from everywhere,
Singing softly, singing loud,
Dancing in a mazy cloud;
Poising, rising, sly and fleet,
Rainbow wings and feather feet.
All hail our Queen!
She comes scarce seen!

With busy, buzzing wing,
Ye Amazons, now sing!
Tantalize the foe,
Piercing as we go,
Slyly sipping—oh, how sweet!—
Swiftly advancing, sharp retreat,
Teasing with our mocking song,
Stealing nectar, drowsing long.
She comes, our Queen!
With lance so keen!

When the song was ended, the Queen descended, singing softly to herself and bowing graciously to her subjects. She alighted gracefully upon a little ledge of rock within a few feet of my face and eyed me sharply.

I grasped my hunting-knife, prepared for the worst, but did not yet draw it from my pocket. As my fingers closed upon the weapon, I thought I saw the Queen smile; at least, I noticed that her beak expanded into its various lancets and saws.

"Foolish animal!" said Her Majesty, "do you imagine your feeble weapons would be of use against us—a chosen body of Amazon warriors? We are the nobility of Mosquito-land, the largest and fiercest and bravest of our race. Even across the long river there are none to compare with us! Why, were we to attack you, all would be over in a wing-wave!"

I made no answer, but as I looked around upon my captors, I could not doubt that she spoke the truth.

"But gaze upon us," continued the Queen, "and you will have no fear. We have dined."

And, indeed, when I looked at the Queen and her courtiers I saw that they were well nourished and well filled out.

"What, then," I asked the Queen, my courage rising, "is your purpose in having me driven here?"

"My purpose," Her Majesty replied, "is to plead the cause of my race. It has come to my royal antennae that you animals upon whom we prey, and whom we besiege in your cotton fastnesses—that you other creatures called men presume to ask why we were created. You say continually, 'What in the world were mosquitoes made for?' or, 'I don't see what good mosquitoes are!' Why, I have even heard the remark made myself, when I was browsing upon some plump creature of your kind. No doubt you have said similar things yourself?"—and she gave me a piercing glance.

I did not attempt a denial.

"Yes, your Royal Highness," I answered, "like others of my race, I have certainly said such things."

"Spoken like a mosquito!" responded the Queen approvingly, adding, with a smile, "and that will seem complimentary even to a man, for I do not think you deny our bravery."

I eagerly assured her that I had always marveled at the boldness of her race, considering how small they were."

"For I have never seen any of the largest varieties," I went on, "until Your Majesty granted me this interview."

"Naturally not," she agreed. "You see, we do not attack mankind; because a single bite from one of us would be fatal. Our ancestors pursued the mastodon, the mammoth, the megalosaurus and other enormous creatures of ancient times. Nowadays we are compelled to attack moose and elk, with an occasional whale or walrus when in the north. But we do not care to exterminate mankind, and therefore leave them to our smaller sisters."

I expressed my gratitude and admiration, for I was willing—even anxious—to be agreeable. But I think that Her Majesty perceived that I was not much interested by the history of her race. At all events, she abruptly changed the subject. Flying a little nearer to me, she asked:

"Are you willing to hold a short discussion with me?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"And to lay aside all reserve—answering me freely, as man to mosquito?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Very well. Now, speaking frankly, why do you think the mosquitoes a useless race?"

"Because," I replied, after a moment's thought, "they are universally recognized as a pest and a nuisance to mankind."

"*To mankind!*" repeated the Queen. "Yes, that is just it. In your narrow-minded way, you judge everything by its use to yourselves. If a poor, famished and despairing mosquito alights upon your hand, how do you welcome her? Do you say, 'Yes, little creature, I know that you are in want, and you are welcome to regale yourself with the tiny bit of food that will make you happy?' No! With diabolical deliberation you raise an enormous hand, and try to smash the poor little thing! And if it escapes, the agility of the victim, not the mercy of the executioner, is the reason!"

"But every man has a right to defend himself," I argued.

"Do you grant the same right to other animals? Here you are, hunting in the Adirondacks. Suppose you pursue a buck, and it tries to gore you with its horns—do you say, 'It is no more than the poor creature's right?' Not at all. You are wild with rage, and you talk about the 'brute making a ferocious attack upon the hunter.' And I have heard of Texas cattle escaping in your cities and trying to defend themselves from the butchers. What happens then? Every man and boy unites to slay the poor creature. Is that fairness or justice? Suppose we mosquitoes should form a league of defense, and agree to slay any man who raised a hand to pulverize one of our race? How would you regard that?"

"I shouldn't like it," I answered frankly. "But you are not arguing fairly. It all comes to this: Was the world made for men or for other animals—mosquitoes, for instance? Now, we men believe it was made for us."

"Very good," replied the Queen. "And we mosquitoes do not agree with you. We find ourselves created with every facility for preying upon men."

"You don't mean to say that you think mosquitoes superior to men?" I asked with a smile.

"Indeed we do," she answered very seriously; "and for excellent reasons. Let us consider the matter calmly. I do not deny that men have shown themselves a very clever race. But if they have thrived upon the earth, it is because of their shrewdness, not because they are well fitted for the planet. Consider yourself, for example. You come into these mountains. First, you must be wrapped in layers of cloth stolen from sheep. Then you shelter yourselves beneath the bodies of slain trees. You cast limbs of trees into the fire to keep your own limbs warm. You cheat the fish by a slain worm, killing two creatures to support one. You carry a gun and a knife, and other things made from material in the crust of the earth. You live by the death of other animals, or by destroying parts of the earth itself. Now, as a contrast, consider the life of a well-bred mosquito. It can live anywhere. It needs no shelter, no clothing, no fire or fuel. It ranges over all the earth, from the fiery tropics to the frozen north. It is at home on earth, in the air, and, during its infancy, in the water. When necessary, it can live upon a little vegetable juice. If it attacks men or other animals, it comes boldly forward singing a song of war, and asking no quarter."

"That is all very well," I said; "but you *do* attack men."

"Attack them? Of course we do," the mosquito admitted. "That brings me to the next part of my argument. We claim that men are our natural food. Other animals are more or less protected by nature; but man is left open to our attacks."

"How about mosquito-netting?" I asked, a little maliciously.

"Nettings!" exclaimed the Queen scornfully, "—did you ever pass a night in summer without being bitten at least once?"

"No," I admitted; "I don't think I ever did."

"You seem to think," the Queen said, laughing, "that we attack mankind just as it may happen. On the contrary, it is all systematized. Each man is assigned to just so many mosquitoes, and no well-conducted member of our race will attack the victim of another."

"But some men are not bitten," I remarked.

"True," she admitted; "but that comes from a difference in taste. Some of your species are not worth the risk—for there is some risk, of course."

"Yes," I said, with considerable satisfaction; "we do kill a good many of you."

"And do we kill you?" asked the Queen severely. "You, at worst, suffer a little pain. We risk our lives in attacking you."

"But why do you sting so?" I asked.

"Short-sighted creature!" the Queen exclaimed. "You do not appreciate our mercy. First we warn you by a war-song. Then we let you know where you are attacked. Then we leave a reminder so that you may apply the needed remedies. And yet you complain! Would it please you better if we stole your life-blood secretly?"

"No; I can't say it would be an improvement," I was forced to admit.

"Now," the Queen went on triumphantly, "I don't see what there is left for you to say. We larger mosquitoes, in our mercy for your race, leave you in peace to our smaller sisters. We do not care to slay you. In your clumsy way, we are willing you should remain on earth, trying to preserve your existence against cold and hunger, and enemies. But I have held this conversation with you so that you might understand how we regard you.

"We are tired of hearing ourselves referred to as useless pests—as merely enemies to mankind. Why,—except at meal-times, we never think of men."

"But you attack us at all hours," I objected.

"Well," she answered, smiling, "it is always meal-time for some of us.

"And so,—farewell. But, when you return to your fellows, let them know how affairs seem to our race. You men are too much wrapped up in your own affairs. Once more—farewell!"

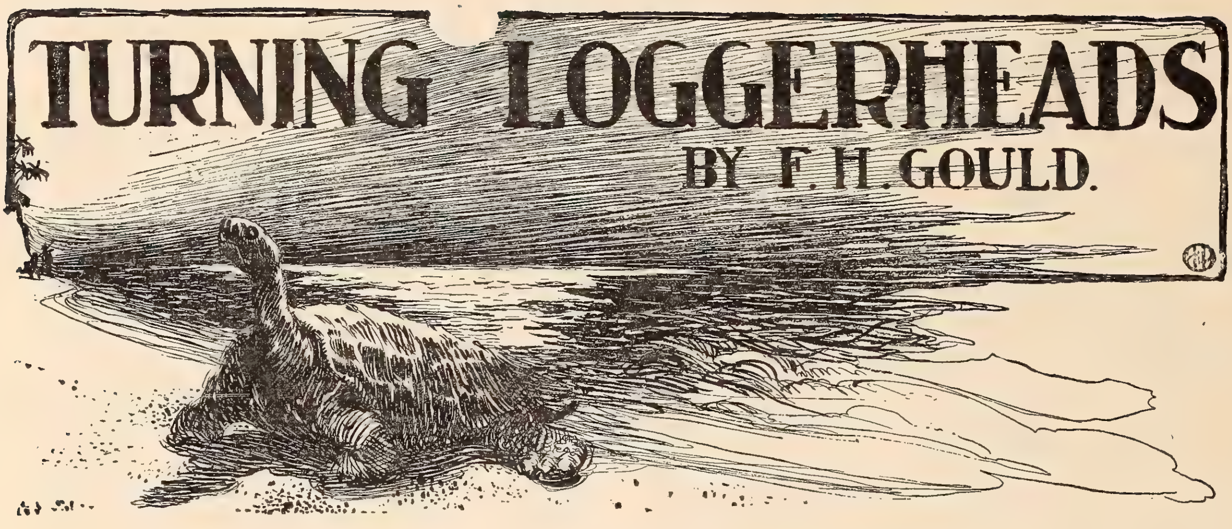
So saying, the Queen and her attendants took to flight, leaving me alone upon the mountain-top. It was so late, that I was compelled to spend the night there. But I was not molested by mosquitoes during the night, and in the morning I returned to camp.

In accordance with the Queen's request, I have recorded my interview with her.

GENIUS

By CLARENCE H. URNER

The sunlit river narrowing, crushed between
Dark walls of granite, longs for valleys green;
So Genius feels harsh laws of Custom bind,
And yearns for freedom to express the mind.



TURNING LOGGERHEADS

BY F. H. GOULD.

ONLY the belated tourist, or one who lingers long after the tide of travel has set Northward, can hope to experience the excitements of a turtle hunt on the coast of Florida. March and April with their balmy airs and glorious sunshine which remind one that even in the Northland the chains of winter are loosened, are too early for the loggerhead to appear. But with the first moon-lit nights of May, if you happen to be in an East coast settlement you will probably hear much of loggerheads, turtle eggs, and perhaps of bears; for it is during this month that the female loggerhead turtle (Thalassochelys carretta) comes up, like Neptune out of the sea, and seeks the sandy beach where she may deposit her eggs, leaving them to be hatched out by the hot rays of the summer sun. Coming ashore at night, and with wonderful instinct, digging with her flippers a hole of some two feet in depth and so round and smooth that it might have been fashioned by the hand of man, she leaves her possible offspring to the tender mercies of two enemies—man, who seeks her eggs as well as her flesh, and the bear to whom the discovery of her nest assures a toothsome repast which is only to be had at one season of the year.

To the inhabitants of this country the annual turtling season partakes much of the picnic flavor. It comes at the end of winter, which is the period of hard work; all hands have been busy with the various tasks connected with the gathering and shipment of the orange crop; the early vegetables have been marketed in the North; and summer, the time of comparative leisure, is at hand. The sail to the beach, the camping out on the sands, the plunge in the surf, together with the excitements of the hunt are all to be looked forward to, and long to be remembered.

It was for the purpose of entering into this sport that I had remained South later than usual and had waited with some impatience for the coming of the full moon which would complete the favorable conditions.

The day finally came when my old friend Bill Carter imparted to me the information that he believed it would be a good night for "turtlin'."

Bill's opinion on this, or on any other subject relating to Florida, I had long since learned to value, for I had been taught by a host of experiences that he was just the man to have along on such an expedition. Long of limb, and large of bone, his muscles were hardened by constant use even to the degree necessary for turning loggerheads with ease. I had counted on his assistance and, of course, accepted it gladly.

Our plan was to sail over to the beach and wait till moonrise. We would spend the first hours of the night in hunting, then camp out on the sand, returning next day. Loggerheads should be abroad and we hoped to get one or more of them, but we were also going to provide against the possible chance of meeting, as often happens, a bear who might be there with predatory designs against turtle eggs.

It only required a short time to complete the simple preparations necessary. Luncheons were made ready and carried to the boat; a supply of blankets for bedding, and cheese-cloth to serve as canopies to protect us from insects was included, and to assist us in locating nests we took a couple of iron rods which were to be thrust into the sand where we found evidences of its having been recently disturbed. These last enable one to detect the presence of the eggs.

The sun was approaching the West and the afternoon more than half spent when we hoisted sail, and heading due East, were speeding towards the beach. Before us stretched the shining waters of the Banana river and on the opposite side about three miles distant we could see the low line which marked the narrow bulwark of sand between the river and the Atlantic. As we approached the land, the few palmetto palms growing on the bank stood out in sharp silhouette against the Eastern sky, which already reflected the glories of the setting sun. The scrubby mangroves and the glossy leaves of the sea-grape became golden and then purple.

Bill, with hand on the tiller, was evidently enjoying the prospect of giving me a new experience.

Turtling was about the only form of Florida sport that we had not enjoyed together. At one time or another we had hunted about everything in the way of game that the country afforded and had fished the waters of various parts of the state. Now we were after the largest of sea turtles, great creatures seldom seen except by sailors at sea or dwellers of some warm coast-country. The strangeness of our prey and the unusual environment of the quest acted as spurs to my curiosity.

Coming to anchor a few miles from shore, we transferred our belongings to the small boat and landed at the trail leading through the scrub. After climbing the gentle ascent, we found ourselves at the top of the sand cliff which overlooks the Atlantic and which is characteristic of almost the entire eastern coast of Florida.

As far north and as far south as the eye could reach the broad hard beach extended in wild and monotonous loneliness. No vessels were in sight, for ships rarely approach this treacherous coast. The breakers advancing in endless procession discharged their batteries of muffled thunder. Far in the distance the scene was veiled by flying mist, and to add nature's last touch, a half dozen pelicans with distended pouches were solemnly flying in single file over the breaking surf to their roosting place some twenty miles to the southward.

The making of camp was the simplest matter imaginable. Blankets were laid upon the dry sand close under the cliff, and over them were hung on four sticks driven into the sand our netting of cheese-cloth. There was no fear of mosquitoes or sand-flies while the wind held even a half point off shore, but let it veer a little to landward, or die down, and we were sure to receive more attention from them than would be desirable. Supper disposed of, we waited for the rising of the moon while the wind blew softly in our faces, sending the smoke from our pipes in swirling clouds to leeward. Cape Canaveral light was already shining brightly in the North. The twilight passed quickly. Night succeeded day with the swiftness peculiar to the tropics. The squak of a night-bird or the quick rustle of some small animal in the brush could occasionally be heard.

Soon the moon appeared on the eastern horizon, first as a glow of light, then slowly lifting its rim above the water and sky line, until it shone like a great molten mass in semi-tropical brilliance.

Bill arose to his feet, and, casting a keen glance up and down the beach, indicated that it was time to go. "Looks like we ought to get something," he muttered, stooping to pick up his gun, and then following his lead, I started down the coast.

Hunting loggerheads involves a vast amount of walking. Together we trudged along, keeping a sharp lookout well ahead for any object either moving or stationary, which on nearer approach might prove to be a turtle. Untrained eyes are easily deceived in the uncertain moonlight by what afterwards on closer scrutiny turns out to be only bunches of seaweed or driftwood. Not a living thing was in sight. We only felt the steady night wind carrying with it the moisture and brine of the ocean, and heard the gentle crunching of the wet sand under our feet. After covering about three miles to the southward and having seen nothing, we retraced our steps and proceeded with even greater caution toward our starting place. We began to think that we were too early and that, after all, it would probably be better to give it up till later, when a sudden whispered warning from Bill dismissed all regrets.

A hundred yards ahead, where a breaker was just receding, appeared a huge dark form. Hastily going down on all fours we watched it eagerly. Its great horny head protruded from its shell, the scales of which glistened in the moonlight. Freed from the water and finding itself in a new element, the great turtle began to crawl laboriously towards dry ground. In spite of its awkward movements it traveled with considerable alacrity and was speedily beyond the reach of the breakers, and made its way toward the cliff.

"Don't make a sound," whispered Bill, "and don't move. Wait till she lays her eggs."

Legs and arms began to ache and an hour dragged by, while we crouched miserably on the damp sand, before a movement on her part showed that she had begun to cover her eggs and was preparing to return to the water. Carefully and dexterously, considering that her flippers were her only tools, the ponderous monster replaced the sand, and began to move toward the sea.

It is not easy, without some previous practice, to grapple the underside of the shell of a turtle weighing something like a thousand pounds, being very careful to avoid her sharp flippers, and her still more formidable jaws, and then, with a quick movement, throw her over on her back, where she lies helpless. Bravely she struggles to escape her pursuers and fiercely her jaws snap in her efforts to bite her captors. Woe to the man who gets within their reach. There was no time for hesitation; we must catch her before she got too close to the water.

I had reached the turtle before Bill and scarcely knew how I was to accomplish the task of turning over her huge bulk. Theories were now put to flight. Stern reality started me in the fact. It was clear that it was to be a hand-to-hand encounter — a wrestling match between a turtle and a man, with Bill in the background as umpire. Her quickness of movement, now that she was alarmed, surprised me. Her neck at close quarters seemed fearfully long and flexible. I just escaped her sharp jaws in my first effort to grasp her; then she had gotten beyond my reach and I was after her with every nerve tingling. Coming up to her again, I succeeded in grasping her shell midway between her two right flippers and raising her enough to check her progress. Her flippers flew like windmills. Bill had tripped over a piece of wreckage half buried in the sand, and there he lay sprawling just when I most needed him. "Hold on to her," he shouted.

The barnacles on her shell were cutting my hands, her weight seemed to increase with every passing second, my back was breaking, and her struggles were most disconcerting. "Hurry, Bill, or I shall have to drop her," I called. At the last moment, when I couldn't have held on another instant, he arrived. Our united efforts were necessary to turn her, and surely I could never have done it alone, although I suspected my companion had lagged behind in order that I might have all the glory.

There lay our captive helpless to escape. We threw ourselves down quite exhausted from our efforts, and watched her toss great showers of sand in the air in vain attempts to regain her natural position. After a short rest we again followed the coast in the direction of our camp. We were not lucky enough to get another that night, nor did we on this occasion see any bear signs.

Camp was a welcome sight as we approached it in the moon's waning light. Sleep came quickly and when I awoke under my canopy of cheese-cloth the next morning the sun had risen and shone full in my face. Bill was nowhere to be seen, and I guessed that he had gone to dispatch the loggerhead captured during the previous night. Soon he returned, carrying a sack which afterwards proved to contain the eggs taken from the loggerhead's nest. There were nearly two hundred of them; they were quite round in shape, and only about one inch in diameter, the shells being of parchment-like texture with a slight dent or depression on one side, as if the contents did not quite fill them.

Among Bill's many accomplishments camp-cooking was not the least. I watched him make an omelet of turtle eggs, and was surprised that he used only the yolks, discarding the whites. He told me that it was impossible to cook the whites, that they would not harden like hens' eggs, and that only the yolks were fit to eat. Keen appetites are the usual accompaniment of meals in camp, which perhaps accounts for many a cook's reputation, but the omelet was so good that I called for more.

Later I had a chance to taste turtle meat. It is said by some to be equal to beef. To me it was very different and inferior, but I once ate some that had been dried and smoked and its resemblance to smoked beef was very striking.

Sometimes the capture takes place a long distance from the camp and a curious plan is resorted to, to get the turtle nearer. A stout line is attached to her and she is made to swim in the sea in the required direction, her escape into deep water being prevented by a couple of strong men at the other end of the line who lead her and check any attempt she may make in that direction. Upon arriving at the desired destination she is pulled up on the beach and again turned on her back to be disposed of at leisure.

When I went to look at our turtle by daylight and to help carry away such portions of the meat as we wanted, I was not surprised that it had given us so much trouble the night before. We estimated its weight as upwards of twelve hundred pounds, which is not unusual. Massive strength was written all over it. Its powerful jaws bespoke its carnivorous habits, and its muscular flippers indicated with what efficient strength they could be wielded to navigate the ocean's depths. Its shell was of somewhat soft and spongy texture, quite unlike that of the hawksbill or the green turtle, and like the bottom of some old ship returning from a long cruise, was coated here and there with barnacles. This shell has no commercial value, and when left upon the sand soon becomes disintegrated. Ours happened to be the first loggerhead captured that season and this accounted for the group of curious neighbors whom we found awaiting us as we brought our sailboat up to the wharf.

A TALE OF COO-COO-CACHE

By MARTIN HUNTER

I HAD not been long in charge of "Coo-coo-cache" before I looked about for some one able to tell me the meaning and root of the word "Coo-coo-cache." Whatever the meaning might be, I felt sure the name was an appropriate one, and that possibly a tale hung thereby. Nor was I mistaken, for a few evenings later I got the old chief into the guard-room and by the aid of our interpreter elicited the following story; the old man had heard it from his grandfather, who participated in the fight.

I found by close questioning that the lives of his grandfather, father and himself spanned back over one hundred and fifty years, and it was quite possible and probable that the circumstantial recount was true, and the fight must have taken place between the year 1750 and the taking of Canada by the British.

About that time and for some years previous the warlike Iroquois had made forays into the north country by most of the rivers falling into the St. Lawrence. In the far interior, where might was right, a band of these marauders would swoop down on a peaceful encampment of Algonquins, rob them of their winter's hunt, not infrequently maltreating them and often murder was committed. There is no doubt that the French, while not openly sanctioning these raids, at least connived at robbery of the interior Indians. Much of the furs that the Iroquois brought to barter at Quebec and Ville Marie would never have found their way there had these bold freebooters not gone for them.

But a day of reckoning was coming, in which the poor, ill-treated Algonquins had their revenge. During the winter months the chief sent a courier amongst his scattered tribesmen on their hunting grounds appointing a day for them to meet in council the following summer, at which assembly plans would be made to give the Iroquois a set-back they would not forget. From Three Rivers, the Iroquois paddled up the St. Maurice as far as the mouth of the Vermillion river, one of the tributaries of the St. Maurice. Up the Vermillion they journeyed for a couple of days, then struck northeast over a chain of small lakes which took them out on to the St. Maurice once more. By this route they avoided a long detour of the main river and came out above the numerous rapids and falls. Five of these small lakes drained into the Vermillion and the last one, "Coo-coo-cache," into the St. Maurice.

To drop down into this last lake the portage is a narrow, deep defile, one side of which is a sheer, precipitous rocky mountain some six or seven hundred feet high, from the top of which a person can see little Long Lake on one side and "Coo-coo-cache" on the other. It was down along this defile the Algonquins waited in ambush while one of their number kept vigilant watch from a solitary spruce tree that crowned the rocky height. The signal the watchman was to give to apprise his companions of the arrival of the Iroquois at the upper end of the portage was the call of the night owl—

"Coo-coo-coo-ho."

As this owl was hidden (caché), the name became after "Coo-coo-cache" (Hidden Owl), and to this day the lake and H. B. Post are known only by that name. This vigilant watch and waiting had to be kept up for several days, as it was only conjectural at what time the Iroquois would arrive.

The women, children and aged people of the tribe were encamped out on the St. Maurice, about two miles from where the able men kept watch, and each day a couple of boys brought them cooked provisions for the next twenty-four hours.

At last, after a week's waiting and watching, the signal came from the man on the height that the Iroquois were in the portage. The Algonquins lay well concealed, strung along one side of the trail. The enemy came along Indian file, not suspecting any danger so far south as they then were. The mode of assault mapped out by the Algonquin chief was that when the first man of the Iroquois reached the last man of the Algonquins that last man was to take steady aim and fire. This shot was to be the signal for a general attack, each of the interior Indians to take the Iroquois nearest to him.

The Iroquois being unprepared and taken so much by surprise, offered very little resistance. A few of those not killed outright drew their belt hatchets and hand-to-hand conflicts ensued, but the victory was complete to the Algonquins, with the loss of only one man and a few flesh cuts to some others. The man lost was the lookout on the mountain-top. To better observe what was taking place, he had clambered up into the solitary spruce. Two, only, of the Iroquois had not reached the firing line when the massacre commenced. One of these, espying the watchman in the tree, potted him from where he stood, and with his companion fled back across the portage.

The Algonquins, seeing the men run, fired a volley after them and a number gave hot pursuit. Under no consideration could they risk a single one to escape and carry the tale to their kinsmen. The fugitives sprang into one of the canoes at the south end of the portage and the pursuers into another. A hot and strenuous chase then took place with a slight gain at each small lake by the canoe behind. Without pause or let-up they swung out into the Vermillion, and then rapidly down stream, going east.

The first rapid they would come to was, properly speaking, a succession of falls, and no one could possibly run that stretch of turbulent water and come out alive. The approach to the portage at the head of the falls is dangerous enough at any stage of water, and has to be negotiated with care. Both canoes were then going at a tremendous speed through the water, being impelled not only by the paddles, but by the ever-increasing current. Every nerve was keyed to the utmost tension. A little closer and the pursuers would be within shooting distance. The fugitives looked back. They realized that death was before them and death behind them.

To shoot the falls there was one chance in a thousand, and they chose to take the risk. The followers saw the bowsman in the preceding canoe wrench his frail bark out into midstream, and they with one accord ceased paddling and looked on with amazement at their foolhardy decision. To witness the death of their enemies they resumed their paddling and hastened ashore at the portage and bounded up onto the rocks just in time to see the desperate men take the second and biggest jump in the flight for life.

The steersman stood erect in the canoe as she was on the brink and shook his clenched fist at the Algonquins ashore. In another moment canoe and men were lost in the mighty, seething waters. To this day those falls are known as the Iroquois Falls, "Na-ta-way-Pow-is-tic."

The loss of these men made such an impression on the Iroquois that no others molested the interior people, and shortly after this event the country came into the possession of the English, who countenanced no such traffic. In 1886 the writer of this historical fact ascended the mountain and stood beside the identical spruce tree from which tumbled to the rocks below the bruised remains of the watchman who gave the warning cry of—

"Coo-coo-coo-ho."

Many years ago fire swept all down the mighty St. Maurice. For hundreds of miles it licked up everything in its path. Since then a second growth of trees has sprung up, in fact are big trees themselves. Amongst these, bordering on the portage and about where the old chief said the massacre took place, I delved in several places. Bones I found, but so brown and decayed by time that it was impossible to say if of human beings or animals. But one relic I did find which of itself was almost conclusive evidence that the story was true, and that was a rusty two-edged bayonet, such as the French used in those days. I unearthed this from the back of a half-burnt, half-rotten monarch of the primitive forest, a tree that the raging fire failed to consume in its passage. This valuable antiquarian piece of steel I forwarded through a friend to Mr. (now Sir) James Lemoine, of Quebec, and very probably it is in his collection of curios to-day, an interesting reminder of early Canadian history.

In many places about the upper St. Maurice can be plainly seen at the mouth of some river tributary to the parent stream, overgrown bowl-like excavations in which some time in the long ago hid Iroquois ambuscading the unsuspecting inland Indian as he floated out into the lake. But the fight at Coo-coo-caché wiped out many back scores and the Algonquins remained at peace ever after. In 1765 the Nor-West Company established a post at Weymontachingue, fifty miles north of Coo-coo-caché, which reverted to the Hudson's Bay Company at the coalition of the two companies in 1821. That post and one built at Coo-coo-caché are still kept open as trading places for the Algonquins.

THE HIGHWAY

By FRANK LEO PINET

1.

Life is a highway wondrous, fair,
And we are but pilgrims journeying there.

2.

And it's here the rain and there the rain,
But ever the sun comes out again;

3.

And it's over the hill and under the hill,
But ever the way leads onward still;

4.

And it's here a stone and there a stone,
And it's many a mile one must go alone;

5.

And it's here a foe and there a friend,
And many the turn, and, at last, the end.

6.

Life is a highway wondrous, fair,
And we are but pilgrims journeying there.

THE END OF THE GREAT RED FOX

By FRANK H. MELOON

NOW the hounds are coursing the Great Red Fox,—there is but one of his kind and none beside. He, who is bigger than any hound, laughs at dog and gun and hunter alike; he laughs and preys still upon the fat of the poultry yards, and even rends young lambs in the sheep-fold. Ah, but he is cunning, and there is no other so cunning as he!

The hounds course him while we wait with cocked rifles. We wait uselessly, as I know, who would swear by the way that the Great Red Fox will die no death of dog or man, and no bullet may touch him.

Listen, they come toward us! Never more than a little ahead, he leaves them utterly and brings pursuit to an end. I know not why, but to-day I feel that he must die. He is old; yes, old, and he, the Great Red Fox, the king of all his kind, must die.

Now he comes; at his heels follow the best hounds in New England. They are trained to the chase and will never cease to follow his trail until they drop in their tracks from exhaustion, or he baffles them with one of those tricks for which he is famous.

We may shoot at him as he passes, but I tell you it is no use. Could he avoid passing us, he would. The Great Red Fox can sniff the scent of man or powder a hundred yards against the stiffest breeze that ever blew. You laugh, but you do not know; you are young and you have much to learn. For forty years I have hunted and trapped and lived my life in Canada and the north of your Maine and New Hampshire, and there is no man who can tell me aught of the woods or of the lore of them.

Here he is, right upon us! Ah, you did not hit him, which is not to be wondered at, since you shot without taking aim, or did I, who was born a marksman, with a rifle in my hands. No bullet ever yet was cast to pierce the vitals of the Great Red Fox, over whom hangs always the charm of the Moon; the Moon, whose silver rays protect her own and turn the hand of the slayer ever so little,—a hair's breadth, maybe,—but enough! Else he would have died ere this.

Now he has a straight stretch of a quarter of a mile. Let us not reload our rifles, but watch him. Will he turn? Not he; his delight is in that lightning speed which now you see, though you are the only one, save me, that has watched him on that path.

A seared streak—almost yellow—over the green, and he is far away! The lightning bolt in the sky of a summer night is not so swift. Almost might he outrun those bullets you and I sent singing about his ears. He loves the music of death as I the wind-harps wailing through the limbs of the forest outside the glow of the camp fire.

Those hounds run well, friend. What say you? Is any so fleet as the Great Red Fox? The race is not always to the fleetest, men say, but to his speed of foot the Great Red Fox adds cunning. There is nothing so great in the forest as cunning.

There he goes to the cover! It will be speed no more, but brain and sure foot against brain and keen sense of smell. He will turn, he will double. They will lose him, and he will peer out from his hiding with sharp eyes, exulting, while they sniff in baffled fashion. And, when they strike that sinuous path he has laid for them he will go on to do the same trick again. He is too fond of the venture. He takes the big chance which none but the Great Red Fox would dare. Some day—perhaps, as I have said, to-day—he will take the wrong chance, and lose. Then we shall see what we shall see.

What did I tell you? A lagging hound has caught him as he doubles, and drives him up the mountain by the walled path from which even he cannot turn. Not one hound, but two and three and four! Ah, to be caught by the laggards! Such is the fate of many who do the world's running; they strive, and others, who lie idly by, overtake them at the tide's turning.

Let us go up the path that the return may be surely closed against him. The brush of the Great Red Fox is a trophy worth years of scheming, and I—I alone—have planned out the closed path into which I knew he must some day turn. At its end at the mountain-top lies a sheer precipice whose edge is ninety feet above the crags below.

With a dozen hounds in full cry behind him, he lopes almost leisurely up the steep way. He is thinking, as the Great Red Fox is wont to do. He will have some plan. Yes, they are far ahead of us now.

Look, look! Did you see him then? He has sprung high and clear—a good twelve-foot bound—over the open jaws of the hounds, and comes toward us. Quick, quick! We must stop him. Club your rifle. There, he hesitates and turns slowly, but he is not wearied. See now, what speed is that! It is like a star that falls from its place in the heavens, only he shoots upward. But the hounds may catch him and rend him if we do not hasten.

Blessed Mary! Look at that! He has gone through the pack as the flying star hurtles through the night, brushing aside the hounds quite as easily, I swear. And they, the best dogs in all your New England!

Now must he stop of a surety, for he has reached the end of the path. Where is he? See the hounds gape in wonder; they are looking about them for a prey that is not there.

Hasten, friend, hasten. Only from the edge of the precipice may we see what has happened. It is as I thought. Ninety feet to doom upon those wicked rocks below! And not one of all the pack to dare that glorious leap with him!

What did I say to you but now? That neither man nor dog nor bullet might slay that wonderful beast who will harry hennery and sheepyard no more. Yet, friend, it is poor Peter, the guide, who stands here with a tear on either cheek; but who am I that God should bestow upon me the peerless brush of the Great Red Fox.

WHEN THE SEASON IS ENDING

By JOHN T. WILLETS

AT the seashore the latter days of August are filled with preparations for the return of the majority of visitors to their respective homes. The resumption of business, the opening of the schools and the reawakening of the world of industry after its brief summer rest, all give warning that the season of recreation is nearly at an end. Fortunate are they who are able to remain a few weeks longer, through the mild September, with its pure, bracing atmosphere, its cool nights and mellow, warm days,—a time when bathing, fishing, sailing and all aquatic sports will be found to be nearer perfection than in any other month.

At Manahawken, an old village near the New Jersey coast, let the late vacationist procure a "sneak box" and go down the creek to the bay, which lies about two miles east of the village. A sneak box is a boat whose model is peculiar to Manahawken and the seashore towns north of it. Built particularly for gunning, it lies low in the water, and the deck is nearly a counterpart of the bottom in shape. The upper part of the craft slopes slightly both longitudinally and laterally toward the water, while the bottom rises as gradually to meet it; a sort of a miniature monitor. A two-fold advantage is gained by this model, the boat is easily concealed when gunning for ducks, and it draws very little water,—the latter being an important consideration in Manahawken Bay, which, in most parts of it, is quite shallow. This class of boat is also easy to row and is a fast sailer.

Far to the left as we sail down the creek, standing isolated from other habitations, is an old house, which, years ago, before the railroad had reached the seashore was a popular resort for visitors who sought the cool breezes of the Atlantic and the sport with line and gun in Manahawken Bay and the waters south of it. The "Ferry House," as it is still called, which in a few of its details has been modernized, occupied its present site long before the war of 1812. Many interesting relics have been unearthed on the premises, among them being portions of human skeletons, stone axes, flint arrow-heads and other evidences of the existence of Indian tribes that once frequented that vicinity. Near the landing, where the main land joins the meadow, is another deserted structure which is equally old, and which was also once a place of entertainment for the traveling public.

The sun is hot, but its fervid rays are tempered by a cool breeze from the north. An expanse of water opens up to the east, and beyond it gleams the white sand of the beach, the narrow barrier between the bay and the ocean. With the sea air pervading their lungs, the saline odor of the meadows in their nostrils, and the fresh wind fanning their cheeks, the occupants of the boat can for the time forget the worries of life and be as free from care as the Lotus Eaters on their enchanted isle, or the sea gulls that circle over the water, screaming shrilly as they search for their finny food. Added to this is immunity from the persecution of mosquitoes; the domain of those insects ends at the edge of the bay.

We sail over to the draw of the railroad bridge which spans the bay. As the main channel is at this point, the draw-tender is kept busy admitting boats from both the north and the south sides of the bridge. This official occupies a cosy little house, consisting of a miniature living room, its walls decorated with pictures of marine and other subjects, and curios from the bay and sea, and a still smaller sleeping apartment containing two comfortable bunks. A short distance away is Martin's Hotel, standing by the side of the railroad, and, like the bridge, resting on piles which stand in the water.

A mile to the east on the beach is Surf City, a resort which has sprung up within the last few years. The railroad runs past this place north to Barnegat City, and south to Beach Haven. Surf City occupies a locality that is grimly memorable in the New Jersey annals of shipwreck. It was near this spot, in the year 1854, that the sailing ship Powhaten, with four hundred emigrants on board from Germany was blown on shore in a furious southeast storm, and, with the exception of one child, all perished.

As the wind and tide are both favorable, and the day is still young, the boat is headed south, and, impelled by the force of a brisk wind astern of her, makes good time down the bay. A sail of an hour and a half brings us opposite Beach Haven, one of the thriving watering places of the New Jersey coast. This resort was founded by the sect of Friends. The first hotel, the Perry House, was built by Robert Engle, a wealthy Quaker of Mount Holly. It caught fire one summer night and was burned to the ground, the guests escaping with the loss of all their effects, many of them being obliged to return to their homes clothed only in bathing suits. The proprietor of the hotel soon erected a larger and finer building, the Engleside, which, with the Baldwin and a number of others less pretentious, help to make Beach Haven an ornament to the New Jersey coast.

Two miles farther south is the Long Beach House, "Bond's," as it is known to the old-time seashore travelers. Fifty years ago this house with its accommodations for over two hundred guests, was usually filled to overflowing every season with visitors from New York and Philadelphia. It was then the only hotel of any prominence on that part of the coast, and its patrons from the cities were obliged to perform most of the journey by stage coach and sail boat. Its original owner, Thomas Bond, is now dead, and the house is deserted and in the extreme stages of dilapidation.

Four miles farther is our destination, Little Egg Harbor, a part of the coast well known to mariners, the depth of water in the inlet and the land locked harbor making it a safe and comfortable refuge for coasting vessels in rough weather. Here a person can revel in aquatic sports, and find ample scope for the use of both gun and line. If he is fond of shooting, all the varieties of snipe that frequent the salt water sands and marshes may fall victims to his aim. Robin snipe, tell tales, or yellow leg plover, bull head plover, curlew, both the long bill and the short bill species—marlin and willet are among the birds that abound on this part of the coast, besides myriads of snipe of smaller size, whose great numbers and delicacy of flavor commend them to the gunner. Most of these birds are migratory, visiting the New Jersey coast in June, going south in mid-summer to breed, and returning the latter part of August and in September for a stay of several weeks.

And fish! It is not a question of finding them, but of choosing the kind we want. At least twenty different spots are within a few minutes sail of us, in any one of which the chances are all in favor of a good catch. If we prefer weak fish, we can go on the flats west of the Seven Islands, and with a float line obtain enough sport to satisfy the most exacting devotee of the piscatorial art. Weak fish weighing from four to five pounds each,—the trout of the salt water, take the hook with avidity, and the line whizzes through our fingers as the prey strives to avoid capture. Skill acquired from experience is necessary to save a weak fish of this size, and our patience is well rewarded when our trophy lies in the bottom of the boat, his black and silver back and golden belly flashing in the sunlight. Other kinds of fish also abound in these waters, all of fine flavor. Spots, or Cape May goodies, porgies and king fish or barb,—so-called from tentacles sprouting from the lower jaw which have a fancied resemblance to a beard.

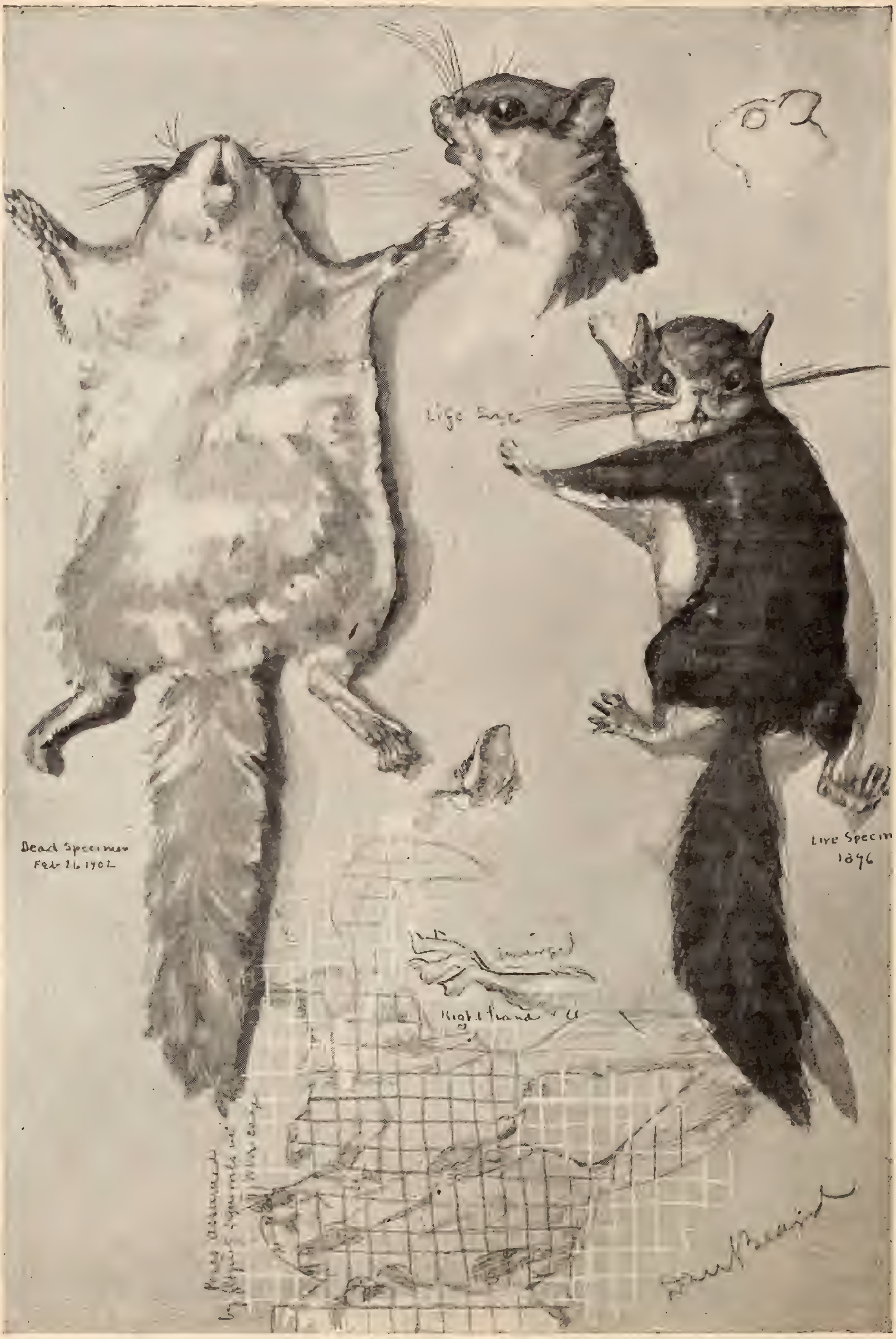
We catch a number of oyster fish, which are utterly worthless, as they are not edible. They are the pariahs of the fish community, slimy, repulsive creatures, nearly all head and mouth, the latter filled with teeth like miniature paving stones. The jaws are as powerful as a steel trap. Their favorite food is oysters; with their teeth they crush the shells of these bivalves as if they were egg shells and suck out the soft meat.

Nearer the inlet, where the water is deep and the current swift, we find the black fish and the sea bass. A hundred sea bass in two hours has been caught by the writer and a companion upon more than one occasion at a certain spot near the inlet. Here, also, is found the sheepshead, that gamey fish whose difficulty of capture with hook and line, exquisite flavor and pecuniary value when caught makes it the king of the finny tribe on the New Jersey coast. Possessed of great strength and swiftness, and with a mouth literally paved with teeth, even the skilled fisherman, after the fish is well hooked, often loses it with all the gear. It is a feat to take home even three or four of these fish after a day's work. Great skill, perfect quiet and unlimited patience are required for success in sheepshead fishing. They are a very timid fish, and sometimes hours will pass without a bite.

An invigorating bath supplements the fishing. Along the shores of the harbor are coves where, on the high tide, still water bathing can be enjoyed to perfection. The water, in which is stored up the heat of July and August, is at its warmest, just the right temperature to be inviting and pleasant. We have earned that recreation, for we have pulled in fish until we are tired, and have as many weak fish and sea bass as we can carry home.

The sun is going down, sinking to his rest in a couch of crimson and purple clouds. The stars appear one by one as the daylight fades. In the lantern of the lighthouse on the beach nearby a glow of red tells that Little Egg Harbor's sentinel is on guard until the luminary of day again goes on duty. Its alternate red and white flashes warn the mariner in unmistakable language that the shoals and beach of the New Jersey coast lie in its immediate vicinity. Far to the south a steady white light, gleaming like the eye of a Cyclops, tells us that the lamp in the tall tower of Absecon is fulfilling a similar mission. The south wind blows just strong enough to keep the main sheet taut, as we take the first of the flood tide, and with the star-lit dome of a September sky above us, start on our return trip of fifteen miles to Manahawken.

* * *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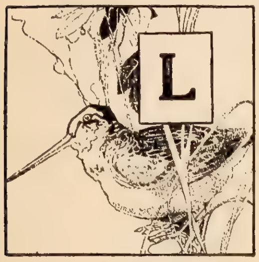
Dan Beard

THE FLYING SQUIRREL *Drawn by* DAN BEARD

A BEAUTIFUL PEST

By DAN BEARD



LAST night, as I sat on the big piece of blue stone which serves as a front stoop for my log house in the woods of Pike County I saw a flying squirrel sail down from the roof to an oak tree. The oak tree is about sixty feet high and stands upon the edge of a natural terrace, running down to the lake. The squirrel ran rapidly up to the topmost branch of this tree and then sprang into midair and sailed out of sight, over the tops of the trees below.

When I first built this house, some eighteen years ago, I discovered a nest of flying squirrels up over the window in one of the bedrooms, and they were so pretty and tame that I left them there. But that was the greatest mistake I made about my log house. The flying squirrels have multiplied and increased, and continued to increase in numbers in spite of the fact that each year I capture as many as I can and send them away to friends in different parts of the country for pets. Flying squirrels make most beautiful pets, but they are worse in a house than the so-called Norway brown rats. Rats can't fly.

When I opened my log house this season the flying squirrels had nests in my rubber boots, in the pockets of my hunting coat, in my corduroy trousers, in my hat, had stopped up the stove-pipe in the kitchen so that, when the fire was built, the smoke drove us all weeping from the house. They took all the cotton tabs off the mattresses and carried them away for nesting, unravelled the edges of the rugs and carpets, and used it for the same purpose and, in fact, used all the ingenuity with which Nature had endowed them to do as much mischief during the "closed season" as was possible.

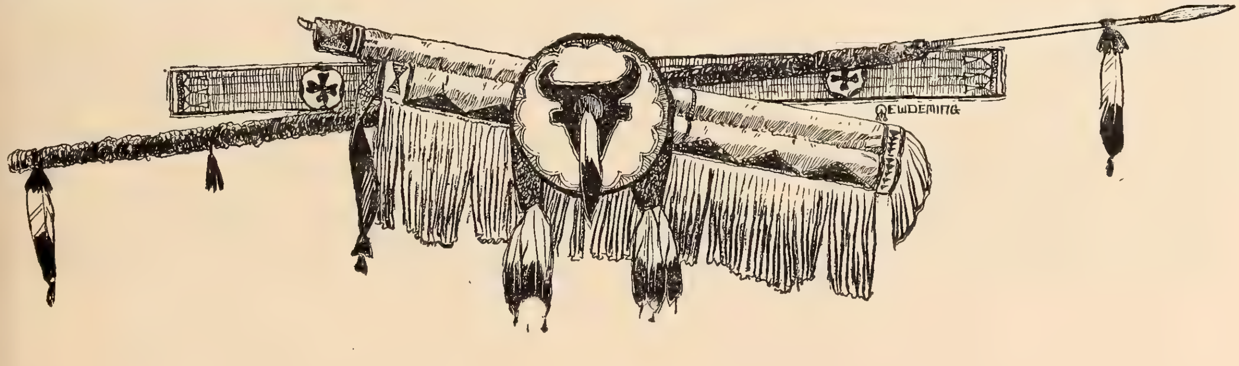
About four o'clock in the morning is the time when the flying squirrels come home from their night's orgies, and you can then hear a resounding thump upon the roof, then a scampering of little feet, then a scramble in the walls, then a conversation in more or less subdued squeaks. Then, thump after thump, you hear them come until they are all home. After this they gradually quiet down until all is still. They wake up again at dusk of the following evening, when, if it is fair, they sally forth, but on rainy or stormy nights they do not go out.

An ordinary rat trap will not confine a flying squirrel, for so flat is his beautiful little body that by using the force of his muscles he can spread the wires apart far enough to escape. I always use my hand, protected by a glove or some similar object, and catch them with that. I caught nine, in that way, in one night.

Sometimes I have turned down the bedclothes and jumped into bed to alight upon a bunch of cracked nut-shells.

Sometimes they will come and drop with a thump upon the chest of one of my sleeping guests, and always succeed in frightening them to such an extent that the tenderfoot dares not move until his eyes gradually become accustomed to the darkness and he sees the little creature sitting on his hind legs, calmly washing his face with his front paws.

Sometimes the mother squirrel objects to the human animal occupying the same room as her family, and then at night the astonished tenderfoot sees the little creature running over the girders of the ceiling, carrying her young in her mouth, taking them one by one until she has deposited them in a safer place and one in which her privacy is not invaded. Flying squirrels must be given plenty of exercise if they are to be kept in health.



SOUTHERN PINES

By EMILY PARET ATWATER

Where the shifting sunbeams fall,
Through the pine trees, straight and tall,
And their dancing light has made
Checkered patterns of the shade;
There on fragrant couch I'm lying,
(For the needles are my bed),
List'ning to the gentle sighing
Of the pine tops overhead.

Back and forth they bend and away.
All the livelong summer day,
Making music, soft and low,
As the fitful breezes blow;
Echoing the ocean's sound,
As the strong wind, in his glee
Shakes the brown cones on the ground
For the woodland world to see.

Centuries, perhaps, they've stood
Making music in the wood,
Now the wanton hand of man
On their ranks has laid his ban;
Tempests wild may sorely tax,
All the strength in which they trust,
But the dreaded woodman's axe.
Lays their glory in the dust!

THE MAKING OF A GENTLEMAN

By FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

FIVE feet ten in his hob-nailed shoes—spare and muscular in figure, alert and agile in movement, well grizzled in hair and beard, gentle in manner, and frank and steady in the gaze of his steel-blue eyes—such was Ned Rogers, ex-guide, as he held the bridle of my mule and helped me to mount one bright morning in the Yosemite Valley. A little party had been made up to ride to the summit of Cloud's Rest mountain, but just before we were ready to start, the guide, who was to have conducted us, had had a rib smashed by a vicious horse which he was trying to tame. We were about to give up the trip for that day, when Ned Rogers came forward and offered to take his place. He had been a guide in the Valley years before, and now owned a ranch a dozen miles or so down the river, and had come up to the Yosemite to bargain with the owner of the saddle train concerning certain mules.

"It's been nearly ten years since I was up to Cloud's Rest," he said, "and I'd like to go up there again and see if the old fellow looks like he used to."

Brief conversation with him, as we stood on the veranda waiting for the inevitable behind-timers, had made me feel that he possessed, in high degree, manliness and force of character. Self-respect, of the sort that commands the respect of others, was written all over his tanned and wrinkled face, and found expression in his bearing and his manner of speech. But it was a modest sort of self-respect, of which he was as unconscious as he was of his old slouch hat or his blue overalls.

In straggling single file, with Rogers at its head, our little procession slowly mounted the precipitous face of the cliffs, and at last climbed the giant stairway beside the six hundred-foot leap down, which the Nevada Falls crashed and roared, and then, wet with their spray, galloped across the pine-shadowed levels to the foot of Cloud's Rest. Thence we climbed the long slopes of the mountain, through forests of tamarack and black pine, over the long, sweeping zig-zags of the trail, which gradually unfolded before us that marvelous panorama of miles upon miles of granite peaks, at first towering far above us, and then, as we rose higher and higher, seeming at last to lie at our feet. But let some pen more powerful than mine tell of the grandeur and sublimity of that awful expanse of high-topped mountain domes—the humiliation of soul that crushes the beholder as he looks over the arrested giant waves of that granite sea and feels himself to be a mere powerless dot upon its surface—and then the uprising of heart and outspringing of sense and feeling, like a child leaping to its mother's arms, when presently he understands that he himself is part of all that wide-spreading, heaven-reaching grandeur and freedom and mightiness.

Ned Rogers stood by himself on the summit of the mountain, looking toward the east and south. The rest of the party were throwing stones and sardine boxes down the tremendous granite slope, steep, smooth and impassable, by which Cloud's Rest on the other side heaves itself upward from Tenaiya canyon. From where he stood, one looks over scores of miles of bald granite peaks, tossed upward from green, pine-covered depths,—on and on, far as the eye can reach, nothing but waves and waves of mountains, granite-gray on the crest, pine-green in the hollow.

"It's good to see these mountains again," he said, as I stood beside him. "I've been homesick for the sight of them ever since I quit guiding and went to live down the river. Sometimes I envy the men with mining claims who live alone in their cabins scattered around through the mountains."

"Isn't it a lonely sort of life?" I hazarded.

"No, not if you like it," was his quick response. "You get used to having the mountains all around you all the time, until they seem like friends, and you are lonely and homesick if you go away. I've got an idea that that sort of company——" he hesitated, looked a trifle shame-faced and kicked a fragment of rock down the mountain-side,—"that company of that sort is about the best a man can have. I've wondered sometimes what sort of effect it would have on criminals if penitentiaries were put where they could look out on such a sight as this all the time. According to my way of thinking, if there's anything that will make a man out of a fellow living all the time in such company as this will do it."

"Did you ever happen to notice any effects of that sort?"

"Well, no-o, I never saw the effects of living in the mountains upon criminals, as I know of. But I did have a curious sort of experience, myself, up here in the High Sierras once. It was that that first set me thinking. It was about fifteen years ago, I reckon, when I was guide in the Valley. One summer I had to make a camping trip through these mountains with a fellow who was out here for his health. He was from New York, and he belonged to one of those rich families there—you know about them, I guess. His health had got all out of kilter, and he was wandering around out here, under orders from his physician, trying to set himself to rights again. After he had been in the Valley awhile, he concluded that a camping trip through these high mountains would be good for him, and it happened that the job of guiding him fell to me. I wasn't pleased with it, for

I'd seen something of him around the hotel and I didn't like his manner. He had a quiet, high and mighty way of ordering people around that didn't suit me, and he kept off to himself most of the time,—wasn't a bit sociable, as most people are on such trips.

"Well, the first day we were out, I thought he was just about the most exclusive chap I'd ever struck. But I didn't want to poke myself into his company if he didn't want me there, and so I was just as exclusive as he was. At dinner time I fixed his meal for him and then I went off under another tree and began to eat mine. He scowled at me, and I thought maybe he didn't like me to sit that close to him, and so I went farther away. But presently I saw that he wanted me to stand behind him and wait on him, and then I took my dinner in my hand and marched off into the woods until I thought he had finished. He looked as black as a thunder cloud at me when I came back, and all that afternoon we rode along without saying a word that wasn't necessary.

"We reached the place where I meant to make camp a couple of hours before sundown. There was good feed there and plenty of water,—it was in those green meadows you see over there this side of that high, sharp peak,—and I'd planned to stop early, seeing that he wasn't very strong. I got off my horse and, as he rode up, told him we'd stop there for the night. He seemed annoyed, and I saw his eyes gleam as I spoke. He looked off over my head, as if I wasn't there, and said he did not wish to make camp yet. His manner made my blood boil a little, but I kept cool and explained that it would take till plumb dark to get to another camping place as good as that. He didn't seem to be listening to me at all, just sat still on his horse and looked at the mountains. I couldn't help getting madder at that, but I tried to keep my temper down, and went on explaining that I'd spent months and months in these mountains and knew the ground as well as I did the roads in the Valley, and that I knew it would take until night to reach another camping place, and that the horses had already done enough for one day.

"Well, I might just as well have talked to the trees or the stones for all sign he gave of hearing me, or even of knowing I was there, except that I saw him press his lips together. He got off his horse and said, 'Tighten this cinch!' I was so astonished I couldn't take my eyes off his face, and I just stood and stared at him. Then he came toward me a step or two and said, very quietly, but in a tone that was as sharp as a knife:

" 'We've had quite enough of this. I did not come out here to take orders from you. I want you to understand that we shall camp when and where I please. Tighten this cinch, and get on your horse again and keep your place hereafter. I'm not here to take orders from a servant.'

"Perhaps I wasn't mad!" Ned Rogers' blue eyes were set and blazing at the mere remembrance of his feelings, and I smiled to think how his companion must have winced under them. "I sprung for him and grabbed him by the collar and the shoulder and shook him till his teeth chattered. 'You cur,' I shouted at him, 'I'll have you know I'm no man's servant! And if you ever call me that again I'll choke the breath out of your insolent body! We'll camp here to-night, and after that you can do as you please, and get a servant if you can find one!'

"I let him get his own supper,—I wouldn't have touched a morsel of food for him if he begged me on his knees,—and fix his own bed the best he could. I attended to the horses, but I didn't pay any more attention to him than if he hadn't been there. And early the next morning I saddled my horse and was all ready to start back home, when up he jumps out of his blankets and comes up to me and says he:

" 'Rogers, this has all been my fault. You've been a gentleman and I haven't. I thank you for what you did and said last night, for it has made me see things in a truer light than I ever did before. If you will forgive me for the way I have acted toward you, we'll continue our trip, and I think you can trust me hereafter to act as a gentleman should.' He offered his hand, and I shook it and said: 'Certainly, we'd let bygones be bygones, and take a fresh start.'

"Well, we stayed out a full month, and I never was with a more gentlemanly, agreeable fellow than he was all that time. He was as pleasant and sociable and good-natured as any man you ever saw. Every night we used to sit around the camp fire talking for hours, and I don't think I ever enjoyed a trip more than I did that one.

"Well, that night after the quarrel, while I lay in my blankets too boiling mad to sleep, I saw him get up a number of times and walk around in the moonlight—in fact, he was up and walking around nearly all night. And I just studied it out that the look of the mountains—they're the grandest sight on earth by moonlight, and it was full moon that night—had had a good sort of an effect upon him, and had made him feel that the things he had always thought of the most importance don't amount to so much after all, and that a man that is a man is a man anyway, wherever you find him."

THE COVERED BRIDGE

By FRANK FARRINGTON.

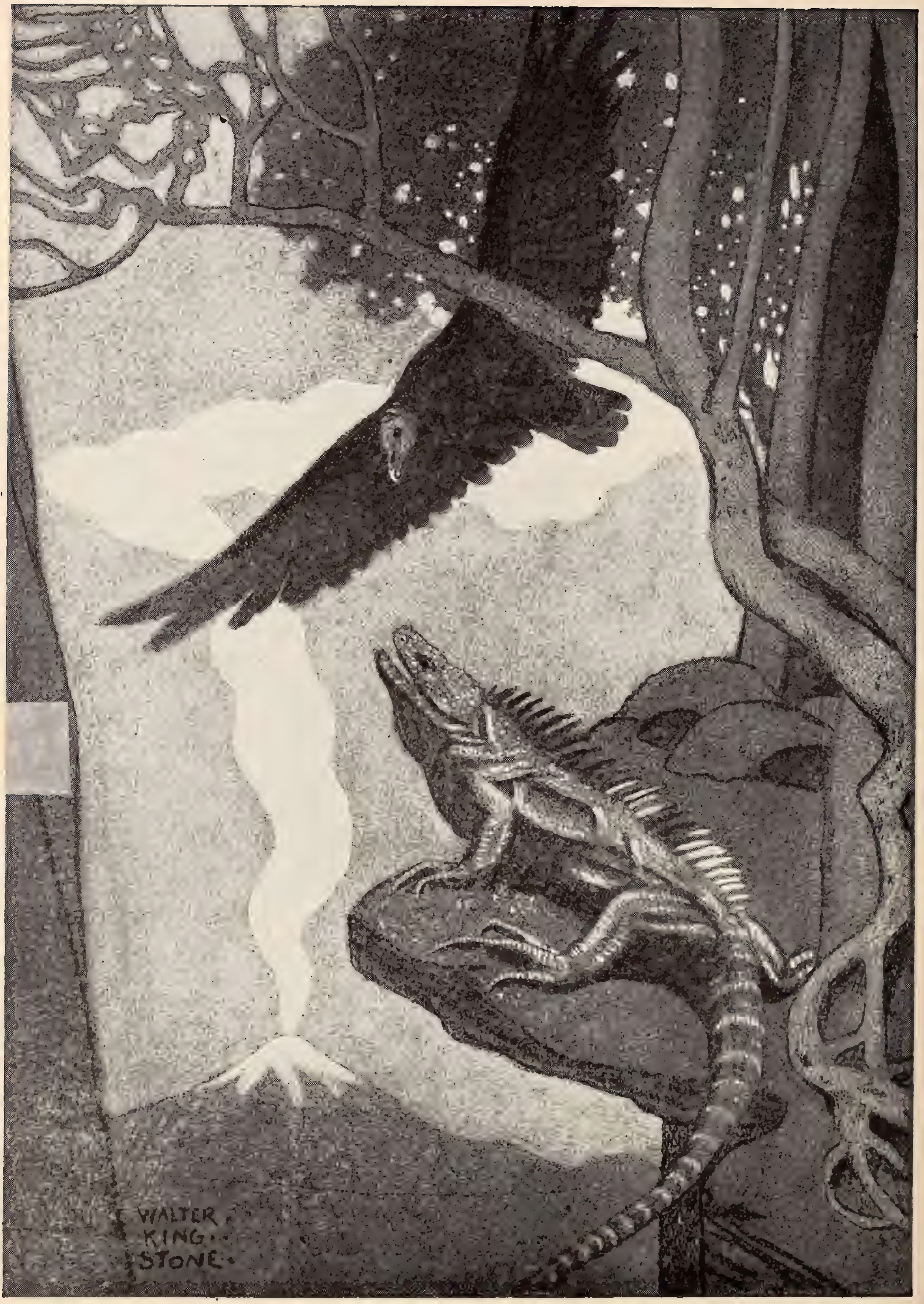
You can talk about gymnasiums,
  An' recreation piers,
And all your city playgrounds,
  With bran newfangled gears.

But after seein' every one,
  I've jes' made up my mind
There ain't a place invented yet,
  So far as I can find,

That beats the ol' red covered bridge,
  That hung across the crick,
When Jim an' Bill an' me was boys,
  An' up to every trick.

In there on rainy days or dry
  Was al'ays lots o' fun,
With holes to fish through—beams to climb,
  An' races to be run.

Of all good spots for havin' fun;
  From butment up to ridge,
There never was another one
  Like our old covered bridge.


WALTER
KING
STONE

. . . *the lizard is up full height.* *Drawn by* WALTER KING STONE.

WILD CAVE DWELLERS OF MEXICO

By C. WILLIAM BEEBE.*

AS the great tableland of Mexico descends in abrupt strides to the Pacific coast, it marks its trail with many deep and precipitous barrancas, or canyons. Here, in these gigantic gorges, tropical life runs riot in a profusion of gorgeous bird and blossom, of melodious song and pungent perfume.

Everywhere in the cliffs of these barrancas are caves, some large and many small; and toward evening, or in fact by careful watching at almost any hour, the many tenants of these rocky shelters may be detected.

Just across the stream beside which our camp was pitched was the entrance of an unusually large cave. Most inaccessible to adventurous man was this cavern—half way up the almost perpendicular wall of the barranca.

We used to lie beside the foaming waters of the tumultuous little river, idly watching the dark, yawning mouth of the cavern, wondering dreamily what went on inside its mysterious shadowy depths.

One morning we surprised a pair of Mexican canyon wrens as they flew out of the entrance of the cave. After drinking at the stream below, they returned to the entrance to sing their silvery song,—the sweetest herald, in all the barranca, of the new born day. After this we were always up early enough to be present at their morning concert. We imagined that it was in worship of the glorious sunshine and of the clear, sparkling air and the crystal waters that they sang. One grows to be less matter of fact when living the free life of the wilderness. As the Pagans of old saw the wonder of the world and worshipped, seeing in the rising sun the smile of their god and in the gathering storm his displeasure; so we too began to take life less prosaically and to see new beauty in all Nature.

Later in the day three or four large iguanas crawled lazily from the cave and out upon the rocks, where they basked for hours in the glowing sunshine, or scrambled along the narrow ledges, foraging among the low vegetation. These iguanas are very common in all the *tierra caliente* of Mexico, varying in size from small ones a foot long, all the way to great fellows forty-five to fifty inches in length. Strange-looking creatures they are, with scales of blue-black, and mottled on back and neck with flesh-color. Along the back is a ridge of tooth-like spines, which give them a fierce and war-like appearance. They are most interesting animals in their habits. They seem to be strictly diurnal, and the hotter the sun the more do they enjoy basking in it. Not until the cool of early morning has passed do they appear, crawling slowly out of their gloomy caverns to the highest point of rock in their vicinity, where, holding themselves as high as their short legs will permit, they look carefully around in all directions.

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*Curator of Ornithology, New York Zoological Society.

The iguana is apparently soon satisfied that all is as it was the day before and he slowly settles down, sprawling flat upon the stone, of which, to all intents and purposes, it becomes a part. The keenest eye fails to differentiate rock and lizard, so exactly does the mottling of the creature's scales harmonize with the weathered and lichened surface of the stone. But nothing escapes the vigilant eye of the black spirits of the barranca, and sometimes a vulture swoops close, craning its neck at the motionless lizard to see if, perchance, its ally, death, has not passed here, and provided a repast. In an instant the lizard is up full height, and with mouth wide open it sways from side to side, throwing its head up and down and snapping at the upward fling,—a most remarkable performance and well calculated to impress an enemy with the formidable character of its opponent. In reality the iguana is singularly defenceless, and these terrifying actions are pure "bluff." The upcurved pinions of the vulture swing outward and the bird floats evenly across the abyss to the opposite cliff. The iguana seems to realize the harmless nature of the bird of carrion, since at the approach of a hawk the reptile turns and scrambles with all speed head-long into its hole.

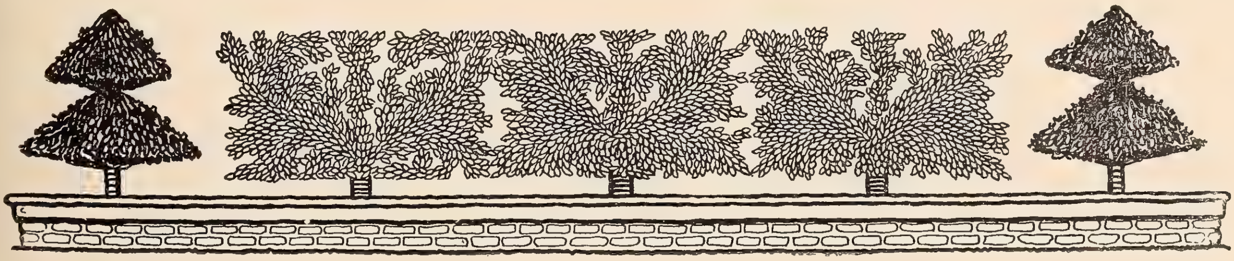
When the mid-day heat has driven most creatures to shade or hole, the iguanas sleep peacefully on the blazing rocks and then they can sometimes be quite closely approached. They feed on almost any kind of vegetable food, —roots, bark or leaves, and their flesh is delicious. *"Dios mio, esta es veneno!"* says our Mexican cook, when we bring in a large iguana and ask that it be cooked for supper. We explain that it is *not* poison, and in fact we find the meat white and as delicate in flavor as that of a chicken, and very much resembling frogs' legs. After that it becomes a regular item on our bill of fare.

Long before the sun's rays have become tempered by the breezes of late afternoon the great lizards have disappeared and the next actors on the little stage are two small horned owls, which emerge from the gloom of the cave. These are the most difficult of all its inmates to observe, as they slip out at dusk, their dark mottled plumage melting almost instantly into the dimness, as, with silent wing-beats, they launch out and fly up stream. When they return we were never able to discover.

But the most unexpected sight occurs a little before the flight of the owls or more often afterward. A confused mingling of shadowy forms is seen in the semi-darkness of the cave, walking about or reaching up with tiny hands—a crowd of little gnomes they seem, up for a rest from their labors in the great underground smelting room of the neighboring volcano. Soon they crowd near one side and in single file creep along the ledge-like trail, which leads to the almost impenetrable jungle opposite our camp;—ten Mexican raccoons which make this cave their home! One day in broad daylight we made our way to the opposite summit and clambered down, lowering ourselves with saplings and heavy vines until we are at the entrance itself. The only explanation of the apparent friendliness of these reptiles, birds and mammals seems to be that the cave extends far inward, not in one large cavity or room, but dividing and subdividing into galleries and tunnels, far too small to admit our bulky forms, but in whose innermost recesses the little wrens probably find safety. The owls perhaps perch high up on the walls and the iguanas and 'coons dispose themselves after a manner best known to themselves. There is no reason to suppose that any of these creatures are befriended by the others, but the exigencies of cave-life have certainly brought together strange companions, and, somehow, aided by their diversity of habits, they manage to avoid one another.

It is in this same barranca that we make the acquaintance of the derby flycatcher, one of the most characteristic and at the same time one of the noisiest birds of Mexico, screaming and calling all through the day. We first met this bird in winter, when insects, while fairly abundant, were apparently too scarce to provide the flycatchers with their usual diet, and we found them feeding freely on berries and seeds. These derbies add much to the color and life of the barranca, often flying past up or down stream. They are large and powerful birds, over ten inches in length and strikingly marked; the throat being white, while the rest of their under parts are sulphur yellow, the large head being marked with black and white, with a crown of bright yellow and orange. We were much surprised to see this bird display a most peculiar habit,—namely, the art of fishing. This individual is the only one of this species which frequents our camp, and here the solitary bird spends much of each morning, unmolested by the kingfishers and all but equalling them at their own trade. The flycatcher, too, perches upon a rock and watches the eddies, and then dives with all his might two or three times in succession, each time securing a small fish, or sometimes a tadpole. It seems impossible for this bird to immerse himself more than three consecutive times, as his plumage becomes water soaked and he then flies heavily to a sunlit branch, where he spreads himself in the sun. After drying off he is at it again. It would be most interesting to know if, when a bird of so unusual habits, mated and raised a brood of young, the knowledge of this art would in any way be imparted to them. In this instance, at least, no such event happens, the death of this bird being due to one of the inhabitants of our cave.

The unfortunate end of the piscatory derby flycatcher came about in this way. Some of the raccoons generally made their way directly to the water, where they would drink and splash about in the darkness. It happened one evening that the derby was fishing from a sand-bar on the opposite bank. One of the 'coons must have stealthily made his way through the underbrush to within a short distance of the busy flycatcher. Suddenly we heard a loud rustle and the poor bird gave utterance to the most piercing screams, which echoed from cliff to cliff. An instant more and a dead silence settled over all. Next morning we found a little pile of yellow feathers and the telltale bear-like foot-prints of the animal. The raccoon returned the following night, but the bird which he found ready to slay was tied to the pedal of a steel trap, and by the law of fate we enjoyed a delicious stew made from the fattest of 'coons, and the derby was avenged!



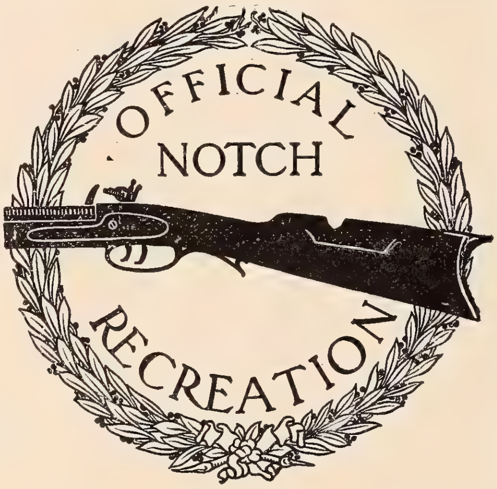
DAN BEARD AND THE BOYS

SONS OF DANIEL BOONE.

Well, boys, if you knew how hard it is for me to write, out here in the woods on the shore of a beautiful lake, where the big bass are daring me to try to catch them, you would also know how much I think of Recreation's boys.

My fish rods hang on their racks mutely protesting against their inactivity, and from the window of my log house I can see my canoe bobbing up and down on the waves, or swinging this way and that, tugging at the anchor rope.

But if I cannot go out and have fun I must write about it, and the most promising subject is the *Sons of Daniel Boone.* The news of the great and growing popularity of the new order of the Sons of Daniel Boone has reached the wigwams of the Seton Indians, and their great chief, Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, called on the founder the other day to smoke the pipe of peace with him. He seemed worried, but we told him that unless his redskins put on paint and went whooping on the warpath, the Boone boys would not molest them. We also told him that the notches in our tally guns stand for good deeds and not for scalps, and that if his Indians wished to be civilized and educated to become good citizens, the Sons of Daniel Boone were ready to devote themselves to teaching their savage brothers how to build log houses and be good.



Speaking of notches, the official notch for the tally gun is here reproduced, and they will be ready as a reward for all good and manly backwoodsmen's deeds, as soon as the founder decides upon the worthy forts who deserve them.

THE BOONE PINS.

we are informed by the manufacturer, will be ready to issue before this number of Recreation is on the news stands.

THE COSTUME,

or uniform, for the Sons of Daniel Boone is a simple one to make. It consists of a hunting shirt, leggings and rabbit skin cap in winter and a hunting shirt and soft felt hat in summer, with moccasins for the feet when they can be procured. The principal thing is the hunting shirt; this was formerly made of buckskin, or homespun cloth.

TO MAKE A BOONE SHIRT,

take an ordinary outing shirt of blue material and let your mother, aunt, grandmother, or big sister sew yellow fringe down the seams of the sleeves and above the seams on the shoulders. Wear the shirt outside the trousers with a leather belt around the waist. In September Recreation we will show drawings and patterns of the whole uniform and you may make it as complete as your opportunities will allow.

THE OFFICIAL CONSTITUTION

and by-laws have been delayed and we are now having typewritten copies made to substitute for the one the printers have had so long in hand. We think the typewritten one will look much more business-like and important than the printed ones would, had they been *on time according to promise.*

New forts are springing up all around and as soon as the boys get their pins and hunting shirts there will be so great a rush to join our ranks that we will have to appoint a grand secretary to take charge of the correspondence which has already reached such a point that the founder cannot keep up with it and attend to his other duties.

HOW TO START A FORT.

Call a meeting of the boys at your house, inviting all those whom you think would be interested and whom you would like to have as companions in such an organization. After you have all the boys together, then you act as temporary chairman and call the meeting to order, stating in a few simple words the purpose of the meeting and asking all those who are willing to join the Sons of Daniel Boone to say "aye," or to hold up their right hands. When that is done you can say that it is now in order to adopt a constitution and by-laws, as they are given in RECREATION, and you must have a copy of RECREATION with the constitution and by-laws for the boys to read and see what they are joining.

The next thing in order will be the election of a temporary secretary to take the notes of the business of the meeting. After you have gone thus far you can then state that it is now time to elect the officers of the fort, and you can elect them one at a time in the order in which they stand.

Of course, you must have some boy there to propose your name as Daniel Boone.

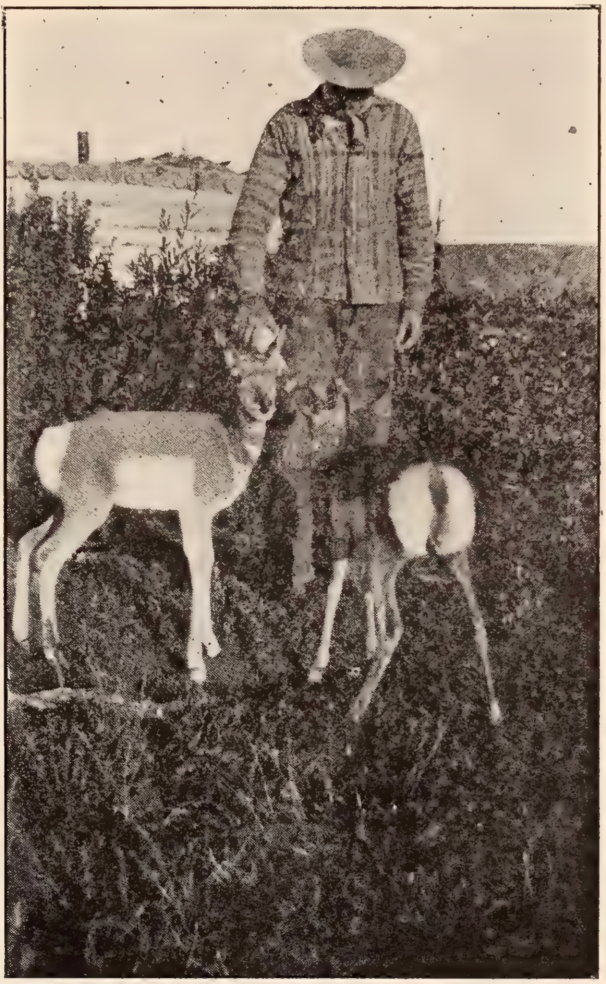
Other things being equal, the organizer of the fort should be entitled to serve as Daniel Boone for the first year. After you have elected Daniel Boone and the other officers, the club is formed.

Then write to RECREATION and tell us what you have done. Give us the names and addresses of the members and we will send them each a Daniel Boone pin, and we will also send you a typewritten copy of the constitution and by-laws, which each member may sign and leave in the hands of Audubon, who is the secretary of the club.

If you are in doubt as to how to run the meeting, seek the aid of some older person and let him attend the meeting and give you points; but it is an easy matter to conduct one of these meetings after you have once caught the knack of the thing.

The principal thing for the chairman to keep in mind is not to allow more than one boy to speak at a time.

One boy can speak and give his ideas, and after he is through the next can follow.



TWO BABY PRONGHORNS.

BOYS: ATTENTION.

The writer of the following letter is Col. Ewing, Inspector General of the National Guard, State of Delaware. Don't skip a word of it.

Editor RECREATION:

In the body of your most interesting magazine, as you are aware, I have contributed a brief article on the coming National Match, which I consider a most important matter, to be fostered and encouraged by every true and loyal citizen of the United States. I feel, however, that I would not be doing justice to myself or to the cause of rifle shooting unless I said some few words to the Sons of Daniel Boone, for these Sons are the coming bulwark of our great nation, and later on must decide our welfare. Personally, I would like to be classed among the Sons myself. I sympathize with them in every fibre of my body, for their aim and object is the true principle of building up strong, clear-eyed, right-thinking men. With your permission, therefore, I would like to make the following speech to them:

Sons of Daniel Boone: Whether consciously or otherwise, you are building up in your camps a great power. As you multiply and prosper you will be able to influence, to a large extent, the thought and action of this country. On you, later, will rest the responsibility of framing laws for this great nation, and seeing them enforced. You would not be sons of Daniel Boone unless you believed in nature; in unpolluted streams; in preserving our forests; in protecting the game and in getting away now and then from the crowded, noisy towns and cities to where you can breathe pure ozone and have a chance to stretch. You also believe in the use of firearms and have that innate desire to avail yourself of the inalienable right of every American citizen; the right to bear arms.

In the days of Daniel Boone rifle shooting was a necessity, not only for the means of subsistence, but for wresting this country from savage beasts and still more savage men. Now all that is changed. Our country has become so populous and game so scarce that it is almost impossible to acquire skill in rifle shooting unless by a trip to the wilds at great expense. I believe in the use and handling of firearms; but under certain conditions which will ensure safety to the handler and to all others in his vicinity. Therefore I would propose a course of instruction, under state or government supervision, to every schoolboy between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. I would have every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon set aside for rifle practice at the nearest state range. I would have the state or general government furnish competent instructors, rifles, ammunition, and suitable medals and prizes both for individuals and teams. Then at the close of the school year I would suggest a state rifle meeting, where teams of eight boys would compete for the state championship. These state meetings to be followed by a national meeting at some centrally located range, where the champion team from each state would contest for the school supremacy of the United States in rifle shooting.

Now I believe all this can be accomplished in the next few years. The National Board for the promotion of rifle practice will be behind the movement, and the sons of Daniel Boone can do much to assist. How? Talk rifle shooting; explain that in case of war this country will have to call on volunteers; that unless these volunteers can shoot, and shoot well, there will be no use in mobilizing them; say that even if we have no war, the benefit to our country cannot be estimated in dollars and cents; that a boy to be a good rifle shot must be temperate, cleanly and careful in his habits in order to keep his nerves in good shape and his eyes clear; that he must learn observation in generalities and details; that he must learn patience; therefore, when he is ready to go into business or a profession he will be a better business man and a better citizen, and that if called upon to protect his country's flag he will have learned the most important duty of a soldier. If you will read the short article entitled, "The Coming National Match," in the body of this magazine, you will see what rapid strides have been made the last three years in arousing an interest in rifle shooting among the regulars and the National Guard of this country. The same thing can be done for the schools. But we must have rifle ranges, and ranges cost money to build. This money must be furnished by the U. S. Government through an Act of Congress, and in all probability the National Board will present a bill this fall asking Congress to appropriate a certain amount of money for a period of years to promote rifle shooting in schools and colleges. You can help to have this bill passed, and if your friend, Mr. Dan Beard, will grant me some space later on I shall be glad to give you further information.

Sons of Daniel Boone, I wish you success, and remain,

Yours most sincerely,

J. G. Ewing.

'POSSUMS AS PETS.

There is nothing "gamy" about the opossum, in his actions or his looks. Nevertheless, he is much sought after as an article of food, and when cooked properly makes a very delicate dish. The opossum belongs to the Marsupials and is related to the kangaroo and a lot of other queer animals over in Australia. Just how this cousin of the Australian creatures happened to stray into the United States, whether he swam the ocean or came in a balloon has never yet been decided by the scientists; but he is here and one of the peculiarities of the female opossum is that she carries her babies in her fur lined vest pocket.

Originally there were no opossums on Long Island; but of recent years I have seen them captured in the streets of Flushing, which is a part of New York City, and they have spread all over the lengths and breadths of the island. I have tried them as pets; but found them very stupid and unsatisfactory and not nearly as funny and humorous as pet 'coons.

Any boy who can secure a young 'coon and rear it will have almost as much fun as he would with a pet crow.

BOY HONOR.

Business men are all too busy to allow their thoughts to dwell on birds, trees, game and fish or forests and plains, and the duty devolves upon the literary men, sportsmen and boys to look after the sentiment and beauty of Nature and preserve it for the nation.

To a man of dollars the land is only a thing to turn into money. He cares not if the saw mill lay vast forests low and leave a dreary desert in its place, so long as it brings ready money to his already overflowing treasury; but this is not because the money-maker was born different from any other bouncing baby boy, but because, in the pursuit of money, he has stifled his other feelings and aspirations until all that is left of his finer qualities can fittingly be compared to the knots of a tree, which are but scars showing where branches once existed.

We are constantly reading and hearing of legislators, trusted financiers, princes and officeholders accepting bribes or levying blackmail, selling out the people's interests for personal profit; but whoever heard of a boy taking a bribe to lose a game of base ball, cricket or football?

Boys' ideas of honor, sentiment and sport, are all healthy branches and not wrinkled scars on dry, scaly, old, moss-covered trunks. *That is why we love boys!*

A YOUNG OBSERVER.

Editor Recreation:

First, I want to say that Recreation has improved wonderfully since changing guides.

I noticed a subscriber asking if birds talked and your answer to him. May I add a few picked up by Mr. J. A. Carlson and myself? He says the bluejay is a Spaniard or Spanish bird, for when you frighten him he says, "Dewey, Dewey, Dewey," and flies away. Our prairie meadow or medial lark says, "Put out your heating stove." Our Bob White varies his by saying, "Oh, Bob White," and when he gets lost says, "Where, oh, where." A variety of our prairie snipe says, "Kill deer, kill deer"; then there is another on most every farm (which most of us like); when small he says, "Cheap, cheap, cheap," and when old says, "Cut, cut my head off," which we do when the minister comes to tea.

Yours truly,

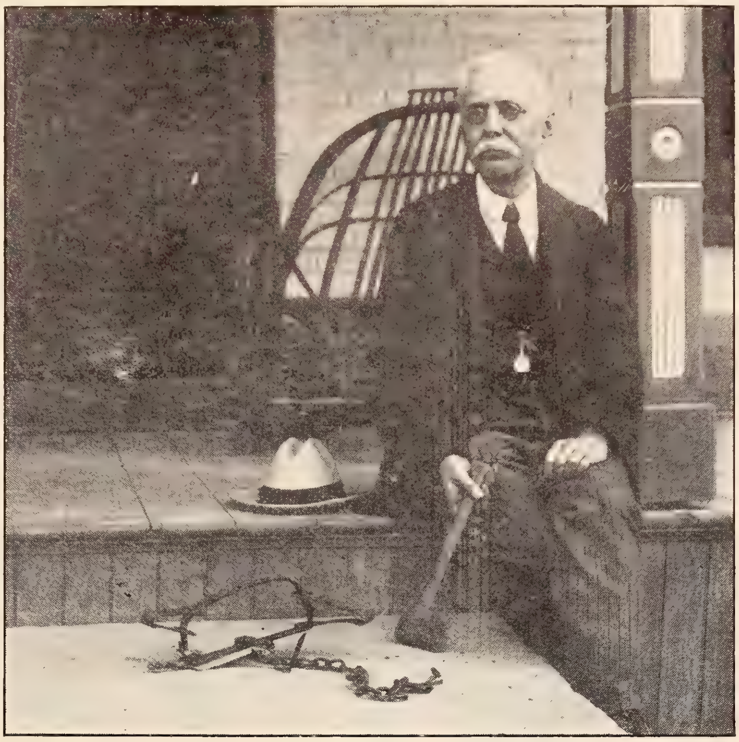
Robert J. Black, Lincoln, Neb.

P. S.—Please send premium catalogue.

ABOUT DANIEL BOONE.

Editor RECREATION:

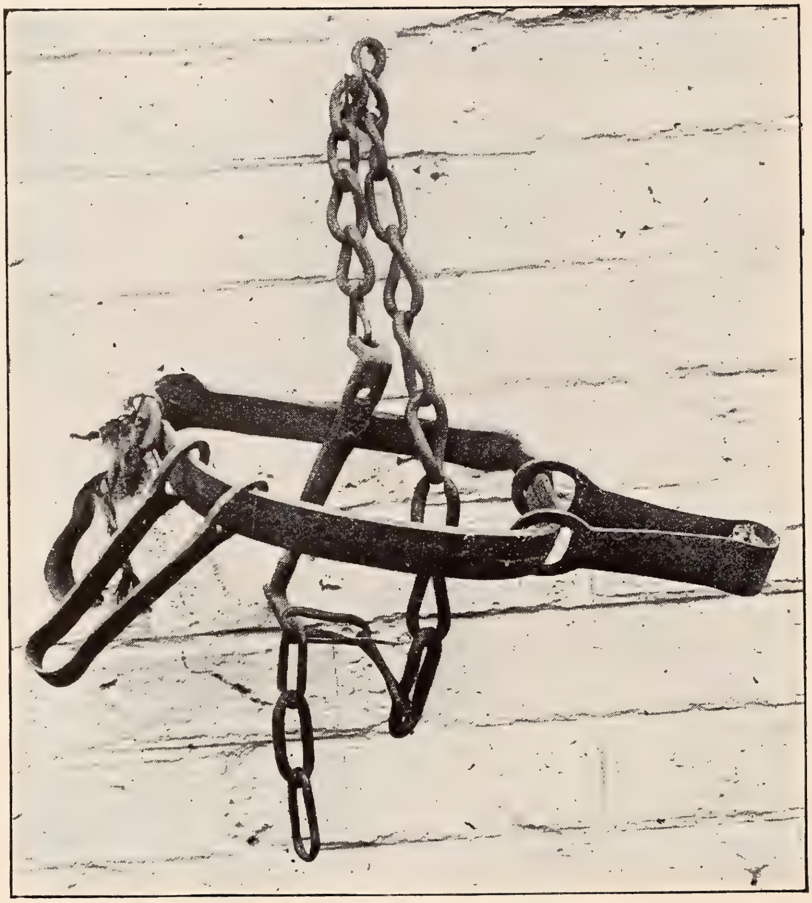
I am pleased to observe that RECREATION has opened a new department to do honor to the memory of one who must ever more and more be regarded as one of our greatest Americans. You know that our wonderful country was settled originally by distinct classes of people—the Puritan in New England, the Cavalier in Virginia, the Scotch, Irish, the Germans, the French; and each possessed qualities of rare value in the building of a great nation. But it was not until just before the Revolutionary War, when the country "over the mountains," as they called it, began to be settled, that the blood of Puritan, Cavalier, Scotch-Irish, German and French began to mingle and produce a type, the only type, which may be called really and truly American. The work of wresting the wilderness from the savage was work for men, and Boone was put forward by those who lived, worked, hunted by his side, because more than any other he possessed those qualities of body and mind which were needed in that time and place.



DR. T. R. SAFFORD AND BOONE RELICS.

Few persons have been written about more than Boone, yet as recently as three years ago a reviewer of the published writings concerning him made this startling but true statement: "The few so-called biographies of Boone give but little information concerning the real man, and no two seem to agree on any of the vital points in his life"; adding, "An adequate and trustworthy life of Daniel Boone has yet to be written." This, however, has since been done, but it could not be done at all until that painstaking gentleman, the late Dr. Lyman H. Draper, had spent long years of his life, traveling from place to place, ransacking old records and musty bundles of papers in old garrets in the country where Boone spent his adventurous life. We have learned much that is new, but this much we can know: that the old Boone, the hero of our boyhood days, remains still the same lovable character—and of how many so-called "great" men can this be said?

It was not my purpose so much to point out all this as to tell you that last summer, upon a trip to Ohio, I found one of the old traps that was used by Daniel Boone for catching beaver, and I enclose you the picture which I made of the same, the first picture that has ever been made of it. Concerning which, I must tell you of a little joke. Chancing to pick up a popular history of the early settlement of Ohio, I found therein mention of a hunting and trapping trip made by Daniel Boone in 1792 upon Raccoon Creek, in southern Ohio, in which it stated that one of the "wolf traps" used by him on that trip was still in existence. There was a picture of a "wolf trap" given, the inference being that it was a picture of the Boone trap. Imagine my feelings, however, upon discovering that it was a drawing made by myself ten years ago and published in a well-known magazine, not of a wolf trap, but of a large four-spring bear trap, which I had seen on the Tobique river, in Canada! The moral of this as Mr. Balzac might say, is when you "lift" somebody else's work without permission, you should be sure that you have the right thing! Seriously, however, you will know the interest it was to me to take in my hands the old rusted trap that was actually Boone's, presented more than a hundred years ago to a valued friend, Col. Robert Safford, of Gallipolis, Ohio, who hunted with him on that trip. It is all hand-made, by a blacksmith, and you will notice that the pan is lost, and the temper is gone from one of the springs. It was exhibited by a son of Colonel Safford at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, and still bears the label it had on then, and is now carefully treasured by a grandson, along with a little belt-axe that Boone left at the same time; so that it is quite authentic. There was another trap, a great bear trap, which Boone called "Old Isaac," and you may read that "Old Isaac" is still at Gallipolis, but that is only an instance of the many errors made by those who have written of Boone. Boone did give "Old Isaac" to his friend "Bob" Safford, but it was stolen at the time of the Civil War and has never since been heard of; while the writers generally have been unaware that there was a smaller trap—the one which I show you. In size this one is what is now called a "number four," and was his regular beaver trap; but sometimes they would set a trap for a wolf. I have been all along Raccoon Creek and been shown the places where the two hardy adventurers trapped and camped. One of these places was on what was afterwards my grandfather's farm. Dr. Safford, of Gallipolis, told me that they captured an enormous wolf with, he thought, this same trap, on a little hill near by; so that may be why it is now called a "wolf" trap. At any rate, we know that it was Boone's trap, and as Boone was never so contented as when living along some quiet stream far from the abodes of civilized man, at his favorite occupation of trapping beavers, we may be sure that this old trap was one of his most valuable possessions.



DAN BOONE'S TRAP.

The old trap is owned by Mr. A. C. Safford, of Gallipolis. The other photograph shows the old trap, also Boone's hatchet, and Dr. T. R. Safford, another grandson of Col. Safford, sitting on the steps of the old Safford mansion.

Yours truly,
Tappan Adney.

GOOD ROADS.

Recreation stands for good roads—not on sentimental grounds, but for good, practical, common-sense reasons. It is self-evident that good roads are to the advantage of the farmer, the country storekeeper, the tourist, the wheelman and the automobilist, and to the whole community. The roads are the veins of the country, and the freer the circulation through these veins the healthier and stronger is the trade and life of the country. The more sluggish the circulation the nearer is the country to partial or complete paralysis. In this connection it is interesting to note that the Arthur Clark Company, of Cleveland, has published a series of books giving the evolution of the American Highways, of which the New York *Sun* says that

> "There is a fad just now in road books. First Mr. Belloc took "The Road to Rome" and another "Old Road in England," then Mr. Hewlet lingered on "The Road in Tuscany." Now two commentators have "accompanied" an artist, the one through France to the Italian frontier, and the other from that frontier to Florence, and brought out a book called "Sketches on the Old Road Through France to Florence." Of these commentators, Mr. Carmichael has much to tell that is new or little known concerning church ceremonies, one chapter of serious historical interest in the detailed account of the burning of Shelley's body at Viareggio, and the praises of a lover for the beautiful places in Tuscany."

We must thank the advent of the automobile for the renewed interest in our roads.

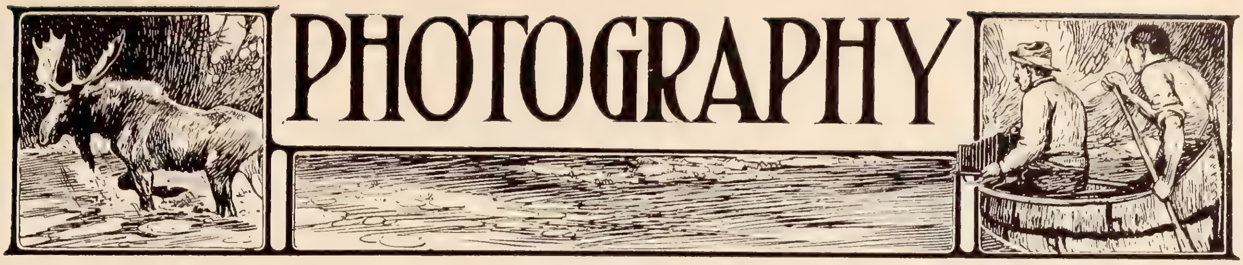
SHELL-DRAKE.

Editor Recreation:

I would be obliged if you would advise me through the columns of your magazine, if the shell-drake isn't the same duck as the American Merganser, or sawbill.

C. K. Jameson, El Paso, Texas.

Yes, it is the Merganser Americanus, but the Hooded Merganser and Red-breasted Merganser are also known, in many localities, as shell-drakes, or sawbills.—Editor.



PHOTOGRAPHY

MAKING PHOTOGRAPHS IN COLORS.

BY J. C. ABEL.

The fascination of obtaining photographs of natural objects and scenes in the colors of nature has always exerted a great influence on the ingenuity and skill of the leading photographic chemists and experts of this and other countries. The processes that have been evolved, and the claims that have been put forward are legion, but true color photography, as the average photographer interprets the words, is as much a will-o'-the-wisp as ever. Like the alchemist of other ages, with his transmutation of baser metals into gold, the scientist of this era is endeavoring to turn the monotone of the photographic print and negative into the bright but elusive colors of the rainbow, but, with this difference, that there is every prospect of eventual success.

We have today processes of considerable complication by which prints in color can be obtained, but these call for the use of special apparatus and extreme skill, and generally the use of three negatives, or else are made with different colored screens placed before the lens or plate. Even the merest mention of the various methods would fill a book the size of this magazine, but latterly there has been placed on the market a process which, while it is a long way from true color photography, enables even the beginner to obtain with considerable ease a semblance of those colors which appear to him on his ground glass.

This process requires neither special cameras nor special apparatus of any kind, nor does it call for more skill than is required to make a good print with any photographic printing process. The requirements are a strong, contrasty landscape negative, a supply of the prepared paper called "Colorprinte," the necessary sensitizing chemicals, consisting of neutralized bichromate of potash, a rubber roller or squeegee, a large glass or zinc plate, some blotting-paper, a couple of good-sized trays, porcelain, glass or zinc, such as used for carbon work, and some "transfer paper," as it is called, which comes in each package of prepared paper. Expert workers will recognize in these requirements a certain similarity to the carbon process, and, in truth, that new process is a glorified carbon process, and consequently should have no terrors for the carbon worker. The prepared paper, which is obtainable almost anywhere, is the invention of an Austrian officer and a German chemist, and consists of nine coatings or films of color ranging from light blue to dark green, and including yellows, browns and reds superimposed in a certain order on a sheet of paper. An examination of a piece of "Colorprinte" would fail to disclose these coatings, the only color visible being the black surface; but they are there just the same.

The idea back of the process is that these varying layers of color offer varying resistances to the rays of light that pass through the negative. The sky portion of the negative is usually so dense that only a small amount of light passes through to affect the paper. On ordinary papers this produces bald-headed or white skies; on "Colorprinte" the effect is that only the top layer of color —light blue—is reached and made insoluble, producing a blue sky. The result, then, of light passing through the various densities of the negative is to affect the various layers of color, so that the green foliage of trees, the brown surfaces of roads, etc., etc., is brought out in approximately the colors of nature. Strong reds are unfortunately lacking at present, but with nine colors a fairly large range of tone is obtainable, and the results are certainly most pleasing after a long course of monotone work. Photographers are apt to be sceptical on the question of color, but the process mentioned is capable of a great deal more than many gave it credit for at first. The tints can be changed almost at will by subsequent chemical manipulation; for instance, bright reds can be obtained by the local application of a solution of caustic potash and so on. With this power in the hands of a skilled worker, any missing tone can be supplied. Strong, well-developed negatives make the best prints. If thin, they must be varnished with ruby or other preparation; otherwise we shall fail to obtain the colors in their right places. An ortho-chromatic plate, which has a greater and truer range of densities, is naturally the best. The one drawback is that only landscapes devoid of life, or figures unless very small or inconspicuous, can be made at present. This is due to the lack of reds; but it will not be long before a special paper for portrait work will be obtainable. Meanwhile, we commend the process to our amateur friends of an investigating turn of mind. The few initial difficulties are easily overcome, and the pleasure to the unprejudiced mind is great.

COMFORT.
Awarded First Prize in RECREATION'S Photographic Competition.
Photograph by William R. Simpson, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

RECREATION'S PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

In the amateur photograph competition, which closed June 1, prizes were awarded as follows:

"Satisfaction"—Wm. R. Simpson, 4 Heath street, Seneca Falls, New York, $10.

"Fishing on the Hudson River"—Fred. J. Stein, 14 Maiden Lane, New York, second prize, $5.

CONSOLATION PRIZES, $1.00.

"Kingbird"—John Schrick, 169 Mariner street, Buffalo, New York.

"The Mighty Hunter"—Crawlis C. Holley, 134 West Ridge street, Marquette, Mich.

"A Quiet Sunday," Jos. H. Berger, Warren, Pa.

"A New Fly"—Grannie Smith, Preston, Minnesota.

"Youth at the Helm"—Arthur Inkersley, 508 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

The following pictures received commendation:

"Plenty"—R. J. Benford, Johnson, Pa.

"Deer"—Patrick Christianson, Staughton, Wis.

"A Three Takes a Jack"—A. H. Stribey, Kansas.

"Rapids"—John A. Hanson, Milwaukee, Wis.

"Waiting"—Harry Fancher, Chicago, Ill.

"A Queer Brood"—Mildred Eastman, St. Paul, Minn.

FISHING ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

Awarded Second Prize in RECREATION'S Photographic Competition.
Photograph by Mr. Fred J. Stein, New York.

"At Home"—J. T. Collins, Warsaw, N. Y.

"Recreation," Central Park—John J. Allen, New York.

"Lunch in Camp"—Fred. J. Stine, New York.

"Chipmunk" — Granny Smith, Preston, Minn.

"The Wolf Hunt"—Crosby G. Davis, Oregon.

"Rattlesnake"—Fred. Vandewark, Grover, Colo.

"Lunch"—L. W. Shark, Almoor, Mich.

"Elk, Junior"—Geo. W. Rinner, Newstock, Ont., Can.

ENLARGING BROMIDES.

Editor RECREATION.

I have been reading Mr. Mason's article in the May number on Bromide Enlarging with a hand camera, and without special apparatus other than what can easily be contrived at home by any one. What he says is all right as far as it goes, but he doesn't go into the details of the operation fully enough to steer an amateur clear of several bad snags. I have done a good deal of this work and find there is much uncertainty about it, even after several years of practice and experience.

My camera being a folding pocket Kodak, I followed the booklet on bromide enlarging issued by the Kodak Company, and used Eastman's bromide papers, Standard, Royal, and Platino. They recommend amidol for developing these papers, but I found nothing equal to Seed's M. H. powders, mixed with four ounces of water to each, and not double strength as for Velox. Enlargement tends to flatten out the contrasts and dull the sharpness of detail, and in developing we must strive to lose as little as possible of these. The paper can be safely handled in front of a large window of two thicknesses of post-office paper, and the orange light shows up the tones much better than a ruby light. The image comes up much slower than in the case of velox, and it can be coaxed and doctored better on this account. Blisters are liable to appear on some sorts of bromide paper; salt in the washing waters will help prevent them, and do not let running water fall on the wet prints. I found it best to thoroughly swab the paper with a soft brush and let it soak a moment in clean water before beginning development.

Mr. Mason says nothing about ground glass in front of the negative, and though I cannot say it is indispensable, never having tried to do without it, it was described in my booklet as a very important part of the equipment. It serves to equalize the light and blend out any imperfections in the negative, like flaws in the glass or specks in the film.

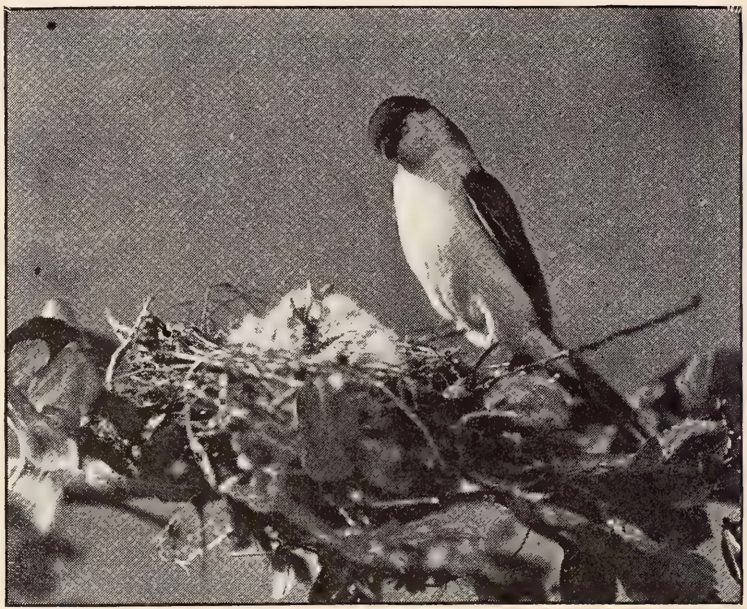
Few will be so fortunate as to have a window with an unobstructed sky front and without it a reflector outside the glass is needed. A mirror is best, but a sheet of white cardboard will answer; it should be tilted to an angle of forty-five degrees, reflecting light from the zenith. Sharpness of focus is very important, and I found I could do best by using the largest stop and then cutting down to about 32 for exposure. I also use a reading glass when focusing. I tried a panel of ground glass in the center of the board on which I pin the bromide paper, but it was no help to me. A hard white paper with glossy surface, like bristol board, worked best.

If one has a ray screen it will be perfectly safe to pin up the bromide paper while the picture is thrown on it if the screen is over the lens; this insures getting just as much or as little of the negative as you wish into the print, and I found it quite an advantage. Any yellow glass will do quite as well as the most expensive screen.

I had so much of this work to do that I made a kit which resembled a printing frame with open back into which the negative and ground glass were easily inserted and quickly clamped. It slides in grooved wooden uprights on the end of a board to which the camera and easel are firmly fixed. All three being thus rigidly held in line, there is no chance for "joggling" of the outfit. Also I graduated the easel and camera slides and keep a record for each negative, by which I can duplicate the focus and the degree of enlargement without going all over the original experimenting every time.

I made a square frame, fitting tightly against the grooved slides, and attached it to my window-shutter by a bellows of red felt. Two hooks hold it firmly against the slides, shutting out all white light, yet allowing the camera board to be tilted or swung and the negative kit to be quickly removed or replaced. Some of these conveniences would perhaps not be worth making if one is to make but a few enlargements, but as soon as you get where you can do really good work you are likely to find quite a demand for enlargements from your best negatives. I sold nearly a dozen of a certain fine river scene. My negatives are 3¼ x 4¼, and I have not been able to get satisfactory enlargements from these on a larger scale than 10 x 12. 3½ by 3½ inches work well up to 8 x 10 inches. I prefer the warm tones of Royal bromide paper for prints as large as 8 x 10 inches, but the detail comes out better with Standard and Platino. The developer will stand much more bromide solution than one would expect, and I have found its liberal use helps to increase the contrast. Finally, do not expect to get twelve good enlargements out of a dozen sheets of bromide paper.

E. R. Plaisted,
Montpelier,
Vermont.



KING BIRD AND NESTLINGS.

Consolation Prize-Winner RECREATION'S Photographic Competition. Photograph by Mr. John M. Schreck, Buffalo, N. Y.

COMMON SENSE RULING.

The Appellate Court of Illinois has just decided that the public has a right to fish and hunt on navigable waters without regard to the ownership of the land beneath. Under the new ruling, any person may navigate the waters of these preserves and fish or hunt to their heart's content.

The decision upholds the lower court. John A. Schulte, owning 2,000 acres of submerged lands, asked for an injunction restraining Meredith Warren and others from fishing and hunting over this tract. The court denied the request. On Schulte's land there were several lakes connecting with the Illinois River and navigable for commercial purposes. When the government put in a dam below him these lakes overflowed permanently and submerged his acres.

The court held that a person navigating a stream is not required to carry a chart to determine where the limits of the bed of the stream exists, that he may know whether he is above private or public land.

EDITORIAL

OHIO LAWS INEFFECTIVE.

There is a great lack of public sympathy with the Fish and Game Commission of Ohio, and the gain is, consequently, small. The commission fears that succeeding generations may find the whitefish and herring of Lake Erie, and the wild duck and quail, extinct, unless the strong arm of the law, upheld and sustained by public opinion, is interposed.

The Fish and Game Commission, as a result of careful study, recommends that, in a general way, the Ontario law be adapted to Ohio conditions, with such amendments and concessions as might seem desirable. It was considered a fair set of regulations, that would have inured to the ultimate benefit of the fishermen themselves. Its essential features were: A close season during the spawning period of whitefish and herring; a prohibition against taking under-sized fish; a limitation of the number of nets to be used, and establishing proscribed areas and places, such as around islands, reefs, bays and rivers; clearly defining and classifying game and commercial fish; prohibiting the sale of fish to fertilizer or glue factories; prohibiting the use of explosives and poisons.

Under the present law there are practically no restrictions. Accurate statistics of the catch of fish in the American waters of Lake Erie are not obtainable, but the figures gathered carefully by the Ontario Government show that the herring catch was 788,616 pounds in 1899, and had fallen to 93,394 pounds in 1903. Also, that the white fish catch in 1902 was 95,429 pounds and in 1903 but 41,698 pounds, though more men were fishing.

According to the latest estimate, 2,500 miles of gill nets are used by American fishermen on Lake Erie, some fishers setting as much as 30 miles of nets. The only bright feature of the report is that the spawn obtained in 1904 was abundant and of fine quality. One hundred and twenty-five million whitefish and herring eggs were undergoing hatching at the Ohio hatchery, 300,000,000 at the Put-in-Bay station, and many more at other points. If good protective laws could be enforced, such re-stocking would soon restore the fisheries to their former condition. Black bass are suffering very heavily through the trap nets.

The commission is strongly in favor of the bill introduced into the national House of Representatives by Mr. Shiras, of Pennsylvania, making wild fowl and other migratory birds federal property.

The winter of 1903-4 had a disastrous effect upon quail. When the report was issued it was hoped that the winter of 1904-5 would be a mild one. This we know not to have been the case. The chances are that the stock of quail is now very much reduced in Northern Ohio.

CANADIAN CAMP CLUB.

A prospectus of the Canadian Camp Club has been received at this office. From the array of high-grade sportsmen, explorers and naturalists connected with this organization, and from what is claimed in the prospectus, this promises to be one of the largest and finest clubs of its kind in existence.

The Club is situated in the Province of Ontario. It will be a good headquarters from which to range over a territory extending from Georgian Bay on Lake Huron to Hudson Bay.

There is probably no club which will have the variety of game, and so large a number of lakes and streams teeming with fish as this club. Explorers and naturalists will be in their element. Moose, caribou, ducks and grouse breed in abundance.

One of the most attractive features of the club is the opportunity given for exploration. A very large area of this country has never known the footprints of the white man, and is almost unknown to the government surveyors. Another attractive feature is that lakes and streams will bear the name of the discoverer.

The Mississaga river, which flows through the heart of the club tract, offers to the canoeist as fine scenery and as exhilarating sport as any river on this continent. There are 100 or more safe rapids which can be shot, and high, picturesque falls throughout the 300-mile course of this river, through virgin forest. This will veritably be a paradise to lovers of nature.

In the center of this magnificent territory the Canadian government has made a forest reserve of 3,000 square miles, immediately north of Lake Wahquekobing, on which the principal clubhouse of the club is situated.

The plan of the club is not to permit the woodsman's axe or the pot-hunter's weapon within its territory.

A yacht anchorage has already been selected on Georgian Bay, and a clubhouse will be built for the comfort of the members who own yachts. A similar house may be erected on Hudson Bay. A commodious clubhouse is being built at the watershed of Hudson Bay and Georgian Bay, near the C. P. R., and cabins are to be erected throughout the entire length of this route.

To form some idea of how many Americans go to Canada for recreation, we are informed that not less than 60,000 tickets were sold last year to parties who wished to visit the Muskoka region alone.

This club was organized by the officers of the Canadian Camp, which is at present the largest sportsmen's social organization. The dinners of the Camp, which consist almost wholly of big game, killed by its members, have become famous.

The Canadian Camp Club is limited to 500.

MUST PULL TOGETHER.

Since Recreation claims to be a magazine of the people, for the people and by the people, that will make me *your* editor, and while your editor has been busy with your plans for the purchase and preservation of the buffalo, he has heard from private sources that the ranchmen and settlers of Cora, Fremont County, Wyoming, have been living exclusively on antelope meat during the closed season, and that the game wardens of Wyoming do not molest settlers for killing antelopes in or out of season, but use all their energies to "pinch," as the letter expresses it, the outsider who comes there to hunt.

We do not know what the population of this county is, but we do know that a few husky cow-punchers can consume a great amount of meat in a season, and we also know that, when a law is passed it is intended to be a law for the whole people, regardless of their social or political position, and that it is not intended that the game warden or any other official shall be an autocrat who may, at will, administer the law for one set of people and omit to apply it to another set. We would like to hear from the game warden of Fremont County in regard to this matter. The antelope cannot long exist under such conditions, and we would like to call the attention of the Governor of Wyoming to the reported state of affairs in this county and hear what the game wardens have to say for themselves. This is a serious matter, not only for Wyoming, but for the United States of America, and we wish all the people who are interested in the preservation of these beautiful and unique animals to consider it their personal duty to write and investigate the affairs in Wyoming. The range of the antelope is now practically limited to a little strip of country of which Wyoming is the biggest part.

Killing these animals in the closed season not only means the loss of the animals killed, but also leaves the young unprotected to die from starvation or become the prey to coyotes, eagles, vultures and hawks. Under the circumstances, no woman with the instinct of a mother should allow her husband, sweetheart, or brother, or any man over whom she has influence, to kill antelope or any other animal during the closed season.

We also want to call the attention of the National Association of Audubon Societies to this state of affairs, and while we know that they are principally interested in the birds, at the same time we are helping them in their good work and we ask Mr. William Dutcher, the president of the National Association, to use his influence, through the medium of his societies, to help us in our work. We must stand shoulder to shoulder to protect these creatures, not from the vicious but from the thoughtless.

Speaking of the Audubon societies, we will quote here what Mr. Dutcher has to say about the buffalo in his address to his constituents:

A DUTY.

"Scarcely more than a generation ago the buffalo ranged the western plains in countless herds, their numbers so great that no written estimate can be considered an exaggeration. Those who were fortunate enough to see one of these great hosts surging over the prairies little thought that in a few short years the buffalo would simply be a part of history. This noble beast was exterminated by man with a butchery so ignoble that it is sickening to dwell upon. The few dollars received for the hide was the incentive for this national disgrace. Almost at the same hour that the buffalo were vanishing, another of the wonders of this continent was also being ruthlessly and recklessly destroyed. Early writers tell of flocks of wild pigeons so large that the account of their numbers verges on the fabulous. Where are these countless winged hosts to-day? All gone. Why? Simply that a limited number of men without thought for the future might gather a few dollars by sacrificing millions upon millions of harmless and beautiful forms.

"These two great assets of the people, of use and beauty, were improvidently wasted, because no public-spirited persons or association had the foresight or interest to protect them from the small band of selfish men who were the destroyers. The passing of the buffalo and wild pigeon is a forceful commentary on the indifference of the people of those days. Are the people of this generation showing any greater degree of interest in the wild life of the present day?"

In this connection it gives me pleasure to say that I have received a very charming letter from Daniel K. Hall, who is seconding our movement for the preservation of the buffalo in a very effective manner. He has already succeeded in having the following resolutions passed by the Glen Cove Club, the Hempstead Harbor Yacht Club, Sea Cliff Yacht Club, Nassau Country Club, of Long Island, and states that others will follow before Congress meets:

"Whereas, *The American bison, once so numerous upon the Western plain, is threatened with extinction by reason of the wanton destruction of thousands of these noble ani-*

mals during the opening of the West to settlement; and

"Whereas, *Experiments carried on in private parks have demonstrated that buffalo multiply rapidly under proper conditions; and*

"Whereas, *We appreciate the importance of immediate steps being taken to prevent the passing of these animals; therefore be it*

"Resolved, *That we, the members of the Hempstead Harbor Yacht Club heartily endorse the proposition to have the few remaining bison taken up by the Government and maintained in suitable reservations."*

Three other clubs have passed these reservations, total four, others to hear from.

"Attention Clubs: *We want all out-door clubs to pass similar resolutions and send them to* Recreation. *Do it* now *and win the approbation of your fellow citizens.*

We have a letter from Prof. M. J. Elrod, of the University of Montana, which will be found on another page.

A recent letter from Howard Eaton, of Wolfe, Wyoming, also of our committee, suggests two other forms of reservation.

These things will be sifted out and when we have decided which is the best plan, it will be included in the bill now being drawn up by Recreation's lawyer, to be put before Congress.

Our move so far has received the enthusiastic support of everyone whose attention has been brought to the subject, and it looks as though the United States Buffalo Park will be assured after Congress meets. Nevertheless, we cannot rest upon our oars until this thing is accomplished, and we again urge all our readers and all our friends connected with the press of the United States to keep the agitation of this subject before the people, for the great heart of the American people always beats true, and the people can be depended upon to second any movement of this kind after it has been brought to their attention.

The reports from all over the United States show a very encouraging condition in the game fields, with the possible exception of Florida and Minnesota. In Florida things seem to be very lax and when we asked for information there was a demand for money, which gives the appearance of established graft in that beautiful state.

We say appearance, because that is the only state in the Union where such a demand has been made for information.

From Minnesota we are getting many complaints of favoritism shown in the administration of the game laws, and the game warden himself, over his own signature, states that he has given orders to the subordinates not to molest certain parties. In other words, he assumes that he is not responsible to the people but to himself, for the administration of the laws. That is, the laws are to be enforced only when it suits his pleasure, and justice and equal rights are not to be considered.

This is a lamentable state of affairs, but we are now carrying on a correspondence with this gentleman and hope to bring him around to the point where he will realize that he is the servant of the people and not their master and dictator. Honestly, we think that it is ignorance and misconception of the meaning of the law that leads this man into making the mistakes and assuming a position which looks like the arrogance of a political boss. He forgets that he is only the policeman and not the judge.

OUR AUGUST COVER.

The work of Charles Livingston Bull has attracted so much attention and we have heard so many favorable comments that we have determined to reproduce a drawing of his that appeared in the June issue of Recreation as our cover this month. We should have procured a new drawing had it been possible, but Mr. Bull's work is in such demand that his time was too fully occupied to make this possible.

Competent critics tell us that our August cover is most unique and striking; we believe that our readers will say the same.

ALL ONE.

Recreation does not recognize any international boundary in matters of sportsmanship and game protection. Our sympathies are as wide as the continent, and as deep as the depth thereof. It is, therefore, with the greatest sincerity that we offer our congratulations to the gentlemen who have banded themselves into The Fish and Game Protective Association, that was founded at Toronto a few days ago. At the initial meeting of the association a pamphlet was submitted by Mr. A. Kelly Evans, which outlines the reasons that called the Association into being, and describes its aims and object. This pamphlet will be sent upon request to the secretary-treasurer, 25 Front street, East, Toronto.

MOTOR-BOAT PATROL.

Failing to obtain an appropriation from the state, Master Fish Warden Van Dusen, of Oregon, will be provided with a $5,000 motor boat by the cannery men and bankers of Astoria. The boat will be used for patrolling the salmon waters during the closed season. The officials in Washington were the first to use power boats in this work, and their success has actuated the fishing interests of her sister state to take similar action.

The power boat is admirably fitted for such service, as there is no delay getting under way.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION

SMOKELESS TARGET LOADS.

Those indefatigable experimenters, Messrs. Edward Taylor and W. G. Hudson, have been working up a smokeless powder load for target shooting, and have found one that seems able to hold its own with the best of black powder loads. No good results were obtained until they devised bullets that made a gastight fit without upset.

The two bullets that were finally evolved were a 38-55 with five bands and four grooves, the three forward bands measuring .372 inches and the two rear bands .382 inches, and a 32-40 on the same plan, of which the three forward bands measured .316 inch and the two rearmost bands .323 inch.

The bullet was designed to cut as large and clean a hole as possible in the target, a point that veteran marksmen will appreciate at its true value. How many points are lost by the merest fraction of a line?

In order to secure the greatest accuracy, it was deemed wise to seat the bullets ahead of the shell, and it was found necessary to—as Dr. Hudson calls it—"throat" the barrel at the breech, owing to the size of the rear bands of the bullets. Hard bullets were found to work better than the usual 1 to 16, or 1 to 18; but when a harder bullet than 1 to 14 was cast, antimony was substituted for tin.

The two powders that gave best results were the Du Pont, No. 1, and Laflin & Rand Sharpshooter. The charge of Du Pont No. 1 was the shell filled and wadded with a blotting paper wad. The Sharpshooter powder was used in 18 gr. and 16 grs. loads, in the 38-35 and the 32-40, respectively. These loads did not more than one-half fill the shells. In the 38-55 the experimenters set a .40 wad on the powder, and in the 32-40 the shells were corked until about to be used. Of the two powders the Sharpshooter gave rather the better results. Nitro-primers must be used for this powder, and Dr. Hudson prefers the 7½ U. M. C. The targets obtained with these bullets from factory barrels were so good that there does not seem any need for special barrels. The recoil from these loads is very slight.

It was found that patched bullets did not work better on the average than lubricated bullets. Dr. Hudson thinks that in ten years no one will be found using black powder, even for the fine work at the target.

Riflemen owe Messrs. Taylor and Hudson a vote of thanks for their untiring efforts in devising new and improved loads. These results were first given out through the pages of "Shooting and Fishing."

AN ARDEN WOODSMAN.

Editor Recreation:

I subscribed for your valuable magazine just the month it underwent such a remarkable change. It is a fine magazine now.

You doubtless wonder who I am, away back north here among the lakes and hills. When my school duties do not bind me down too closely I hunt and fish and enjoy myself immensely.

If you would like to find Arden on the map, you have but to find the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad running from Montreal to Toronto, and where it passes through the middle of Frontenac County you will see Arden marked. It is a small village nestling among hills interspersed by beautiful little lakes. From the balcony of Lake View Summer Hotel you can see seven lakes, each a good spot to get a 'mess' of pike, pickerel, bass, or any of those gamy fellows, and which with their feeders afford excellent sport in the ducking season, while their woody banks and bushy slopes are ideal spots for the partridge. Deer are to be found in the thicker parts of the wooded country. Game is plentiful, and the game laws are fairly well observed. They are violated the more frequently by the settlers, who kill out of season for food.

I read with great interest your section on guns and ammunition. It is wonderful the information that can be given in so few lines. But I am not content to read only. I would like to ask a few questions as well.

1. Where in Canada can you procure the *Three in One* gun oil advertised in your columns?

2. Can you give a recipe to blue a barrel of a gun? I have a Marlin repeater which is losing its blue. Can I renew it?

3. What causes lead bullets to stick in a resizer of a 1894 model 32 W. S. repeating rifle loading tool? Also what can prevent it?

4. Is there any way of preventing loaded shot shells from buckling? I mean forming a wrinkle near the metal head, when used a few times in a Marlin repeating shotgun?

Winchester New Rivals don't do it, but Clay's do. Also, what is the best load in your estimation for the above gun, first with smokeless powder, second, for black powder?

If you desire any information about this section of country, or anything else that I can give you, I'll be very glad to help you in any way.

Thanking you for publishing so fine a magazine, I remain, ever a subscriber,

Frank J. Clarke, Arden, Ont.

You can procure Three in One gun oil from T. W. Boyd, sporting goods dealer, Notre Dame street, Montreal.

If you will write to Mr. Gus. Habich, 121 West Washington street, Indianapolis, Ind., he will send you particulars of a preparation that he puts up for gun-bluing. If you succeed in restoring the bluing in your repeater, you will, however, be more successful than most amateurs. I consider it a professional's job.

Lead bullets should not stick in a resizer if they are the proper size for such resizer to reduce. If you have permitted a steel resizer to become rusty inside, you are likely to have trouble. It should always be cleaned after using, and well greased before putting awav

There is no way of preventing old shotgun shells from buckling—it is a sign that they are worn out. The Eley shells sold in Canada are usually of a very poor quality, being culls, that were rejected for the home market.

The standard load for a repeating shotgun, 12 gauge, is 3 drachms of black powder and 1⅛ ounce shot. If you use smokeless, you should use the equivalent of this load. Smokeless powders vary in strength from year to year, as new issues are put on the market, but, according to the latest values, 3 drs. of black powder are equal to 24 grs. Ballistite, 33 grs. Rifleite, 36 grs. New Schultze, or 24 grs. L. R. Infallible and 37 grs. Du Pont, Hazard, or Alarm.

Your repeater will handle either the 2⅝-inch shell or the 2¾-inch shell.

Send me in all the information you can about your part of Ontario, and I can assure you it will be very welcome, and RECREATION will be pleased to publish it.—EDITOR.

WILL DO NO HARM.

Editor RECREATION.

Would like your idea of the Elterich Patent rifle Bullet Shells. In using them will they harm a full-choked shotgun in any way, and what sights would you place on your gun?

William Garner, Bremer, Ia.

The Elterich Patent Rifle Shells mav be used safely in any gun that is properly bored. The best sight for use for your shell would be either the Lyman or Marble rear sights.—EDITOR.

MADE BY ADAMS.

Editor RECREATION:

I enclose sketch of a revolver that is in my possession. Can you give me any information concerning its make, rarity, and value?

This arm was picked up on a Southern battlefield during the Civil War. It has no name or mark upon it besides the number "390," inside the lock plate, which is on the left-hand side. It has seven deep grooves, and is of very peculiar mechanism. The trigger guard forms a lever for the rammer, which works as shown in my sketch.

The gun is 11⅞ inches long and weighs 1 pound 9 ounces. It is of about 32 caliber, five-shot, and was originally of a brown finish. The walnut stock is in good condition. The cylinder is engraved with hounds chasing deer; deer lying down; trees and partridges.

Any information you can give me will be welcome. I have, myself, failed to find any one who saw or heard of a similar arm.

Frank Shaw, Ironton, Ohio.

The revolver in question is one of those made during the time of the Civil War by an English gunmaker named Adams. A number of these revolvers were sent to the Southern states by blockade-runners, and became the property of officers in the Confederate Army. Your pistol is a very fine example of these scarce and historic pistols.

It is impossible to place a value upon such a weapon. If sold at forced sale, it would merely bring, in all probability, the price of so much old junk, while to a connoisseur, or for a national museum, it might be worth considerably more than a brand-new revolver.

Francis Bannerman, 579 Broadway, is the only exclusive dealer in second-hand firearms in this city.—EDITOR.

TRY A SCHUTZEN.

Editor RECREATION:

Will you kindly tell me what is, in your estimation, the best 22-caliber rifle and sights for target practice on a 75-foot range? Thanking you in advance for your kind favor,

R. C. Rodman, Lyons, Iowa.

There is no such thing as a "best 22-caliber rifle," if by that you mean the make. Any of the large makers, Remington, Stevens, Winchester, make a rifle that will shoot just where you hold it.

If you intend to shoot at 75-foot gallery range, I recommend you to choose a rifle according to the following specifications.

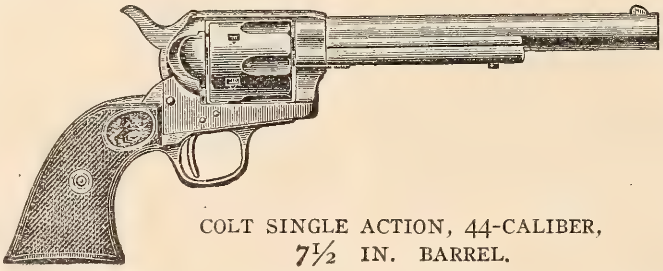
Barrel, Octagon, 30-inch; caliber, 22 short; sights, Aperture; stock, Schutzen; trigger, Schutzen; weight, about 12 pounds; palm, rest.

Such a rifle will be absolutely accurate at 75 feet, and the make may be safely left to your individual preference.—EDITOR.

THE IDEAL BELT REVOLVER.

Editor RECREATION:

One would naturally suppose that a man looking for an ideal belt revolver would certainly be able to select one from the innumerable number of models, calibers, and styles of actions now on the market. While I admit that there are many desirable weapons of this class now to be had, it is, I believe, a fact generally recognized by all well-informed shooters that in the matter of a belt gun there are many ways in which they may be improved. We have single action, double action, and hammerless (automatic pistols will not be considered in this article), and many different methods of ejecting the cartridges—automatic, simultaneous, or one at a time only, as in the old reliable Colt's Single Action—a gun that as the ideal belt gun, barring its objectionable weight, has never been equalled. We have rebounding locks, and safeties galore, and yet to my way of viewing this matter, the absolutely perfect belt gun has yet to be manufactured.



COLT SINGLE ACTION, 44-CALIBER, 7½ IN. BARREL.

The gun that the frontiersman, or any man of experience, carried where he wanted a weapon that might be needed at any time on which his life might depend, was, ninety-nine cases in a hundred, the old reliable Colt's Frontier or Army .44-40 and .45 caliber Single Action, and one or two of these, on the border, were considered as essential to a man as the clothes he wore. There were other revolvers to be had, Single and Double action—but none that were tolerated as was this Single-action Colts, and it's only natural to ask, "Why?" There must have been a reason. So there was, and *here* it is: It was a gun that would stand more use and abuse than any other gun that could be had, when guns were carried from necessity; nor is there a gun made today that surpasses it in the above respects. It was a gun that for "fit" and "hang" in a man's hand was unequalled. The stock and hammer were of proper proportions; large enough to be found in the dark. The stock fitted the hand perfectly, and when thrown down the barrel came naturally in line with the target instead of pointing "skywards," as is the case in some of the more modern guns. The hammer—the lever, properly speaking, that operated the machinery—had sufficient leverage to operate the gun, however, badly rusted it might be. Look at some of the little hammers on some of the late model revolvers. Little show here to throw the thumb around the hammer, and expect the gun, as it is thrown down, to be cocked by its own weight! Some find no little amusement in ridiculing the .45 because it made some dozen or so of "clicks" every time it was cocked, sounding somewhat like the noise created by a brick dashing through dead timber—but to the man that had used these for a score or more of years every "click" meant "reliable," "never fail," "stand-by," etc.

If these guns were so nearly perfect it would be but natural to ask, "What is wrong with them today? The factory is still turning them out, and so far as can be seen they are still up to the old standard." But that gun, from the up-to-date shooter's view, is lacking in several important respects. The method of loading and extraction is too slow. The gun is too heavy and the caliber too large. It is true that it can be had in calibers as small as .32-20, but as this is with the .45 frame, the gun weighs more than the .44 or .45. Manufacturers make a great mistake in building small caliber guns on frames designed for larger fires. This will apply to some rifles as well as revolvers. It is necessary to make a 38.40 on a .44-40 frame, but no such necessity exists regarding the .32-20. I have often pointed this out in different magazines, and first mentioned it in RECREATION some eight years ago.

For saddle work the 45's may be all right, but where is the man that rides continually? This gun, or any other caliber made on .45 frame, is altogether too heavy for a man afoot—they weight him down too much for an all day's tramp, and what is wanted is a lighter weapon using the .38 Smith & Wesson special cartridge, a cartridge that is about the equal of the .45 for penetration, with sufficient killing power for all practical purposes, and, as regards accuracy, without a peer. This is a cartridge that can be used on small game without mutilating, yet large enough to kill a deer or similar game handily, and, should occasion require, large enough for a man in a "tight corner" to "shoot out" without difficulty.

"Very well," say you, "if this is all true, why not use some of the revolvers now made for this cartridge? The Smith & Wesson and Colts' people are both turning out these guns in regular and target models, and on small frames, too." Yes, my friend, that's all true, but those guns are double action, the stocks and hammers could be improved, and a small, shapely trigger guard should supplant the large ones that the double-action feature in these guns necessitates. Of course these guns can be used single action if one so desires, but as they wish to use them this way about all the time, why not have a single action and done with it? A much neater appearing gun can be small single action, and as they are more handy to use single action than to use a double action this way, why not have them made single action? How many would buy the double-action gun if a single action properly proportioned to take the .38 Smith & Wesson special cartridge could be had? Please tell me how you would suggest making a more desirable belt gun—a gun that would meet with the approval of shooters everywhere—than one put up as follows? Chambered for .38 Smith & Wesson special caliber cartridge, single action, with 6 to 6½ barrel, to weigh 30 ounces, swing-out cylinder, with stock, hammer and trigger guard modeled after the Colts Single-Action Frontier and Army?

On regular guns the rear sight cut into receiver (receiver at this point to be perpendicular as in the Colt's Single Action, and sight notch protected from wear—which, should this occur, would cause it to glisten—by the hammer); the front sight base to be a part of the barrel, and slotted, which would enable the shooter to attach any sight to his gun that would appeal to his peculiar fancy—Sheard's, Lyman's, etc.

The manufacturers have promised, should sufficient demand develop, to bring out these guns. As it is the shooters that create the demand, it naturally follows that they must make the same known. Let us hear from *all* interested, and if this subject receives a small part of the attention it deserves we may expect to see the new gun on the market soon.

Ashley A. Haines, B. C.

THE COLT AUTOMATIC.

Editor RECREATION.

Will some of the readers of RECREATION kindly let me know as to the merits of the Colt's Automatic pistol, 38-caliber pocket size? I wish to know their opinion as to accuracy, penetration and shocking power, smooth working, mechanism, etc., and if they think it would do for big game at close quarters.

T. W. S., St. Paul, Minn.

The 38-caliber Automatic Colt pistols are extremely accurate, and as they use special smokeless ammunition, they develop a very flat trajectory. The penetration is about 8 inches in pine, with a velocity of 1,065 feet secs.—EDITOR.

SOLDER FOR BULLETS.

Editor RECREATION.

I notice your correspondent's "Rifle, Dayton, Ohio," query, "Why the Tin," in the June number, just to hand. I had ordered a quantity of lead and tin from Winnipeg, and they sent me solder, which I have made into bullets for my Winchester .38-55, but before using would like to know if, in your opinion, they will strip in the barrel.

You certainly are making RECREATION interesting, which it was not invariably before the change. Hoping for your continued success,

Archibald J. Bliss, Ontario, Canada.

The composition of solder is so variable that I cannot tell you just how your bullets will act. I do not think they will strip, but you will possibly find that they will lead your rifle. We once cast a quantity of bullets, of solder, and they leaded the rifle, so that the same result may follow in your case.—EDITOR.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

Editor RECREATION.

I am a subscriber to RECREATION, and desire an answer to the following question: I am the owner of a 38-55 caliber, Model '94, Winchester. This rifle was built for the black powder cartridge with lead bullet. Kindly tell me will it damage the rifling if I shoot low-pressure smokeless and nickel-cased bullets?

Also, would it be wise to use, when I want a heavy charge, the high-velocity, smokeless cartridges; as, for instance, when hunting deer? We have quite a bit of hunting up here, and deer are plentiful.

E. F. Pinnington, Nipissing, Ontario.

P. S.—My rifle, I may add, has not a nickel steel barrel.

You may use either the smokeless cartridges made by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., or the Winchester High-Velocity cartridges; only, in the latter case you will require to re-sight your rifle, as the trajectory will be very much flattened, and you will shoot high with ordinary sights.

These charges exert less pressure in the barrel than the old black-powder charges. Consequently, there is no danger in using them.—EDITOR.

GOOD ADVICE.

EDITOR RECREATION:

Many men leave the buying of their rifle until they are ready to start on a hunt. To such let me say—buy well ahead and learn to know your shooting iron; so shall ye avoid disappointment.

J. A. B., Lynn, Mass.

FISHING

A CHAMPLAIN CHAMPION.

BY A. LLOYD LOCK.

A friend of mine from Watervleit, N. Y., and myself were camping out near Plattsburg on the shores of Lake Champlain, gunning, fishing and having the general good time that such a vigorous life affords.

Every morning we would take our rods and tackle and row out around Valcour island, a spot noted for its large bass, pike and pickerel. The water on the southern side of the island is from twenty to forty feet deep, and clear as crystal. We started out one morning about 5:30 and traveled around the island for an hour or so with poor luck, only landing two small fish. As we had some live bait and we desired to try our luck at casting for black bass, we drifted inshore to a place called "The Caves," where the water had worn the rock of the cliffs into all sorts of fantastic shapes, and we had very good luck, for in less than an hour we landed seven beauties between us, when we concluded that we had enough sport for one day and were about to disjoint our rods, when our attention was attracted by two men who were rowing slowly toward us in a St. Lawrence cedar skiff.

They were particularly noticeable, as the man handling a Bristol steel rod in the stern must have weighed between two hundred and fifty and three hundred pounds, and as his companion at the oars did not weigh one-half of that, the result is better imagined than described. The skiff resembled a new moon, with the bow high in the air, and the oarsman nearly as high.

Well, "'tis to laugh," and so we did—"at the expense of the other fellows"; but we laughed too soon, as subsequent events will prove.

As they pulled slowly by, my friend drew my attention to their spoon, revolving like a live thing in the clear water, and as we watched, a long, dark-green body shot past the spoon about two or three feet. There was a splurge in the water, a momentary glimpse of a white belly, the spoon disappeared and then there were doings in the skiff as the rod bent double in his hands. The fat man reclining in the stern promptly threw his feet in the air, in a vain endeavor to gain a sitting posture, but hung on to the rod like grim death. His companion hastily dropped the oars and made a wild dive for the bow, apparently to even her up a bit, as the stern gunwale was perilously near the surface.

Then followed as pretty a battle royal as ever I witnessed. First he was under the boat, the next off towards the open, in a mad rush, "the reel singing merrily"; now we get a glimpse of him as he broaches heavily and falls back with a splash; now he pulls against the line and sulks, and the fat man reels in slowly; but he's off again, and this time he sounds until the line is almost straight down under the skiff. The fat man reels in rapidly, as the fish comes up again, and he broached once more less than twenty feet away from our boat; he kept up these tactics for more than ten minutes before he tired. Then they brought him alongside, a gleam of steel and the gaff sunk into his side, a last feeble flap, and all is over.

We rowed nearer to get a look at him, and the fat man perspiring but proud, held him up for our inspection. It was a monster muscalonge, weighing between twenty-five and twenty-eight pounds.

A NOVEL WAY OF FISHING.

BY ADALINE P. ATWATER.

The Committee had been discussing ways and means, and were now discussing a very good lunch.

The conversation had ranged over many subjects, and now a chance remark from the doctor on the long, severe winter, and the opinion that there would be an early spring, brought the statement from the wife of the bishop, at the head of the table, that she knew spring was coming, for she found the bishop sorting over his fishing tackle only that morning, his study table being all covered with hooks and lines, and flies of all kinds and colors.

As the doctor, the lawyer, and the clergyman were enthusiastic fishermen, this brought on an animated discussion on that subject.

Fishing in mountain streams for brook trout, in the lakes of Maine and Canada and Labrador for salmon, followed.

The doctor said he always considered Queen of the Water, Yellow Sally and the Royal Coachman, three of the best flies for brook trout, while the lawyer said that Bee Pond and Dragon were among the best for lake trout. Fishing stories followed, and at last the bishop, who is a great authority on that sport, was called on for a story.

"I fear my stories are all old to you," he said. "You have heard them all, I think, but I have just called to mind a novel way of fishing that I saw once. I was on a fishing trip near Bodine's Station, on the Northern Central Railway, above Williamsport, Pa., with a party of friends.

"The early part of the day we had fished the streams for trout, separating and trying the different streams alone and agreeing to meet at a millpond near by, later in the day, and try for pickerel.

"While on a small stream alone I had rather a unique experience.

"I had a good-sized trout on the hook, and was playing him carefully, when a strange kind of cough drew my attention to the opposite side of the stream, and there stood a good-sized black bear looking at me with great interest. As the stream was only four or five feet wide, I concluded it would be better for me to try some other stream, and I left rather suddenly.

I stopped for just a second to glance over my shoulder, and found that the bear was going quickly in the opposite direction, he being evidently as much in fear of me as I was of him, so I returned to the brook. About noon we met at the millpond and soon caught a few pickerel.

"The mill owner came out to ask us, 'What luck?'

"We asked him if he fished; he answered, 'Yes,' and that he thought he could show us a new way of fishing.

"'What do you use?' he asked; we told him a spinner or spoon hook with worms, small frogs, or other bait.

"He asked for a couple of yards of line and two hooks, baited with live minnows, and rowed out in his boat to where a few geese were swimming. He caught two of them, fixed the lines to a foot of each and put them in the water again. The geese swam off and before long there was a splash from the first goose, a flutter of wings, and we could tell that a fish was on the line. In a few moments the other hook had one also.

"Then there was a lively time; the geese, frightened, tried to fly, but the pickerel in the water held them down. Then the fish tried to dive, but the geese held them up. The mill owner finally came to the rescue, rowed out and caught the geese and took off the fish. He came back, bringing two fine pickerel of about three or four pounds apiece. We were all expert fishermen, well up in all kinds of fishing, bait, etc., but this was to us a novel way of fishing."

ALONG THE JERSEY COAST.

Editor RECREATION:

Magnificent fishing may be had during July, August and September at Great Egg Harbor Bay and tributaries, near Ocean City, N. J. The fish that are most often taken are weakfish, kingfish, flounders, bass, perch, Cape May Goodies; and, outside, in the open, we get bluefish, weakfish and croakers.

We use for bait shrimp, shedder crab, mussel, clam and red worms. Our tackle is either a hand line or a light rod and reel. We have plenty of boats for hire, the price being usually about seventy-five cents a day for a rowboat, and $5.00 for a small sailing yacht, with a man to sail her.

The Hotel Biscayne may be recommended, the rates being $2.50 and up.

Herbert C. Smith, Ocean City, N. J.

FISHING AT ST. CLAIR.

Editor RECREATION:

The St. Clair Flats, "The Venice of America," have long been known as the haunt of the black bass. They are in lake St. Clair, nine miles from the mainland. The flats are reached from Detroit, Michigan, by steamer, three times a day, the distance being twenty-five miles.

In order to achieve success as a bass fisherman it will be necessary to employ a guide, or punter, as they are called; these punters formerly used a row or sail boat, but now each is the owner of a gasoline launch, making it very easy to reach the fishing grounds. A punter charges for his services and use of boat four dollars per day, and the start is usually made at daylight or earlier. The day's catch will depend much upon the skill of the punter, as black bass are continually moving in schools from place to place, and it is only by long experience that one can tell where to find them. In the spring they are found only in shallow water, moving into the deep channels about the end of August. The best fishing at this time of year is on the Canadian side of the lake, the open season beginning there on June 15th. In order to fish in Canadian waters it is necessary for an American to have a license. This will cost five dollars, and can be secured from the game warden, who will no doubt appear on the scene just after one has started to fish. The baits used for black bass are chubs and shiners; the small craw is also used by many fishermen.

For those who do not care to indulge in the more strenuous sport of bass-fishing, there are perch, pike, rock bass, silver bass, and pickerel. These can be caught in large numbers.

Punters are not required to fish for other than black bass, as any one can give information as to where they can be caught.

There are many good hotels on the Flats, and a telephone cable connects with the mainland. Mail is delivered by steamer four times a day.

Harry C. McKee, St. Clair Flats, Mich.

SOUTH CAROLINA FISHING.

Editor RECREATION:

We have excellent sea fishing off Georgetown; in fact, there is none better along the seacoast of South Carolina. The fish caught are sea bass, blackfish, sailor's choice, kingfish, drum and sheepshead. We use clams and shrimps for bait, and most local fishermen use a handline, but a sea rod with reel to suit would often afford better sport.

We have several steam launches that may be hired from $7 to $10 a day. Very good accommodations may be obtained at the Tourists' Hotel, rates $2.50 to $3 a day.

In the way of fresh water fish, we have yellow perch, black bass and German carp.

W. G. Harvey, Georgetown, S. C.

MANISTEE MASCALONGE.

Editor RECREATION:

We have excellent bass, pike, perch, bluegills, brook trout, rock bass and mascalonge fishing, and it will continue until November.

We use as baits, artificial minnows, live minnows, and frogs. On some of our lakes there are boats, but to many of them you must carry your own craft.

The Dunham Hotel, at Manistee, is a comfortable hostelry; its rates are $2 to $2.50. The Manistee Grand Rapid Railroad have boats that they run at reasonable rates, delivering these boats at points where they are to be used. The following are the names of hotels on the line of the M. & G. R. railroad, together with their rates, and the rivers near which they are situated:

Dunham House, Manistee, already given; Metropolitan Hotel, Manistee, $1.25 (Little Manistee). Marsh Camp Hotel, Tomlins, $1.50 (Sauble River, Lake Manistee). M. Roach Hotel, Milleton, $1.00 (Sauble River. Silver, McCarthy and Black creeks). Kelly House, Canfield, $1.50 (Little Manistee). Matthews House, Luther, $1 (Little Manistee, Pine River), John Nelson House, and Edgett's, $1 (Pine River). Section House, River Bank, $1 (Pine River). Dighton House, Dighton, $1 (Highland creek, four miles).

Charles R. Harris, Manistee, Mich.

NOT THE ONLY ONE.

Editor RECREATION:

I want to go somewhere to have two or three weeks' good fishing, if possible, trout or salmon, but cannot go away before the latter part of July or August, and I know from past experience that this is not as good a time as either earlier or later in the season. I had thought somewhat of trying Mooseluemaguntic Lake for the trout and salmon, stopping at Bald Mt. Camp, or the Bellgrade lake for bass.

Which of these places would you advise, or can you suggest some other place where you think I will have just as good or better fishing, not so far away? I am well fixed for either bait or fly fishing, so far as rods and reels are concerned, but have no flies. Will I need them where you suggest?

I would like to say a whole lot of nice things about the new RECREATION. Wishing you every success.

Samuel Dunseith, New Jersey.

We are sending you a book describing the fishing at Bellgrade lakes. We think you will make no mistake in going there, even as late as August. There are lake trout in the lakes which are taken trolling, and you can get all the bass you want with bait.

During this month (June)the bass take the fly, and some heavy catches have been made.

If you wish to have trout fishing with the fly in August there is excellent fishing in the neighborhood of Square and Eagle lakes, beyond Ashland, and in the neighborhood of Ft. Kent in Aroostook County, although the accommodations there will not be as good as at the Bellgrade.—EDITOR.

"The Tyranny of the Dark," by Hamlin Garland, is a novel of the unseen and the unreal. No one can resist the fascination of the mysteries and real problems of this typical American romance. It deals in a vivid fashion with certain undercurrents that continually stir the surface of our actual life. Hamlin Garland has woven together the sunset coloring of the western mountains, the social life and scientific progress of New York and certain startling phases of spiritualism.

The idyl of a young professor's love for a beautiful daughter of the Rockies, who is apparently a medium of rare psychic power, is in the author's happiest vein. The real charm of the novel lies, however, in the investigations by which the two hard, sceptical scientists try vainly to prove the dishonesty of this marvelous "psychic."

A note upon the cover of the book adds to the weird power of the story by asserting that the unusual events recorded are within the personal experience of the author. So keen does the interest become in following the lapses of the young girl into her abnormal state that the happy conclusion of her love affair leaves merely a sense of bitter disappointment, because the author has not explained the impossible. (Harper & Bros., $1.50.)

COLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

IN THE WAKE OF THE CREWS.

Cornell's crew victory at Poughkeepsie in the 'Varsity and Freshman races, and the hard contest she gave Syracuse in the four-oared race, entitles her to first rank in the intercollegiate rowing to surmount and complete her triumph on the track.

Yale's victory in baseball, and her joint honors with Pennsylvania in football, places her with Cornell as making the best showing of the year. Both colleges thus won one expected and one unexpected victory. Taking all in all, Yale's record is rather the better of the two.

The result of Poughkeepsie was about what was anticipated by those who had followed the crews closest in their preliminary training. Cornell's success at Cambridge and at Philadelphia indicated clearly the possession of unusual strength in both the 'Varsity and Freshman shells. Her crews were decidedly better than last year, though hardly so good as the year before.

Syracuse, on the strength of her victory last year, was well regarded by the general public. Nothing that was shown by her in either race deserves as high consideration as she received. With practically the winning eight of last year intact, there was reason to expect her to make a better showing. The men had the greater experience to aid them and rowed more smoothly and in better form inboard and outboard. Her failure to beat Cornell seems to indicate that her victory last year was due to the comparative inferiority of Cornell rather than to her own superiority. It tends also to prove that Courtney's ideas of rowing are better, in that they are more finished than Ten Eyck's, although this should not be construed as discrediting in any way the excellence and capability of the Syracuse coach. It is probable that, given rough material of equal strength, these two men, in a single year, would turn out boats of nearly equal strength. The Courtney crew would be more finished and the Ten Eyck eight probably more powerful. A second year's training and thereafter the Cornell crew would advance beyond the Ten Eyck aggregation, decidedly.

CORNELL'S EASY VICTORY.

It is just this difference that makes the Cornell and Syracuse combinations at Poughkeepsie, although the advantage in experience was rather with the latter. Cornell won easily by two hundred and fifty yards or more, finishing one minute and ten seconds ahead of their rivals. The comparatively slow time, viewed in the light of previous records, means nothing, as conditions at Poughkeepsie vary so largely, depending upon the strength of the tide, as to render comparison impossible. The other crews in the race figured only relatively, and to all intents and purposes might as well have been contesting in a different regatta. Georgetown led Columbia at the finish, with Pennsylvania far ahead of Wisconsin.

This is about the order that should have been expected on the comparative showings of the three crews that rowed against Annapolis. The question was, how much each would improve in the time elapsed between the races on the Severn and the Hudson.

In the Freshmen's race the same conditions existed, Cornell leading Syracuse decidedly, in the shorter distance, with Columbia and Pennsylvania in the same relative order.

In the four-oared contest, although Syracuse won from Cornell by the narrow margin of half a length, it is questionable whether she was entitled to her honors. First of all she interfered with the Columbia crew just after the start, and severely handicapped the New Yorkers. For this, had Columbia made the claim it would have been just and proper had Syracuse been disqualified. Since no claim was made, however, nothing remained but to place the boats in the order in which they finished.

There was, to complicate matters, a mixing up of the identities of the leading boats, which led many to believe that Cornell had finished in front.

Pennsylvania's defeat of Columbia was, in a measure, due to the handicap which the Blue and White suffered. Wisconsin trailed as she had in the 'Varsity race.

Taken all in all, Cornell must be considered in a class by herself as far as rowing is concerned, with Syracuse the only college able to give her a contest. Yale ranks superior to Harvard, and it is a question whether all three, Pennsylvania, Columbia and Georgetown, are not this year at least equal to both, with Wisconsin far behind the lot. It must be borne in mind, however, that Wisconsin had hard luck in having a long trip East, from which, on account of the rough water at Poughkeepsie from the date of her arrival to the date of the race, she has had no proper opportunity to recover.

THE GREAT NEW LONDON RACE.

We have purposely refrained from mentioning the Yale and Harvard race before, because in point of rowing ability nothing shown by either of the crews this year compares with Cornell's or Syracuse's performances, and to refer to the inferiority of the dual college event would be to lose sight of the splendid contest which the two crews afforded. In other words, viewed from the standpoint of excellent rowing, neither Yale nor Harvard are entitled to any marked consideration, but from the point of view of a stirring struggle, the race must rank as one of the greatest that has ever been rowed in college athletics.

From start to finish there never was a time during the entire four miles over which the 'Varsity crews rowed when the two shells were not lapping, though at one stage Yale had an advantage, so that her stern-post was level with Harvard's bow. At the finish of the race less than half a length separated the two boats.

The closeness of the struggle is best shown by the times at the various half-mile points along the course. Yale got the lead at the start and maintained it to the end, but her margin was never greater than six seconds. As officially timed the boats showed thus:

½	mile	Yale	2.22	Harvard	2.23
1	mile	Yale	5.10	Harvard	5.12
1½	miles	Yale	8.10	Harvard	8.04
2	miles	Yale	10.47	Harvard	10.53
2½	miles	Yale	13.42	Harvard	13.46
3	miles	Yale	16.37	Harvard	16.43
3½	miles	Yale	19.34	Harvard	19.39
4	miles	Yale	22.33½	Harvard	22.36

It is probable that the six seconds' margin shown at the two- and three-mile marks was greater than the actual margin that separated the boats, for at this point time could only be taken approximately from a position distant from the crews, estimating each as having passed the given point. It is a fact that clear water never showed between the shells and that six seconds is too large a margin for a single boat length.

For purposes of comparison, however, it is evident that Harvard nearly held her own, although Yale gained slightly during the first mile and a half. It was here that Coxswain Barkalow called on Yale for her first spurt in anticipation of running away from the Crimson as Eli had been accustomed to do. The New Haven crew gained markedly and brought their shell ahead of Harvard's, so that the stern and bow of the two were on a line. In the next half-mile Yale tried strenuously to pull away, but was handicapped by an obstruction in the river which compelled her to steer slightly out of her course, and enabled Harvard to make up a quarter-length on the Blue. In the next half Yale regained this distance, and entering on the fourth mile she had the full boat length advantage.

HARVARD'S SPLENDID FINISH.

It was here that in spite of evidence of weakness in at least one man in the Harvard shell, that the Crimson gave a magnificent exhibition of grit and capacity that won all honors for her in spite of her defeat. Slowly but surely the boat gained on Yale until the lead had been cut down to three-quarters of a length. Harvard plainly was spurting at the maximum of her strength, and there were few who did not believe she was shooting her last bolt and would inevitably in the last half-mile drop back and be beaten by a decisive margin. As she crawled steadily forward Yale spurted to meet her, and for a time ever so slowly; but again the Cambridge boat began to advance, and no effort seemed sufficient to shake her off. Every instant a collapse was looked for, but delayed, and inch by inch the Harvard shell gained, gained, gained, until in the last quarter-mile it seemed as if she might win out by a phenomenal effort, but Yale's lead was just sufficient to carry her over the four miles in advance, and though the bow of Harvard's shell just passed the waist of the Yale boat, she could not do better and the finish line was crossed with the boats in this position.

To add to the splendor of Harvard's performance, she won the four-oared race between the two decidedly. In a measure, however, her success in this may have been due to the removal of Ortmayer from the four because of the Daly disqualification. No such excuse, however, can be made to explain the Crimson's freshman victory, where the youngsters won from the start and appeared to be able to put a much larger margin between the shells than actually existed. All down the course both freshmen and four-oared crews of the Crimson appeared to be rowing well within themselves, holding Yale safe, with the thought of reserving every ounce of strength possible to meet Yale's spurt for spurt. This they succeeded in doing without difficulty.

YALE'S BASEBALL VICTORIES.

The college baseball season ended in a series of sensational victories for the Yale team that, in view of the strength of Harvard and Princeton, was little short of remarkable. With the material at the command of the Tigers and the Crimson, there was reason to believe that both of these nines, except against each other, would succeed in winning every series of contests played, if not almost every game.

Their performances against the minor teams seemed to justify this expectation. Both nines were strong in the field and at the bat, and possessed pitchers who, on previous records, deserved to rank among the best that have graced college baseball, Byram especially, a left-hander of exceptional merit, who, though troubled by the south paw's inclination to wildness, still had sufficiently good control to pull himself out of small holes, and, when effective, was almost invincible.

Coburn likewise had made a splendid record in previous seasons, and had pitched this year so well that few teams had been able to bat him at all. There was no reason, therefore, to anticipate that Yale would make more than a creditable showing against the two crack nines of the season. The first game at New Haven with Princeton seemed to support this supposition. However, the Yale nine had been improving steadily from the start of the year, when it appeared to be almost below mediocre, and was playing a game especially marked by team batting and inside play that promised success against any but teams of the Princeton and Harvard caliber. When at Princeton, in the face of the terrific cheering which always marks a commencement game on the Tiger's field, old Eli pulled the contest out of the fire by a last inning rally, it was believed by many that the third game, which must be played in New York, would result in other than a victory for Nassau.

Yet the New Haven collegians played such a game in the decisive contest as was absolutely irresistible, knocking Byram out of the box and winning from the start. To be sure, Princeton went to pieces in a surprising fashion, but this is not an unusual result of such inside team play as Yale exhibited, and detracts in no way from the credit due the Blue. Wiseacres shook their heads in criticising the outcome and said that no such result would mark the games with Harvard.

YALE GRIT WON THE DAY.

It may be said that at New Haven the coaches were far from confident of the issue, although hopeful that the team would continue its fine play. When, in an eleven inning contest, Yale was able to hold Harvard safe, they were well satisfied indeed. While they were unable to hit Coburn to any extent, Jackson had proved equally effective, and if he could repeat his showing, there was an even chance of a victory for Eli in the second game.

This spirit of aggressive determination, that has pulled out victory from defeat so often for the Blue, undoubtedly won the day. Harvard, discomfited by her failure to win the first game as she expected, played with the lack of confidence that follows her excess of confidence so frequently. Coburn was batted hard and effectively, and when hits counted most, while Jackson was able to fool the Crimson batters whenever there was a possibility of a Harvard score. The result was a one-sided game in which there was never a chance for the Cambridge team to win after the first inning.

It is impossible to praise too highly such evidence of pluck and skill as Yale displayed. In spite of her inferior work early in the season, she has retrieved herself splendidly, and deserves unquestioned title to the premier position.

She has met defeat at the hands of Georgetown twice, Fordham, Manhattan, Brown and Princeton; and has won from Tufts, Brown, Columbia, Richmond, Virginia, Norfolk, Pennsylvania twice, Maine, Andover twice, West Point, Holy Cross, Syracuse, Vermont, Georgetown, Princeton twice, and Harvard.

HARVARD RANKS SECOND.

Harvard must rate second by virtue of her defeat of Princeton in the single game which the two colleges played. She scored a succession of six straight victories at the start of the season before losing to Amherst; and five more until Holy Cross broke her string again. Vermont, Trinity, Syracuse, West Point, Carlisle, Williams, Bates, Dartmouth, Andover, Colby and Cornell were beaten. Following the Holy Cross game she won from Poughkeepsie, lost to Brown, beat Princeton, Brown and Williams, and was defeated by Dartmouth and Yale, making a total of five games lost out of twenty-one played.

Princeton lost six of twenty-eight; two to Yale, one to Harvard, one to Andover, one to Cornell, and one to Pennsylvania State. She defeated Ursinus, New York University, Trinity, Tufts, Fordham, Brown twice, Lafayette, Johns Hopkins, Walbrook, Georgetown twice, Wesleyan, Cornell, Pennsylvania twice, Amherst, Exeter, Lebanon, Dartmouth and Yale.

It is difficult to rate the smaller colleges; Georgetown, Holy Cross, Fordham and Manhattan; Amherst and Dartmouth having splendid records.

Cornell appeared better than Columbia and Pennsylvania, though none of the three were strong. Pennsylvania was decidedly weak, winning none of her important games, save one from Cornell and one from Georgetown; and being shut out by Georgetown twice, Trinity, Yale, Lafayette, Columbia and Princeton. In all, out of twenty-two games, she won but seven.

The amended game laws of the State of Wisconsin provide:

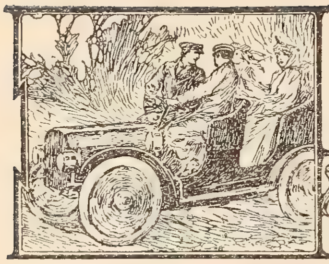
Game: Deer, open season. General open season for hunting deer November 11 to November 30, both inclusive; special provisions prevailing in certain counties.

Woodcock, partridge, plover, snipe, pheasant and grouse of any variety: Open season September 1 to December 1.

Prairie chicken: Open season September 15 to October 15.

Wild duck or other aquatic fowl, open season, September 1 to January 1.

Wild goose or brant, open season, September 1 to April 1.



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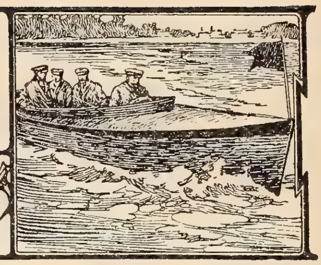


By WILLARD NIXON

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

The runabout race from New York to Portland, Oregon, across the Continent was won by Huss who drove "Old Scout" over roads practically unknown to automobiles, in 44 days, this being the first time that an automobile has made the run from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. All of the previous Transcontinental trips have been acomplished in the other direction. The second Oldsmobile, "Old Steady," driven by Megargel, was seriously damaged in crossing a bridge and this accident coupled with the illness of one of the occupants of the car, caused a delay of four days, giving the race to "Old Scout."

The prize won by Huss is $1,000, and ought to be considered rather more an appreciation of the driver's carefulness than of any ability to drive the car fast. The race was really a race in name only, because if only one car had started instead of two, that one would naturally proceed with all possible speed in order to reduce the record. This Transcontinental trip affords a fine proof of the staying powers of the modern low-priced American car, and the running time of 44 days across the continent is excellent. The winning car, when it reached Portland, was apparently in good condition, as while approaching the city, it covered one stretch of 25 miles in exactly one hour.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Charles J. Glidden, an enthusiastic motorist and donor of the Glidden touring trophy, is making a tour of the world and recently returned to this country, leaving his Napier car in England. The last section of his long journey comprised 8,899 miles through Australia, Java and Fiji Islands. Mr. Glidden will resume his tour this autumn, returning to Singapore and driving the car through India and Egypt. Such undertakings are within reach of only a few automobilists, as much spare time as well as much spare cash is requisite, but they all go to show the increasing reliability of the automobile and its many possibilities.

IMPROVEMENT OF AMERICAN CARS.

For several years Americans of means and fond of automobiling, have spent a part or all of the summer months touring on the superb roads of England and the Continent, the practice being either to rent or purchase a foreign car. Sometimes the foreign car is brought into this country or as often left behind. A greater number of Americans are touring abroad this summer than ever before, but it is interesting to note that many of them are taking American cars with them instead of purchasing or renting foreign cars on the other side. An interesting letter I have just received from a friend may be quoted from as follows:

"I landed at Naples, and after spending about a week making runs to the neighboring points of interest, started north. I went right up through the center of Italy, crossing the mountains and taking to the hill towns. In leaving Italy I went along the Corniche road to Nice, turned north and went to Geneva. From Geneva I went to Paris, crossing the Jura mountains by way of the Cal de la Foucille, almost 5,000 feet up. In all this distance, about 1,900 miles, nothing broke and I did not even have to pump up the tires. My only trouble was in the carburetor, which required some adjusting during one day. The car can make thirty miles an hour when the roads are good, with four in and all our baggage on behind, and keep it up."

The paragraph quoted gives a good idea not only of the manner in which American touring cars have been improved but demonstrates their practicability in foreign lands, permitting the traveler to cover long distances and visit places of great interest which could hardly be reached in any other way in a limited time. Automobile touring promises to be one of the grandest of outdoor sports, and as soon as the roads in our country are improved, we will doubtless exchange calls with our foreign friends who will take just as much pleasure in acquainting themselves with the magnificent scenery and places of historic interest in this country as Americans are enjoying the pleasures and wonders of the Continent. They will buy American cars, too.

TRACK RACING.

Guy Vaughn, driving a 40 h.p. Decauville Racer, succeeded in beating C. J. Wridgway's record for 1,000 miles on a circling track. The attack on the record was made at the Empire City track, and although the latter part of the performance was carried on in the rain and mud, Vaughn drove his machine 1,015 5/8 miles in 24 hours, and 1,000 miles in 23h., 33m. and 20 seconds.

At present Chevrolet, a new comer in track racing, seems to have established the title of champion through his defeating Barney Oldfield in a match contest, and although the latter professional really holds the track record for a mile, Chevrolet's performance of a mile in 52 1-5 seconds is unquestionably the fastest mile ever covered on any race track in this country, and the only reason why it should not be considered as an absolute record is the fact that the Morris race track has only one turn and is 1¼ miles in length instead of one mile.

The performance of Webb Jay on a specially constructed White steam car has attracted much attention. The compound steam engine used on the White touring car is employed, together with a large generator giving steam enough to propel the car at tremendous speed, and it is as fast as Oldfield's "Green Dragon" if not slightly faster. Oldfield is having a new car built for him by the Peerless Company, and with it expects to lower his own record established at Los Angeles as well as Chevrolet's record of 51 1-5 seconds made at Morris Park. The track races held recently have been better promoted, better managed, better attended, and better in all respects than those occurring earlier in the season.

ROAD RACING.

Judging from the results of the Eliminating Trials of the Automobile Club of France to select the French teams for the James Gordon-Bennett Cup Race in France and the Vanderbilt Cup Race in this country, the limit of power for road-racing monsters has been passed and a racing machine of 80 or 90 h.p. has an equal chance in road competitions with vehicles having from 120 to 130 h.p. The French race was a tremendous struggle over mountainous roads, and the large number of sharp turns threw a tremendous strain on the tires so that the race was really rather more a trial of pneumatic tires than of the actual racing power of the machines themselves. The mechanical troubles were so few that the trouble with tires was all the more accentuated, and as a sample of the wholesale ruin of tires, it may be stated that the winner put on no less than five new tires during the 340 mile contest.

The outcome of the French Eliminating Trials seems to indicate that the value of such contests as a means of improving the reliability of cars is practically exhausted. For eight or ten years the big road contests abroad have drawn vast crowds, and they have been titanic struggles of the most exciting nature possible. In order to win one of these events, the car had to be almost perfect mechanically, and in addition to this, the driver had to be very lucky as well. So much prestige has passed to firms successful in winning long distance road races that manufacturers have exerted every effort to make their cars as good as possible, and improvements discovered have invariably been applied to touring cars with the result that the modern automobile has been greatly benefited by these long distance road races. As matters stand now, such races are of little value to the manufacturers or to the public, except as sporting events. There is no need of such races to test the wearing qualities of tires, as touring cars are never driven around curves at such frightful speeds as were the competing French cars in the recent big race over the Auvergne Circuit.

It is to be hoped, however, that the recently instituted Vanderbilt Race may prove to be as helpful to American manufacturers as the Gordon-Bennett has been to foreign manufacturers. The Eliminating Trials for the Vanderbilt Race will be held probably some time in August in order to select a team of five American cars. The make-up of the French team was determined by the outcome of the Eliminating Trials for the Gordon-Bennett Race as follows: Théry (Braisers), Caillois (Braiser), Duray (De Dietrich), Wagner (Darracq), and Sizset (Renault) Heath, the Panhard driver who won the Vanderbilt Race in Long Island last fall, did not get a place on the team although he finished sixth.

Théry, the winner of the French Eliminating Trials, is a hot favorite for the Gordon-Bennett Race at this writing only a few days off, and RECREATION predicts his victory, just to see whether we are right or not. Théry's experience, skill, and knowledge of the course gives him a big advantage over any member of the German team.

The American team faces almost too great odds to win, and it seems almost certain, judging from all standards that a French or a German car will secure the greatly coveted trophy.

CHEAP CARS TOO CHEAP.

One of the New York papers has had a great deal to say recently about a $400 automobile which may be put on the market next year by one of the Western manufacturers. It seems safe to say that anyone purchasing such an automobile, if it ever is put on the market, will certainly get $400 worth of automobile, but it is questionable as to whether it is economy to buy a very cheap car.

AMERICAN CARS DID WELL.

Our guess as to the outcome of the Gordon-Bennett race was a correct one, Thery running a magnificent race and winning in

7 hr., 16 min. Lancia driving a F.I.A.T. pressed the victor very closely in the early stages of the contest and at one time had a slight lead, but radiator troubles caused the F.I.A.T. car to withdraw, and from this point on Thery had the race well in hand.

It is interesting to note, however, that two F.I.A.T.'s finished second and third, and the showing made by these Italian machines was very good indeed. It is somewhat surprising that the six Mercedes cars entered did not do better, only one of them showing up at all well, and that one of the Austrian Mercedes driven by Braun.

As RECREATION pointed out, the American cars were at a great disadvantage and were hardly expected to win or to prove dangerous competitors. At the present writing it is impossible to get exact details, but it appears that although one of the Pope-Toledo's broke down in the first round, the other, driven by Lyttle, completed the circuit, finishing twelfth in the race. Tracey, driving Dr. Thomas's locomobile, withdrew in the third round. The showing of the American cars may not seem very encouraging, but one must appreciate the difficulties of the course and other conditions to realize that the American team made a very good showing indeed, certainly the best showing ever presented by an American team in the Gordon-Bennett race. In a few years we will undoubtedly win the cup and bring it to America, but it will take a great deal of hard work and a great deal of money.

It was reported recently that the French Club will not take part in any future Gordon-Bennett race,—a rather startling report, but not altogether unbelievable when we consider the attitude of the French Club this spring in attempting to hold another race so as to minimize the importance of the Gordon-Bennett, and their apathy in permitting the course to be closed, preventing visiting teams from practising after the French had spent months in running over the course so as to get thoroughly familiar with it. It seems absolutely impossible that the French will not compete next year. Perhaps Thery may not race and the Brasier firm stay out. Possibly a wise proceeding, considering the fact that Thery won the Eliminating Trials and the Gordon-Bennett both last year and this year, and he can very well afford to rest on his laurels, and the Brasier people as well.

WONDERFUL MILE.

Webb Jay early in July broke Chevrolet's record at Morris Park, covering a mile in 48 4-5 seconds,—a truly astonishing performance, and also of interest as showing what an additional quarter-mile on a race track will permit of in the way of fast time. It seems unlikely that such fast time could be made on a one-mile track such as that at the Empire Race Track. The White is certainly a very fast machine, however, and Jay an excellent driver, as was shown in his notable contest with Walter Christie, who drove his new freak racer, which has an engine at the front and another at the rear of the car. This car, at present writing, has not been tried out fully, and apparently will break some of the records, as it is very highly powered and has already given a good account of itself. It is claimed by experts that this car will surely lower the world's record for a mile at Ormond Beach this winter.

Man is never original, but he can possess individuality.

Originality is a divine attribute and used but sparingly by the Great Creator himself.

THE FORESAKEN CANOE.

I sleep all day and count my dreams—
Live my gay ventures o'er again—
See the dead campfires, and the men;
The spruce-topped hills and willowed streams;
The gray geese, homing from far South;
The jammed logs at the river's mouth;
The cat-kinned alders, near and far
Starting the banks with fairy gleams;
The drift-wood, swinging a the bar—
I sleep all day and count my dreams.

My master's love has passed me by;
But I remember those old things—
The splashing, and the beat of wings;
The flitting king-fisher's long cry;
The heron at the water's rim
With checkered shadows over him;
The songs the bending paddles knew;
The winds across the hollow sky.
All these come back, so dear, so true,
Though his brown hands have passed me by.

The frosts of winter chill me through.
The suns of summer do not reach
This dusty loft. On spit and beach
I know the sunlight washes true,
I know the clear winds wake the trees
To honest, woodland melodies,
While I lie here, and spiders twist
Their webs, and those dear things I knew—
Taste of the rapids, trick of wrist
Come not, and silence chills me through.

Winter and August, Spring and Fall;
Wet fields; ripe cherries; shingles bare
To sun and summer; April, rare
With magic fragrance, and the call
Of gray geese in the midnight—Dead!
All dead to me, save in my dream!
So, let me dream. The rapids brawl,
The blue smoke blows across the stream,
And God's wide peace is over all.

Theodore Roberts.

AMERICAN TENNIS

Official Organ of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF 1905.

The International matches for the Dwight F. Davis trophy will be history by the time this writing reaches the press. The contests start at Wimbledon on July 8 and continue there until July 15, then move to the Queen's Club, London, and conclude there on July 24. In the first tie America was to meet Belgium, but the Belgians announced their default, giving us a bye. We therefore play France in the first tie while Austria and Australia play. The winners in these contests meet to determine which shall have the right to challenge England for the trophy.

The Americans, as they approach the test, seem to be in the best of playing form. Their showing in the preliminary games in which they have appeared has indicated a condition far advanced above what was shown prior to their departure for the other side. This early good form was quite as unexpected as it was gratifying. If continued it buoys the hopes of the American advocates to the highest pitch. In the latter contests at Wimbledon they did not do so well as at London, where the playing of Holcombe Ward in the singles, and of Beals Wright with Holcombe Ward in the doubles, has been especially excellent. W. A. Larned has displayed some of his old-time brilliancy on occasions and some of his erratic tendencies as well, while Clothier's work has been uniformly up to his best standard. We thus enter the crucial test with nothing to excuse our failure save the superiority of the other teams.

CONFIDENCE SEEMS JUSTIFIED.

Nothing has been shown by either France or Australian teams which would justify the expectation that either would defeat our team. There is no reason to anticipate disaster in this, so that every one on this side looks to America winning her place in the final matches with England.

The estimate formed at the time of selecting the team to play abroad need not be altered from anything that has developed since. There is every reason to hope that Ward and Larned will be successful in both their single matches against England's second string. If either can win the important game against the English first choice, the match is won, leaving Ward and Wright in the doubles in reserve. The form shown by the double pair has led to the opinion that they have an excellent chance to win as well. However the matches may terminate, it is safe to say that there will be no reason to regret the sending of the team—that it will acquit itself creditably.

The departure of the team abroad has made way for the second flight players to star in local tournaments. The competition in the Southern championship was the first of the bigger tournaments to be completed. Since then the National Women's Pennsylvania and Massachusetts State championships have been played, the Metropolitan, the New England and Gulf championships and several state tourneys, beside some interesting local tournaments. The results of all these games have been very interesting.

MISS MOORE IS CHAMPION.

The most important tournament of the lot is the National Women's Championship, which was decided in Philadelphia at the end of last month. The title went to Miss Bessie Moore, who showed great improvement over the caliber of game she played in the last year's championship, when she was runner up to Miss May Sutton. This year the contest narrowed down to a contest between Miss Moore and Miss Homans, and although Miss Moore won the first and third set easily, Miss Homans gave her a hard fight for the second set of the match.

There was some good tennis shown by both players, as well as by Mrs. Clarence Hobart, who, paired with her husband, beat Miss Moore and Edward B. Dewhurst in the mixed doubles. The Hobarts won this contest in straight sets and played much better tennis than the national champion and the University of Pennsylvania and Pennsylvania state title holder. Clarence Hobart showed something like his old-time form, and the pair altogether performed as well as mixed double pairs ever do and quite above the average.

Dewhurst and Colket, the two who met in the finals in the men's singles, also played high-class tennis. Colket won the first set after Dewhurst had twice seemed to have it won by a score of 10 to 8. In the second set he forced an extra game before losing 5 to 7 to the champion, but in the third and deciding set he seemed to lose his grip and was rather easily beaten. The scores were:

Women's Singles
Miss Elizabeth Moore beat Miss Helen Homans, 6-4, 5-7, 6-0.
Miss Elizabeth Moore beat Miss May Sutton by default.

Mixed Doubles
Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hobart beat Miss Elizabeth Moore and E. B. Dewhurst, 6-2, 6-4.

Men's Singles
Edward B. Dewhurst beat M. B. Colket, 8-10, 7-5, 6-3.

PENNSYLVANIA WOMEN'S TITLE.

Miss Bessie Moore also won the Pennsylvania State Championship, defeating Miss Chase in straight sets and allowing her only two games, and then beating Mrs. Hibbs in the title round. With Miss Wallace she also won the women's doubles, and with E. B. Dewhurst the mixed doubles. The scores of the games were:

Women's Singles
Miss Bessie Moore beat Miss Chase, 6-2, 6-0.
Miss Besie Moore beat Mrs. Joseph Hibbs, holder, 6-1, 6-1.

Women's Doubles
Miss Bessie Moore and Miss Wallace beat Miss Rastall and Mrs. Armstrong, 6-1, 6-2.
Miss Bessie Moore and Miss Wallace beat Mrs. Hibbs and Mrs. Gilbert, holders, 6-1, 5-7, 6-1.

Mixed Doubles
Miss Bessie Moore and E. B. Dewhurst beat Miss Green and Miss F. W. Smith, 6-1, 6-1.
Miss Bessie Moore and E. B. Dewhurst beat Mrs. F. B. Gilbert, Jr., and E. H. Hoskins, holders, 6-0, 6-1.

THE SOUTHERN TOURNAMENT.

The victory of J. C. Davidson in the Southern championship ended a long, interesting contest for the cup. Beside Davidson, J. P. Paret and R. D. Little had each scored two victories for it, and a victory for any one of the three meant permanent possession. Little was beaten in the first day's play, and Paret did not survive him long. Davidson, however, passed one crisis successfully and defeated Glazebrook for the right to challenge in four hard sets. Allen, the holder in the final match, gave him no trouble after the first two sets.

Miss Marie Wimer ,of Washington, made her initial bow as a champion after beating Miss Spurgin for the right to challenge. She then beat Miss Carrie Neely in straight sets rather convincingly.

With J. P. Paret she also won the mixed doubles, beating Dr. Glazebrook and Miss Spurgin in straight sets, while Dr. Glazebrook got revenge by winning, with E. P. Larned, the doubles championship against the holders, F. C. Coulston and Spencer Gordon, after beating Touchard and Kerr for the right to challenge. The scores of the final games were:

Singles
J. C. Davidson beat L. W. Glazebrook, 9-7, 4-6, 6-4, 6-2.
J. C. Davidson beat H. F. Allen, holder, 6-3, 4-6, 6-1, 6-2.

Doubles
L. W. Glazebrook and E.P. Larned beat E. R. Touchard and R. E. Kerr, 6-2, 10-6, 6-1.
L. W. Glazebrook and E. P. Larned beat F. C. Coulston and Spencer Gordon, holders, 6-4, 6-1, 6-4.

Women's Singles
Miss Marie Wimer beat Miss Spurgin, 7-5, 6-4.
Miss Marie Wimer beat Miss Carrie B. Neely, holder, 6-4, 6-3.

Mixed Doubles
J. P. Paret and Miss Marie Wimer beat L. W. Glazebrook and Miss Spurgin, 6-4, 6-3.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

The Pennsylvania State Championship again went to E. B. Dewhurst, who had no difficulty in winning from J. R. Carpenter, after Carpenter had beaten M. B. Colket for the right to challenge. The holder and challenger then paired and successfully defended the doubles title against F. H. Bates and S. H. Cullom after they had beaten the Princeton pair, E. Sunstein and H. J. Randall. The scores were:

Singles
J. R. Carpenter beat M. B. Colket, 6-3, 11-9, 6-1.
E. B. Dewhurst, holder, beat J. R. Carpenter, 6-4, 1-6, 6-2, 6-2.

Doubles
F. H. Bates and S. H. Cullom beat H. J. Randall and E. Sunstein, 6-2, 6-2, 4-6, 4-6, 6-2.
J. R. Carpenter and E. B. Dewhurst, holders, beat F. H. Bates and S. H. Cullom, 7-5, 10-8, 6-4.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE TITLE.

The Massachusetts State Championship was won by R. C. Seaver by default due to the absence of Beals Wright in England, after he won the right to challenge by defeating H. C. Holt in straight sets. The Harvard pair, F. J. Sulloway and J. I. B. Larned, won

Singles
R. C. Seaver beat H. J. Holt, 6-2, 6-3.
R. C. Seaver beat Beals C. Wright, holder, by default.

Doubles
F. J. Sulloway and J. I. B. Larned beat N. W. Niles and R. Bishop, 6-1, 9-7, 4-6, 6-8.

THE METROPOLITAN TOURNAMENT

The Metrolopitan championships developed no close contests. In every case victory was scored with comparatively little effort. The singles title went to F. B. Alexander, who defeated Ross Burchard for the right to challenge the holder and won the title by default through the absence of Holcombe Ward in England. Alexander, paired with H. H. Hackett, also won the doubles title, beating F. B. Hague and H. Mollenhauer in straight sets, while Miss Bessie Moore repeated her national victory over Miss Homans for the women's title. Paired with F. G. Anderson, Miss Risch won the mixed doubles championship, defeating Miss Homans and T. C. Trask. The scores were:

Singles
F. B. Alexander beat Ross Burchard, 6-0, 6-4, 6-3.
F. B. Alexander beat Holcombe Ward, holder, by default.

Doubles

F. B. Alexander and H. H. Hackett beat F. B. Hague and H. Mollenhauer, 6-0, 6-3, 6-2.

Women's Singles

Miss Bessie Moore beat Miss Homans.

Mixed Doubles

F. G. Anderson and Miss Risch beat T. C. Trask and Miss Homans, 6-4, 6-3.

NEW ENGLAND CHAMPIONSHIP

The New England championship goes to Karl Behr, of Yale, through his victory over George H. Nettleton and the absence and consequent default of Beals Wright, the holder. Wylie Grant and Robert Leroy, of New York, won the doubles championship from S. Ware and E. T. Gross. The scores were:

Singles

Karl Behr beat G. H. Nettleton, 9-7, 6-2, 2-6, 13-15, 6-4.

Karl Behr beat Beals C. Wright, holder, by default.

Doubles

Wylie G. Grant and Robert Leroy beat S. Ware and E. T. Gross, 4-6, 6-8, 8-6, 6-0, 6-3.

The Gulf championships developed a close contest between J. H. Elliott and Frank Payne for the right to challenge the holder, Semp Russ, of Texas, while the championship in doubles went to the Atlanta pair, Thornton and Grant, who beat Logan and Phelps. 6-4, 8-6, 6-2, in a series of games that were all closer than the score indicates.

MARYLAND STATE TOURNEY.

The State Championship of Maryland resulted in a victory for Frederick C. Coulston in straight sets, while the doubles went to him, paired with the runner up in the singles, B. B. V. Lyon. The mixed doubles were won by Herbert Waite and Miss Alice Poorbaugh. The scores were:

Singles

Frederick C. Coulston beat B. B. V. Lyon, 6-2, 7-5, 6-4.

Doubles

F. C. Coulston and B. B. V. Lyon beat E. R. Brown and H. F. Barclay, 6-3, 6-4, 7-5.

Mixed Doubles

Herbert Waite and Miss Alice Poorbach beat Miss Louise Symington and W. S. Symington, 8-6, 6-3, 6-1.

The results in the local interclub matches, in the interscholastic and intercollegiate contests as well as in the closed tournaments of the leading clubs, all show an unusually large entry and high-class play quite markedly above the usual standard considering the absence of the four leading exponents of the game. The interest stirred up in tennis circles by the sending of a team abroad, with the consequent increased chances of the smaller fry, has undoubtedly been responsible for the change. Were no more satisfactory result to accrue from the trip abroad, it would be justified by this fact alone. The effect on the caliber of the game throughout the country may not be apparent this year, but it must be beneficial.

OVER THE 'PHONE.

Editor RECREATION:

It is refreshing to learn that the first recorded trial by telephone resulted in the conviction of a man who had no sentimental or national feeling, and just for the fun of it shot an American eagle. Read this newspaper report:

> Sandusky, Ohio.—Justice Winters sat down at his desk and called up Herman Krueger, of Centralia. The following dialogue then occurred over the wire:
>
> "Is this Mr. Krueger?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "This Squire Winters, in Sandusky."
>
> "What can I do for you, squire?"
>
> "You are charged with having shot and killed an American bald eagle, contrary to the laws of the State. Shall I send a constable out to serve a warrant on you?"
>
> "Don't, please, squire. I'm confined to the house with the grip, and can't come out."
>
> "All right. Will you plead over the 'phone?"
>
> "Yes. I shot the bird, but I didn't know it was an offense to do so."
>
> "Ignorance of the law is no defense, you know. Do you plead guilty?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "This court accordingly fines you $25 and costs!"
>
> "All right, squire. Is that all?"
>
> "Isn't that enough?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "Well, then, good-bye, Mr. Krueger."
>
> "Good-bye, squire. Thank you for not bringing me out to-day."
>
> And then they rang off, and the first trial by telephone in this country was concluded by the clerk's entry of the fine opposite Krueger's name in the court records.

FAKE NATURAL HISTORY.

The New York Herald published, Sunday, May 28th, a half-tone picture of the nose appendage of a sawfish which had been decorated by some aspiring artist, and below it printed the following:

> A WHALE'S TOOTH.
>
> Here is one of the most curious oil paintings in the world. The medium selected for the study is a piece of bone of a whale which carries a frame of his own. The picture itself, a study of a lighthouse and a barren shore, is therefore very appropriately framed.

Lately the New York Tribune published a picture of a dead raccoon in a tree and called it an opossum, and yet there are people in New York who look upon nature study as a "fad, frill or fancy."

AMERICAN ARCHERY

Recreation is the Official Publication of the National Archery Association

A PROCLAMATION.

To the Archers of the United States, Greeting:

As you are probably aware, the annual meeting of the National Archery Association of the United States will be held this year in Chicago, August 15, 16 and 17.

The first tournament of the Association was held here in 1879, and was a success. The meeting this year promises to be even a greater one. It is hoped that every archer will make an effort to be present.

It is not compulsory for archers to notify us of their intention to attend the meeting, but it will assist us materially with our arrangements if all will let us know, in advance, of their intention to be present.

There will be a meeting of the Executive Committee, Monday evening, August 14, to receive target fees and assign the archers to the different targets.

Thursday evening the annual business meeting will be held, at which the winners will be presented with their medals.

The Great Northern Hotel, one of the best hotels in Chicago, located at Jackson Boulevard and Dearborn street, has been chosen for our official and hotel headquarters.

Excellent accommodations will be provided at the following reduced rates:

Single rooms without bath, $1.50 and $2.00 a day.
Double rooms without bath, $2.50 and $3.00 a day.

Single rooms with bath, $2.50 and $3.00 a day.
Double rooms with bath, $3.50 and $4.00 a day.
For an additional person in room add $1.00 over the double rate.

There are large three-room suites, with private bath in hall, accessible from all of the three rooms, for eight people, for $12.00 per day. Friends of the archers will be given the same rates.

The Grill Room is considered one of the best popular-priced rooms in the city. In the café, on the parlor floor, there is served a table d'hote dinner each evening for $1.25.

The Association will be furnished with any meeting rooms that they may need, gratis.

The Parmelee busses will take guests from any of the depots to the hotel. The hotel is only one block from the South Side Elevated Railroad, which stops at Fifty-fifth street, within two blocks of the shooting range. This is in Washington Park, and probably as fine a lawn as the National Association ever shot over. It is within a block of the Park Refectory, where the archers can rest and lunch at noon.

LADIES' CONTEST.

Tuesday, August 15th, 9.30 a. m.

First Single Columbia Round: 24 arrows at 50 yards, 24 arrows at 40 yards, 24 arrows at 30 yards.

Tuesday, 2.00 p. m.

First Single National Round: 48 arrows at 60 yards, 24 arrows at 50 yards.

Wednesday, August 16th, 9.30 a. m.

Second Single Columbia Round: 24 arrows at 50 yards, 24 arrows at 40 yards, 24 arrows at 30 yards.

Wednesday, 2.00 p. m.

Second Single National Round: 48 arrows at 60 yards, 24 arrows at 50 yards.

Thursday, August 17th, 9.30 a. m.

National Team Round: 96 arrows at 50 yards, flight shooting.

Thursday p. m. program to be arranged at time of meeting.

GENTLEMAN'S CONTEST.

Tuesday, August 15th, 9.30 a. m.

First Single American Round: 30 arrows at 60 yards, 30 arrows at 50 yards, 30 arrows at 40 yards.

Tuesday, 2.00 p. m.

First Single York Round: 72 arrows at 100 yards, 48 arrows at 80 yards, 24 arrows at 60 yards.

Wednesday, August 16th, 9.30 a. m.

Second Single American Round: 30 arrows at 60 yards, 30 arrows at 50 yards, 30 arrows at 40 yards.

Wednesday, 2.00 p. m.

Second Single York Round: 72 arrows at 100 yards, 48 arrows at 80 yards, 24 arrows at 60 yards.

Thursday, August 17th, 9.30 a. m.

National Team Round: 96 arrows at 60 yards.

Thursday p. m. program to be arranged at time of meeting.

The Executive Committee will tabulate the scores and determine the prize-winners.

We wish to state that the magazine RECREATION has been made our official organ, and in it each month archers will find matter of interest to them. We hope all will be willing to contribute articles, reports of meetings, private practice, scores and photographs, in order to make it as valuable as possible.

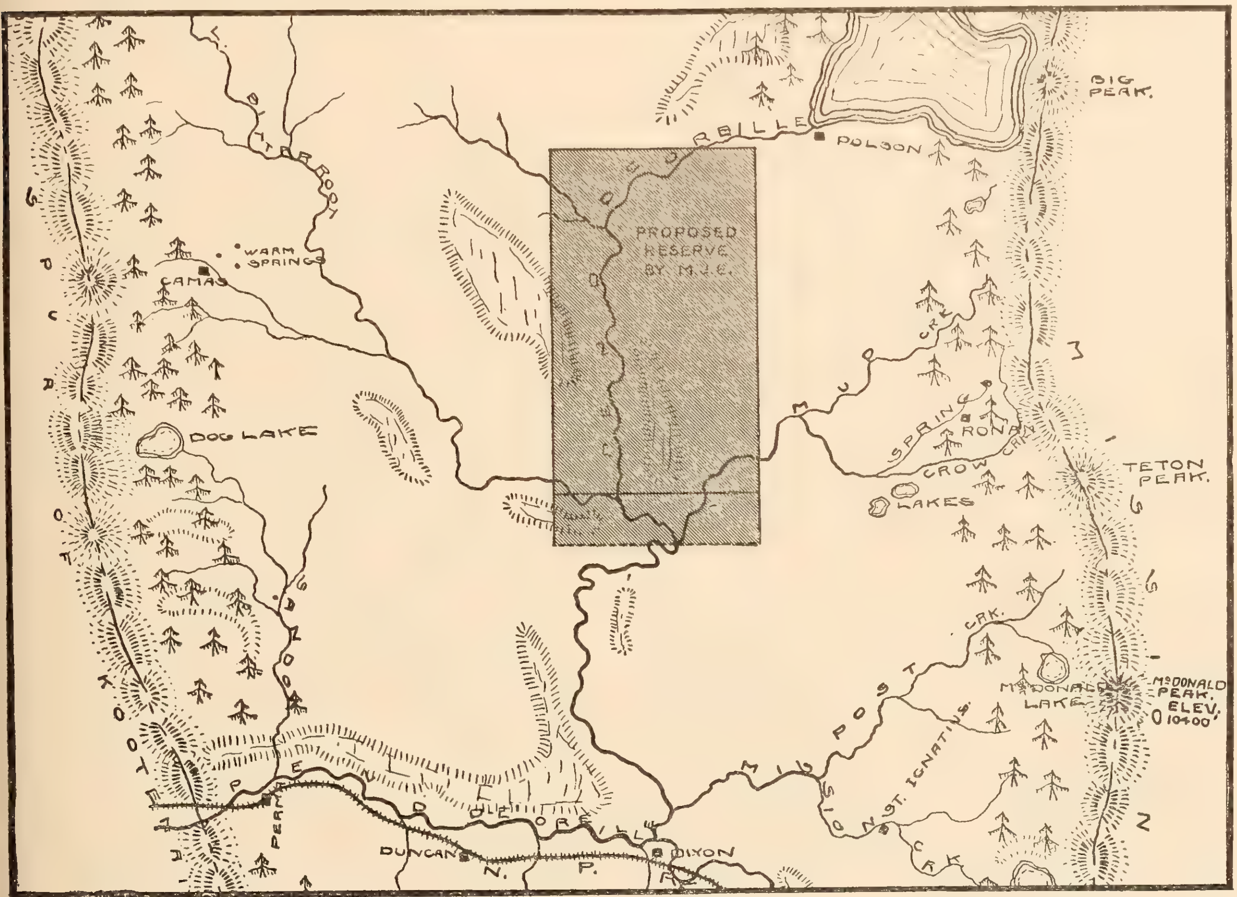
With the hope that we soon may have the pleasure of greeting you in person, we are,

Fraternally yours,
Edward B. Weston,
President.
W. G. Valentine,
Secretary and Treasurer.

THE REFERENDUM

A PROPOSED SANCTUARY.

Professor Morton J. Elrod, of the Department of Biology of the University of Montana, is a devoted friend of game protection, and he has made a careful study of the conditions necessary to the preservation of the Pablo-Allard herd. The observations and the deductions made therefrom by a trained scientist should carry much weight. A reservation must be chosen that will suit the requirements of the buffalo, and it must be one sufficiently remote from civilization to insure the protection of the animals without too heavy expense. We commend the following letters to the attention of our readers:



PROFESSOR MORTON J. ELROD'S PROPOSED BUFFALO RESERVE.

DEAR FRIEND BEARD:—About the time you were writing your two letters, I was on the reservation taking in the scenery and looking after the buffalo herd. I spent a day among the animals. We ate our lunch on the treeless range, cooking our meal in a smart spring shower, which left the sky clear and beautiful. We had over 250, by actual count, within a mile of us. Of these not more than perhaps 25 were not full-blooded animals. Besides these, on another part of the reserve, is another part of the herd numbering over a hundred, the greater part of which are not full-blooded. It is very safe to say that there are from 250 to 300 full-blooded animals, besides the others. We had a good chance to study them, and got several fine photographs of them in their haunts. I was in company with one of our photographers from town, and was very glad of a chance to see them, as I have feared they would soon go.

I enclose a map of the region, the best I can secure here, with a suggestion or two for the range, if the herd is purchased by the government. The first plan calls for a range twelve miles long and eight miles wide. The second calls for two miles more in length. This may be considered too much. It embraces about one-twenty-fifth of the entire reserve, and will cause a wail from those who expect to make something when the reserve is thrown open. But this scheme will take in grazing land almost entirely, and is the range which the animals now occupy. I am very glad to see the effort that is being made to protect and preserve the herd as it now is, and hope the people of the country will lend such support to the measure as will cause the section to be set apart. If I can be of any assistance, as I have before intimated, I shall be very glad to render the service.

By the plan proposed, if it is considered that twenty-five acres will keep an animal, as I believe it will, the proposed land will be sufficient for a herd of more than two thousand animals.

I am informed that at the present time there is no herder with the animals, as has usually been the case. We could not get close enough to them to take pictures large size, as they invariably decamped when we came within two or three hundred feet of them.

While I have no figures that are reliable, I can not see that within the past few years, or since I visited them last, the herd has diminished in numbers more than the increase. This is said to be from sixty to seventy-five per year.

I trust the map and suggestions may be helpful, and wish you and the committee success in their work.

M. J. Elrod, University of Montana.

P. S.—I propose any of the following limits to the reservation:

Beginning at the north bank at the mouth of the Little Bitter-Root River, thence eastward on a straight line a distance of six miles; thence due north a distance of twelve miles; thence west a distance of eight miles; thence south a distance of twelve miles; thence east to place of beginning; a total of ninety-six square miles; or,

Beginning with the south bank of Crow Creek, where it enters the Pend d'Oreille River thence east a distance of four miles; thence north fourteen miles; thence west eight miles; thence south fourteen miles; thence east to place of beginning; a total of one hundred and twelve square miles; or,

It may be shortened at either end.

We have also heard from Mr. Howard Eaton on this subject. His letter is as follows:

Mr. Dan Beard, New York.

D. D. B. (which is Dear Dan Beard):—Your favor 23d inst. just received. In regard to the land required to support these buffalos, if herd is not divided, I'd advise strip of land running east side Pend d'Oreille River, say five miles wide and about five or six in length, from ferry road below falls to Crow Creek. On west side river about same sized strip from ferry down to Little Blackfoot. In round figures about sixty miles.

This would make a fine reservation—all of the eastern part except a strip of land along river, and a little land on Crow Creek is unwatered and so high above river that irrigation is out of the questoin.

On the west side there is some flat and irrigable land, but the foot hills and timber come close to river and very little is farming land.

The buffaloes range on east side in summer and west side in winter. This is a fine range for the buffaloes—high plateaus for summer and sheltered valleys for winter. When this land is fenced and the horses and cattle kept off, the grass will have a new lease on life and will support the increase for many years. In regard to the division of herd, would advise Crow Reservation for one bunch and Standing Rock and Blackfoot Reserves rather than McDonald Lake Reserves.

A fund should be made to pay expenses for exchanging bulls with different parties, so as to furnish new blood. James Philip (Scotty) near Fort Pierre; John E. Dooty, of Salt Lake City, and several others have bulls to exchange. Goodnight has bulls from this herd that I sold him.

Hope you told Elrod to keep it dark, as Pablo is apt to stand pat on the $260 if he hears that there is a movement like this on hand.

Hon. Joseph Dixon, of Missoula, is one of Montana's representatives, and I believe is O. K. It was mainly through him that reservation has been, or rather will shortly be, thrown open.

The Millers of 101 Ranch are good fellows, and the ad. they got from the killing of one old bull would have cost a hatful of money if paid for.

I was about to run out to see Pablo, and try for a lower option, but as it is 500 miles from here, and he is pretty sure to have heard of it through Elrod, I hesitate, because my expenses would be over $50 for no good. I should have bound him for lower price before a word was said to the public about Fort Aid; however. you can count on me for all I'm able to do, and I will try to get the Wyoming senators and Congressman Mondell, also North Dakota people and John Dalzell, of Philadelphia, to lend a hand.

Had I the money and time, I'd devote all my labor to help you pass this bill, but, as you know, I'm on the bread and butter wagon, and must keep that going.

Keep me posted, and remember that I'll gladly do all in my power, but my bank account is not John D. Rock's.

Howard Eaton.

GAME IN WASHINGTON STATE.

Editor Recreation:

I have a negative of a rattlesnake that had eight fangs, four on each side. Arch Moore and I caught it on one of our trips on the mountain. After teasing and photographing it we killed it. Before skinning it we took out the fangs and were surprised to find one under the mature fang; took it out, then another and still another, until we got out four from each side. The bottom one was not hard, more like gristle. If any one has been able to get more fangs out of one snake I have not heard of it. It is a little early for good fishing in the creek, but a man who does not want to fill his basket and has patience could have a very enjoyable day.

Goat are fairly plentiful. The passengers on the boat lately have had the pleasure of seeing a bunch of twelve or more on the mountain side a short distance below my cabin.

As for bear, I have not had time this spring to go after them. I guess there are a few left yet. Did I tell you that Arch and I drove one through the hotel yard one day last summer? It was swimming across the lake; we headed it off, and got it headed for the house; it landed near the stock. I made an exposure when it was out in the lake and tried to get one when it came ashore, but it was too swift for me.

With best wishes,

Jos. W. Nicol, Moore, Wash.

If the partridge had but the woodcock's thigh,
'Twould be the best bird that ever did fly.
If the woodcock had but the partridge's breast
'Twould be the best bird that ever was dressed.

THE WICKED JAY.

Editor RECREATION:

In the February issue of RECREATION, the article calling for a war on the crow, by W. L. Bliss, of Rockford, Ill., with the editor's note, brings up the subject as to the worst foe to our game and song birds and how it is possible for us to help protect them. Their continual disappearance can easily be noticed and we all feel the loss. Their trials are many, for the woods abound with enemies of every description.

I do not wish to protect the crow, neither do I wish to try and make him one bit better than he is, for at best he is bad. But I expect to show and conclusively prove that he has a companion in his dastardly work that far excels, in cunning and ferociousness, his awkward and boisterous methods in the destruction of the homes, eggs and young of our game and singing birds.

The crow is bad, but the blue jay is worse. I know, for I have had occasion to closely follow his habits, that he takes more lives of the unprotected birds than any other known enemy in our Northern country. The crow stays in the woods in the morning only for a short time after leaving his roosting place. He spends nearly all the day in the open fields searching for food and returns to the trees again only as evening draws near. At these periods, it is true, his destruction of life is great and keenly felt.

But what of the jay, who spends his entire time, from the break of day until the shadows fall, flying from tree to tree hunting the nesting places of all the birds smaller than himself. It takes but little time to drive the parent birds away, destroy the eggs, or kill the young.

Last year during the nesting season, while in St. Lawrence county, in the Cranbury Lake region, I closely watched a pair of old blue jays from the time they built their nest until their young were able to care for themselves. I watched them thrive and grow on the eggs and young of other birds. I can not give the record of these old birds nor the exact number of lives they took. But I can estimate it high enough to warrant them being called the worst and most destructive enemies of the game and song birds of our country.

The jay is lazy, and like some of our lazy people, believes that an easy way to make a living is by robbery.

Spending six months of each year in the Adirondacks, I have easily noticed the falling off of the birds, the songs of which at one time filled the North Woods with music, and I feel their absence very much. In the meantime the blue jay is continually increasing, and his harsh shriek and unmusical call is forever ringing through the quiet woodland

E. C. Katz, Fulton N. Y.

TOM.

Editor RECREATION:

If there was one thing that old Bill loved better than himself, it was his horse. At first Tom was a scraggy colt of the Apache breed. While in Arizona six years before, Bill had traded a sadly dilapidated French harp to an old Apache buck for the colt. The old rascal thought he had cheated Bill beautifully and he strolled off down the Gila River, grinding out what he considered melody of the highest class. To use Bill's words for it: "When that wave of sound broke upon the ears of the Gila monsters—sidewinder rattlesnakes and centipedes—they just naterly couldn't stand it, and every last one of them pizen varmints made a wild dash over the sand hills for San Carlos, and the dust they kicked up looked like a sandstorm."

Bill was a hunter and trapper, and when I heard this story he was hunting and trapping wolves on White River in Colorado. No better woodsman could be found than he, and he knew the nature and the habits of the wild creatures of the woods as well as it is possible for man to know them. Bill and Tom were inseparable companions, and Bill had a habit of talking to Tom much the same as he would to a human being, and the wonder of it was Tom seemed to understand what his master said to him. The hunting season had closed by the time Bill had his camp established; that is, it was as far as the white man was concerned. However, the Utes of the White River reservation refused to honor the game laws and considered that they had a right to kill deer when they took a notion to do so, which was about every month in the year.

As Bill said, "The woods was full of the pesky varmints." It being literally a fact at that time, as there was no less than a dozen encampments of the shiftless Indians strung up and down Yellow Creek in the vicinity of Bill's camp. Now those red game thieves were an eyesore to the old trapper, and the cause of several one-sided conversations between him and Tom. "Dad rot their smoke colored hides, Tom," he would say, "what in thunder do you suppose they can be thinkin' about, a-shootin' these hard buckskins down jist to get the poor critters' hide. The first thing we know there won't be any more deer left in this neck of the woods than in Carson City. Dad-rat their ornery pictures."

Tom would listen to this outburst with one ear cocked front and the other back and roll his eye until the white showed in a most alarming fashion, which made him look decidedly vicious. But the old hunter would only grin at this demonstration and remark that if he and Tom had the job of lookin' after the game "they would send them blamed Utes squadkin for home like a passel of chickens when they see the shadow of a hawk sail across the barnyard." He had several lines of traps set across the country, and one of these lines extended to the top of a cedar clad hill, the top being flat and covered with Sarvis brush, the western edge fringed with a growth of cedar trees, and here the ground broke into the sand drains that led to Yellow Creek. Bill had never been across, but he made up his mind he would ride over some day and satisfy his curiosity, for he could hear shots over there, and occasionally it sounded like a good-sized battle was in full swing. Of course, he knew what it was and in his mind's eye he could see the Utes slaughtering the deer, and he would get so worked up that he would swear like a pirate. One cold raw afternoon he had taken a fox from the last trap on the line which led to the top of the cedar hill. He mounted Tom and rode over to the trees which fringed the far edge of the flat. There he left Tom and went through on foot. When he had reached the further side he stepped behind a cedar and peered down on the bed of the coullie. The scene which met his eyes brought a frown to his brow, and a few choice cuss words to his lips. Seated on either side of a campfire, above which hung a large cast-iron kettle, were an old buck and his squaw. To the right of the buck lay a large pile of green deer skins, and this was the cause of the old trapper's anger. He fairly itched to go down and give the greasy old scoundrel a good booting, but he knew that it would not do, so he stood and watched for several minutes without any other demonstration than to swear softly to himself. Presently a sly twinkle began to show in his eye as an idea took shape in his mind, and from his eyes it spread into a broad grin. "By jinks," he muttered, "if I don't do it I hope I may be shot for a coyote," and suiting the action to the word he threw his rifle to his face and as the sights swung into line with the kettle the thin, keen crack of the smokeless cartridge rang out and the kettle leaped into a hundred fragments, while its scalding contents flew in all directions. A generous portion dropped down the old buck's back, and he gave a howl of pain and astonishment, and turning an undignified back flipflap, scooted for the woods on the further side of the clearing, while the squaw dived head first into a wolf hole which chanced to be handy. The hole only accommodated about three-fourths of her length, and as a consequence her legs were making frantic deaf and dumb signs at the sky in a vain effort to follow their owner into the hole.

The sight was too much for the old hunter's sense of humor and he rolled on the ground in silent convulsions, while the tears ran down his weather beaten face. When he could get his breath he sat up and said: "Well I'll be darned if that don't beat any circus I ever saw. If Tom had seen it he would have sure busted his self a horse-laughing." By the time he had recovered from his fit of laughter the Utes from farther down the coullie had begun to gather at the scene of the excitement, and every one of them was jabbering and making motions at the same time. Bill thought this a very good time to make tracks for camp before he was discovered. On the way home he had to go over the whole story for Tom's benefit; upon which Tom flipped his left ear back and looked as wise as a basket full of owls. The outcome of it was that the Utes followed Bill's trail to his camp; that is three of the most hostile did. They had made up their minds that Bill was one of the hated Buckskin Police, as they persist in calling the game wardens, and so they had decided to kill him. A warden had been killed by them the year before while trying to uphold the law, and his murderers had never been caught, and as a consequence they thought they had an easy job in assassinating the old hunter. Of course, they could have shot him in daylight, but that would have been contrary to their artistic conception of carrying out an assassination. Besides, there was a chance that they might not kill their man outright, and they had too much respect for the white man's aim to take even a remote chance of a return shot. Bill cooked and ate his supper, while Tom cropped the short, dry grass about the camp. After he had his fill he backed into a thick Sarvisberry bush, where he stood nodding contentedly. When he had finished his meal, Bill filled his pipe, and after he had smoked it out, he rolled himself in his blankets and was soon in the land of dreams. An hour or two passed and then a figure stole from a bush toward the sleeping form of the old hunter. He was quickly followed by the second and third Ute. Little did they know that a pair of sharp eyes were watching their every movement. One of the Indians glided around the bed and bent over the unconscious man, his hand swinging upwards slowly. In it was the gleam of steel. At the same instant Tom flashed from the sarvis bush, and before the descending arm of the assassin had moved a foot on its mission of death the pony's strong teeth had closed upon it with a snap like a sprung bear trap, and he went flying twenty feet away with his arm broken and half severed from his body. Tom did not stop at that. He charged upon the remaining Indians like a whirlwind, knocked one over and stepped on him, and as the other turned to fly the heels of the pony hit him in the small of the back and threw him into the forked limbs of a cedar, from which he presently dropped and took off down the hill as fast as his legs could carry him, with the second Ute in close pursuit. By the time Bill got untangled from the blankets it was all over and Tom was calmly cropping the grass.

He presently located the crippled Indian by his groans, and by the time that he got him into the glow of the camp fire, which he had stirred up, the Ute was just coming to. Bill bound up his arm and gave him a lift in the direction of his camp (the lift being in the shape of a number ten boot toe). Of course, he could figure out about what had happened, and to use his own words, "I jest naterally fell on that dang little cuss's neck and squalled. Jest to think that the blamed little duffer was watchin' them red skunks all the time, and when it was his play he dropped the joker on them and euchered their little game. Will I sell Tom? No, I guess not to-day."

William Albert Scott, Rawlins, Wyo.

A PASEO IN ECUADOR.

Editor Recreation:

At 3 p. m., July 3, 1903, I saddled my mule and rode to the office, where I found waiting for me Sr. Maxon, who was to be my partner. Four p. m. found us at Zaruma, buying a bottle of *mayorca* for our *Mozo*. The Ecuadorian native likes a good, fiery, potent liquor; none of your weak material for him.

Zaruma is a town of about 1,000 inhabitants, and, although only one mile distant from the mines, it is some 1,000 feet above them. Nestled among the Andean hills, it is extremely picturesque, but like many other Spanish-American towns, it is not so pleasant to smell. Buzzards comprise its system of sewage.

Leaving Zaruma, the trail leads rapidly upward, winding in and out among the mountains, sometimes deep in a cut worn by generations of mules passing between Zaruma and Cuenca, but more often unfolding to our delighted gaze a view of surpassing loveliness; patches of cane, rice, plantains, bananas, pine apples, mangoes and other fruit. Far beyond rose the cordillera of the Andes, the barrier between us and the almost unknown region of the Oriente, the home of the Jivoras, Samoras and other savage tribes. Scattered along the trail and dotting the valleys were the little thatched mud-plastered shacks of the natives, each surrounded by its banana trees and cant.

We made our first night stand at a house near the Muluncay River, and, after dickering for cane for the mules, we proceeded to cook chuck. Didn't we eat! I had left all the arrangements for food to Maxon, and it seems, he sized my appetite wrong, for I nearly starved. He didn't eat enough to keep a good-sized cat alive, and when I told him so he pretended to be surprised.

We turned in early, and by 6 a. m. on the 4th of July we were cooking breakfast. Nor did we forget that it was the Fourth, for we made the Andean echoes ring with shots from our six-shooters.

We had been told by an acquaintance who had traveled to Quito by that road during the rainy season that the Muluncay River was dangerous to ford, being swift and deep, but we found it, in the dry season, a beautiful mountain stream of crystal-clear water, tumbling down over a little fall and crossing the road in the centre of a gulch. However, evidences of its terrific force when high were not wanting.

From the Muluncay our road lay through rich, sub-tropical forests. Everywhere nature had strewn with a lavish hand huge ferns, and tall trees decked in moss and parasites of all kinds, and hung from top to bottom with llianas and giant plants, the leaves of which often measured over six feet in length.

The trail was sometimes steep and difficult and again it lay through some delightful glade or along a ridge, bordered on each side by trees and other vegetation and carpeted by the softest of green grass. We saw beautiful vari-colored birds and troops of chattering parrots, all talking at once. Then we would cross a rushing mountain brook, clear and cold, yet only about 200 miles south of the equator.

During the night, and especially toward morning, it had seemed cold to us, with our thin blood, although at the coldest the thermometer measured 60 degrees above zero. Later we began to get the full heat of the sun once more.

Coming out on the side of a mountain we obtained our first view of the ridge on which Las Cuevas (the caves) were situated. Indeed, had we only known it, we were able to see the exact spot which was our ultimate destination.

We left the spot from which that view was taken at 11 a. m., crossing the valley and making camp for lunch in a little natural clearing at the foot of the mountains on the other side. We reached the timber line about 3 p. m. We had left behind us all the soft beauty of the wooded slope, and from there on we had the grander beauty of the bare mountains. The higher we climbed, the higher rose other walls before us, till, gaining the ridge and passing some distance along it, we reached The Caves about 5 p. m.

The change in temperature had been sudden. The height was over 11,000 feet by barometrical measurement, and the strong wind chilled us thoroughly. We were glad to get a fire started with some wood which our *mozo* had packed up from below on one of the mules.

What a glorious view we enjoyed that afternoon! Far away across the great valley, the Peruvian Andes lay piled above one another, shading off from a reddish hue to a blue haze, hardly to be distinguished from the sky. Then the clouds commenced to roll in from the East, the great blanket which generally settles down over the lower country at night, and by 6:30 p. m. only the highest ridges could be seen. Far below us lay a white sea of clouds.

I am as great an enthusiast over roughing it as one could be, but that night at The Caves was roughing it, indeed; yet the thermometer showed only 42 degrees above zero. Not so very cold, it felt cold just the same, with the wind blowing forty miles an hour and only a rock sloping inward for shelter. Yet we enjoyed it all; smoke, ashes in our eyes, wind and cold. After all, these things only add to the real pleasure of the life. They tell so plainly that one is away from the hateful city and everything connected with it.

An early breakfast the morning of the 5th, and a flying start, took us down out of the cold weather just in time to save Maxon's life. His teeth had chattered all night. We again passed through beautiful forests, crossed the Muluncay, and by 7 p. m. were eating a good dinner, having descended over 9,000 feet since 6:30 a. m.

We are both in the harness again, but the memory of that little *paseo* will stay with us always.

Ralph C. Kline, Zaruma, Ecuador, S. A.

DON'T DISTURB THE BALANCE.

The following clipping from the Utica *Press* has been handed us by Mr. Frank C. Metzger, of Herkimer, N. Y.:

> To the Editor of the Utica *Daily Press:* I want to, if I can properly, call attention to a fact which affects sportsmanship to a degree generally unknown, and which is fully realized by a comparatively few. It is a game law which, by its amendment through Section 3, Chap. 580, Laws of 1904, places a close season on otter until October, 1906.
>
> This law by whomsoever drafted, is a mistaken one. In effect, it is inimical to the interest of all sportsmen who come to the Adirondacks during the fishing and hunting seasons.
>
> Otter have an insatiable appetite, and they are the most æsthetic epicures known in the aquatic animal kingdom. They are not satisfied with the fullness of the finest fish that inhabit any stream or lake, but must destroy either in sport or maliciousness, more trout than they can eat. I make this assertion only because proven to me by a large number of woodsmen and guides, men who have known their habits for a long term of years, that the otter in the Adirondacks kill more trout, in a year's time, than all the fishermen catch in the open season. This is saying considerable, but it is a statement of facts and cannot well be gainsaid by the makers of the law mentioned above. . . .
>
> John E. Dowd, Beaver River, N. Y.

CANOEING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Given two able-bodied males. with a natural love for the woods and fields and streams, and an abhorrence of summer hotels and their artificialities, and you have the basis of a canoe trip anywhere, and at any time. Add to this one cedar canvas covered canoe, with carrying yoke and paddles, an ample supply of heavy army blankets and rubber ponchoes, a small canvas shelter tent, the simplest possible kind of a cooking outfit, fifty pounds of provisions, an axe, a compass, some good maps, a camera, and plenty of fishing tackle, and you have a fairly adequate outfit for the trip we took, a jaunt of something like two hundred miles through the lakes of the western Adirondacks.

Our point of departure was Old Forge, the terminus of the Fulton Chain Railway, two miles northeast of Fulton Chain, on the Adirondack Railroad.

We arrived at noon and took to the water immediately, after carefully stowing our one hundred and twenty odd pounds of duffle, disposed between two of the so-called "Canadian packs" with head-carrier attachment, for convenience in packing over the portages. Most Adirondack woodsmen and tourists will tell you to use pack-baskets. The Canadian pack basket is seldom, if ever, seen in that region, but we found that the pack-basket was apt to be top-heavy in the canoe, while the pack we used lies flat in the bottom, steadies the canoe, and renders embarking and disembarking much easier.

Turning to the left as we left the Old Forge Dock, we paddled a little over a mile up Old Forge Inlet, a mere enlargement of the middle branch of the Moose River, which drains the Fulton Chain, the first group of lakes through which the trail leads. A sharp bend to the right and the inlet opens into First Lake, a picturesque sheet of water, containing several tiny islets, its shore dotted with sylvan camps. From here we followed the white buoys of the Fulton Navigation Company, which runs a line of tiny steamers to the head of Fourth Lake. First Lake is not over a mile long, and merges almost imperceptibly into Second Lake of about the same general character and extent. From Second Lake a narrow opening, almost undiscoverable until actually upon it, you pass to Third Lake, which is larger and more regular in shape, being a nearly perfect oval. On the right is Third Lake creek, a most charming streamlet, navigable for some miles, and a great resort for picnic parties from neighboring summer hotels and camps.

The Bald Mountain house, popularly known as "Barrett's," is on the left. From here the trail leads to the summit of Bald Mountain, a visit to which should certainly be paid, for the way is not difficult, takes but a short twenty minutes to cover, and the outlook from the top is exceptionally fine.

As you face east, on your right, you see the vanishing foothills of the lower Adirondacks, stretching away to the beautiful Mohawk valley; on your left, the higher peaks of the Adirondacks,—range upon range, peak overtopping peak, even to the giants clustering about Mt. Seward and Mount Ampersand, with a dim suggestion of Mt. Marcy in the extreme back ground. In front, and at your very feet, the first four lakes of the Fulton Chain are spread out, like links in a necklace, and beyond them you can catch the sparkle of a stray sunbeam upon dancing water, betraying the presence of other lakes, among them Limekiln, and Little Moose.

Descending the mountain, and getting afloat once more, a short paddle through a narrow winding channel brought us to Fourth Lake. This is the largest link in the chain, and is in the shape of a gigantic bow or new moon, the northern tip curving off towards the east. Here we made our first camp.

Fourth Lake is, comparatively speaking, densely populated. Hundreds of cottages and camps line the forest-fringed shores, canoes and guide-boats are numerous, and the "chug-chug" of the irrepressible steam or naphtha launch (locally known as "put-puts") is constantly in the air.

As to temporary camping sites, both here and in other parts of the voyage, a word may not be amiss. While unauthorized camping on private ground is forbidden, the places are few and far between where a one night's camp will be disturbed, and little trouble should be anticipated in the selection of camp sites.

Fourth Lake is nine miles in length. At Eagle Bay, the head of the lake, we turned to the left into the Inlet, a mile of which leads us to Fifth Lake, a mere pond, with the beginning of our first carry directly in front of us. This portage is over a sandy, hilly road, and three-quarters of a mile long, leading to Sixth Lake, which is rather desolate and marshy, and two miles in length. A short inlet brought us to Seventh Lake, a somewhat larger body of water, two miles long, and heavily wooded along the shores. From the head of the lake there was a portage of a mile and a half to Eighth Lake, and two miles up this, keeping to the right bank, we struck the Brown's Tract Carry, two miles and a half through the woods and the longest portage during the entire trip.

Four miles and a half of the tortuous and narrow windings of the sluggish Brown's Tract inlet, Raquette lake, the largest of the woodland water-ways, where you can spend a week at the very least without half covering the ground. Two miles straightaway northeast from the mouth of the Inlet is the beginning of the Marion river. Paddling up this five miles, a short carry of one-eighth mile over the tracks of a summer railroad we come to Utowana Lake, which extends two and a half miles to Eagle Lake. A mile on Eagle lake leads us into Blue Mountain lake, and here we took a day off to climb Blue mountain, for the famous panorama to be seen from the summit.

From Blue Mountain Lake village, on the south shore of the lake, we had our whole outfit carried over to Long lake, eight miles by mountain roads, for the small sum of three dollars. We loitered along the fifteen miles of the latter lake, fishing until we reached the mouth of the Raquette river at the outlet of the lake. After another fifteen miles of travel, made easy by the swift current with but one carry of a mile and three-quarters at Raquette falls, we came to the mouth of the Ampersand or Stony creek, on the right as you descend the river. Two miles of this rapid, shallow, winding, and narrow stream and we crossed the three Stony Creek ponds in rapid succession (they are less than a mile in their total breadth), arriving at the Indian Carry, near the Hiawatha Lodge, which portage is one mile in length, we paddled to Rustic Lodge on Upper Saranac lake.

From here you have your choice of several routes—all equally alluring to the canoeist. Go, as we did, down the Saranac river to Round pond, or Middle Saranac, and thence continue on down the river to Lower Saranac, with its many beautiful islets, its mountainous environs and magnificent hotels, returning by the same route to Upper Saranac lake, a total distance of twenty-four miles. From Rustic Lodge you have at least three methods of reaching Tupper lake, your next objective.

You can traverse the entire length of Upper Saranac to Saranac Inn, and thence through a winding succession of tiny lakelets, streams and ponds, with frequent portages, to Big Tupper lake. Or four miles over the Sweeney Carry from the Waubeek Hotel will bring you to the Raquette river once more. Or else two miles over the Axton Carry, the route we took, brings you to the Cornell Forestry School at Axton, and you can reach Tupper via the Raquette river, a long and dreary journey of nearly thirty miles. We would advise the canoeist to avoid this stretch of country, if possible. It was the only disappointing section of our trip. The ravages of the lumbermen are painfully apparent, the river is practically a mere lumber drive, and the desolation and monotony of the journey is almost unbearable. Big Tupper lake, especially in its upper reaches, is picturesque in the extreme, and deserves several days' attention, but we were already over our time, and on the sixteenth day out paddled into Tupper Lake village, shipped our canoe back to Old Forge, staged it over to Tupper Lake Junction—and our summer's wanderings were at an end.

This is but one of hundreds of routes that can be laid out in the Adirondack region. Having followed the water-trail once, you will do it again,—and right here within a day's journey of home you can find a different trail every year you go out, and go out every year of your life.

The expense is merely nominal. Equipment, maintenance, and railroad fares from any point in New York State need not cost to exceed $30 per man for a two weeks' trip, and we did it for less. And the free life of the open, the sweet influence of the woods and waters, the utter absence of worldly cares and responsibilities, is a grand good tonic for any man, be he old or young.

A PRAIRIE ROUNDUP.

Editor Recreation:

I wonder if any of your readers have ever followed hounds over the prairie and through the buttes on a wolf chase. Some, I am sure, have; and to those who have not I would say there is no finer sport. Hunting parties do not always meet with the success of Dick Sturgeon's party, which, after a two days' chase in the buttes west of town, secured five prairie wolves and two jack rabbits.

We had six greyhounds out and no guns. If your eastern readers could know the excitement of a rattling gallop over the plain after a fast flying wolf or rabbit they would appreciate our keen enjoyment. Shooting seems almost tame by comparison. Give me horse and hound for fun.

I am pleased with Recreation under its new editor, and feel sure his pages for boys will be very much appreciated by the youngsters.

W. H. Carnahan, Leeds, N. D.

AN AUTO HINT.

The camera is coming to be as much a part of the automobile outfit as the lamps or the identification number, and our magazines are becoming full of photographs of automobile incidents and bits of landscape taken en route. With so much space on the machine, little thought need be taken as to smallness of the outfit, as in the old bicycle days, when every pound of weight made an additional burden. But the precautions taken in those days apply equally well with the automobile. Rough roads and thank-you-maums will jolt a big car as much as they do a bicycle and the camera owner should consequently be careful to protect his camera as far as possible against undue shaking. That is, the plate-camera owner should. The film camera will look after itself pretty well, without suffering ill-effects from a little jolting. But with the plate-camera, it is different. Plates do not fit tightly into the holders, and if thrown about will cast off little splinters of glass that will lodge on the surface of the plate and appear as annoying spots on the prints. A thick pad of some soft resilient material should be placed at the bottom of the camera case and another one at the top. This will be some protection against jolts, but, if possible, the plate-camera should always be held on the lap and certainly not placed on the floor of the car.

PROGRESS, EVER PROGRESS.

Judging from the advertisements one sees in the various magazines, photography is being still further simplified this year and the old-time pleasures we used to have in watching the gradual evolution of the negative picture from the blank film is slowly but surely being taken away from us. No longer is it even necessary to put your roll of film in a metal box and to turn a crank a given number of minutes. That, too, is passé now. You just reel up your film in a red celluloid apron and stick it into a cup of developer to develop by itself. That's all. No dark-room, no mess, no labor. And when your negatives are marked and dried, you place them in a printing-frame with a piece of black-looking sensitized paper, and after a few minutes' exposure to the sun, you develop your print in water and lo! and behold! the vivid colors of nature, in rich blues and greens and browns and yellows glow out upon you in startling vividness. Verily, we do progress since the days of old Daguerre, and the man or woman who dabbles not in photography little know how much genuine pleasure they are missing in these days of "photography made easy."

CLOUDS IN LANDSCAPES.

No photographer taking a pride in his work should ever be content with a print showing an expanse of blank, cloudless sky.

All landscapes of an open nature are improved when a suitable cloud is printed in the sky. Very many landscapes of this kind are absolutely uninteresting and void of feeling without a suitable cloud effect. It is rarely possible to obtain a printable sky on the same negative as the landscape. By far the most efficacious method is to take separate cloud negatives and print them in; being careful to see that your cloud effect is in keeping with your theme.

CONCERNING CANOES

Editor Recreation:

The gentle art of canoeing has made wonderful strides of late. So much so that the Indian canoe is to be found alike on the Hudson, the Seine and the Thames. Yet were one of the ancient Indian worthies to return to our midst, he would perhaps hardly recognize the craft.

The Indian canoe was built of birch bark. The modern canoe may be made of anything, from boiler plate to oil silk; but the two materials that are finding greatest favor are the wood of the white cedar and closely woven canvas. Advocates of the modern canoe point out that the Indian made his craft of birch bark because nothing else equally good was available. This is true. We find today that the birch bark has certain advantages in wilderness travel that are not to be gainsaid. In the first place they are lighter, length for length, than any other canoe of equal carrying capacity. I have known new birch bark canoes made by an Indian trapper for his own use that weighed but twenty-three pounds, though they were eleven feet in length, and would carry, at least, two hundred and fifty pounds on a draft of four to five inches. A 15-foot canoe that I assisted in paddling over several hundred miles of difficult navigation, weighed forty-five pounds at the end of the trip, and would probably not have tipped the beam at more than forty pounds when we started. The birch bark becomes sensibly heavier during a long journey, owing to the splits lining the inside, becoming sodden, and also through the accumulation of earth and gravel in the chinks.

The Peterborough canoe, which although originally made at Peterborough, Ontario, is now built in many other places, is a much easier craft to paddle than the birch boat, and there is no reason why it should not carry an equal load and be as good a boat in a seaway; but the manufacturers are forced to supply the canoe that the public demands, and the great canoe-buying public consists mostly of the youths that desire to paddle swiftly over an unobstructed course, usually so situated that the young lady friends of the aforesaid youths may view the sport either from the boat-club veranda, or some other equally favorable point of vantage. These youngsters know nothing of bad rivers. Few of them have ever followed the Indian and seen him move all his earthly belongings from point to point in a birch bark canoe. So that they do not appreciate the value of the material that the Indian prefers.

The birch bark canoe will outlive the Peterborough in a seaway—and when I say the Peterborough I mean all canoes of metal and canvas as well. The birch bark canoe, owing to the rocker of its bottom, can be made to twist and turn so as to avoid rocks and snags, much more readily than the straighter, narrower and heavier Peterborough. But these objections to the Peterborough are only objections to the model usually selected. Any of the firms that build canoes could make one that would prove superior to the Indian canoe in every respect, but the demand does not seem to warrant any extensive outlay for moulds and patterns. As long as the white man is satisfied with mere speed, the present Peterborough and its competitors are good enough. But should he want a Peterborough for long-distance travel in the wilderness, he will do well to confide his intention to the builder, in order that the latter may modify the proposed craft in the way of depth, weight and shear. For instance, one little difference in the make of a canoe means much on a long portage. The Indian canoe is always of such a depth that, when the paddles are tied lengthwise from the center to the forward bar, the weight of the canoe will rest on the man's shoulder when he carries it, the depth being sufficient to keep the upturned craft from pressing on the top of his head.

With the ordinary Peterborough the whole weight of the canoe is thrown on the head and neck, which is, to say the least, undesirable.

The Indian canoes of other days did not contain a single nail or piece of metal. Yet for such work as they were designed nothing could have been better. In those days large canoe birch were abundant; now they are scarce in most places, and the Indians travel long distances to secure sheets of birch bark, and even then have to put up with a quality that would not have been acceptable in other days. In regions where the white birch is not to be found, spruce bark is made use of, but it is very inferior to that of birch. Canvas is undoubtedly a first-rate covering for a canoe; it is a pity that it does not grow in the forest. Of course, a roll of canvas may be taken with which to cover the canoe, but the roll of canvas has to be carried, perhaps, over many an arduous portage, and may, even then, never be rquired, while the birch bark, when wanted, may be found almost anywhere.

St. Croix, Montreal.

THE CONNECTICUT

Editor Recreation.

I have paddled the route many times, and can heartily endorse the Connecticut as an ideal waterway for devotees of the canoe. Throughout the state of Massachusetts the scenery is unsurpassed anywhere, and while lacking the wildness of more northern rivers, it has a beauty quite as enjoyable.

Any time you or your correspondents desire further information I shall be most happy to give you a lift.

Chas. S. Taylor, Westbrook, Conn.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE MEETING.

Editor RECREATION:

Accuracy is one of the fundamental features of success in life. To be accurate in thought, word and deed insures not only respect and admiration, but also increased power and physical well being. This is true of a nation as well as of an individual. In the case of the nation, however, a certain kind of accuracy goes further in determining results that are far reaching: that is, accuracy in hitting an enemy who is attacking the Government either as an invader or as a rebel against constituted laws.

If we review history we will be impressed with the fact that all great events which have tended toward the establishment of nations as individual units, together with the power to protect their rights and privileges, have been decided by the appeal to arms, and always won by the nation which had taught its citizens to hit what they aimed at. This applies equally well to the use of stones, clubs, sling shots, javelins, swords, arrows, smooth bore guns and rifles. And as far as we can see into the future, our rights and privileges as nations will still have to be maintained by our ability to protect ourselves, for this world is still far from adopting the Golden Rule as a precept.

The United States of America had its birth and was baptized amid the smell of powder and the singing of bullets, and since then has had to protect itself repeatedly against attacks. Historians say, "History repeats itself." If this be true, then this nation of ours will again have to pass through the fire of shot and shell, and the question which is agitating the true patriots and earnest thinkers of our country is how we shall stand the ordeal.

The standing army of the United States numbers sixty thousand. The National Guard or State Militia approximates one hundred and twenty-five thousand. Combining the regular army and the National Guard we have a total of one hundred and eighty-five thousand soldiers. Let us suppose that this total strength is capable of service; that it is fully armed and equipped; that it thoroughly understands how to mobilize; that its quartermaster and commissary departments are perfect; that its commanding general and every officer down to its last second lieutenant knows every requirement of his position; that it is an absolutely perfect army. *Can it shoot to hit what it aims at?* If not, it had better be disbanded. It is no use.

Five years ago a group of patriotic men realized that marksmanship in the United States was by no means what it should be; that the oft-quoted saying, "the Americans are a nation of riflemen," was untrue. These men met and formulated plans to arouse an interest in rifle shooting throughout the entire country. At first their efforts met with small success; it was hard to make people believe that rifle practice was the most important duty of the soldier and citizen. However, a match was arranged between Ireland and the United States, in which we learned a great deal that we did not know about shooting, and the Irishmen defeated us. In 1901 the Palma Trophy, which had been presented by the people of the United States in 1876 for competition to the riflemen of the world, was dragged out of a dusty storehouse and put once more in competition. Canada sent a team down and took the trophy to Canada. In this match we learned much more that we did not know. In 1902 the interest became more general, and we sent a team to Canada to try to get back the trophy. Great Britain also sent a team and took the now famous Palma Trophy to England. In this match we imbibed more information from the British team, while the knowledge we had already gained and improved upon enabled us to defeat the Canadians. The year 1903 marked a turning point in the history of rifle shooting. The United States sent a team to England in June and, defeating the whole field in the largest international rifle match the world had known, brought back the Palma Trophy to the United States. (Owing to a controversy arising over a technicality, the trophy was voluntarily returned to Great Britain and will probably be contested for next year). In the fall of 1903 the work of the Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice appointed by the then Secretary of War, Hon. Elihu Root, and composed of five members from the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, eight trustees of the National Rifle Association and eight members from the country at large, twenty-one in all, began to bear fruit and the first National match was shot. This match is open to teams of twelve men, to two teams, Infantry and Cavalry, from the regular Army, one each from the Navy, the Marine Corps and the District of Columbia, and from each state maintaining an organized militia. The meeting was held on the beautiful range of the State of New Jersey at Sea Girt, and the match was won by the State of New York. Very little excitement was created by this most important contest excepting among the comparatively few teams competing. The Eastern newspaper notices were scant and uninteresting, and the country at large scarcely knew that such an event had happened.

August, 1904, saw nineteen competing teams —four from the Regular establishment and fifteen state teams—encamped on the Republican Flats at Fort Riley, Kansas. The three days' contest was full of excitement and the contest was not decided until the last skirmish run was made. Again the State of New York carried off first place. The Navy team was second and the Army Infantry third.

Three more days were given up to individual competitions in rifle and revolver shooting. After this match the press of the country began to take notice and devoted at least three inches of space to a meeting which was to be the turning point in rifle shooting in the United States. In any other country this match would have occupied columns in the newspapers and would have been considered important news. Outside of a very few papers, therefore, no credit can be claimed by the press of this country for the wonderful interest manifested in rifle shooting which will culminate in the great National match of 1905.

From Maine to Texas, from Florida to Washington, and in between, teams are coming to Sea Girt, New Jersey, to compete for the National Trophy. Thirty-five states will be represented, the Army Infantry, Army Cavalry, the Navy and the Marine Corps will swell the number to thirty-nine, and there is a possibility that West Point and Annapolis will also compete, making forty-one teams all animated with one desire and purpose: to show their skill in rifle shooting, or if not, to show their skill, to learn all that can be learned at this big encampment of riflemen, and to bear that knowledge back to their respective states and communities so that in 1906 they will attend the meeting much better prepared in every way to show their development as true soldiers.

Truly these patriotic, earnest men who have been behind this rifle shooting movement since its incipiency, who have sacrificed time and money to bring about a revival of that most important duty of a soldier, the art of shooting straight, deserve the thanks of this great nation of ours. They are not bloodthirsty men, they do not desire war, but they are far-sighted enough to see that if the United States trains its men to proficiency in the use of the rifle, other nations will realize it and war will be far from us.

We quote the conditions of the National match:

Kinds of fire: Slow, rapid and skirmish.
Distances: Slow fire, 200, 600, 800 and 1,000 yards.
Rapid fire, 200 and 500 yards.
Skirmish fire, 2 runs.
Number of shots: Two sighting shots and ten shots for record at each range.
Positions: Standing at 200 yards and prone with head toward target at all other ranges.
Arms: United States service rifles and carbines with not less than 3-pound trigger pull.
Ammunition: Service cartridge as manufactured and issued by the Ordnance Department, U. S. Navy.
Three Days' Contest:
First day, August 26th: 200 and 600 yards, slow fire, and 200 and 500 yards, rapid fire.
Second day, August 28th: 800 and 1,000 yards, slow fire.
Third day, August 29th: 2 skirmish runs.

T. G. Ewing,
Inspector General Rifle Practice,
D. N. G.

WISHES TO REAR PHEASANTS

Editor RECREATION:

I have been buying RECREATION, but now think it high time that I sent you a dollar for my subscription. I enclose the same herewith for one year's subscription, to start with the July number.

My summer home is at Bethayres, Pa., where my father has a very beautiful place. The county around there is ideal. The fishing does not amount to anything, although the creek has been stocked with bass, but the Italian quarrymen have used dynamite in the creek to such an extent that there are few, if any, left.

The gunning consists mainly of rabbits, of which there are great numbers this year, but even of this number few will survive the gunning season. The negroes go out in "tribes" of about twenty in a bunch and shoot from morning until night, and it is few rabbits which have the good fortune to escape them, even though they are as a rule poor marksmen. But numbers count in this instance.

I have three settings of English pheasant eggs which I *expect* to hatch next week, and as I know pheasants are hard to raise, I thought that perhaps some of your readers can give me some of their experience.

Thanking you in advance for any information which you can give me through RECREATION, and wishing you success.

Carl Bloom Wolf, Bethayres, Pa.

You might get Tegethmeir's "Pheasants," published by Horace Co., Breams' Buildings, London, England.—EDITOR.

"A Little Garden Calendar," by Albert Bigelow Paine, with 46 illustrations. (Hy Altemus & Co., Philadelphia.)

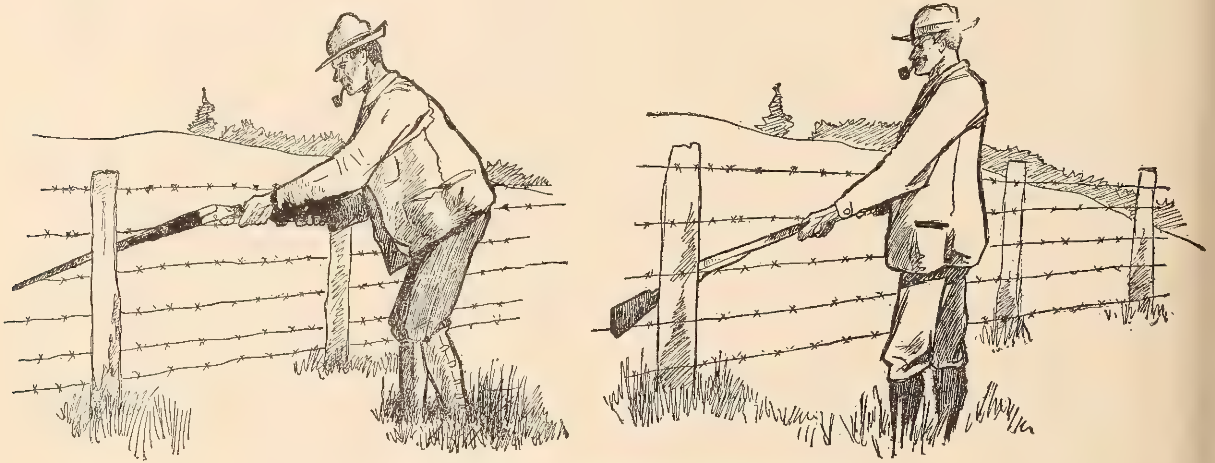
As a method of conveying to children much pretty "folk-lore" relating to our garden flowers and fruits, this book is highly commendable, entertaining and unsual. On its practical side it would have been much better to have curtailed, if not entirely omitted, the months of January, February and March, during which flowers and vegetables, including corn, are depicted as growing in pots in an ordinary sitting-room's windows, and coming to their full maturity. Any child who took this seriously and tried to do it, in a district such as this was, where the frost extended well through the three months, would fail, and more harm than good would have been effected. The exigencies of the magazine, where the story was first published, might have required a chapter for every month, but when they passed into a book there was no similar excuse. Only when the scene is changed from the artificial condition of the sitting-room to the sunshine of outdoors, does the instruction become practical and helpful to children.

HANDLING FIREARMS.

Editor Recreation:

Many a time during his life did the late James T. Conlin, the shooting master, urge me to write a book on the subject of how to safely handle firearms. Safety was his hobby, and his criticism of most books on firearms was that they failed to inculcate the lesson of eternal vigilance and carefulness in the handling of deadly weapons.

Conlin conducted shooting galleries and ranges all his life, but after one fatal accident in a gallery he never would have a counter or barrier of any sort between the shooter and the gallery attendant. Always he stood by the elbow or behind the man with the gun. The front end of a gun, he said, was always dangerous, no matter who held the weapon, and he handled guns on the theory that they were always loaded and cocked. That is an excellent working hypothesis.


THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG WAY.

Probably everyone who shoots much, no matter how expert and careful he may be, has had narrow escapes from shooting somebody or getting shot accidentally. At least he has had a gun "go off" unexpectedly in his own hands. I profess to be a very careful man with a gun, but the cold shivers have chased up and down my spinal column more than once at the report of a gun that I had no intention of firing. I never shot anyone, but I have been shot by my friends often enough to make me mighty watchful of the business ends of firearms and mighty sceptical of any man's assurance of his carefulness. Nothing like picking number eights out of your scalp, or digging a few buck shot out of your legs, to make you particular in choosing hunting companions.

The chap to call down promptly and hard is the one who carries his rifle over his shoulder, pointing rearward, when he leads on the trail, or under his arm and pointing forward when he walks behind. Don't speak softly to him or pay any attention to his protestations that his rifle isn't cocked and that he knows guns. Call a halt and settle the matter emphatically.

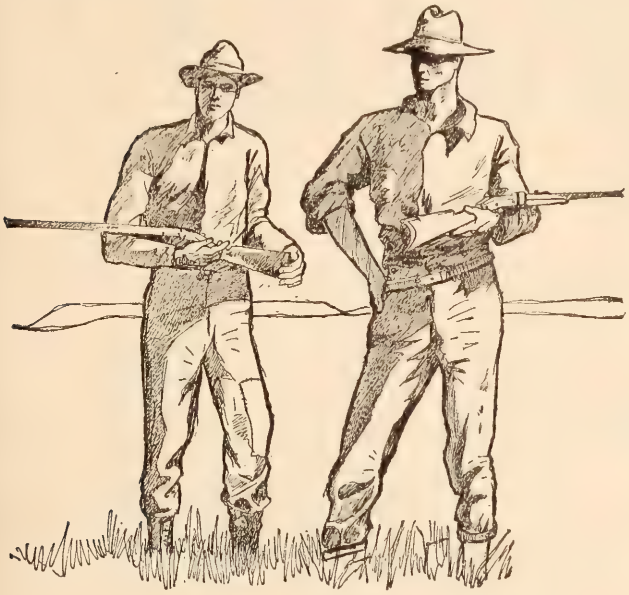
Except while actually in pursuit of game, it is unnecessary to carry a loaded rifle on the trail. Most persons hunt with magazine rifles, and the motion of throwing a cartridge from the magazine into the chamber is so simple and quick that it can be executed, when game is seen unexpectedly, without causing the hunter to miss the chance of a shot.

If two are walking in Indian file, and it is advisable to carry loaded guns, the leader should carry his weapon muzzle forward, and the other should carry his piece over the shoulder. If there are three in the party, the middle man should carry his gun either so that it points to one side, or at such an angle on his shoulder that it cannot menace the man behind. But there is seldom any good reason why more than one rifle in a party should have a cartridge in the chamber. The man in the lead is the only one likely to get a snap shot, and if game is jumped the others can load from their magazines.

However, no man having real good sense goes hunting with a crowd. One man with a gun is enough to watch, and to look out for when firing one's own weapon.

One thing that a man who handles firearms cannot learn too soon—many learn it too late and at terrible cost—is not to trust the lock mechanism of the best gun ever made. When working the lever or bolt of a magazine rifle to transfer a cartridge from magazine to barrel, see that the muzzle points in a safe direction. The cartridge may be exploded by the closing of the action. A friend, walking behind me, once worked his magazine lever to load for a shot at a deer, which appeared suddenly, and his bullet struck the ground an inch from my heel. It was the first time his rifle ever played such a trick, but we found that the mechanism had become so worn that it was likely to do the same thing again. That might have been a costly discovery for both of us. It cost us a deer as it was.

In closing the breech of a shot gun a cartridge may be exploded, either through defect in the lock, the jamming of a firing pin, or the imperfect seating of a primer in the shell. Therefore, watch where your barrels point when you load a shot gun.



SAFE.

Did you ever travel with a man who jumped out of the wagon to shoot at everything in sight, and who always tried to get back into the wagon with his gun loaded and sometimes cocked? I had three consecutive days of that with an enthusiastic tyro, and that is why my hair began to turn grey before its time, I reckon. I had to hold him up forty times a day and compel him to break open that gun, and he never did learn the lesson.

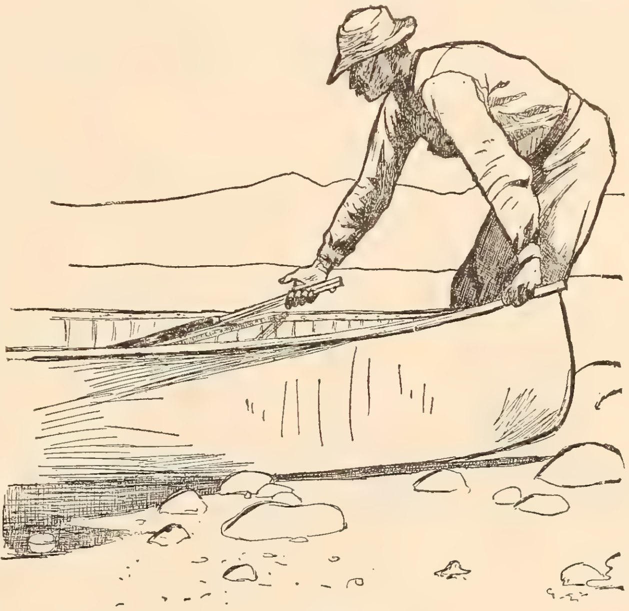
Don't put a loaded gun into a wagon. Don't put a loaded gun anywhere out of your hands. If you must lay it down or stand it against a tree or a fence, unload the gun. But when you pick it up again, assume that is is loaded and handle it accordingly. It would be incredible if it were not so sadly true that there are people so bereft of sense as to seize a gun by the muzzle and pull it toward themselves. Coroner's juries ascertain that amazing fact every year. Nothing but sudden death breaks some men of the insane habit of pulling guns by the barrels out of wagons, out of boats and through fences.

It is a simple matter to break open a gun before climbing a fence or getting into or out of a boat, and it is easy to take hold of the right end at all times. If you insist on keeping the loads in your gun while scaling a fence, shove the gun through first, muzzle foremost, and when you are over, pick it up by the stock. To get in front of another man's gun is to be a reckless fool; to get in front of your own is to be a drivelling idiot.

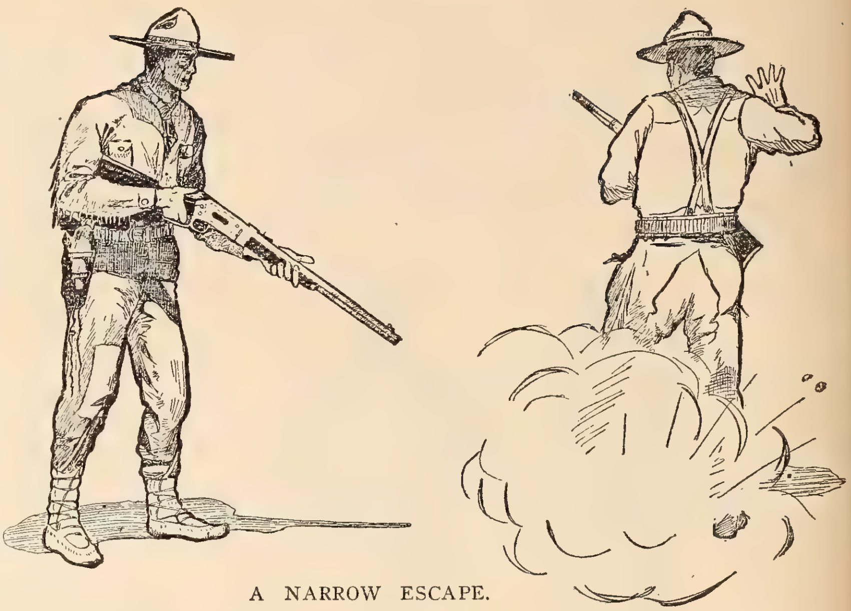
I had a friend, an expert with firearms and an accomplished sportsman, who was shot by his own dog with his own gun. He had been after ducks in a boat. When he came ashore he placed his loaded hammerless gun in the bow of the boat, left the dog in the stern and jumped out to haul the boat up from the water by the painter. The dog was eager to get ashore, and when the bow grated on the beach, he ran forward and jumped out. But the dog's foot touched a trigger, and my friend was killed. He forgot or neglected, carelessly, to unload his gun when he was done shooting.

The only safe habit is to remove cartridges from the barrel of rifles and shotguns as soon as you are done looking for game. Unload before you get back to camp, and with a magazine rifle be careful with the business end while you are working the lever to remove the shell from the chamber.

There are other rules of safety so obvious that it seems like teaching a kindergarten to repeat them, but the death list of each open season proves that hundreds of grown men need kindergarten lessons in shooting. This is the first: never shoot at anything which looks as if it might be a deer; be absolutely sure that it is a deer and nothing but a deer. Never shoot at all unless you know exactly what you are shooting at; something moving in the brush is not game —probably it is a man.



DANGEROUS.

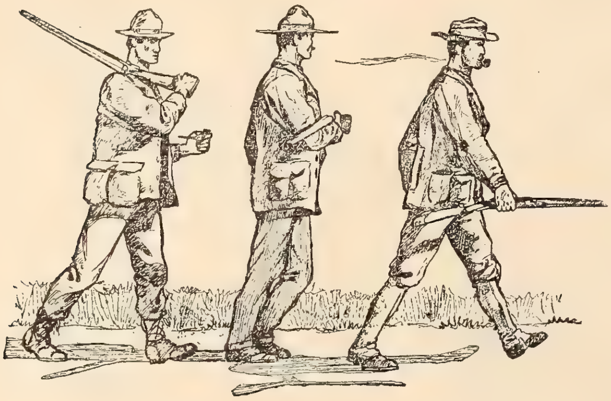


A NARROW ESCAPE.

Another rule too often ignored, forbids shooting with bullets unless one can see where the bullets will stop. If you want to try your rifle at a mark, be sure that there is a backstop behind the target—a hill or a good, thick tree. And don't shoot into a lake or pond on the theory that because a bullet is lead it will sink as soon as it touches the water. It will skip like a flat stone, and may go a mile after striking the water. If there are waves or even ripples on the water, the bullet will not travel in a direct line. It may strike the side of a little wave, and be deflected many degrees from its original course.

These shooting rules apply, of course, to hunting grounds in settled countries. In an absolutely uninhabited wilderness one need not be so careful of the final destination of a bullet, but the wilderness is far away and soon will be only a memory. The Adirondacks and the Maine woods long ago ceased to be trackless wilds.

Coming down to the pistol and revolver, there are so many dangerous ways of handling them that one is disposed to doubt if there is any way of safety. A loaded revolver is a rattlesnake always ready to strike. One ironclad rule, never to be broken, never forgotten for an instant, must suffice. Never permit a revolver, loaded or unloaded, to point toward yourself or anyone else—unless you mean to kill. If a friend playfully points an unloaded pistol at you, knock him down and beat sense into him with your fists.



THREE OLD HANDS.

If you handle firearms at all, never forget for a moment that they are deadly weapons, that they were made to destroy life, and are fearfully efficient contrivances for that purpose. A moment's forgetfulness may mean sudden death or a lifetime of haunting horror and misery.

ASKS INFORMATION.

Editor Recreation:

Can you tell me about the Connecticut river; how it is possible to canoe on it from north to south; what dams, etc., would the canoe encounter? What kind of canoe would be best adapted to this river? How much time would be required for a trip down, not stopping and camping more than one night in a place?

Could you also tell me some other good canoe trips in New England outside of Maine, also the best canoe for such all round cruising?

Wilfred Wheeler, Massachusetts.

The Connecticut is a beautiful river and makes an ideal canoe trip. Starting at Claremont Junction, you have clear water to Bellows Falls. From Bellows Falls to Holyoke there are several small dams, but some beautiful stretches of water. From the Holyoke dam all is clear to Springfield; then you take the canal to Windsor, thence to Long Island Sound without an obstruction.

I trust some of Recreation's readers will be able to reply at greater length to Mr. Wheeler's inquiry, and it will add to the interest of their stories if they mention the fishing to be had at various points along the river.—Editor.

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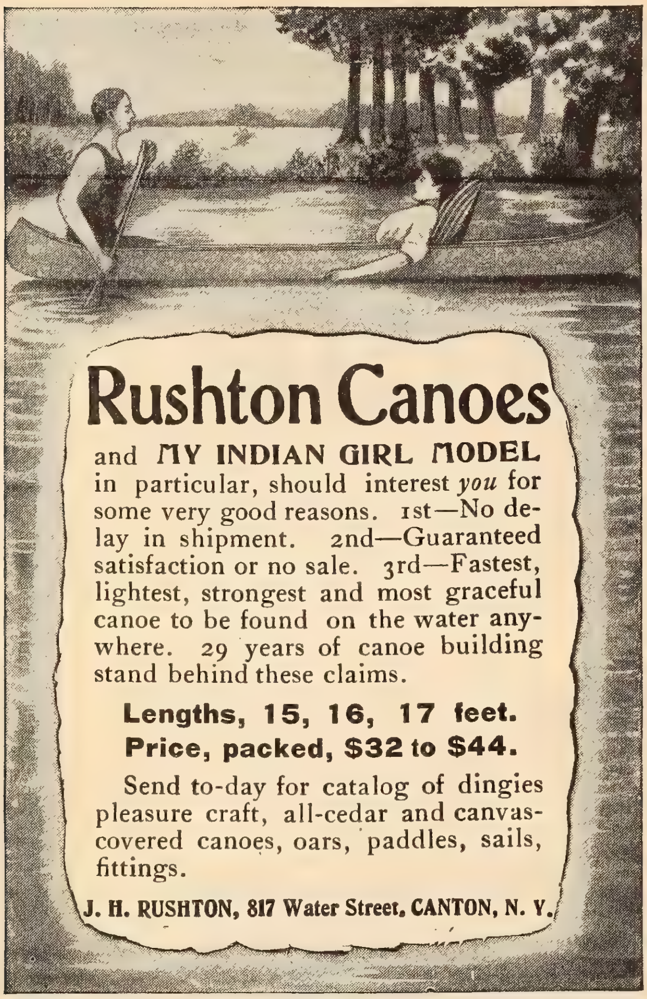
The Equitable pays its policies more promptly than any other company — usually within twenty-four hours after proof of death.

DEATH CLAIMS PAID
In United States and Canada

In 1900 .	96% within one day
In 1901 .	96% within one day
In 1902 .	98% within one day
In 1903 .	95% within one day
In 1904 .	96% within one day

The Equitable is the strongest life insurance company in the world, both in amount of surplus and in ratio of assets to liabilities.



Rushton Canoes

and **MY INDIAN GIRL MODEL** in particular, should interest *you* for some very good reasons. 1st—No delay in shipment. 2nd—Guaranteed satisfaction or no sale. 3rd—Fastest, lightest, strongest and most graceful canoe to be found on the water anywhere. 29 years of canoe building stand behind these claims.

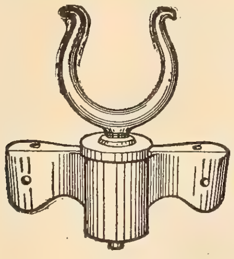
Lengths, 15, 16, 17 feet.
Price, packed, $32 to $44.

Send to-day for catalog of dingies pleasure craft, all-cedar and canvas-covered canoes, oars, paddles, sails, fittings.

J. H. RUSHTON, 817 Water Street, CANTON, N. Y.

INSIST ON HAVING

Ball-bearing Oarlocks



on your new boat or send for a pair for your old one. **Noiseless, easy rowing, durable.** For next 30 days, I will send a sample pair of galvanized tight or loose pin locks, prepaid, upon receipt of $2.25.

Send for descriptive circulars.

T. H. Garrett, Jr., 100 Genesee St. Auburn, N. Y.

Life Saving Folding Canvas Boat Co.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Latest patent and improved canvas boat on the market. Puncture proof, tempered steel frame, no bolts to remove. Folds the most compact of any boat made, and one that can be knocked down or set up in five minutes, everything working automatically. Sold on guarantee.

Send 4 cents for catalogue and reliable testimonials.

Our boats received the **Highest Award at the St. Louis World's Fair.**

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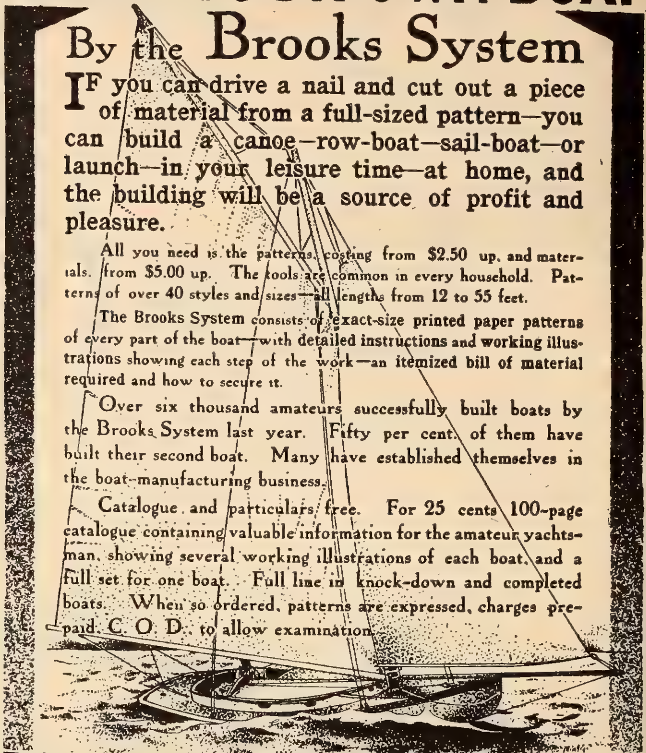

By the Brooks System

If you can drive a nail and cut out a piece of material from a full-sized pattern—you can build a canoe—row-boat—sail-boat—or launch—in your leisure time—at home, and the building will be a source of profit and pleasure.

All you need is the patterns, costing from $2.50 up, and materials, from $5.00 up. The tools are common in every household. Patterns of over 40 styles and sizes—all lengths from 12 to 55 feet.

The Brooks System consists of exact-size printed paper patterns of every part of the boat—with detailed instructions and working illustrations showing each step of the work—an itemized bill of material required and how to secure it.

Over six thousand amateurs successfully built boats by the Brooks System last year. Fifty per cent. of them have built their second boat. Many have established themselves in the boat-manufacturing business.

Catalogue and particulars free. For 25 cents 100-page catalogue containing valuable information for the amateur yachtsman, showing several working illustrations of each boat, and a full set for one boat. Full line in knock-down and completed boats. When so ordered, patterns are expressed, charges prepaid, C. O. D., to allow examination.

BROOKS BOAT MFG., CO.

Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building

508 Ship St.   Bay City, Mich. U.S.A.

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Won in three events in the Palm Beach Races in February. It was a winner in the Marblehead races last July. No crank required to start it. Speed regulation perfect. A reliable, simple, powerful engine. *Send for catalogue of Motors and complete Motor Boats.*

Fay & Bowen Engine Co.

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Your outfit will be a little different this year than last. Every sportsman conceives new ideas each year for the comfort of the next trip. Our own experience has evolved a world of camp comfort. And we wish to build to the specifications of those with experience of their own.

All of the accessories like boots, packs, bags, are fully listed in our catalogue "R" mailed promptly upon request.

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Makes perfect pictures where others fail.
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an ideal outfit for any camera.
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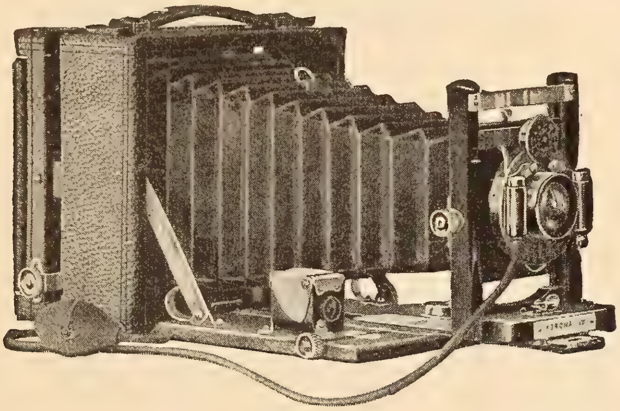

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IT'S ALL IN THE LENS

A HIGH GRADE CAMERA Is Not Complete Without **A HIGH GRADE LENS**

We make both. Korona Cameras have been brought to the point of mechanical and constructive perfection and we claim show more exclusive and practical features than any line of cameras made. Koronas are equipped with lenses of our own manufacture. With twenty years' experience making high grade photographic lenses we ought to know something about lenses. Our Turner-Reich Anastigmats rank with the finest lenses made, and we can offer Korona Cameras fitted with these lenses cheaper than any other cameras can be sold for furnished with lenses of equal quality.

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A Gun, a Camera or a Hunting Suit?

There is some one thing every sportsman has in his mind which would make his outfit complete. Any of these can be had by securing subscriptions for "Recreation." For instance, we will send you

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A Marlin Repeater

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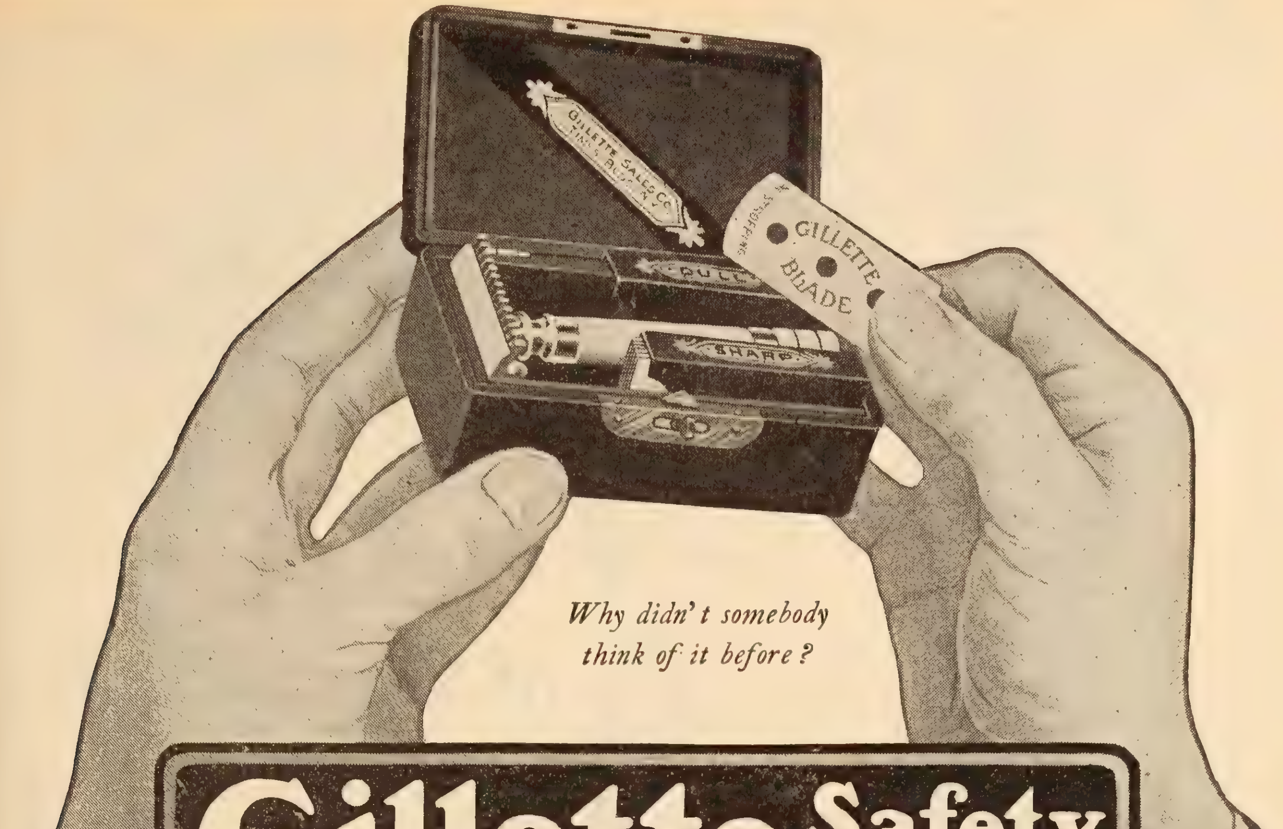

Why didn't somebody think of it before?

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING. NO HONING.

THE old-fashioned razor with the forged blade is as undependable as the weather—good one day, cranky the next—needs honing—always needs something to make it work!

The *new* razor, the **GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR,** has *12 double-edged wafer* blades that are not forged—but are hardened, *tempered, ground* and *sharpened* by *secret* and *patented* processes.

Each blade gives from 20 to 40 shaves—comfortable, thorough, satisfying shaves.

Gillette razor blades require no honing or stropping; hence, a big saving of time, trouble, and expense.

New blades when needed cost so little that after they have become dull may be thrown away. 12 new blades, $1.00.

The Gillette Safety Razor costs complete $5.00. Sold everywhere at this price. Is beautifully finished, triple silver plate; comes in a compact little velvet-lined case.

Shaving this way is an economical luxury, and you get without further expense more than

400 Shaves Without Stropping

at less than one cent a shave.

Ask your dealer for the **GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR** and accept no substitute. He can procure it for you.

Write for our interesting booklet to-day, which explains our 30-day free trial offer. Most dealers make this offer; if yours does not, we will.

KING C. GILLETTE

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BOTTLED BY
WM. LANAHAN & SON.
BALTIMORE

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Hunter
Baltimore
Rye

is the choice of those who

KNOW THE BEST
LIKE THE BEST
BUY THE BEST

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Safety of Operation

A Cadillac may safely be stopped, and can easily be started, while climbing the steepest grade—one of the many performances which show the safety of operation and demonstrate the unusual power of the Cadillac.

Chief among the notable features of the

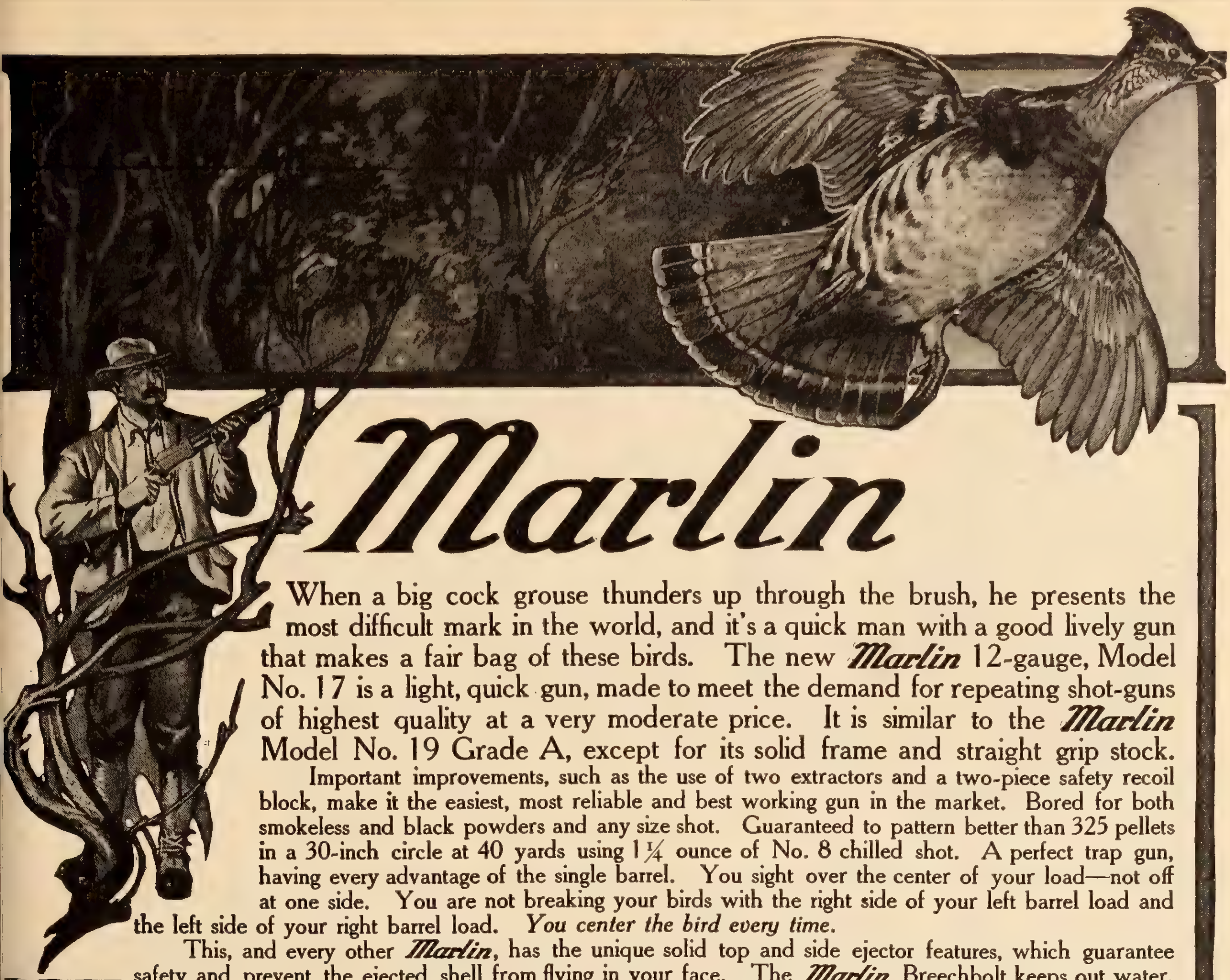
CADILLAC

is its remarkably low cost of maintenance. This economy is manifest not only in the cost of fuel and lubrication, but in repairs; for the Cadillac comes near to being actually *trouble-proof*. Never-failing serviceableness makes it the most satisfactory car to own; thorough excellence of workmanship and time-tried principles of construction make it the most economical.

Model F—Side-Entrance Touring Car, shown above, $950.
Model B—Touring Car, with detachable Tonneau, $900.
Model E—Light, stylish, powerful Runabout, divided seat, $750.
Model D—Four-Cylinder, 30 h. p. Touring Car, $2,800.
All prices f.o.b. Detroit.

Write for Catalog K, and address of nearest dealer, where you may see and try a Cadillac.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO.,
Detroit, Mich.
Member A. L. A. M.



Marlin

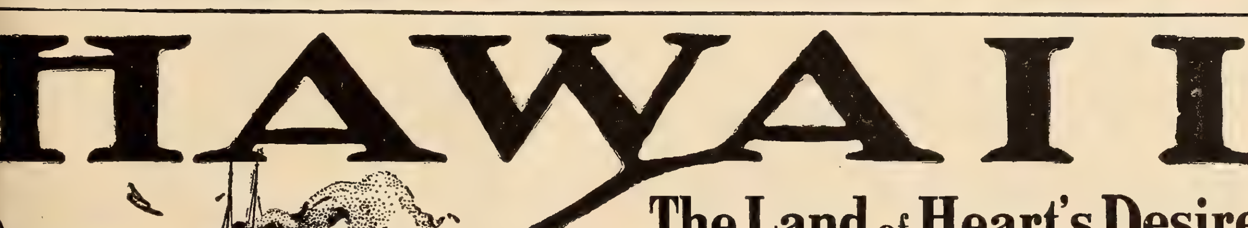
When a big cock grouse thunders up through the brush, he presents the most difficult mark in the world, and it's a quick man with a good lively gun that makes a fair bag of these birds. The new *Marlin* 12-gauge, Model No. 17 is a light, quick gun, made to meet the demand for repeating shot-guns of highest quality at a very moderate price. It is similar to the *Marlin* Model No. 19 Grade A, except for its solid frame and straight grip stock.

Important improvements, such as the use of two extractors and a two-piece safety recoil block, make it the easiest, most reliable and best working gun in the market. Bored for both smokeless and black powders and any size shot. Guaranteed to pattern better than 325 pellets in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards using 1¼ ounce of No. 8 chilled shot. A perfect trap gun, having every advantage of the single barrel. You sight over the center of your load—not off at one side. You are not breaking your birds with the right side of your left barrel load and the left side of your right barrel load. *You center the bird every time.*

This, and every other *Marlin*, has the unique solid top and side ejector features, which guarantee safety and prevent the ejected shell from flying in your face. The *Marlin* Breechbolt keeps out water, twigs, leaves or sand. The shells are always dry and your *Marlin* in service. No other gun has this feature.

WRITE TO-DAY for our new Catalogue, containing a complete description of this splendid gun. Sent free for 6c postage with our Experience Book, consisting of hundreds of stirring stories of *Marlin* prowess.

The Marlin Firearms Co. 30 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.



Marlin Model No. 17, 12-gauge shot-gun, Grade A, 30 or 32 in. barrel, full choked, six shots, weight about 7⅛ lbs. Catalogue price $21.00. Less at your dealers.

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THE *Marlin* RUST REPELLER is the best rust preventative made, because it does not gum or drip, and heat, cold or salt water don't affect it. Rust Repeller sticks, no matter how hot the firing. Get it of your dealers. Sample 1½ oz. tube sent postpaid for 15 cents.

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Your "Lewis and Clark trip" should be followed by a week or so in restful, fascinating Hawaii, the beauty spot of the world. Cooled by refreshing trade winds. Perfect hotel accommodations. Send for illustrated booklet, that makes the island live before you.

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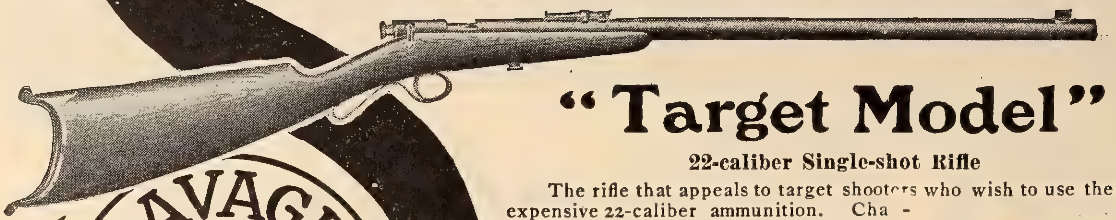
SAVAGE



SAVAGE QUALITY
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"Target Model"

22-caliber Single-shot Rifle

The rifle that appeals to target shooters who wish to use the inexpensive 22-caliber ammunition. Chambered for short, long, and long-rifle cartridges. Specially rifled to give the greatest accuracy. Weight, 4¾ lbs., and beautifully balanced. Length of barrel, 22 inches. Adjusting screw on trigger regulates the pull—one of the finest features of this rifle. Ivory bead front sight, and the Savage patent micrometer rear sight, which permits of the most accurate adjustment for target work.

Savage "Target Model" Single-shot	**$7.50**
Savage-Junior 22-caliber Single-shot	**5.00**

Savage Indian Watch Fob sent on receipt of 15c.

If your dealer won't accommodate you, we will. Either rifle delivered, charges prepaid, upon receipt of price. Try your dealer first, but send to-day for catalogue.

SAVAGE ARMS CO., 59 Turner St., Utica, N. Y.

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For Dietz Oil Motor Lamps

Ours are the only oil Automobile Lamps which can be fitted with a burner for the use of acetylene gas. These lamps when so fitted give a light equal to any of the regular gas lamps, except those fitted with mirror lenses, and very nearly equal to them.

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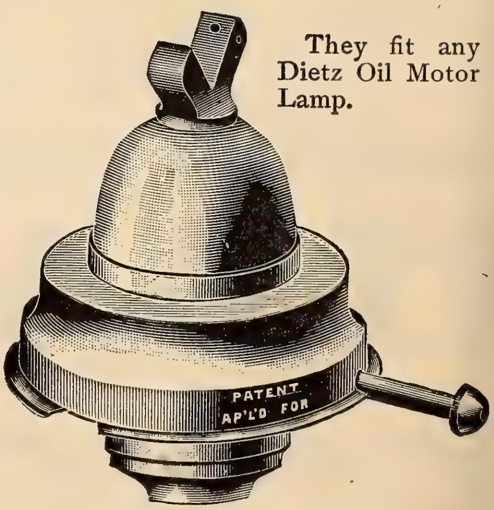
They fit any Dietz Oil Motor Lamp.



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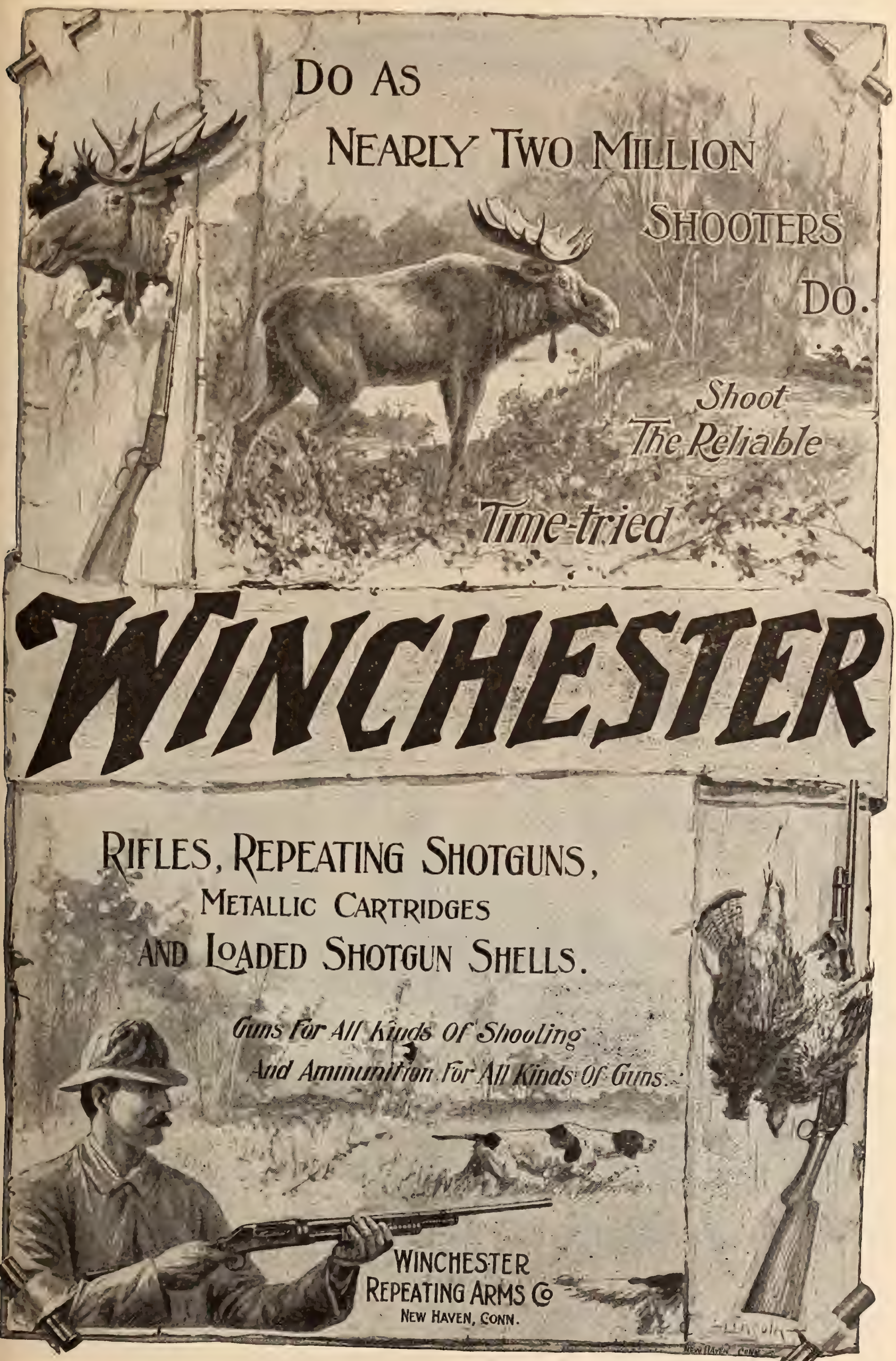
Established 1840



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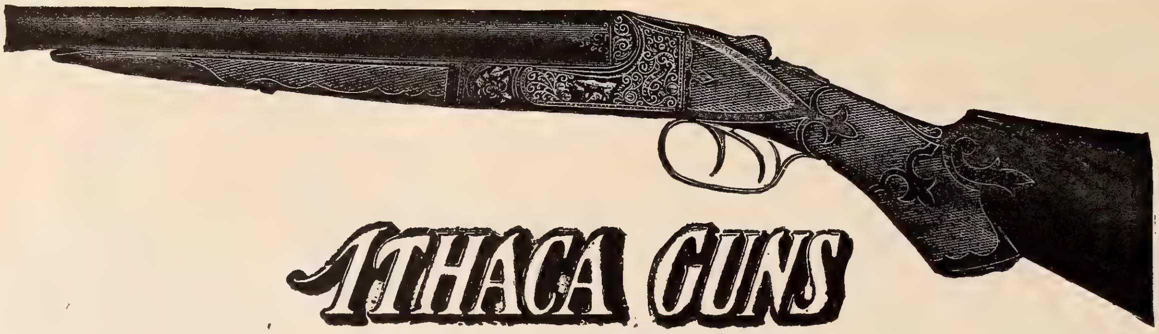

BEFORE placing your order remember that we operate day and night, the largest, exclusive, high grade, double gun plant in the world. ℭ We guarantee every ITHACA GUN in every part—shooting included. ℭ We guarantee to furnish you a better gun for the money than any other maker. ℭ We allow you to try it before you buy it to convince you that this is true. ℭ For twenty-two years ITHACA GUNS have had the reputation of being the hardest and closest shooting guns on the market—the same man is still boring them and is the oldest and most experienced barrel borer in America. ℭ Don't wait! Order now! We are flooded with orders after the shooting season opens. ℭ Send for Art Catalog and special prices on seventeen grades guns $17.75 to $300.

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Type X

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The Runabout That Can Lift 275 Times Its Own Weight

The Autocar Runabout is not a flimsy toy but a *thoroughbred car* built along the lines of the best foreign and American touring cars. *Strong, powerful* and *fast.* It weighs 1200 lbs. and has a motor of ten horse-power *—able to lift 275 times the weight of the car.*

This motor is of the two cylinder opposed type—practically vibrationless. Motor is located *under hood* in front where it is instantly accessible. There are *three* forward speeds and reverse. The car can be run from *3 to 35 miles an hour,* and is a great hill climber. In addition to the above features the Autocar Runabout has *ball bearings,* and *shaft drive.* The price of this car is $900. Our catalogue fully describes and illustrates it together with our Type VIII, Four-passenger, $1400 car; and our Type XI, Four-cylinder, side entrance tonneau, $2000 car. Catalogue and dealer's name free.

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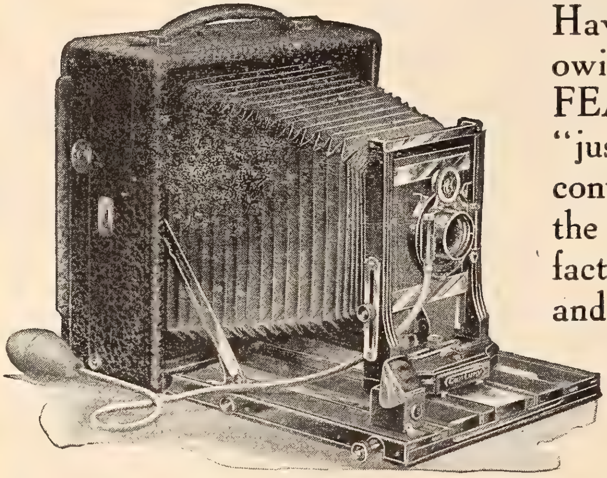

Have acquired a world-wide celebrity, owing to their many EXCLUSIVE FEATURES. There are no cameras "just as good as a Century," and for convincing proof of this statement, ask the man who owns one. We manufacture all styles of cameras for Plates and Film. Prices: $10.50 to $100.

Catalogue free at the dealers' or by mail.

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KAE KICHI YABE
Late of the Ten-Shin Ryu School of Japan

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If you do not already know that Jiu-Jitsu is the most wonderful system of physical training and self-defense in the world to-day I invite you to write for my FREE LESSON and demonstrate this to your own satisfaction.

It is to the persistent practice of Jit-Jitsu that the Japanese owe their courage and success in battle, their almost superhuman strength and power of endurance, their low death rate and their material progress. Surely a system of physical training which has done so much for the Island Nation will interest you. Jiu-Jitsu not only embodies the ideal principles of attaining perfect health and perfect physical development, but as a means of self-defense it is as potent at short range as the deadliest weapon. A knowledge of its self-preserving principles renders a man or woman impregnable to every form of vicious attack.

Jealously Guarded Secrets Revealed

For over two thousand years the principles of Jiu-Jitsu have been religiously guarded. By an imperial edict the teaching of the system was forbidden outside of Japan. The friendly feeling, however, existing between Japan and the United States has been instrumental in releasing Jiu-Jitsu from its oath bound secrecy, and I have been delegated to teach, without reserve, all the secrets of this ancient art to Americans.

I have just written an intensely interesting book which explains and makes clear the principles of Jiu-Jitsu in a manner which will never be approached by any American writer. So long as the edition lasts this book, together with my first lesson in Jiu-Jitsu, will be sent free to interested persons. The lesson is fully illustrated and teaches one of the most effective methods known for disposing of a dangerous antagonist.

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Your local merchant should handle the STEVENS Ask him? If you cannot obtain, we ship direct, *express prepaid*, upon receipt of catalog price.	Send four cents in stamps for 140-page catalog. Is profusely illustrated, describes entire output, and contains valuable pointers on shooting, ammunition, Proper care of Firearms, etc.

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Sheds Water like a Duck's Back

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Order from your dealer or send us your breast measure for coat—waist and inseam measure for trousers, and we will express them, charges prepaid. Colors—Light Tan or Dead Grass Green.

Men's Coats, $5.00. Trousers, $3.00. Hat, $1.00. Cartridge or Business Vests, Corduroy Coats and Jackets, Ladies' "Duxbak" Coats and Skirts.

Special discount to dealers.

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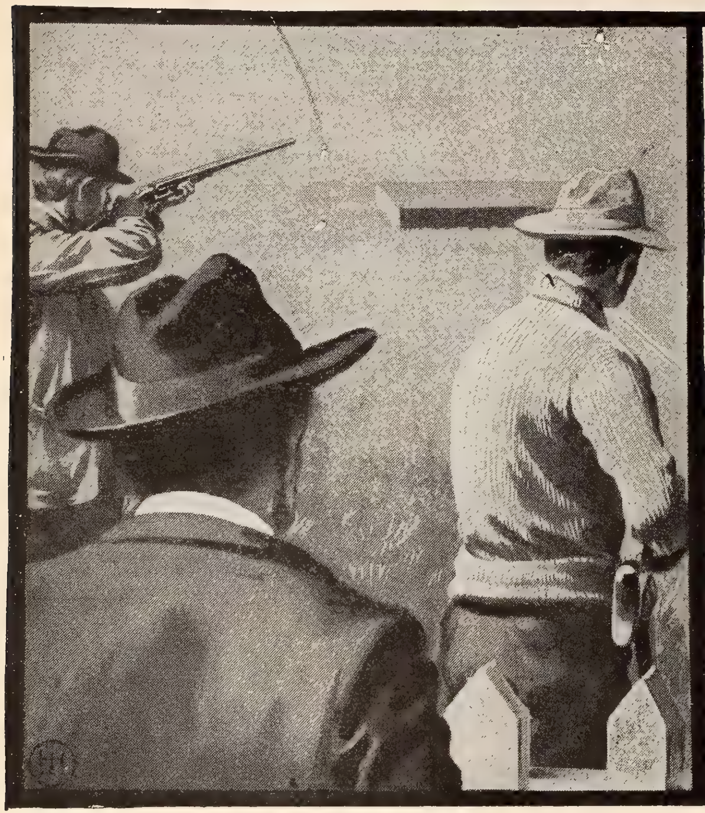

The Consolation Handicap
at Indianapolis, June 30th, was won by Mr. Jas. T. Atkinson, of Newcastle, Pa., with Peters Factory Loaded Shells. Mr. Atkinson broke

99 out of 100

from the 18-yard line, the only event at the Grand American Handicap which was won back of 16 yards.

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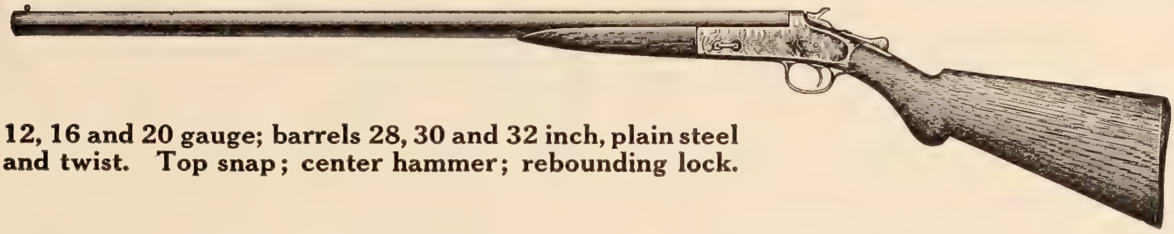

12, 16 and 20 gauge; barrels 28, 30 and 32 inch, plain steel and twist. Top snap; center hammer; rebounding lock.

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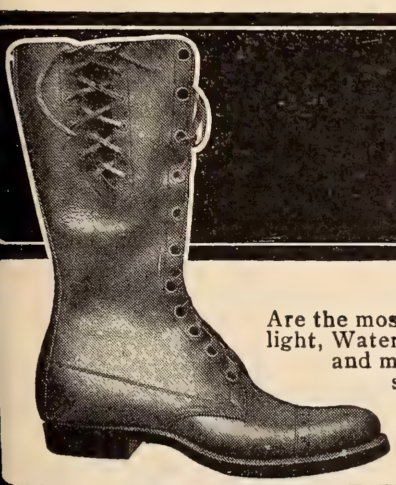
Makers of H. & R. Revolvers



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Go on like a glove *and* fit all over.

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Wall tents, guaranteed not to leak, for sportsmen and others. Children's tents. Write for catalogue.

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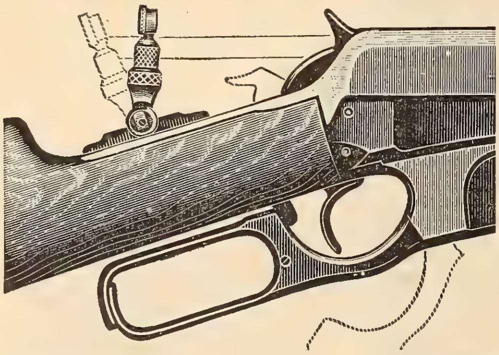

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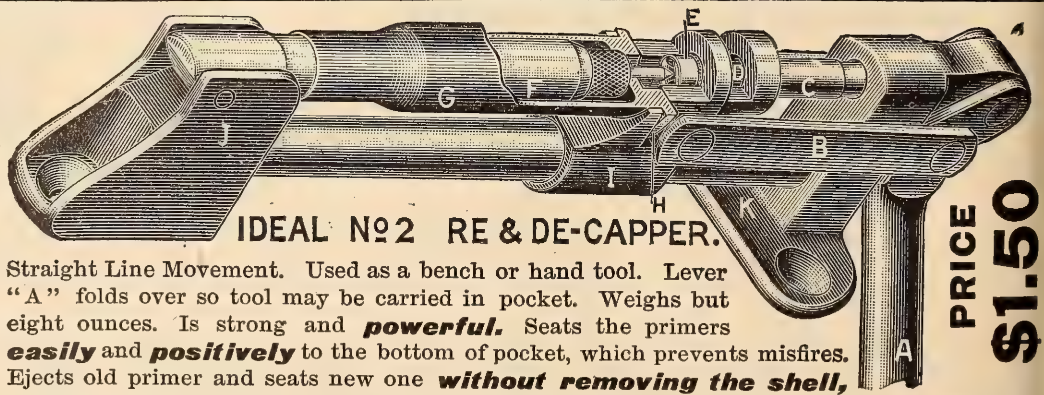

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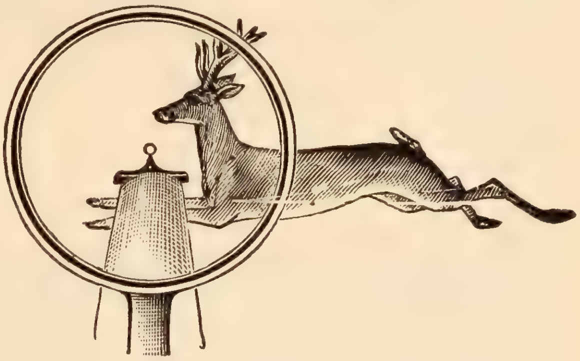

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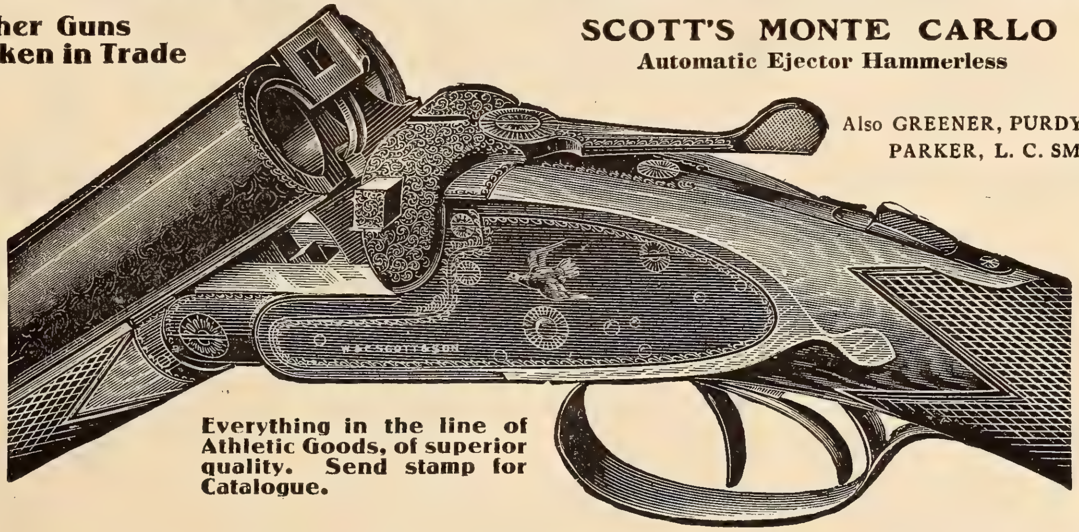

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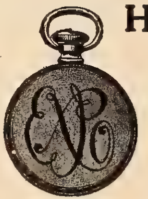

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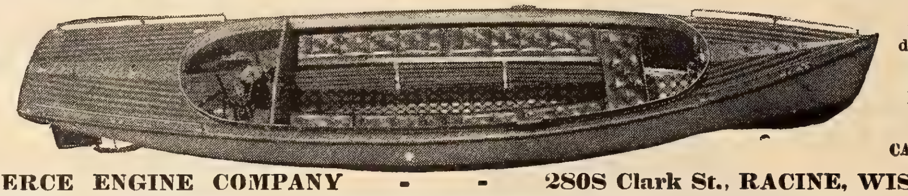

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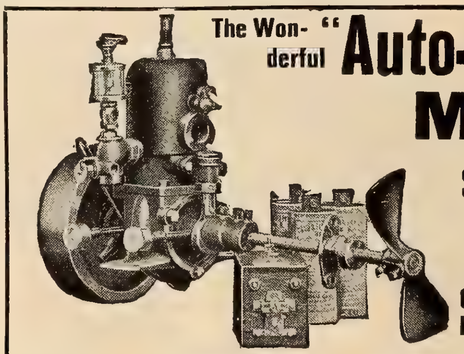

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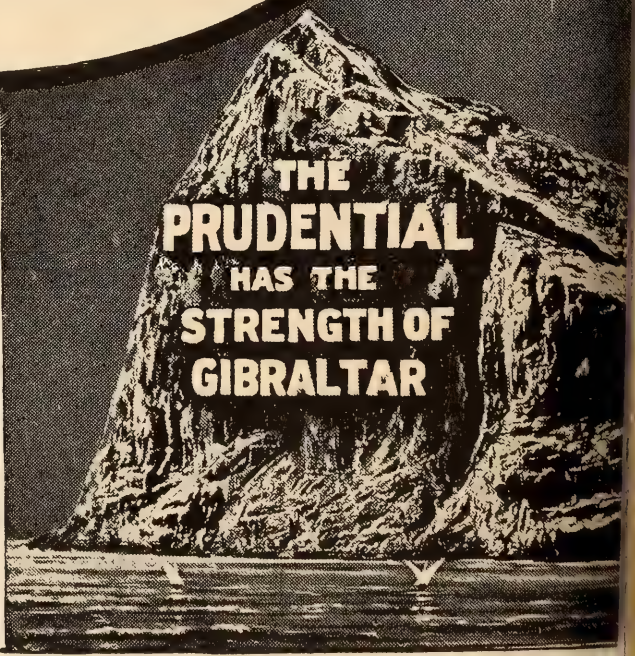

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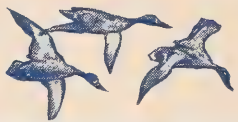
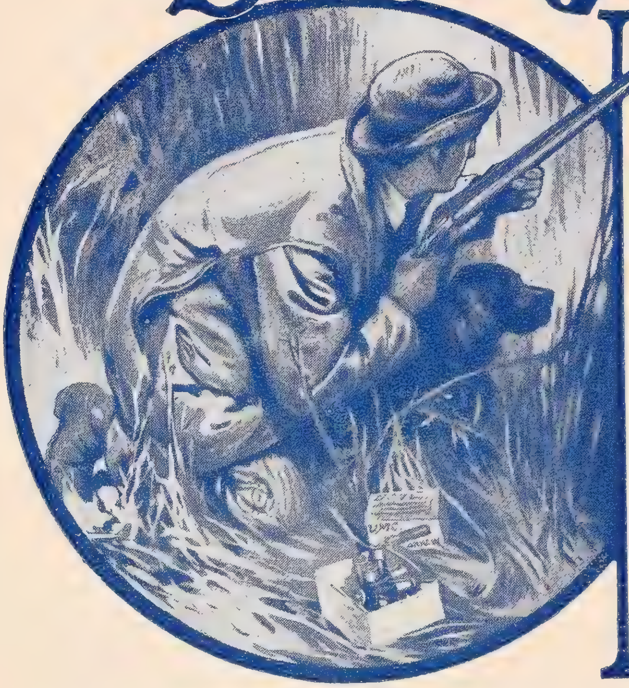
Remington Shot Guns





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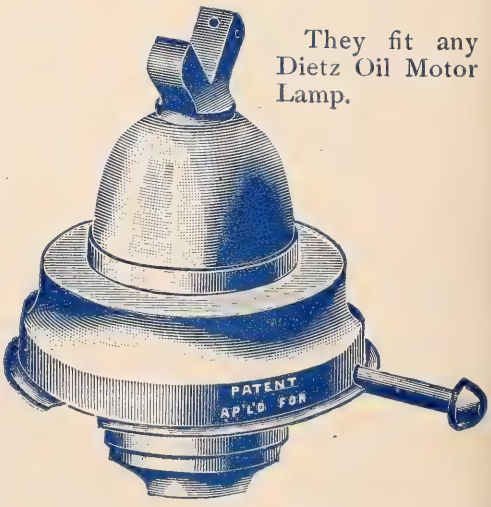

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NOTHING IS MORE IMPORTANT and more vital to the development of the high-grade dog than proper feeding. More thought and experiment has been given to the manufacture of Young's Improved Dog Biscuit than to any other form of canine food. They are made oblong and are convenient to carry in the pocket. Improved Puppy Biscuit is round in shape, just suited to the mouth of the puppy. Its use tightens the teeth, makes them white and clean, and the jaws strong.

Both Dog and Puppy Biscuits are packed in barrels, bags, 100 and 50-pound boxes and 1-pound packages; 5 dozen in a case. We refer, by permission, to Wm. B. Emery, Secretary of the New England Kennel Club, Boston, Massachusetts. A free sample will be sent on request.
YOUNG'S BISCUIT Co.,
89-91 Fulton St., Boston, Mass.

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FOR SALE—English Setters, whelped January, 1905; dog and two bitches. Eligible to registry. Cheap if taken soon.
G. G. THOMPSON,
Prophetton, Ill.

FOR SALE—Llewellen and high-class Pointer puppies, and two broken shooting dogs; for particulars write,
J. D. HIGGINS, Hopkinsville, Ky.

WILL TRADE well-broken Pointer bitch; good pedigree, for good gun. A bargain for some one.
J. W. RUPERT, Foxburg, Pa.

ARE YOU ?

Looking for a Good Pointer Dog to breed to? If so, write W. H. Bruning, Hamilton, Ohio, for Photo and Pedigree.

SQUAB

WE WERE THE PIONEERS IN SQUABS. Our Homers are straight bred and unexcelled for size. We have supplied equipment for many of the finest estates in America. Our plant is the largest and best in the world. During the past year we sold more Homers than all other pigeon breeders and importers in America combined. There is a reason for this; look around before buying. We publish a full line of printed matter, covering every detail of this rich industry. Send for our Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs." Visitors welcome at our plant and Boston office. Address,
PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB Co.,
402 Howard Street, Melrose, Mass.

GIANT PIGEONS—Large squabs are the coming profit makers of squab plants. Start right by investing in stock which will pay for itself twice over first season. We have spent past three years perfecting our giant squab stock and can now offer these fine large breeders in Hunt-Homer and Runt-Maltese in any quantity. Squabs from this stock weigh 12 to 15 pounds dozen and never sell for less than $6 dozen. We pay $9 to $12 dozen for all young stock four months old raised from our breeders. Large imported runts and maltese hen pigeons, any quantity; we import Jumbo Homers by thousands and can offer you very low prices on large lots. Visit us by appointment and examine finest squab stock you ever saw. Will allow all expense deducted from first good order. Write us at once for particulars.
KEYSTONE SQUAB Co., Scranton, Pa.

SPECIAL SIXTY DAY OFFER.

Just to introduce our *Selected Imported Belgian Homers,* we will give FREE *a complete outfit* for breeding squabs. Send 4 cents in stamps for our special offer circular which tells you all. There are *no better* Homers in America than our birds, and our prices are lower than any other firm. Remember, we are the largest importers in America. We also have all kinds of Pheasants, Swan, Peacocks, Wild and Fancy Waterfowls, Turkeys, White Guineas, Poultry, Collie Dogs, Fancy Pigeons and Imported Angora Cats. Write for what you want.
CAPE COD SQUAB, POULTRY AND GAME FARM,
Box G, Wellfleet, Mass.

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BIG GAME. Hunting on the Head Waters of the Stickine River. I am better prepared than ever to furnish outfits, pack horses and guides for the season 1905. Moose, caribou, Stone's sheep, goat, black, brown and grizzly bear are all killed within one hundred miles of Telegraph Creek. Season opens September 1st. References: Andrew J. Stone, J. R. Bradley, T. T. Reese. J. FRANK CALLBREDTH, Telegraph Creek, B. C.
Via Wrangle, Alaska.

SPORTSMEN—Any one wanting good sport will do well to communicate with me, as I live in a good game country, good trout fishing, bears, moose, ducks and all kinds of small game. Moose caller and guide.
THOS. H. DAVIS,
Upper Clyde, Shelburne Co., N. S.

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OUR work in Taxidermy has a world-wide reputation. If you like to have your trophies mounted true to nature, ship them to PROF. GUS STAINSKY,
Colorado Springs, Col.

POULTRY

THE World's Best in Buff Orpingtons, Game Fighting Fowls and Dancing Ducks.
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BUFFALO HORNS, matched pairs, polished and mounted; also made into showy hall racks; flint-lock pistols; Indian relics, ancient and modern; Navajo blankets; elk tusks; old brass, pewter and crockery. Illustrated lists, 2 cents. N. CARTER, Elkhorn, Wis.

CAMERAS

FOR SALE—One 4 x 5 Banger Plate Camera. Strictly new; a bargain. NATHAN ANDERSON,
11 Arnold St., Jamestown, N. Y.

1905 MODEL No. 2, Folding Pocket Kodak. New; never used; will exchange for Stevens Bicycle Rifle or pistol with telescope.
C. L. OSBERG, Sandusky, Ohio.

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$5.75 PAID FOR RARE 1853 QUARTERS; $4 paid for 1804 dimes; $15 paid for 1858 dollars; big prices paid for hundreds of other dates; keep all money coined before 1879 and send 10 cents at once for a set of two coin and stamp value books. It may mean a fortune to you.
Address C. F. CLARKE, Agent,
Le Roy, N. Y., Dept. 3.

GUNS

WANTED—Winchester Repeating Shotgun, 12 gauge.
F. J. FELLOWS,
882 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

YOUR GUNS WANTED NOW! Get ready for Fall shooting. Send guns to H. Mortimer's repair shop, 157 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

A FEW LATEST MODELS Guns, Rifles, Revolvers. Very cheap. Send for free description list and prices.
W. J. LESTER, Capac, Mich.

ONE D. B. REMINGTON HAMMER, 12 ga., 30 in., choked, twist barrels. Almost new. $13.50.
A. L. BELCH, care RECREATION.

ANYONE having a fine 16-gauge, hammerless shotgun of good make, may make a very advantageous exchange. A well-known collector offers the full value of the gun in eggs of rare birds.
RECREATION, FRANK FORD,
23 W. 24th St., New York. Information Bureau.

A LUGER AUTOMATIC PISTOL is worth $25. I have one that has had less than fifty shots fired out of it that I can sell for $15. Belt holster to match for $3.
RECREATION, FRANK FORD.
23 W. 24th St., New York. Information Bureau.

ONE OF OUR OHIO SUBSCRIBERS tells me that he has a Batavia Leader double gun, 12 gauge, as good as new, that he will part with for *seventeen doubloons.* Does any other friend want this gun? If so, send along the simoleons right quickly.
FRANK FORD,
RECREATION, Information Bureau.
23 West 24th Street, New York.

FOR SALE—New Thirty-two Remington High-power Rifle, Tools, Lyman Sights. $14; cost $20.
C. B. POPE, Glens Falls, N. Y.

FOR SALE—L. C. Smith Hammerless, $100 grade; price, $55.
RECREATION, FRANK FORD,
23 W. 24th St., New York. Information Bureau.

FOR SALE—Colt 44, Bisley revolver. Just new, $9.
J. W. FREAM, Harney, Md.

LODGE OR CAMP

YOUR CHOICE of Lodge or Camp Life in the Adirondacks. Best deer hunting. Best Service. Success sure. Lowest rates. Write for particulars.
E. F. DEAN, Williamsport, Pa.

SQUIRRELS

WANTED—Ten to one hundred or more pairs of gray squirrels for stocking purposes. State price. Address "Woodland," care RECREATION, New York.

RUBBER STAMPS AND STENCILS

DO YOU USE RUBBER STAMPS? If so, let us send you samples of our work. We make the best rubber stamps and stencils in New York. Protectograph, the best safety check protector on the market. Rubber Type Alphabets, 5A fonts, $1.10 postpaid. Send postal card for circular.
ABRAM AARONS, 22 E. 8th Street, New York, N. Y.

Around Our Camp Fire

I leave this rule for others when I'm dead,
Be always sure you're right—then go ahead.

—DAVID CROCKETT.

The present issue of RECREATION will reach most of its readers just before the leaf begins to turn. Ere the October issue, in the great hardwood forests of the North and Northwest, the wizard of autumn will have passed through the woodlands, betwixt sunset and dawn, transforming the wilderness into a blaze of glory such as no mortal pen can describe nor brush picture. With the fall of the leaf the old hunting spirit struggles for supremacy in a normal man, and year by year the number of those that shake off the shackles of business life for a brief return to primeval conditions becomes greater. This is as it should be; but now is the time to remember that example is better than precept, and that one little doe spared is better than a whole lot of finely-spun arguments in favor of game protection.

THE MYSTIC FIRE.

Let Us Be Practical

Should the chance come to us to make a record slaughter, may we pass it by. We are not Borneo Head Hunters, and a very moderate bag should satisfy the sportsman of to-day who understands the evil days that have come upon the wild things of the woods and coverts. The educated, wealthy sportsman can do grand missionary work among his humbler brethren if he but show the right spirit. On the other hand, he can do infinite harm by overstepping the boundary between sportsman-like conduct and its opposite.

Then, again, don't jeopardize the existence of a fellow-mortal, perchance of a comrade, by carrying your rifle or shotgun in a slovenly, careless way. If in any doubt as to how to carry your weapon, just glance at the sketches by Mr. Bellmore Browne, illustrating Mr. Kelly's excellent article, in our August issue.

Sometimes September Is a Dry Month

We have seen Septembers in which a terrible conflagration could have been started by a spark. Should this be the case once again, be doubly careful. Clear the ground before you start the fire, and imitate the careful Indian hunter who never leaves his camp without "sloaking" the embers with a bucketful of water, or a half-dozen if necessary.

Now that the close season is over, RECREATION is going to get down to its work. We propose to make this magazine absolutely indispensable to every man who hunts, fishes, and camps. In order to do this, you must send us in the best you have. Let us be deluged with stories and photographs, written and taken by the men who "have been there," and don't forget to put your name and address on the manuscript as well as on the letter. Even in the best-regulated offices letters and stories sometimes become separated, and then we have a delightful time trying to find out to whom to credit certain stories. Many of the readers of this magazine are tyros. They have everything to learn, and may confidently look forward to much pleasure in the learning. You, who know what is what, should do the teaching, and RECREATION throws open its columns to the schoolmaster.

Thousands are now preparing for their annual camping trip, and tens of thousands are ready to hear what their more fortunate brethren have done.

RECREATION is the clearing house for sportsmen, wherein they may relate their experiences and exchange ideas. Doubtless, you have many friends and among them are some sportsmen. Send in their names and addresses and we will see that they receive a copy of RECREATION with your compliments.

We wish to make November Recreation

Unique

in its way. It is to be a hunter's number, dealing with all the great hunting fields in the United States and Canada. We should like to receive articles from practical men, well-illustrated by photographs, if possible, dealing with sport along the Atlantic Coast, in the South, in the Middle West, in the Southwest, in the mountains, on the Pacific Slope, and even in far-away Alaska. From our Canadian friends we desire stories of sport in the Maritime Provinces, in Quebec, in Ontario, in the great territories of the Northwest and in British Columbia. If you wish to have a hand in this issue there is no time to lose, as the November number will be in the printer's hands early in the previous month.

In pursuance of this idea of making Recreation the leading sportsman's paper, we have induced our editor,

Mr. Beard, to Give Us a Serial Story

the opening chapter of which is published in this number. This story is written in a characteristic style, and, when we say characteristic style, we mean, as Mr. Beard has been known for many years to the public as an illustrator, and his characteristic illustrations have been of a highly imaginative character, so this story is one in which he has allowed his imagination free vent; but you must not suppose from this that it is not realistic, for, to collect material for this narrative, for Recreation, Mr. Beard has made many journeys and camping trips to remote points in the Rocky Mountains, Cascade Mountains, Selkirks, Mission Range, and other wild and infrequented spots, and freely used the notes of these trips to supply the local color for this story. The principal character is also drawn from life, and the plot of the story is taken from folk lore, gathered by him from talks with old mountaineers and trappers in their lonely huts on the mountainside. The characters are sketched with a firm hand.

The story is quaint and unconventional; but will appeal to nature-lovers, sportsmen, and all those whose hearts thrill at the recitation of startling adventure and who love romance for romance's sake.

RECREATION'S PLATFORM

An uncompromising fight for the protection, preservation and propagation of all game; placing a sane limit on the bag that can be taken in a day or season; the prevention of the shipment or transportation of game, except in limited quantities, and then only when accompanied by the party who killed it; the prohibition of the sale of game. These are "Recreation's" slogans now and forever.

Frank Ford

is making a wonderful success of his department. Some day he is going to write a book giving examples of a few questions that he has been called upon to answer—and it will be a side-splitter. Just turn to his page and see for yourself how thriving it is.

The Pablo-Allard Herd

is in a fair way to be saved. The committee for the protection of the American bison is doing grand work. Among those that have enrolled are men who are known throughout the United States. There is no political side to this protective movement. A bill will be presented to next Congress that will, we trust, save this famous American animal from extinction.

Sons of Daniel Boone

The number of letters which is coming in daily from applicants for membership in the Sons of Daniel Boone is a source of gratification and pride to Recreation. It is evident that we struck a popular note when we appealed to the manly and generous qualities of our boys.

To get down to the earth: we are all feeling jolly over the Sons of Daniel Boone, and our only regret is that we are past the age limit prescribed by the Founder.

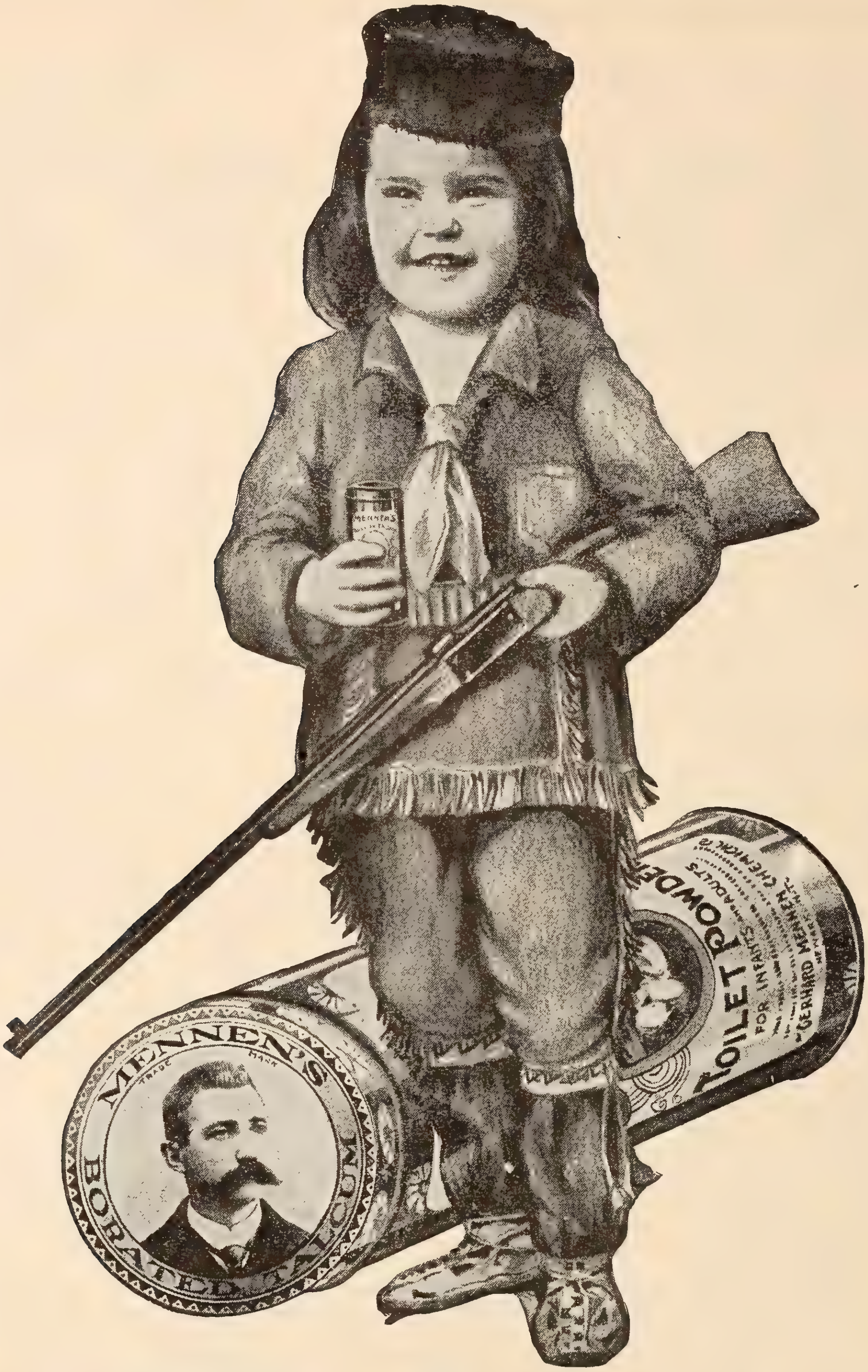
The mystic camp fire which appears on the Daniel Boone buttons has excited international curiosity. The laurel wreath surrounding it is emblematic of Fame, the camp fire itself of Hospitality and Good-fellowship, and in the smoke will be discovered the head of an animal familiar to all hunters of big game.

The uniform of the young pioneers has now been approved and a "sealed pattern" is in existence, and is reproduced in this issue of Recreation.

The official notches will be ready for distribution by the time the guaranteed reports come in of the noble deeds done by our boys.

Good Luck

Many of our readers will soon start on their annual hunt. We wish them a happy, happy time, and renewed vigor. There is more to a hunt than the mere hunting.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TRADE MARK
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER
FOR INFANTS AND ADULTS
GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL CO

SPORTSMEN AGREE

that for mosquito and fly bites, sore and perspiring feet, prickly heat, chafing and sunburn, the surest safeguard is Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder: better than the whole contents of a medicine chest. The thinking camper, canoeist or fisherman always carries this simple remedy and preventative. You use only the best powder in your rifle: see that you get Mennen's—the best Talcum.

Not on our package but on our powder we have built our national reputation. Insist on Mennen's, the original. Avoid ordinary powders, highly scented with cheap perfume and put up in ornamental packages

GERHARD MENNEN CO. *For sale everywhere or by mail, 25 cents. Sample free* 103 ORANGE STREET **Newark, N. J.**

Vol. XXIII Number 3

RECREATION

A Monthly Devoted to Everything the Name Implies

Dan Beard, Editor

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR TEN CENTS A COPY

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WM. E. ANNIS, Publisher, 23 West Twenty-fourth Street, New York

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Entered at the New York Post-office as Second Class Matter

Frank Ford's Page

IT BEATS the Dutch how this work of mine is growing! Now I have had to throw over a cruise on one of the crack boats of the New York Yacht Club, in order to look after the interests of my subscribers. Uncle Sam will have to put on more men at the Madison Square Branch Post Office if this avalanche of mail continues. Well, I have made lots of people happy, and that is worth living for.

FOR SALE I am permitted to offer the schooner yacht Adrienne, 60 ft. o.a., 45 ft. w.l., 17 ft. beam, 5 ft. 2 in. draught, with board up. She is in first-class shape, has two staterooms, is fully found and very fast and able. She has recently been provided with a Giant motor. She was on the New York Yacht Club cruise this year and has been the flag ship of the Southern Yacht Club. Her owner took her all around the West Indies, yet she can be handled with a sailing master, cook and two men before the mast. She has been driven 140 miles in 12 hours on Chesapeake Bay. She has accommodations for eight. The price asked is $3,000, which is just about what has been spent on her during the last two seasons. Those desiring further particulars, with a view to purchase, should correspond with H. MASON CLAPP, Union League, Philadelphia, Pa.

WE ALL LOVE THE COUNTRY, but only a few of us seem able to live in it, though we generally end by going there after the doctor gets through with us.

If any RECREATION reader desires to give up a part of his time to the contemplation of Nature in her most bewitching moods, and can spare the time to take a run of 95 minutes from the Grand Central Depot, I wish to have an opportunity of telling him more about a little country property that I wot of.

Surrounded by miles of woodland (well stocked with game), with forty-six acres of land, thirteen of which are timbered; house and barn; New York papers delivered at 8.30 every morning by R. F. D. This property will assuredly be snapped up just as soon as the September issue of RECREATION is out.

FRANK FORD,
Information Bureau, RECREATION.

FERTILE FARM LANDS—A man who has selected 18,000,000 acres for big corporations *without making a single mistake*, asks me to say that he will pick some of the finest lands in the Northwest Territories of Canada for purchasers able to pay spot cash. Moreover, he will be satisfied with a very reasonable commission. He can point to results that seem almost incredibly good. *Are you interested?*

FRANK FORD,
Information Bureau, RECREATION.

YOU MAY BE LOOKING for some one to board and handle your dog. If so, the following address may be useful: C. C. Townsend, Englewood, N. J.

FRANK FORD,
Information Bureau, RECREATION.

THE L. C. SMITH HAMMERLESS is standard. I can sell you one of the $100 grade for a good deal less than it cost, and another of a $45 grade for $37.50.
(Van & Hendershot.)

FRANK FORD,
Information Bureau, RECREATION.

ABOUT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR I find my mind wandering to what the poets call "the leafy glades," but what an old friend of mine used to call "that 'ere pesky cedar swamp." They say this is a good year for ruffed grouse, alias "partridge," and, by the way, I know where there are a couple of seven months' old Setter Pups that are just about right for breaking. Who wants them? (G. G. Thompson.)

FRANK FORD,
Information Bureau, RECREATION.

THE TYPICAL GERMAN dog is the Dachshund, and no doubt they are very intelligent, indefatigable companions. Three of the largest dealers in the country have told me to advertise their dogs. I only did this after receiving permission to quote bargain-counter prices. Step up, gentlemen; but don't crowd!

FRANK FORD,
Information Bureau, RECREATION.

THERE IS NO FROST in the air to-day, and Furs seem a trifle out of season; yet it will not be very long before there will be that nipping eagerness in the air that our old friend Wm. Shakespeare mentioned in one of his contributions to "The Ladies' Home Journal." When you are looking for a nice set of furs for the wife, write to me for prices. I have several men trapping for me, and I think I can let you have furs a little cheaper than anybody else can.

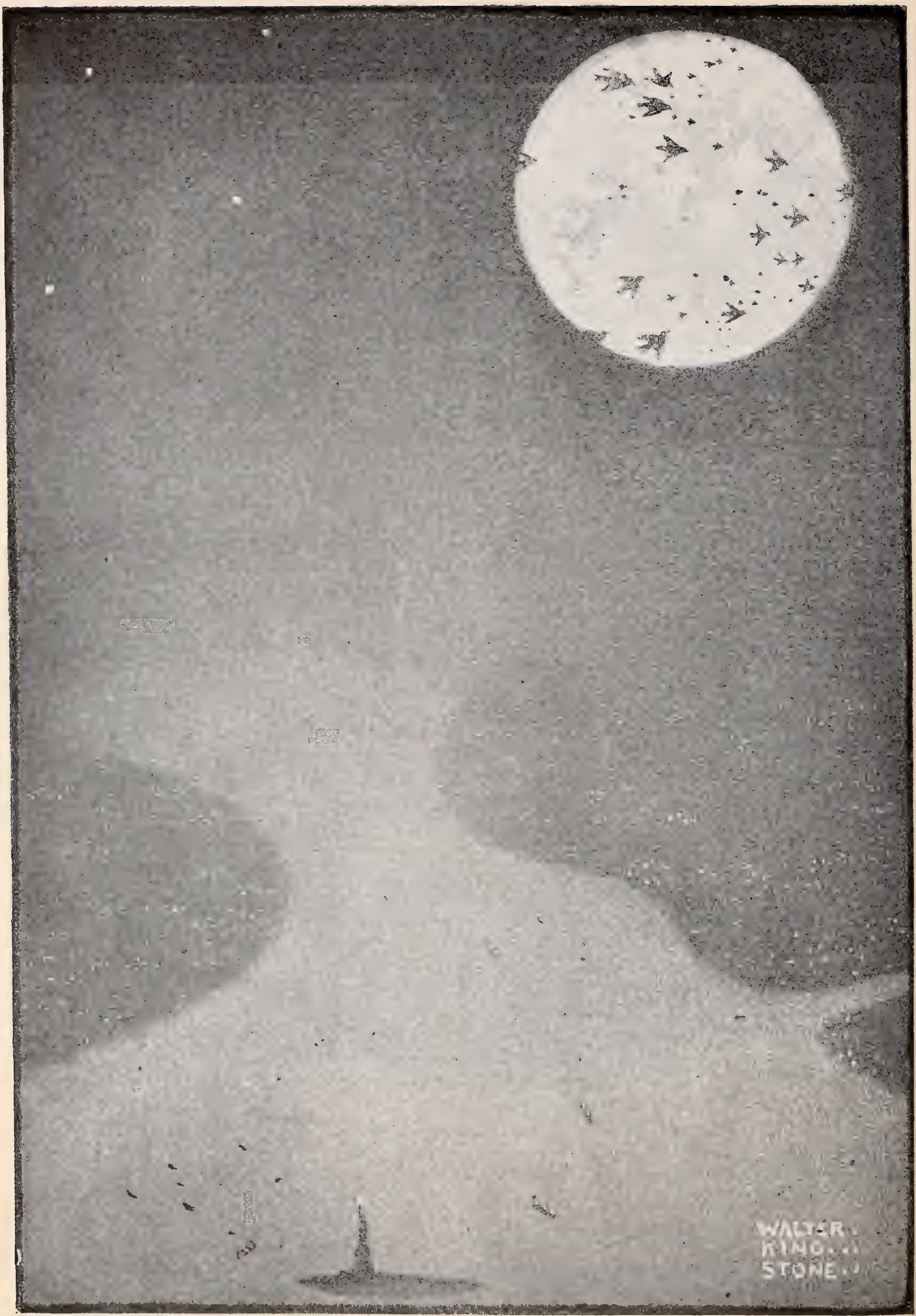
FRANK FORD,
Information Bureau, RECREATION.

DR. G. D. WOOD has a lady pointer, 4 years old, white ground, with polka dot, liver-colored spots, thoroughly broken on woodcock, partridge and quail, that he will sacrifice for $40.

FRANK FORD,
Information Bureau, RECREATION.

THAT LUGER PISTOL is not yet sold. Price, including holster and belt, $18.
(De Vlieg.)

FRANK FORD,
Information Bureau, RECREATION.


WALTER KING STONE

. . . *those specks passing across its surface* *Drawn by* WALTER KING STONE.

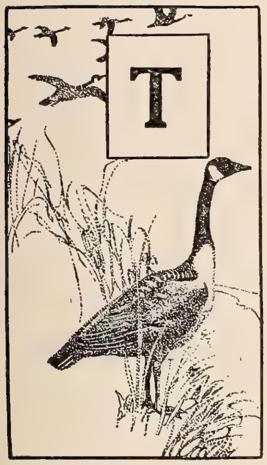
RECREATION

VOL. XXIII. SEPTEMBER 1905 No. 3

THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE GOOSE

FOREWORD

By DAN BEARD



THERE used to be a mystery about the old building at No. 36 Maiden Lane, a mystery which for many people remains unsolved to this day.

In the building there was a certain room which was connected with the common passageway by a door, but only a favored few were ever allowed to pass the threshold. The door was invariably locked and the bolts were only withdrawn in response to a knock, but the stranger always found when the door was open that the entrance was blocked by the form of a grim old man whose stalwart figure had not yet bowed to time.

The old fellow wore his shirt sleeves rolled up above his elbows, displaying a pair of muscular arms which were a source of envy to many a young athlete. Likely enough the old man's face and hands would be smeared with the grime that comes from contact with machine grease and forge smoke; but the eyes which peered through the grime were the eyes of an artist.

Few, if any, strangers advanced further than the threshold of the room and the interior was unknown to all save the exclusive set whom the old man chose to admit to his den. The interior of the apartment was not tidy, and a good housekeeper would have called it dirty. A forge, a lathe and a number of tools suggested a workroom of some sort, and the contents of the grimy glass cases at one side of the room removed all doubt on the subject, for the dingy glass protected from dust a lot of scrupulously clean guns.

This was the gunsmith shop, or more properly speaking, the studio where the famous Patrick Mullins turned out those gems of artistic and mechanical skill so highly prized by sportsmen. Mr. Mullins' ambition in life was to make the best gun that skill and conscientious loving care could produce.

Guns forged in England of Bernards

or London laminated steel were sent to Mr. Mullins in the rough and he put on the finishing touches; such guns were stamped "P. Mullins," and are beautiful specimens of skilled workmanship. Guns of his own make throughout bear the stamp of the maker's full name. So highly did he value the product of his own labor that whenever he learned that there was a "Patrick Mullins" for sale he would hasten to buy it himself.

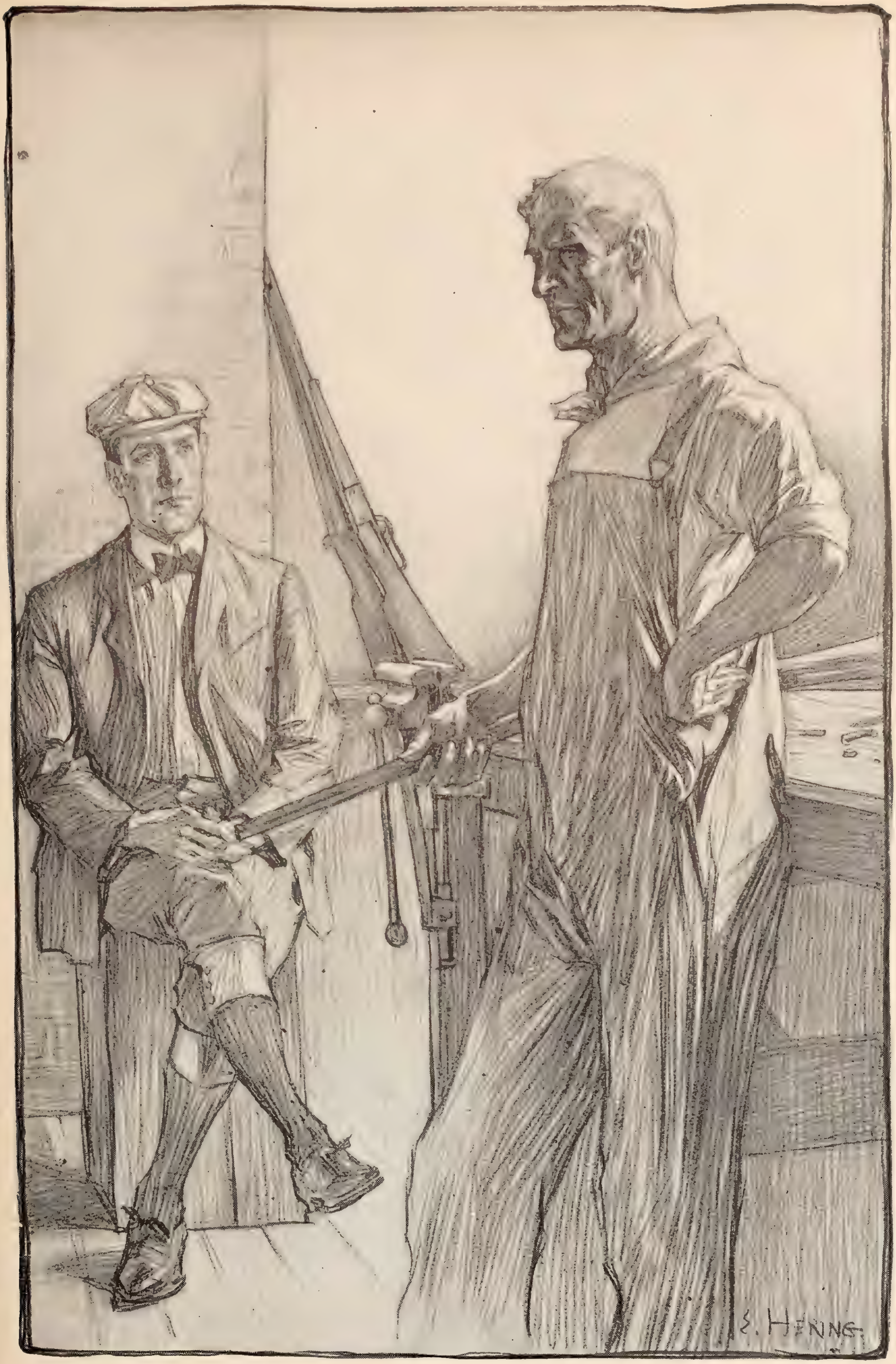
One afternoon the old mechanic was busy putting on the finishing touches to a lovely "P. Mullins" fowling piece, which I had ordered, and while he worked rebedding the locks, and filing the iron pieces down, he talked of guns which he had made and of the men who owned them, giving interesting anecdotes and biographical sketches of both the men and their fowling pieces. During a pause in the rambling reminiscences I incidentally remarked that I proposed soon to take a roving trip among the unfrequented parts of the Rocky Mountains.

At the moment I spoke the smith was holding the gun barrels up to his eyes as if they were abnormally elongated opera glasses and apparently he saw something which interested him. It was not dust or rust upon the glistening inner surface of the tubes, for they shone like glass. Still he gazed long and anxiously and I was presently aware that Mr. Mullins was in a brown study and not using his material eyes but his mental vision, for after a moment or two he lowered the gun and carefully rested it against the lathe and turning to me with a troubled look he made the astounding confession that the best "Patrick Mullins" he had ever made was lost somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. When I say lost, I, of course, mean that the gunsmith had lost track of the gun. The truth is that this particular "Patrick Mullins" was in the hands of a perfect stranger, to whom it had been sent upon an order written by a stranger.

Money would not of itself tempt the gunsmith to part with his wares. Irresponsible purchasers having plenty of money might commit the unpardonable sin of so lightly valuing the old man's art as to misuse one of his precious guns, and hence it was necessary to possess both the esteem and friendship of Mullins before a man could be admitted into the select circle composed of his customers; and only his customers were admitted into the gunsmith shop at No. 36 Maiden Lane. Knowing this, you may judge of my astonishment when I heard that a genuine "Patrick Mullins" was sold to a man who had not a word of introduction or a reference. The very idea of the thing struck me as humorous, but seeing the serious expression on the artisan face I controlled my inclination to smile.

"It's an old-fashioned, muzzle-loading, long-single-barrelled-flint-locked rifle, the only one of the kind I ever made, but it is a beauty," said Mr. Mullins reflectively, and, looking wistfully into my eyes, he continued, with much the same manner a parent might speak of an absent child, "I wish you would look it up. I got a thousand dollars for it with never a murmur; not a check, but a beautiful buckskin bag all worked with colored quills and filled with old gold coins; there hangs the bag in that case. It was sent to me by express and sent before the stock was dry or the gun half finished. The fellow's name is Weir W. Olf, and I'll wager my best gun that Olf knows a good piece when he sees it and how to use and take care of gun metal, still I'd kinder like to know what sort of a looking fellow this Olf is; I'd like to have a photograph of the fellow who owns that rifle.

"There is something about the order which pleased me; it smells of big game. The language is quaint and the spelling beats the band; but the hand that penned that order, I'll bet, can pull a trigger. The man who wrote that order is a sportsman and knew exactly what he wanted. Strange that in these days of breech-loaders and repeaters



. . . *Mr. Mullins was in a brown study.* *Drawn by* E. HERING.

such a man should order a single barrelled muzzle-loader with a flint lock," mused the old man aloud, as he turned to his work again.

The order was mailed from a small mining town which I afterwards discovered is located in the midst of the mountains, far from a railroad, and this was the only clew to the present whereabouts of the unique "Patrick Mullins." The suggestion that I should look up the rifle caught my fancy. There was an element of romance and adventure involved in the very idea, full of wild life and wilder scenery that charmed my imagination.

"Mr. Mullins," I said, impulsively, holding out my hand, "I'll look up that gun for you." "You are a good fellow," said the old man simply, as he gripped my hand for a moment, then resuming work upon the fowling piece he hummed softly to himself a snatch of an old Gallic song.

There was just enough business connected with the proposed trip to enable me to persuade myself that by leaving the city for such an extensive trip I was not altogether neglecting my law practice. I was in hopes that I might solve a little legal problem, by discovering in the West some descendant of a branch of the Van Linkles, an old New York family, and have the pleasure of turning over to him or her a few idle millions and some farm lands in the midst of New York City which formed part of an estate left in my charge. Among the family portraits belonging to this estate was one of Robert Van Linkle, by Copley, which deeply interested me, not because it appealed to my artistic training, for I am a lawyer, but because I hoped some day to find a descendant of the gentleman on the canvas and make him or her rich with an unlooked-for inheritance.

Above all the picture appealed to me as a sportsman; the canvas showed a remarkably handsome young man, whose raven locks untouched by powder were gathered into a cue at the back. It was a youthful oval face which looked out of the antique frame with an expression of mild wonder in the clear gray eyes. The brow was high and broad, the eyebrows level and of the texture of black velvet, the nose slightly aquiline, a large, well formed mouth and the round but rather large and somewhat prominent chin of the same model as that which seems to be a necessary feature of the modern football champion. It was a full length portrait and the young athletic figure was encased in a hunting suit of light cotton or linen cloth trimmed with fur. Over his shoulder was swung a broad strap with a silver buckle; the strap supported a bullet pouch of otter skin and an intricately engraved cow's horn powder flask. The young man was represented as leaning upon a long rifle, which fact I knew would interest the gunsmith and with this thought I described the picture to him.

"Wood extend to end of barrel?" enquired Mr. Mullins, ignoring all details but the mention of the rifle, but not so much as pausing in his work as he spoke. "Yes," I replied. "I particularly noticed that peculiarity."

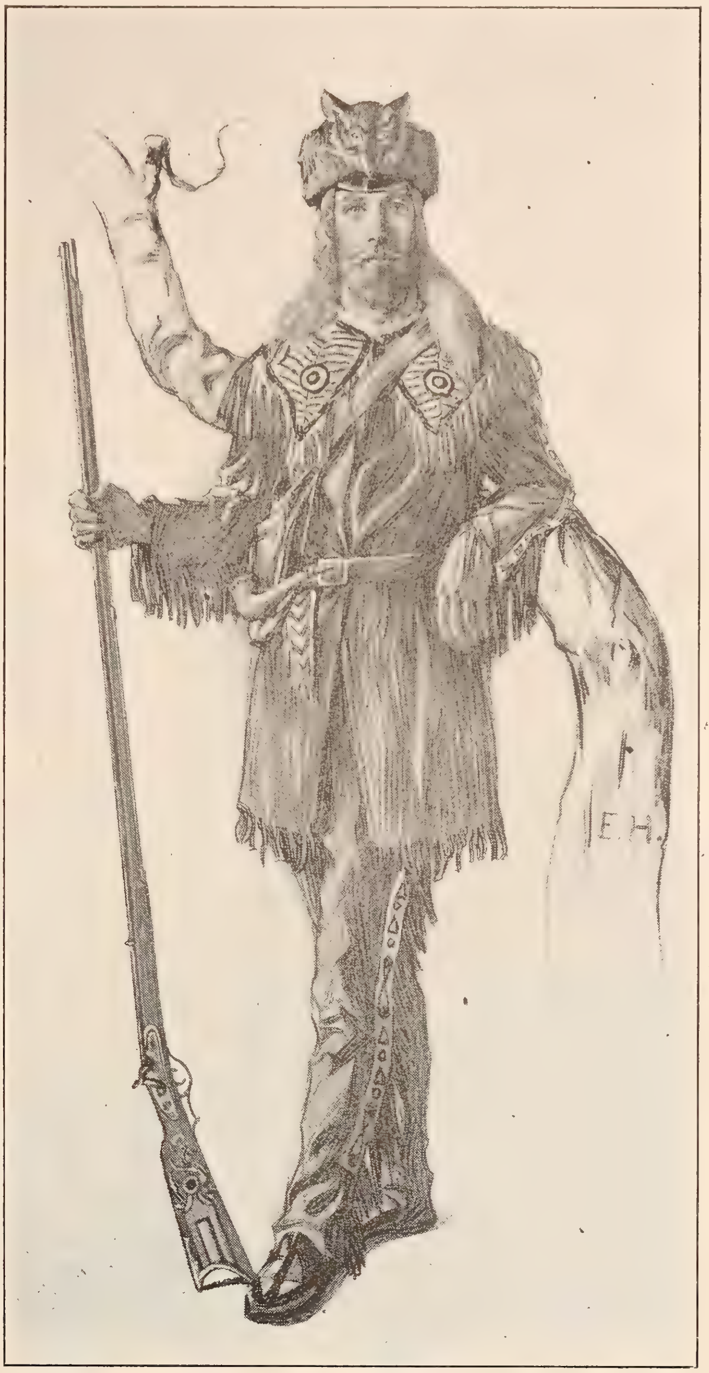
"Gun trimmed with brass?"

"No sirree! that gun was trimmed with good white silver, silver plate at butt, silver guards to triggers, silver cover to patch box in the stock and silver thimbles for the ramrod," I answered. "Well, well! A fine gun no doubt," said the gunsmith, for the first time showing his interest by looking up from his work and wiping the sweat from his brow with his shirt sleeve. "That gun had a forty-eight inch barrel and carried a bullet running forty to the pound—you said triggers? Yes? Well, the double trigger was introduced during the Revolutionary War. That gun came from the shop at Charlottesville, North Carolina."

"The dickens you say!" I exclaimed in some surprise; "I would like to know where you saw that gun, Mr. Mullins."

The old man laughed a quiet little

laugh as he answered: "Never saw the gun nor the picture my lad, but I know from your description the make of it. General George Washington owned just such a piece as the one in the picture. It was presented to him by Major Nicholas in 1787, and it was said that the buck venturing within one hundred and fifty yards of the general and his gun was as good as a dead buck; but Mr. Olf owns a better gun. I have studied the American rifle through all its forms from those made by the good old Peter Decherts and Henrich Lemans, the short, clumsy Tyrolean models of 1730, through the gradual stretching of the barrel up to the Revolutionary period. I have followed it to Kentucky and examined the first of the celebrated "Kaintuck" rifles manufactured by Mills in 1790 and the gun of Daniel Boone, made of imported horseshoe nails, and the beautiful gun presented to Hon. Davey Crockett by the young men of Philadelphia and still preserved in Tennessee, and the one owned by Mr. C. W. Callagan, of Hotel Maryland, said to be one of Davey Crockett's guns, flint-lock, 40-caliber barrel 5½ feet long and nearly one-half inch thick. I have visited the Crank hermit of East Mountain, Great Barrington, where the self-styled 'Universal genius' is busy making rifles, lock, stock and barrel, but the gun I sent West could beat them all. Strange," said the old man, "that in this day of repeaters any one should order an old-fashioned muzzle loader, and yet, within their limits the work done with these old guns has never been excelled by any of the modern lead-pumping machines. This makes me think that Mr. Olf is a true sportsman. Look him up for me, that's a good fellow! I'll bet you will not have much trouble in locating him, for my life on it, every man in his neighborhood knows both Olf and his gun."



. . . *big Pete Darlinkle.*

I had reason to hope that there might still be some descendants of the

Van Linkles in the Great West, and I had accordingly advertised in all the Western papers for heirs to the vast estate of this family; but as yet had received no reliable information.

Still I was far from discouraged, for the parties for whom I was searching might not live in the settled districts and consequently never see the papers.

It is a well-known fact that a body of emigrants invariably leave some stragglers whenever they cross a barrier like a mountain range, and the Appalachian Mountains are to-day peopled with the descendants of the emigrants who were left there by the stream of hardy pioneers which poured over those mountains into the rich valleys of Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio.

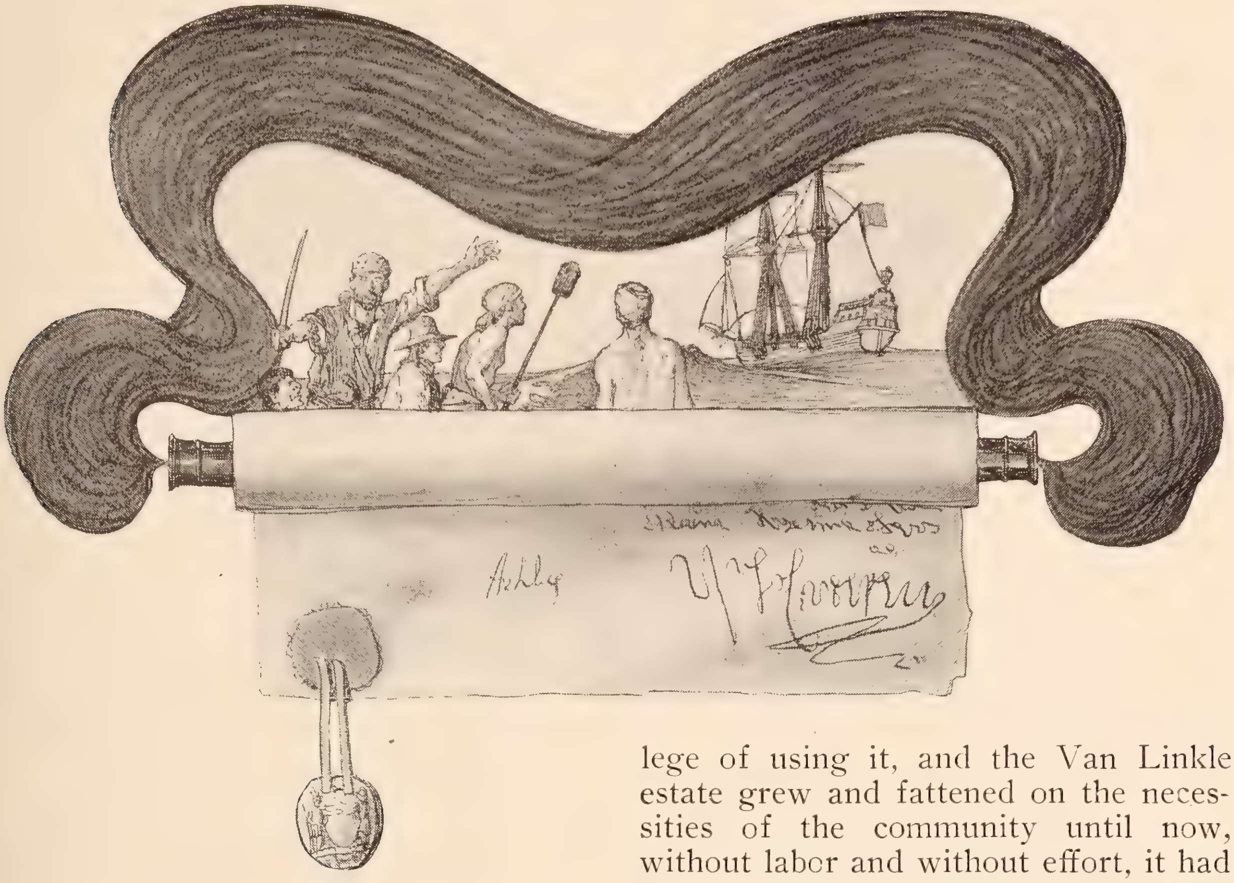
Hence I decided that the Rocky Mountains would offer me the most promising field for my search for the lost heirs.

I felt little doubt of my ability to identify a male Van Linkle, because this Dutch-American family had a unique custom of tattooing all the boy babies between their shoulders with a blue goose, the family crest. This bird was in fact their totem mark, and the ceremony of tattooing it on the children was probably borrowed from the Indians in early days.

But whatever the origin of the savage custom might be, all the known male heirs were on record as having had the token of the blue grass goose between their shoulders, and the decoration was frequently referred to in the old wills and other legal documents of the family.

Failing in the quest of Bob Van Linkle's possible heirs, there was still another clew equally as romantic, equally as indefinite, and that was Bob's sister's heirs, for Robert Van Linkle had a most charming and attractive sister who, after a romantic courtship, was won and married to Col. Ozias Carter, a dashing officer in the American Revolution, and also a noted Indian fighter, a friend of Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton. Col. Ozias was so much enamored with the wonderful fertility of the soil and the abundance of game in Kentucky that he took his young Knickerbocker wife to his old haunts on the "dark and bloody grounds" and settled in what is now known as the blue grass regions. Every lawyer who has had occasion to look up land titles in Kentucky knows that the ancient surveys are an interminable tangle. In early days this caused many bitter disputes, and the colonel becoming involved in law suits regarding his land claims he became indignant, threw up his claim and loading his wagons with all the most modern improved farm implements, firearms and vast quantities of ammunition, garden seeds and a small but most carefully selected library of valuable books, the irate Colonel bid good-bye to all his friends and started for the West with the intention of reaching a point where land agents and boundary disputes would not bother him. All trace of the expedition was lost after it crossed the Mississippi. There seemed to be little doubt that the whole outfit fell into the hands of the Indians and the Colonel and his family furnished their scalps as human hair ornaments for the redskins. From the Carters I had small hopes of finding a stray heir, but I still had strong hopes of my advertisements catching the eye of some possible decendant of Robert Van Linkle, for he was a very well known character in his time, and so great a favorite among all the Indians that even in times of war he had been known to pass and repass among them unmolested.

The history of this old Dutch family would be interesting, but for our general reader it is not worth while to resurrect the family skeletons involved in this Knickerbocker story. However, we will give them the quaint legend of the Van Linkles.



When New York was still young a sturdy Dutch merchant by the name of Van Linkle acquired wealth by his ventures in shipping. In those days the difference between a pirate and an honest merchantman was often as slight as it is to-day between an honest merchant and a trust magnate, and it had little or nothing to do with business ethics. Van Linkle sent many ships to the "Red Sea," as it was called, loaded with gunpowder and shot, which was traded off for silks, spices and oriental goods. These were brought back to New York by vessels manned by strangely dressed and fierce looking sailors. The details of the trade did not appear upon the books of Van Linkle, though his less venturesome neighbors shook their heads and threw out dark hints and even suggested that the gunpowder was exploded and the shot expelled through the brass and bronze throats of the comical old cannons before the trade was effected. However that may be, Van Linkle invested his earnings in land and generations of people who needed the land as an opportunity to carry on business willingly paid large sums for the privilege of using it, and the Van Linkle estate grew and fattened on the necessities of the community until now, without labor and without effort, it had so increased that its value was estimated in millions.

But what appealed to my love of mystery was the fact there is a legend in the Van Linkle family which had lent an interest to the musty records and added a flavor of romance to the quaint old parchments.

All lawyers are fond of romance and their seemingly dry records obstructed with legal terms hampered by repetitions and "aforesaids" and "hereuntos" and "parties of the first part" and ditto "of the second part" are their library of stories of love, adventure and tragedy.

Amongst the mouldy documents of the Van Linkle estate I found a fragment of a diary and to my great joy it contained the legend written in a quaint hand, with the long loops and antique flourishes of two centuries ago and the precision of a writing master's copy. It seems that one of the piratical vessels fitted out by old Van Linkle met a slaver fitted out by a worthy and progressive citizen of Long Island. Van Linkle's ship had been unsuccessful in making trade with the lumbering big East India men and was lying off Madagascar awaiting its consort when the Long Island slaver hove in sight. The crew of Van Linkle's vessel were hungry for prize money and they brought such pressure to bear upon their commander that he ran up the black flag to the masthead and opened upon his Long Island neighbor to such an effect that the latter surrendered after the first fire. When the two crews met there were so many acquaintances and former shipmates among the slaver's crew that the pirate deemed it safer that none should return to tell of the neighborly manner in which they had been treated by their New York friends, so they all, from the captain to the cook, walked the plank, as also did all the wounded blacks. The healthy and sound negros were transferred to the pirate ship and after the slaver was scuttled the business transaction was deemed complete.

But for the safety of the crew of Van Linkle's ship it was thought wise that all should swear themselves to secrecy. This done, the yards were squared and with joyous thoughts of home and friends the precious vessel, manned and commanded by the husbands and sweethearts of the bright-eyes dames and lassies of what is now America's greatest city, sailed merrily home. The venture proved profitable inasmuch as they fell in with some other ships and received from them valuable cargoes of silks, spices, rum and wines, which were disposed of at New York at prices that far exceeded what was spent for powder and shot. But one of the sailors, when half seas over, told more of their adventures than was wise, and the mother of a bright lad, who had walked the plank at Madagascar, came old Van Linkle and put a curse on him: "Fatal will your fortune be to all males of thy name," said she. "By blood it was gained and blood shall follow its course through thy male descendants."

I am not superstitious, but as I ran over the records of the estate I could not but feel that the succession of fatal accidents that had befallen the male Van Linkles was remarkably bloody and curiously enough only occurred after the inheritance of the Van Linkle money.

Old Van Linkle's son was married and had a large family, but hardly had he had the papers straightened out after his father's death than he fell from a scaffolding in front of a new house that was being erected on the estate and was instantly killed by being impaled upon a picket fence below, and so they died, but none before the time of inheriting the fatal fortune. And yet the curse seemed to have had no immediate designs to exterminate the Van Linkles, for up to the present time there had been no difficulty in finding heirs for the estate. A chapter of accidents that are all, each and every one, explainable by natural causes, but when taken as a whole and in connection with the mother's curse, a truly remarkable chain of accidents from which the females of the family seem oddly free, for the two old ladies who had recently died at the remarkable ages of ninety-six and ninety-eight years, had enjoyed their fortune for many years of their quiet and uneventful life, and lived on one of the busiest streets of our great city, where they kept a cow and chickens on land which could only be purchased by literally covering it with money.

Robert Van Linkle, the man with the rifle in the family portrait, emigrated to the wilderness which then bordered the shores of the great northern lakes. There he traded and trapped with the Indians as late as 1825, since which time nothing had been heard of him and I had found no record of his marriage, though there must be some people living who knew him personally.

Old Bob Van Linkle, the trapper,

was a strange fellow who swore that he would have nothing to do with the cursed estate of his family, not because he was afraid of the penalty of the inheritance, for as near as I can find out he feared nothing, but because his family would not allow him to wed the girl of his choice. Of course he was not old then, he was not yet twenty, but he had a will of his own and would marry in spite of threatened disinheritance, when, sorry I am to record it, the girl declined love in a cottage and gave poor Bob the mitten.

As soon as the lad understood the state of affairs he added his own curse to that of the widow of ancient times, and shaking the dust of New York from his feet, especially the Van Linkle dust, he started for the wild Western forests; there he buried himself in their shade. In my search for some of Bob Linkle's heirs it occurred to me that I might also look for the Patrick Mullins rifle, and this was the reason that I so readily agreed to the old man's proposition. To tell the truth I had little hope of succeeding in either case; but I did expect to have a good time in a real wild country, for at that time there was still plenty of big game to be found in the West.

While the buffalo were even then very scarce, there were a few stragglers to be found here and there. It was not difficult for a good hunter to obtain goat and big horn sheep and the bear, wolves and coyotes were still abundant. There were also at that time many places which no white man had yet visited, and although these places were comparatively small in area, nevertheless they consisted of as truly unexplored country as was the interior of Africa before Livingstone and Stanley made their way through the heart of the black settlement.

CHAPTER I.

THE WILD HUNTER.

Big Pete Darlinkle was a "bad man," and there is scarcely a doubt that, in the effete civilization of the Eastern States, the hangman's rope would have been around Big Pete's neck—and what a pity that would have been.

Big Pete Darlinkle's neck was full and round and rose in a massive column from its base of brawny muscles.

Big Pete Darlinkle was a "bad man," but you are not to understand by this that he was unkind, for a better-natured fellow never got down on his hands and knees to play horse for the little naked Indian children; a more generous fellow never cleaned out a saloon in a mining camp, broke a faro bank, or "staked" a friend in need than Pete.

Big Pete Darlinkle was undoubtedly a "bad man," but the signs of his evil nature were not in his face, for that inspired immediate confidence.

Big Pete Darlinkle was a "bad man," but the children who knew him loved him; the few women who knew him adored him; the army of men who knew him swore by him; nevertheless he was not only a "bad man" but a "killer," "Bad man," as here applied, means that Pete was a bad man to fool with, and "killer" means that several graves have already found occupants from the ranks of those who, not content with Pete's fame, desired to make a personal investigation, and found to their complete satisfaction that he was fully entitled to and had well earned his reputation as a "bad man" and a "killer."

When Big Pete Darlinkle once put his large muscular and well-shaped hands on the butts of his glistening revolvers he kept his guns "a-barking" until there was no further occasion for a waste of ammunition.

Big Pete Darlinkle was a "killer," but he would unhesitatingly have turned his spangled weapons on his own breast and there let them "bark" his big heart out before he would have adopted the tenderfoot's method of first robbing by law, then killing by starvation.

Big Pete Darlinkle was a "dude,"

and being the son of a mountain man, Pete affected the old-fashioned, dime-novel style of hero in his costume, but his weapons, with the exception of his rifle, were of the latest and most approved pattern. His clothing consisted of a hunting shirt of dressed deer skin, smoked to the softness of finest flannel. He wore it belted in at the waist, but open at the breast and throat, where it fell back like a sailor's collar into a short cape covering the shoulders. Underneath was the undershirt of dressed fawn skin; his leggins and moccasins were of the same material as his hunting shirt, and on his head he wore a fox skin cap; the fox's head, adorned with glass eyes, ornamented the front and the tail hung like a drooping plume over the left shoulder.

Big Pete Darlinkle was a blonde, and his golden hair hung in sunny curls upon his massive shoulders; a light moustache, soft yellow beard, with a pair of the deepest, clearest, most innocent baby-like blue eyes all made a face such as that of the angel Gabriel might be after years of exposure to sun and wind.

Not only are "Big Pete's" revolvers gold mounted, but the shaft of his keen-edged knife is rich with figures, rings and stars filed from gold coins and set in the horn. The very stock of his long single-barrelled rifle is inlaid like an Arab's gun, and, as for his buckskin hunting suit, it is a mass of embroidery and colored quills from his beaded moccasins to the fringed cape of his shirt.

"Big Pete" was a dandy, fond of color, fond of display; yet in spite of all this he wore absolutely nothing for decoration alone, although every article of use about his person was ornamented to an oriental degree. Gaudy and rich as his costume is when viewed in detail, as a whole it harmonized not only with Pete, his hair, his complexion, his weapons, but with whatever natural objects surrounded him, and now, as he crouched beside me on the "run way" all his finery and trumpery so partook of the color of surrounding objects and so blended with the sticks, grass, stones and foliage, that it would require eyes as well-trained and sharp as his own to detect his presence. We were looking for meat and suspected the presence of elk. "Big Pete" had set the dogs on some deer tracks down the gulch and then taken a cross-cut through the woods and over the spur of a mountain to our present position. He said that whatever game the dogs found would pass this way and break cover within easy shot of our present ambush.

With the confidence bred of a month's experience of my stalwart companion's wonderful skill in woodcraft and his unerring knowledge of animal nature, I quietly crouched beside him and waited—waited until my legs were cramped, waited until the dampness from the moss under me struck through the heavy soles of my shoes and chilled my feet; waited until my arm had "gone to sleep" and was so numb that it felt like a piece of lead—then, in spite of the danger of incurring "Big Pete's" displeasure and in spite of my dread of being thought a tenderfoot, I changed my position, rubbed life into my arm and assumed an easier pose.

In front of us was a small lake, deep, dark and unruffled. All around the edge was a natural wharf made from the gigantic trunks of trees which had fallen for ages into the lake and been washed by wind and waves into such regular order and position along the shore that their arrangement looked like the work of man. Back of this wharf and all about was a wilderness of silent wood; a wilderness enclosed by a wall of mountains, whose lofty heads were lifted far above the soft white clouds that floating in the blue sky overhead were mirrored in the lake below. An eagle, on apparently immovable wings, soared over the lake in a spiral course and, as I watched the bird, its wings seemed suddenly endowed with life. At the same instant a peculiar gutteral noise, used by my guide when desiring caution called my attention to the mountain man.

"What is it, Pete?" I asked in a whisper, for there was a strange expression in my companion's eyes.

"Keep yer ears open and yer mouth shut!" growled Pete.

I did so. The trained ear of the hunter had detected the sound of crackling twigs and swishing branches made by some animals in rapid motion.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "the dogs. You startled me; I thought it was Indians."

"God grant it's nothing worse," muttered my guide, as he examined his weapons with a critical eye and loosened the cartridges in his belt to make sure that they would be easy to pluck out.

"Those ain't our dogs, mister," he remarked, after he had examined his whole arsenal.

As I again fixed my attention on the noise, in place of the resonant voice of the hounds, I heard nothing but the crackling of branches, with an occasional half-suppressed, wolf-like yelp.

"Big Pete" turned pale and he muttered: "It's them for sartin; it's them agin! And I hain't been drinkin', nuther!"

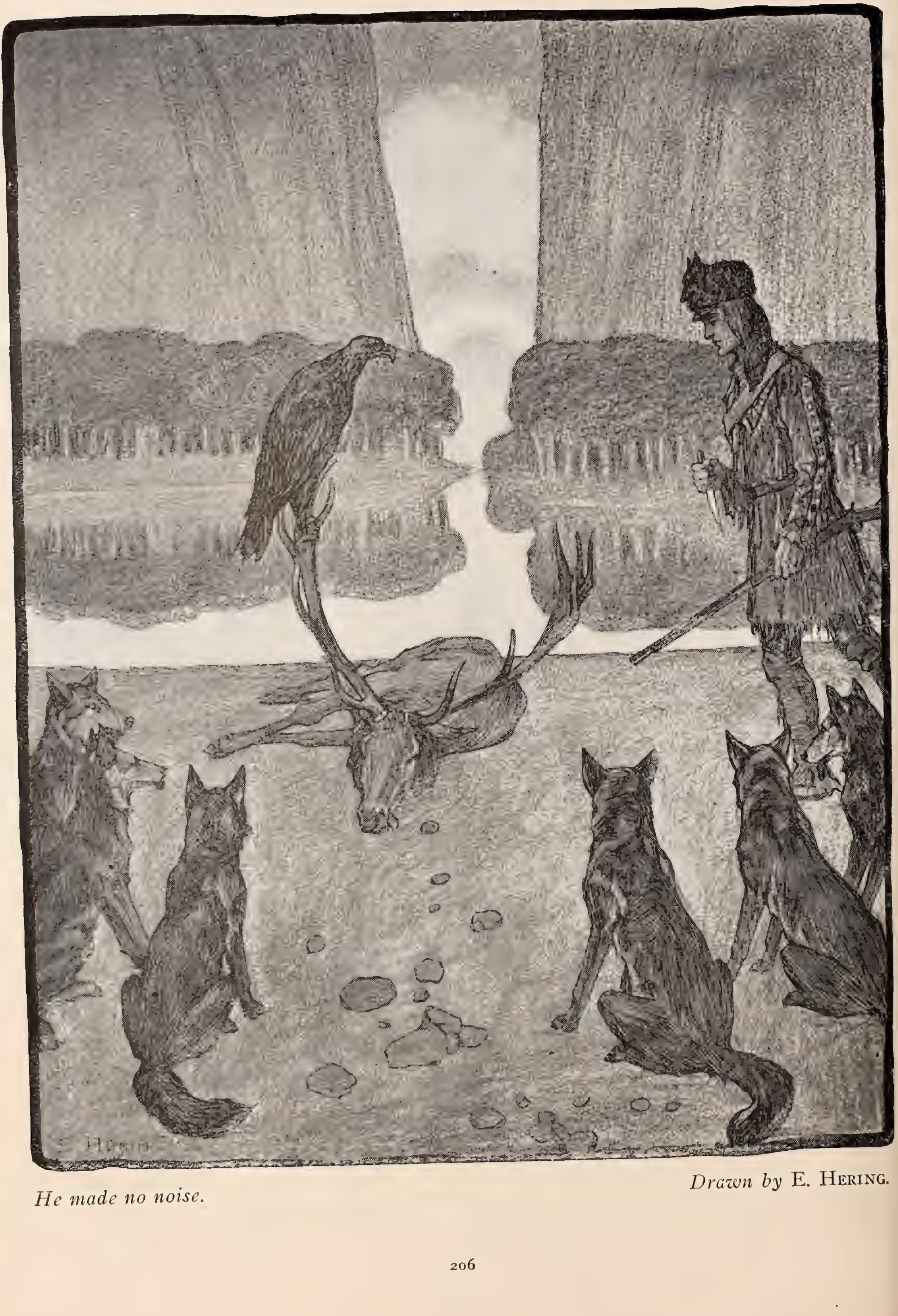
We were in "Big Pete" Darlinkle's private game preserve. No barbed-wire fences marked its boundaries, no servile and stupid gamekeepers drove small boys and natives from the God-made park and groves; no insulting and badly composed notices warned humanity in general that this was "Big Pete" Darlinkle's private piece of earth, granted to him by the same divine right that keeps the king on his throne; no such notices appeared with dire threats of the law for any God-forsaken man who should trespass on this domain; yet, though it was guarded with no visible police, the same terrible power which makes poaching a crime in the Eastern States, kept trespassers out of the park. The guardians were ignorance and superstition, and they guarded it well, for even "Big Pete" Darlinkle, "mountain man," "bad man" and "killer" had lost his color, if not his nerve, at the approach of these two invisible policemen.

Many a time around the camp fire I had heard wild romances of a certain strange and ghostly hunter, with his train of phantom dogs which made their appearance and drove ghostly deer panting through the woods. "Big Pete" never added a word to these narrations, nor did he contradict them, but we all knew that if anyone had, he must have seen the spooky hunter, with his hobgoblin train, and he had admitted to me that his park, as he called it, was the place this creature was said to frequent. I remembered all these things as I listened to the ghoulish pack which now approached nearer and nearer, and all the suppressed superstition in my own nature was aroused.

For miles and miles in every direction extended an unbroken wilderness, silent, solemn, awful. Strange, mysterious mountains guarded this secluded park. Peak after peak receded in the distance until I was unable to tell whether the more remote ones were clouds of vapor or solid rock. The eagle now hovered just over the edge of the lake and within easy gunshot, his great wings flapped and beat the air in his excitement. It was evident not only that this bird heard the yelping pack, but was waiting like us for the game to break cover.

"Big Pete" Darlinkle crouched in exactly the same pose he had first assumed, his face looked sallow and worn, a simple effect caused by the crimson blood leaving the sunburnt face and changing the warm brown into a dirty yellow by withdrawing red from the mixture; but I did not stop to analyze the effect and, if I had, I knew "Big Pete" well enough to understand the seriousness of the situation that would cause the blood to leave his cheeks.

"Big Pete's" eyes were fixed upon an opening in the woods and I knew that something would soon bound from



He made no noise.

Drawn by E. Hering.

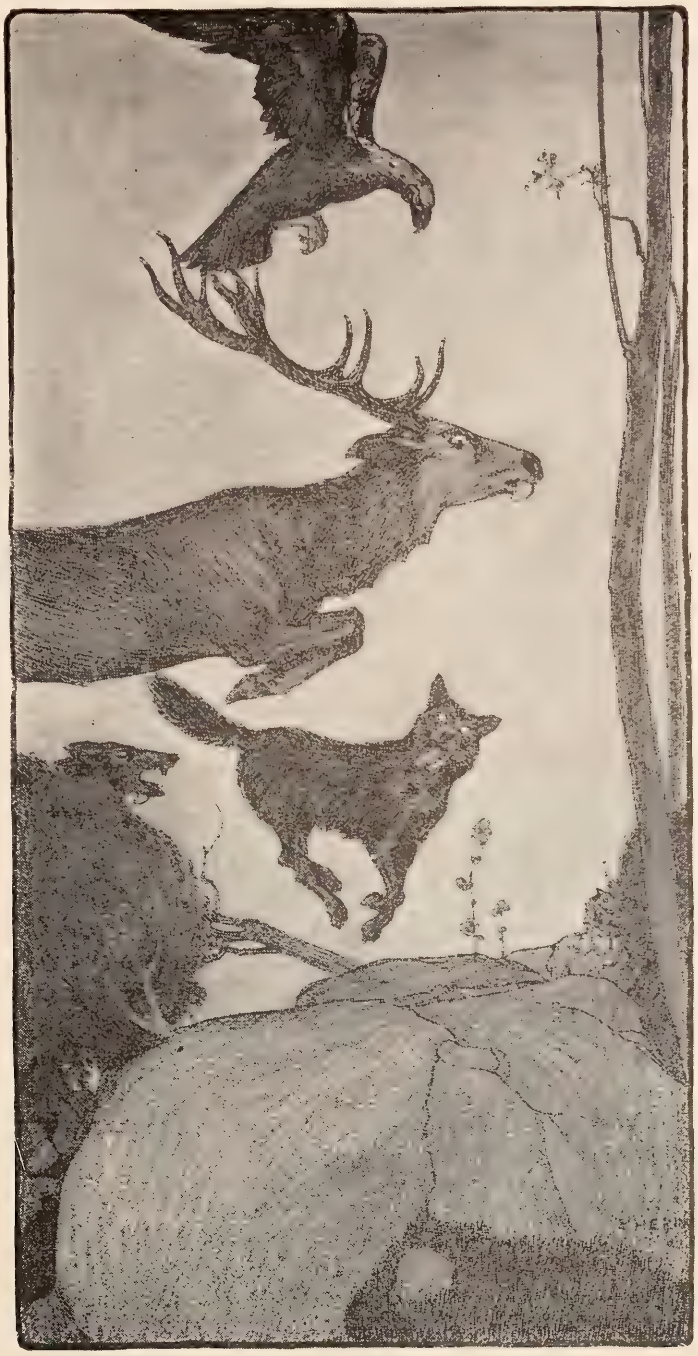
that spot. I could hear the crashing of brush and the yelps of the phantom dogs; then there was a pause, a rushing noise, and out leaped as beautiful a bull elk as I had ever seen—in fact the first I had ever seen in his native wildness. I had only time to note his muscular neck, his grand branching antlers, and a pack of black wolves at his heels, when I brought my gun to my shoulder, but before I could pull the trigger "Big Pete" struck it, knocking the muzzle up.

"Hist!" he said, and pointed to the bird.

The eagle screamed, and skillfully avoiding the branching antlers, struck the buck fair with its hooked talons, flapping its huge wings in the poor beast's eyes. I was thunderstruck, the evident partnership of wolves and bird needed some explanation and it was not long in coming. A shrill whistle pierced the air, the black wolves immediately ceased to worry the elk, the eagle again soared overhead, and for an instant the elk stood confused, then leaped high in the air and fell dead. The next moment I heard the crack of a rifle and saw a puff of blue smoke across the lake.

"That's no ghost, Pete," I said, when partly recovered from my astonishment.

"Wait," said Pete laconically.



. . . as beautiful a bull elk as I had ever seen.

Not long afterwards there was a movement among the wolves and, noiselessly as a panther, a figure dropped, by the aid of the limb of a tree, from an overhanging rock to the side of the dead elk. He made no noise uttered no word to the patient black animals who sat with their red tongues hanging from their panting jaws, but without a moment's hesitation whipped out a knife, and with a dexterity and skill that brought back the color to "Big Pete's" face, this strange man proceeded to take the coat off the deer. The great eagle, perched upon the branching antlers. I could hear it uttering that low whistling note peculiar to such birds. The skin removed, with equal dexterity all the best parts of the meat were skillfully detached and packed in the green hide, then, removing a large slice of red flesh, he held up one finger; one of the wolves gravely, and with no unbecoming haste, walked up to him, received the morsel and retired. Each in turn was fed, then the great bird flopped on his shoulder and was fed from his hand, and before I could realize what had happened, the man, the wolves and the eagle had disappeared, leaving nothing but the dismantled carcass of the elk to remind us of the strange episode.

(*To be continued.*)

MY LOVE

By IRENE POMEROY SHIELDS

A rover am I and a lover bold,
  And the Earth is my lady fair;
I love her in every shape and guise,
  And I sing of her beauties rare.

I brave the fierce storm on the mountain top,
  And shout to the sentinel pine,
Hurrah! hurrah! You are keeping the faith,
  And guarding this dear love of mine.

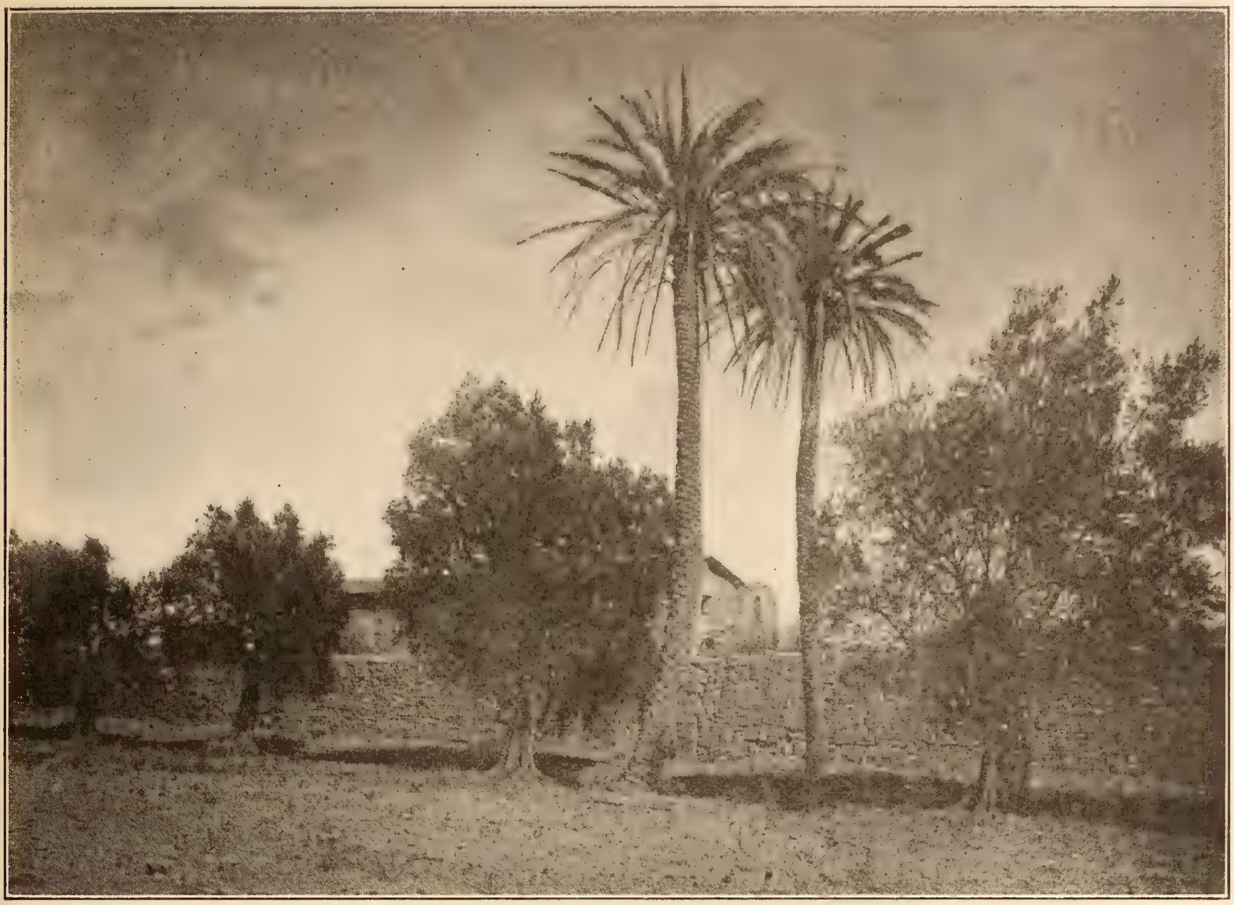
With snowshoe and ski and sharp skate of steel,
  We fly like the swift arrow by,
And race with the reindeer to lay at her feet
  Our offerings—Old Winter and I.

Far out on the prairie and upland plain,
  Where the wild western winds blow free,
I watch brave Summer with flowers and grain,
  Weave chaplets to lay at her knee.

The inland lakes in emerald frames,
  And margins of silver and gold,
Are mirrors whose lifelong efforts are vain,
  To picture the charms they behold.

Old Ocean is raging in futile wrath,
  And lashing his waves into foam;
Though tossing his kisses and gifts at her feet,
  Alas! he no farther can come.

And then under palms 'neath the southern stars,
  She's a queen in a jeweled crown,
I worship all day and dream all the night,
  And treasure her veriest frown.



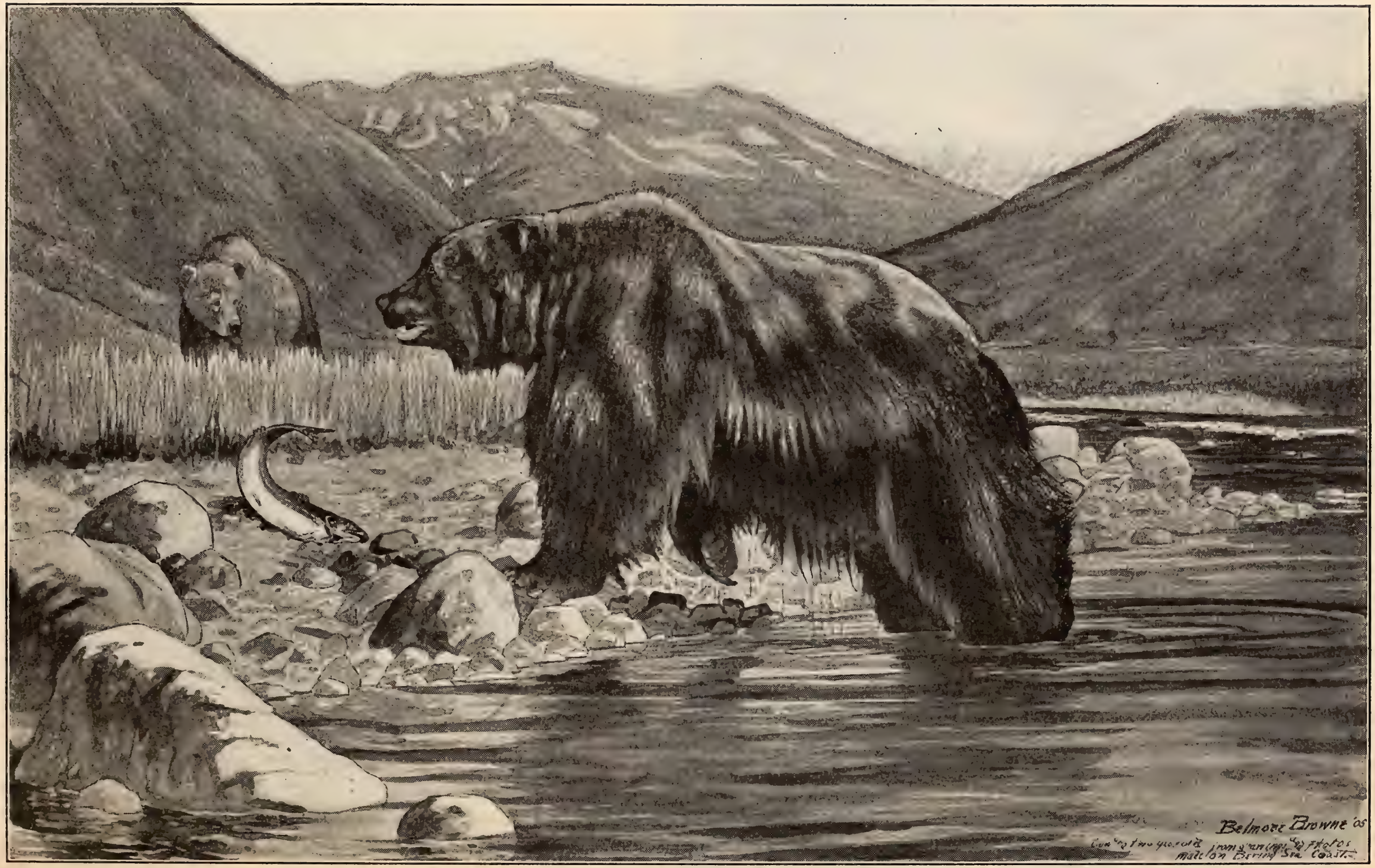
THE RUINS

San Fernando Mission, California

By T. SHELLEY SUTTON

Relic of days departed, wreck of a perished time,
Over whose wasted grandeur lingers a charm sublime;
Shadow and sunbeam mingle, splendor and darkness blend
Over the padre's palace—Ah, 'tis a sombre end!

Still there is pride and beauty e'en in that crumbled waste,
Time has bestowed a grandeur greater than it effaced;
Age is not always cruel—youth is not always kind;
Life has a hidden beauty only the old can find.


Belmore Browne '05

Ursus merriami. Drawn by BELMORE BROWNE.

CATCHING THE BRONX PARK MERRIAMI

By BELMORE H. BROWNE

THE spring of 1903 found four of us on the Bering Sea coast. We had cached our little schooner in one of the deep fjords that gash the south shore of the Alaska peninsula, and had packed our grub and 30-40's across the snowy mountains to the north, or Bering Sea side.

Once on the north side we hunted up a skiff we had heard of, and with it navigated the bleak coast where the snow melts into the sea, and seals bark and tumble in the surf.

We were hunting the Ursus merriami, one of the six species of brown bear found in Alaska. The range of the family stretches from somewhere south of Sitka, in Alaska, to Kamtschatka, on the western coast of Bering Sea, and they are the largest carnivo known.

We hoped to kill a perfect species of the merriami bear, as Andrew J. Stone, who was the head of our party, was collecting large mammals for the American Museum of Natural History. We were also particularly anxious to capture a specimen alive, as at that time there was not one of these grand animals in captivity.

There is probably no country in the world where food is more easily obtained than along the Bering Sea coast in the spring time. Caribou—Rangifer granti—are numerous, and, despite the long winters, the flesh of the young bulls is good. Harbor seals frequent the bays, and seal liver with bacon makes a grand breakfast. Sea gulls nest by thousands on the surf-washed islands, and their eggs, fried or scrambled, are delicious, though they taste fishy when boiled.

Scallops and clams are abundant, and the waters teem with salmon and cod.

The country we hunted was very mountainous, and there was no timber. The only wood was willow and alder. The willows are small and do not count much as game cover, but the alders grow to a good size and form tangled thickets. These thickets are the home of the brown bears. In summer, bear hunting is practically impossible, because of the dense growth of grass which covers the country. The grass reaches a height of over six feet, and flourishes on the high mountain sides as well as in the sheltered valleys. At this time of year the bears' skins are worthless. The hair is thin, and wears away in large patches, giving the big brutes a decidedly ragged appearance.

In the spring the grass is pressed flat by the winter snows and the new crop has not as yet grown to any height.

These conditions make ideal hunting, as game can be seen at a great distance.

In color the Ursus merriami may be almost any shade of brown, ranging from darkest brown to yellowish white. Individuals often combine several shades, but the darkest coloring is usually on the legs and belly, while the back is light.

The pelage compared with that of the grizzly bear is longer and shaggier, and the tufts of bear hair caught on the brush along the bear trails suggests the coarse-matted hair of the American bison.

In hunting we left camp about one A. M., as the nights were very short. In fact, it is never really dark in the springtime. The soft sunset glow lingers for hours among the snow-capped mountains, turning them a beautiful rose color, which is reflected on the glassy surface of the deep bays.

In one of these fjords we pitched our first hunting camp. All about us great plains rolled up to the snow-splashed foot-hills. Far at sea some walrus islands blurred the horizon, and on a peninsula near by the steam from a hot spring drifted lazily against the sky.

It was a peaceful background for a bear killing, but our first hunt was successful.

John Hubley, a broad-shouldered Russian boy, and I left camp early one morning. As the mountains were wrapped in fog we hunted the "flats." We were unsuccessful, and turned campwards, after hunting about ten miles. By this time the clouds had drifted from the foot-hills, and we could see great snowfields fading into the mist, and cañons streaked with white where the glacial streams broke into foam.

As yet we had seen no fresh bear sign, but at every step we saw evidence of their presence. At times we followed the great double bear trails, as they wound among the alder thickets, and skirted the salmon rivers. The brown bears are enthusiastic fishermen, and occasional piles of salmon bones bore witness to their skill.

Finally, as we entered an open, three fat, two-year-old bull caribou crossed ahead of us. They were traveling at a brisk walk towards the mountains, and, as we wanted meat, we followed them.

They soon left us far behind, but, as the country was hilly, we could see their white rumps rising and falling among the knolls.

When they reached the foothills they lay down on a bald hillside, and we began our stalk. At last we topped the hill and looked carefully over; they had gone, but the grass was still rising in their beds. The only cover near by was a deep cañon, so we walked slowly toward it. Suddenly, as we entered a thicket at the cañon mouth, I saw Hubley's figure stiffen, and he sank slowly to the ground. As we saw caribou every day, and looked on them merely as meat, I knew at once that he had seen a bear, so I dropped to the ground and crawled slowly toward him.

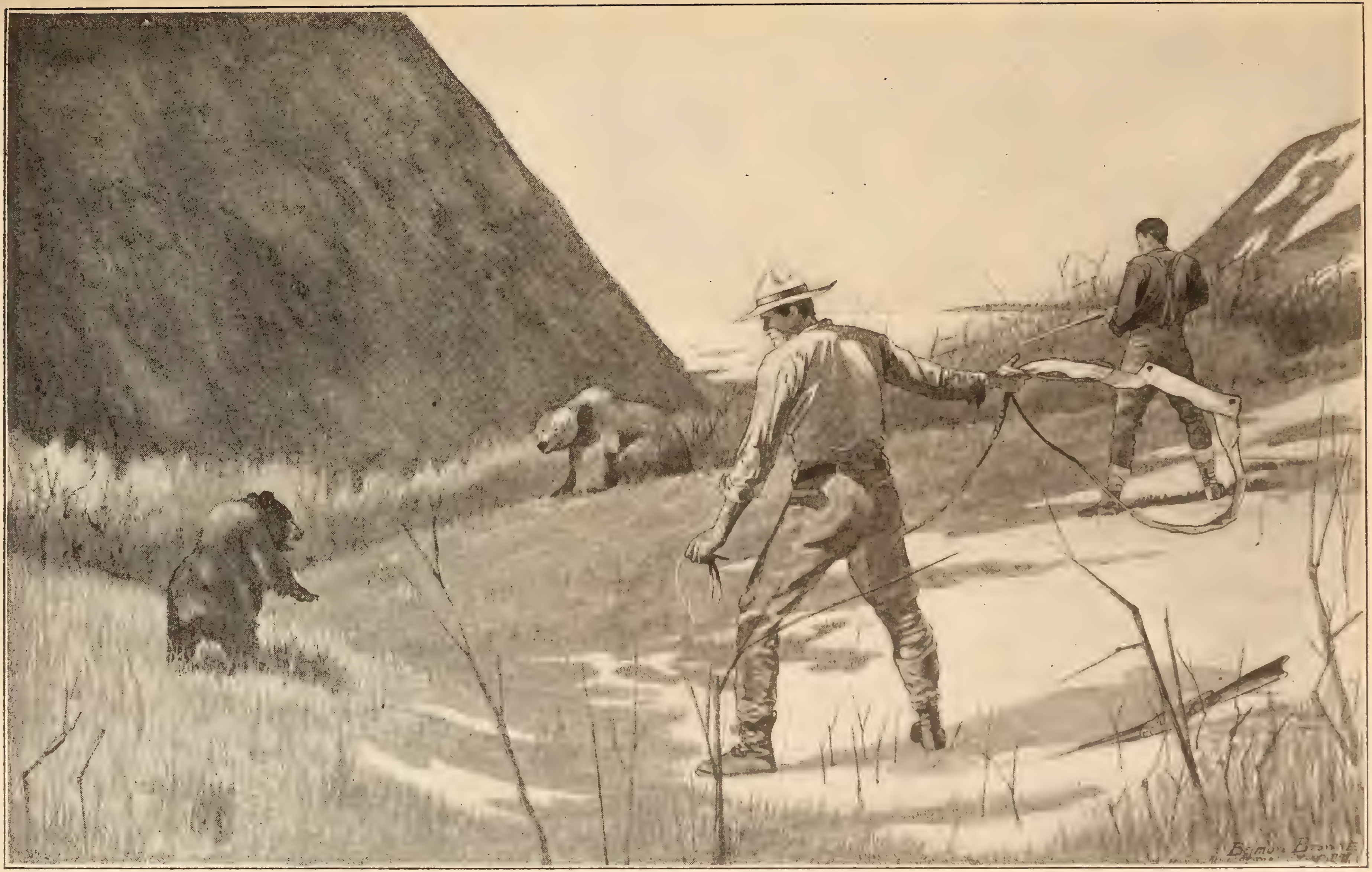
"Bear!" he said, when I reached him. "Three of 'em!" And we gently parted the bushes and looked up the cañon.

The sight was one to stir a hunter's blood. Above us were grand freshly snowed mountains, and the wild cañon choked with a wildness of tangled alders. Two hundred yards away the brush stopped; beyond, naked cañon walls rose to the sky, and a glacial stream snarled down from the distant ice fields.

On a little hill placed like a throne in that wild kingdom, sat the monarch of the world's flesh-eating beasts. The bear was a large "cow," and nearby, alternately rolling down and scampering up the little knoll, were two fat merriami bear cubs. High upon the mountain side, lazily crossing a snow patch, were the three caribou we had pursued, and above the noise of falling water rose the cackling of ptarmigans. We were in a hunter's paradise, and the chance we had longed for since crossing the mountains had come.

We made our plans quickly. The bears were down wind, and there was no cover on our side of the cañon, so we made a long detour and came out on the mountain side above her. Only once during the stalk did we see her; she was chasing an unruly cub. A great, powerful arm shot out, the cub rolled head over heels into an alder patch, and a pitiful squeal echoed down the cañon.

When we finally reached a bench from which we could look into the valley the bear and cubs had disappeared. Our hearts sank into our shoe-packs, for we thought she had heard or winded us. But as we studied the thickets below us, with their masses of dead limbs and dry grass, hope returned, and we decided that somewhere down in the brush our bears were sleeping.



. . . *tried to rope it with his pack-strap.*

Drawn by Belmore H. Browne.

A glance at the sun confirmed this conclusion, as it was about noon, and the bears' bedtime.

During the heat of the day the brown bear "lies up" in some dense thicket, or a snowbank surrounded with brush. Stalking under these conditions is not always successful, although a sleeping bear does not hear well. We took the safe course, that of waiting for the old bear to expose herself in the open, where our chances of catching the cubs would be much better than in the thick brush.

The time moved slowly. After an hour had passed we gave up all hope of ever seeing the bears again. Our hearing grew strangely acute, and every little noise made us start.

Brown objects—brush, and rocks—seemed to move. A big willow ptarmigan strutted across a snow patch and surveyed us with outstretched neck.

Far up the cañon our three friends, the caribou, were at last resting, and now and then the faint, far-off yapping of a fox drifted up from the lowlands.

As the cold crept into us we lost control of our muscles and shivered like dogs in a duck blind.

We had crouched on that hillside for over two hours, when, at last, we heard the sharp snap of a breaking branch. Looking in the direction of the noise I saw brush moving, and then, with the muscles rolling under her shaggy coat, the big bear plowed through a thicket and stalked into a little glade. On reaching the center of the glade she sat down, and our time had come.

She was about 180 yards below us. Unluckily, a patch of alders spread its gnarled limbs between us and our quarry, so to get an open shot we moved down hill about 15 yards to one side.

This move we executed with the greatest caution, as we had to cross a glade in plain sight of the bear. Had it not been for the cubs I doubt if we could have approached without her seeing us; as it was, she was nervous and kept raising her head. I watched her through my field glasses occasionally, and could see her soft, black nose and tufted ears, shifting to every little breeze and whisper of the grass.

For a minute we lay in the shelter of some bushes, arranging our rifles for the work to come, and then we slowly rose to our knees. Still she did not see us, and we waited quietly for her to move.

She was the first brown bear I had ever seen, and with the rugged mountains and a sweep of Bering Sea for a background, she made a noble picture.

The cubs meanwhile had been settling a serious quarrel. In the excitement of their battle they had moved down hill and the old bear, at last, decided to join them. As her great shoulder moved forward, Hubley's gun broke the stillness, and a spurt of gravel beyond the bear showed that the shot was high.

The roar of the explosion in that silent place seemed to paralyze the bear. She stood motionless, her great head following the echoes as they boomed and rumbled among the glaciers.

I held low on her shoulder and pulled; there was a puff of dust from her tawny side, and we heard distinctly the splashing thud of the bullet. She bit savagely at the wound, and turned completely around several times, shaking her head. While she was turning we each shot again, and both bullets took effect. The next instant she disappeared over a bank.

Springing to our feet, we ran down the mountain side, and soon found her on the edge of an alder thicket.

As we approached she rose to a sitting position, but was too weak to fight.

One of the cubs took to the brush at the first shot. The other stayed with its mother to the last, and then charged us, bawling with all its might. It started for Hubley, and he threw down his rifle and tried to rope it with his pack strap, but failed.

Meanwhile, I had put the old bear out of pain and turned in time to see the cub make one snap at Hubley's trousers, and start for the bottom of the cañon. We finally caught him in the glacial stream, as he was helpless in the swift water.

Now that we had the cub captured, we wondered how we should get him to camp. Leading proved a signal failure, for he scratched and bit at the rope incessantly, and when we went through brush he would embrace it with all four feet, and howl until the mountains echoed.

As we wore several pair of heavy socks in our shoe packs, we used them to muzzle the cub's mouth and paws, and then rolled him in a pack strap.

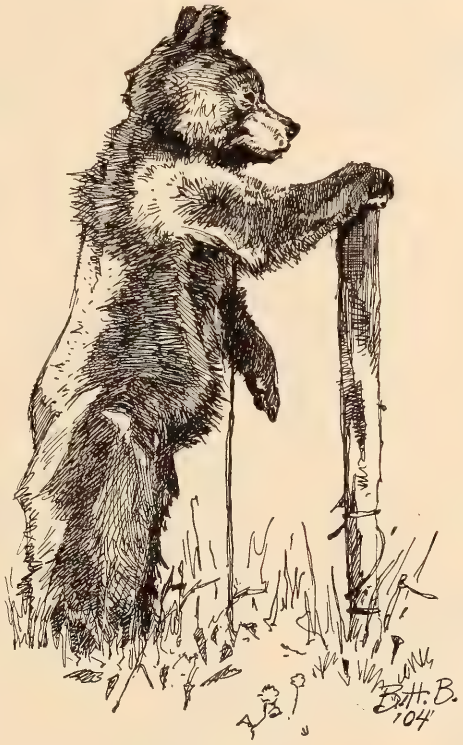
On the following day we packed the big bearskin into camp, and looked for the other cub, but we never saw it again.

Packing our captive kept us busy; he yelled with untiring energy during the long tramp, and seemed to take a fiendish delight in kicking our ribs with his bestockinged feet. I know of many summer sports more pleasant than packing crazy bear cubs down icy mountain sides. Once at camp, he pushed his nose into a condensed milk can, and then he was happy.

Our captive was a male, and a splendid specimen. He was, and still is, the only living merriami bear in captivity. He was darker in color than his mother, and had a white ring on his neck, that disappeared as he grew older. He did not take kindly to captivity, and, although he was always interesting, he never became affectionate.

The little fellow was with us on all our trips, and saw many a huge bear skin come out of the mountains on our shoulders. At the end of the season we led him across the mountains to the Pacific Ocean.

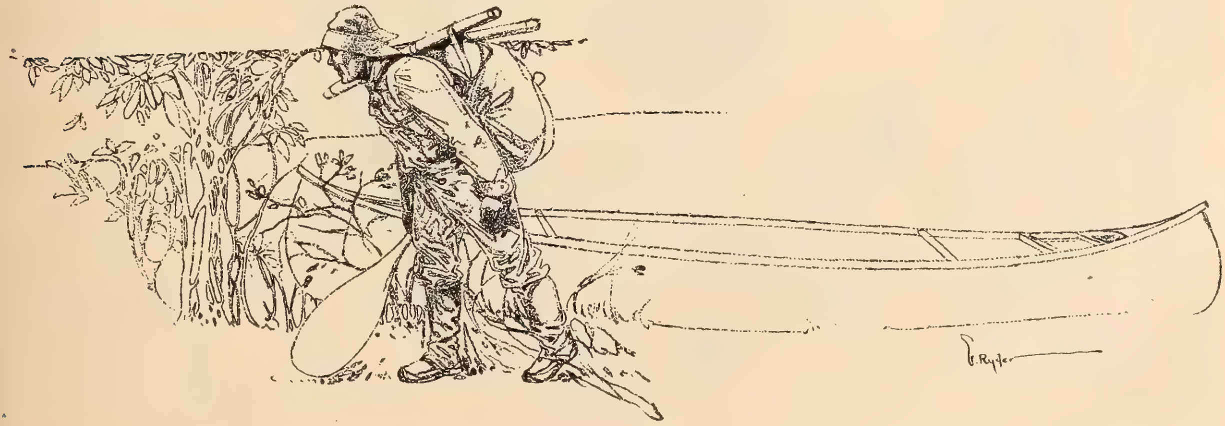
Only twice after his capture was his fighting blood aroused. On the first outbreak, Howe was carrying him through the water, from our boat to the beach, and got badly bitten. On the second occasion he tore a finger from the hand of a sailor who was teasing him.



THE CUB.

From the islands in the North Pacific, Andrew J. Stone started him on his journey of 5,000 miles to Bronx Park, where he is now growing large and muscular.

I have visited him once or twice in his new home, thinking he might be glad to see me, but he ignored my advances, which is not surprising.



THE BIRDS IN THE MOON

By C. WILLIAM BEEBE

THE lover of birds who has spent the day in the field, puts away his glasses at nightfall, looking forward to a walk after dark only as a chance to hear the call of nocturnal birds or to catch the whirr of a passing wing. But some bright moonlight night in mid-September, unsheath your glasses and tie them, telescope fashion, to a window-ledge or railing. Seat yourself in an easy position and focus on the moon. Shut out all earthly scenes from your mind and imagine yourself wandering amid those arid wastes. What a scene of cosmic desolation. What vast deserts, what gaping craters of barren rock! The cold, steel-white planet seems of all things most typical of death.

But those specks passing across its surface! At first you imagine they are motes clogging the delicate blood-vessels of the retina; then you wonder if a distant host of falling meteors could have passed. Soon a larger, nearer mote passes; the moon and its craters are forgotten and with a thrill of delight you realize that they are birds,— living, flying birds,—of all earthly things typical of the most vital life! Migration is at its height, the chirps and twitters which come from the surrounding darkness are tantalizing hints telling of the passing legions. Thousands upon thousands of birds are every night pouring southward in a swift, invisible, aerial stream.

As a projecting pebble in mid-stream blurs the transparent water with a myriad bubbles, so the narrow path of moon-rays cuts a swath of visibility straight through the host of birds to our eager eyes. How we hate to lose an instant's opportunity. Even a wink may allow a familiar form to pass unseen. If we can use a small telescope, the field of view is much enlarged. Now and then we recognize the flight of some particular species,—the swinging loop of a woodpecker or goldfiinch, or the flutter of a sandpiper.

It has been computed that these birds migrate from one to three miles above the surface of the earth, and when we think of the tiny fluttering things at these terrible heights it takes our breath away. What a panorama of dark earth and glistening river and ocean must be spread out beneath them! How the big moon must glow in that rarified air! How diminutive and puerile must seem the houses and cities of human fashioning!

The instinct of migration is one of the most wonderful in the world. A young bob-white and a bobolink are hatched in the same New England field. The former grows up and during the fall and winter forms one of the covey which is content to wander a mile or two, here and there, in search of good feeding grounds. Hardly has the bobolink donned his first full dress before an irresistible impulse seizes him. One night he rises up and up, ever higher on fluttering wings, sets his course southward, gives you a glimpse of him athwart the moon, and keeps on through Virginia to Florida, across seas, over tropical islands, far into South America, never content until he has put the great Amazon between him and his far-distant birthplace.

AMOS; THE MIGHTY HUNTER

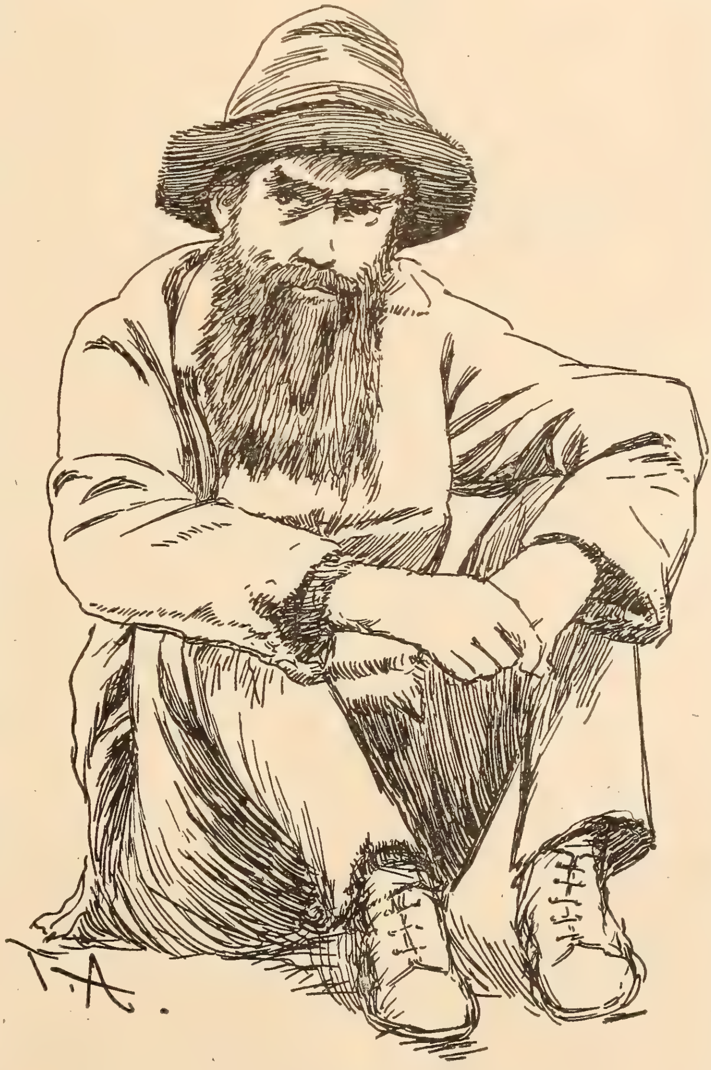
By TAPPAN ADNEY

Illustrated by the Author

"IF I had only known enough to ketch beaver when I first came on the river!"

There was distinctly a trace of sadness in the voice of the speaker, a man of perhaps fifty years of age, as he sat upon the floor with back to the wall, legs drawn up, and hands clasped around them for support. It was his favorite position when he wanted to be really comfortable. His legs were short, "jist a mite short for his body," to use one of his own quaint expressions, and no human being I ever saw could draw himself up closer together and occupy less space on the ground or floor. A generous allowance of beard nestled among his knees, for Nature here had not been sparing.

A few moments before, supper over, the tall, kindly faced wife had cast an indulgent glance at her husband and then remarked, with a laugh, "Now, Amos is happy; he's got some one to talk to!" Even yet I recall the browned, lean-featured face of Amos, and his dark eyes sparkling with animation, as he began upon his favorite subject.



AMOS.

It was the end of a fine, northern autumn day, and I had followed the example of my host. The spot where we were that evening was estimated to be some fifty-five miles from the nearest railway connecting it with "civilization." As Amos had explained, he had come to this out-of-the-way place when quite a small lad, and had so far succeeded in dispossessing the bears that he now had one of the best farms on the Riley Brook "Intervale," and, besides, had the neatest woman in that end of the settlement. Amos was well thought of by his neighbors, and no one could command more dignity, especially when leading his little flock of six boys and girls to church upon the rare occasions when a minister ventured that far out into the woods. The aforesaid legs more than made up for their lack of length by their amazing ability to get over fallen logs and up and down hill when their owner was in the woods. Only three rods from the little farm house flowed the clearest, nicest little salmon river, and there was plenty of game in the surrounding forests. The moose in the mating season often crossed here, and more than once had picked out Amos's yard as the place to wade the shallow river. Amos says so, and who will doubt Amos, who never had been known in all his life to deviate in the smallest degree from the straight and narrow pathway of strict veracity? Back from the settlement for a distance of ten miles, as far as "the Branch," was a line of bear traps, over which Amos passed once a week, in season, with unfailing regularity and with fair success. This and a thousand and one other things which a man sees in the real, big woods, and which the nature students are supposed to be able to tell us all about, should have made any reasonable man contented. But one could not fail to note the tone of regret, as the mind went back to the good old times when it was really worth a man's while to spend a winter in the woods, trapping. Even at the present time there be those to vouch that Amos was a good hunter and a successful one. Serious minded, as woodmen so often are who live in the great woods face to face with Nature, Amos perhaps errs upon the side of modesty in relating his adventures, and makes no attempt to conceal the note of occasional misfortune observable in many of the incidents that he is fond of relating. Formality has been dispensed with and we are seated on the floor, to all intents and purposes no longer within a house, but beside the snapping campfire in the depths of the primeval forest.

"Why, over there in the bogun, and everywhere along the main river, the beavers was as thick as musquash is now! When I got old enough to trap, I didn't think nothin' of gettin' four to six dozen beaver in a season. It's the lumbermen that's trapped everything off; when the logs are gone the fur is gone too."

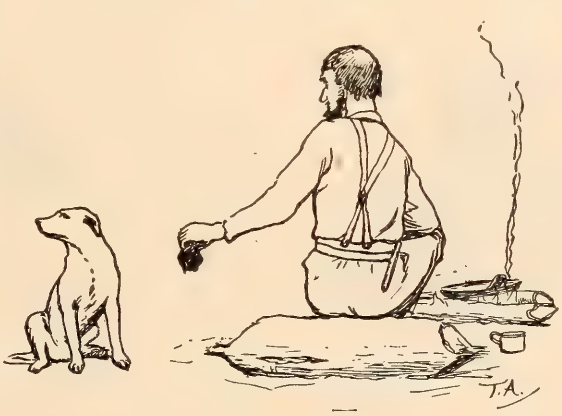
Encouraged by respectful silence, Amos continued:

"I larnt my trappin' from a man they called 'Long Scott.' Scott was his name. He was an Irishman, a tall man, as tall as you are, a big man, too. He was the most profane man I ever knew, and the best trapper. He knew how to ketch the beaver and orter! But I never heard a man swear like he did. He had a regular string of it he used to say, and you'd a-thought to a-heard him that is was a Methodist minister. 'By the great and etarnal,' he'd start in with. He'd git mad, and be that mean and contrary, jist at himself! When he tried to light a match, and the wind was blowin', he would say nothin' when the first match went out. When the second one went out he'd begin to cuss, and when the third went out then he'd commence a string. He'd throw his hat down and jump on it, and swear! When a bush struck him in the face, I seen him jist chaw the bushes in his rage. But he'd be pleasant to you or me; he'd git mad jist at himself!

"One day we was goin' up Little Tobique, and Long Scott was ahead. When I got to the White-fish Hole I come up with him. There he was, he had his hat down, and his hands spread, jist a-prayin'! It was a cold day, about Christmas, and we had five miles to go. He got his foot wet, that's all. I didn't say nothin' to him till a ways on. Then I says to him, 'Let's stop here, Mr. Scott. I'll build a fire and you can put a dry sock on.'

" 'If the tarnal thing wants to freeze I ain't goin' to hinder it,' says he. He wouldn't stop; he was that contrary. The foot froze. When we got to camp the foot was froze white. He didn't do nothin' but set in camp till spring, doin' nothin' but fish a little through the ice!

"One time me and Scott went out to an old camp, to set a bear trap. He had a gun. It was a nice one, made before these breechloaders come into fashion in this country. One barrel was a rifle and the other was a shot-gun, and I never could tell which barrel was the rifle and which was the shot-gun, without 'takin' it down.' I was walkin' on ahead with the gun over my shoulder, and the grub on the end of the gun. Jist behind me was the dog, and the old man was behind him again with the ax, carryin' the trap. I had the gun and the grub, he had the ax and the trap, and just as I went to go in the door of the old camp, 'there was a bruin inside! The bear he turned to git out. He brushed right past me and nearly pushed me over; I could have kicked him; I never thought of the gun; I jist looked at the bear! The old man hollered, 'Shoot! shoot!' and that brought me to me senses, and I got the grub off the gun. By that time he was pretty near acrost the camp-yard, and I fired, as I thought, the bullet. The bear kept right on, the dog hot after him, and the bear run, lookin' back at the dog but it appeared like the dog didn't keer to take holt. I run after the bear, I had a good chanst at him two or three times, but I thought I had nothing but the shot. I meant when he turned to give him the shot, clost. I gained on the bear on the road, for I was lettin' out my best, but when he struck the hill, there he left us. How the old man did swear when he found the bullet still in the gun! and didn't I feel cheap! Well, we set the trap, and we got him. He had the shot! They were jist in his hide, and didn't hurt him at all, only stung him a mite. I wonder he didn't turn when he ketched it, but we always found the bears around here was cowardly.



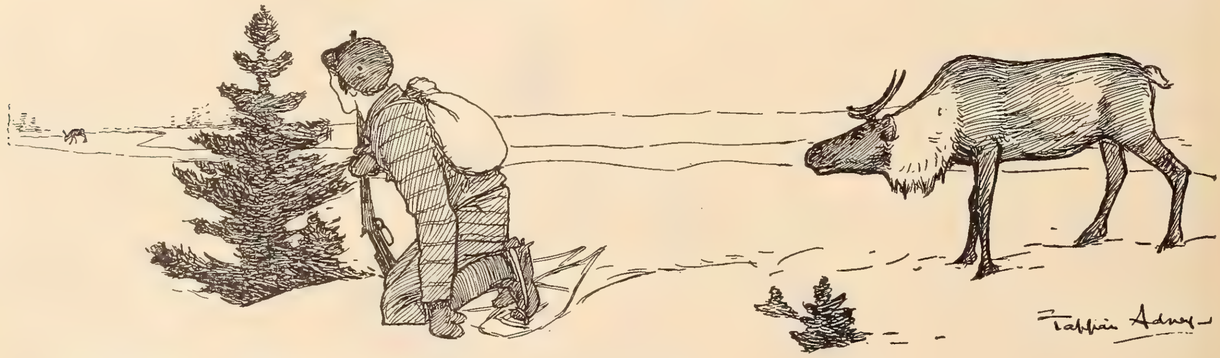
"Eat orter or starve!"

"About the orter? Well, old man Scott was in the woods and he had killed an orter. Now there ain't nothin' 'll eat a mink, nor a black-cat, nor an orter. I've left a carcase hangin' for a year and at the end of that time it was all there, except it was dried up some. A 'gorbie,' or a crow, or a chicken—nothin' 'll eat an orter. The old man killed an orter, and he give a piece to the dog; but the dog wouldn't eat it.

"'Eat orter or starve!' said he, but the dog wouldn't touch it. Next meal he offered a piece to the dog; again the dog refused it.

"'Eat orter or starve!' said he. Next meal he did the same thing. 'Eat orter or starve!' But the dog jist wouldn't eat the orter. Every day he'd bring out a piece of orter, and every day the dog would turn his head away. Well, it went on for six days. The dog couldn't stand it no longer, so he eat a piece, and he never give him a bite to eat till he'd eat all that orter!

"The worst scrape I ever see the old man git into was one time up Sisson Branch, to look for a moose yard. We didn't find the moose yard, and were coming back, when I sees the fresh tracks of a caribou. I told the old man if he'd hold the dog, I could git a shot at the caribou. Thinks I, 'He'll make a grand pair of snowshoes!" So the old man helt the dog and I went a little ways, it was down hill, and I comes onto the caribou. I had the double-barrel gun, and the bullets didn't fit the shot gun, and it was wet, too. I raised the gun and took aim, but the gun wouldn't go off. I see the caribou was gittin' uneasy, so I fires the bullet that was in the shot gun, and of course, I misses the caribou. The dog, when he hears the shot, give a jump and started, and down he comes with the old man 'seboy-in' him on. The caribou jist stood still, and watched the dog comin' for him, and I was watchin' the whole circumstance, and trying to pick powder into the lock of the rifle. The old man was right after the dog, with the ax, and when he comes up to the caribou, he struck at him with the ax, but he struck at his side instid of his head. The caribou jumped jist as he struck, and got the poll of the ax behind. The caribou was so clost that when he jumped he ripped up the toes of the old man's snowshoes and sent him flyin' into the snow. He landed head first in the deep snow with nothin' but the heels of his snowshoes stickin' out. The dog laid holt of the caribou, and they went it down the hill. I sees the caribou was makin' for a little road, so I runs down and heads him off. Down comes the caribou and the dog holt of his hind leg, and I jump onto the caribou's neck, a-hollerin' for help. I could hear the old man up the hill, jist a cursin' and swearin'. Oh, it was awful! I helt onto the caribou, all mixed up in the snowshoes, and between me and the dog we threw the caribou, and I killed it. The old man was cursin' with every cut of the knife. That caribou dressed a hundred and fifty pounds to the quarter.



"Tom was lookin' the other way."

"One day I said somethin' to the old man about his swearin' so much.

" 'Yes,' said he, 'I do swear a little bit; but I'm no worse than you; you lie.'

" 'Well, Mr. Scott,' says I, "I don't know that I do.'

" 'That's jist it; you lie more'n you think you do, and I swear more'n I think I do. Now see here. Suppose we're fishin', and I drop a hook into the water, and I sees a nice fish, and I jerks up, and I don't git him. Then I says "Damn." I drops the line in again, and I pulls up again, and don't git him. Then I puts something onto the "Damn," and that's the way it goes, until I'm swearin' and I don't know how much I am! How do you lie? I tell you. You drops a line into the water and pulls up and don't git the fish, and you says, "Well, I never saw the like!" You drops in again and pulls up and don't git him that time, and you says, "I never saw the like!" Now that's a lie, for you'r jist seen the likes before!'

"One time I went up on Sisson Branch Lake with a young fellow from down Kesaw. He was a rattlin' good cook. I wasn't much of a cook those days; but this feller was a good cook. He hadn't much experience in the woods. He had two guns, a shot gun and a rifle, and we agreed for him to carry the rifle and shoot whatever we could shoot with a rifle, and I would carry the shot gun and shoot whatever we could shoot with a shot gun. That was so as not to tread on each other's toes. He had a mighty good opinion of himself, and he cal'lated that he was a rattlin' good shot with a rifle. Well, we comes to a place where we had seen the caribou had been travellin' along a road. I sets my shot gun acrost the road, with a chalk-line to the trigger, and went on. Then we had nothing but the rifle, and he was a great feller to divide up the loads, when we were travellin', so he makes me carry part of the ammunition. I didn't say nothin', but I takes the powder, and we walks on, the dog walkin' between us. We comes to some fresh caribou tracks, and he runs on ahead with the rifle, leaving me behind. I hears him fire, and the next thing I sees him runnin' back. How he did cuss me for not having given him the powder! He'd run right onto the caribous; they was walkin' right toward him, and there was one old buck with the finest pair of horns he ever seen! He waits till he gits right up clost broadside to him, and he shoots, and he never touches a hair! He stood there lookin' at the caribou, and the caribou lookin' at him. He hadn't a mite of powder—he'd made me carry it for him. Then he sneaks away and when he gits back the caribou is gone! How he did tear around and abuse me! He couldn't be reasonable at all. I told him to carry his own ammunition next time.

"I was still kinder sore on him when we goes out one night to watch for beaver. We went to the dam, and set to watch till they come out to fix it. While we were watchin' we sees there was another dam above, with a house, and he says he'll go up to that dam and watch for them as they come over, while I stays at this one. He was goin' to take the best chanst, and give me the poorest! I watched there a little while, till the water where we cut the dam 'd fell about a foot, when I sees a little white wake comin', and I knows that's a beaver. I didn't know how to shoot beaver then; so I aims at the point of the wake, and fires. Down goes the beaver, and up comes his tail, and that was the last of the beaver. Well, the feller comes runnin' down all excited, and says, 'Did you git him?' 'No,' says I.

" 'Well, what did you want to shoot and miss him for?'

" 'I done my best,' says I.

" 'You've no business to shoot and miss him!' says he, and he blustered around as mad as he could be. 'Now, that one 'll go and tell all the others and we won't git one!'

"Just that minute what happens but up comes another beaver. The beaver hears the talkin' and splash! down he goes. Then the feller was mad for sure. 'Look at that!' says he, 'we've lost that one, too!'

"I says I couldn't see that it was any of my fault.

" 'Yes it is, too! If you hadn't shot and missed the first one, I wouldn't have had to take on, and the beaver wouldn't have heard us!' "

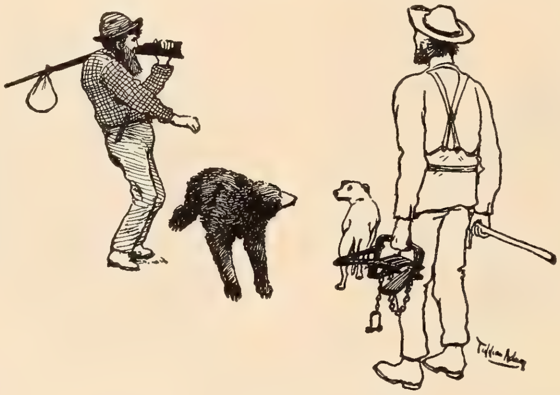
Amos's face took on an expression that showed his troubles were not breaking him down. But Amos is a patient man.

"I didn't say nothin', and we went down below the dam. The dam was as much as four feet high, and we sat there looking over the edge into the pond. Pretty soon, up comes another beaver, and he come down swimmin' high, his back all out of water. He swum to one side and took a look, and then he swum the other way and took a look, and then he come down towards us! He couldn't see us, we was jist behind the dam. He passed me first; he was so clost I would have poked him with a gun, but I jist let him go past me. Oh, he was a purty shot, all out of the water, and his tail out flat. I was goin' to let the other fellow take him. Well, he never touched it!

"I was glad of that! I didn't mind the loss of the beaver at all, I was that tickled to think that after all his talk he had missed the beaver. Some time after that he says to me, 'I don't see how I did that.' Says I, 'It must have been that the bullet described a circle. I couldn't see no other way.' But he was that conceited he couldn't see the fun of it at all, and I never let on—but I was tickled!

"Tom Slows, up here, kept wantin' me to go out with him; he had been at me a long time to take him out to shoot a caribou. Tom had never shot a caribou, and he wanted one the worst way. Tom isn't much of a hunter; he is comical enough anyway, but you'd laugh to see him in the woods. 'I guess there isn't much huntin' over in the old country,' I says to Tom. All Tom wanted was for me to show him the caribou, and *he* would shoot it. We went out, it was the spring of the year, and snow deep. We were gone five days. I showed Tom a caribou every day, but Tom couldn't seem to hit anything.

"We came one time to a small deadwaters, frozen over, and there was a narrow bit of clear space each side, and then the thick woods. When we got to the deadwaters I says to Tom, 'It's about time we sees our usual caribou.' Just then I looks up the deadwaters and I sees a caribou, and with that I grabs the dog. Then I shows the caribou to Tom. The caribou was at the end of the deadwaters, too far away to shoot, but I see that by gettin' to a patch of bushes, up the stream aways, he would have a good chanst. So Tom set off up the deadwaters, keepin' the patch of bushes between him and the caribou. Tom had his grub and stuff on his back, and it was in a white sack. You couldn't see it from the front, but from behind you could see it a mile—I don't ever carry a white sack on that account. Well, sir, Tom hadn't got a hundred yards when out of the woods come two caribous! They sees the white sack and stops. Tom was lookin' the other way and I couldn't holler to Tom without scarin' the caribous, so I jist set there and looked. Well, it was comical, me settin' there, no gun, holdin' the dog, and can't holler to Tom! The caribou didn't seem to know what to make of it. They steps out on the ice and crosses over to the side Tom was on. Then they creeps along on Tom's tracks, with heads stuck out, lookin'. Tom was goin' very slow and cautious, watchin' the caribou up the deadwaters and he didn't know there was anything around. They crept on until they got right up to Tom; they was right at his heels; he could have touched them, pretty near! Jist then Tom must have heard something, for he turned his head quick and he sees the two caribous! He was that surprised he couldn't move, and never thought no more about his gun than if he never had one, and the caribous turned quick and was off in the woods. By that time, the other caribou gits scared, and when Tom looks for it, it is gone, too!



"He brushed right past me."

"When I was quite a small gunner," continued Amos, his head leaned back against the wainscoting, whiskers out and eyes fixed toward the ceiling, in reminiscent mood, "I wanted to carry a gun pretty bad. But father said I was too small to handle his rifle, so he gave me a little hatchet, and I felt pretty big, goin' around with the tomahawk stuck in my belt, like an Injun. I kept beggin' father to let me take his rifle, so, one day—it was winter time—he let me take his gun and I sticks the tomahawk into my belt and takes father's old black dog and goes off up the mountain, jist back of the house. I had got most to the top of the mountain, when I heard the dog bark and I runs up and the dog has a big caribou! The caribou was standin' in the snow and the dog was barkin' at him. I runs up and the caribou didn't see me; he was lookin' at the dog. When I sees a good chanst, I takes the big rifle and fires. Father had the dog trained when he heard the gun go off he'd fasten right on, so when the gun goes off the dog fastens right on the caribou, and throws him down. I thinks I've done it, all right! I've killed the caribou, so I runs up and takes my little hatchet to cut its throat and as I gets up clost to the caribou the dog lets up. The caribou gets up, and I strikes at the caribou, and when I struck, the hatchet slips out of my mitten, and the handle hits the caribou on the nose, not to hurt it, but the caribou jumps at me and strikes me with his fore feet and knocks me over in the snow. I gits up quick as I can and if it hadn't been that the dog took holt agin I don't know but that the caribou 'd done me. That gives me time to git up, and git first one snowshoe on and then the other, and we stands there lookin' at each other. My rifle is buried in the snow, and I can't git that, and I thinks, if I goes back father'll laugh at me. Jist then the caribou takes a start and I hunts around in the snow and finds the gun, and it was all full of snow. Thinks I, I ain't goin' to let that caribou go! So I hunts up the hatchet, and then I runs down the gulch and gits above the caribou. I takes off my snowshoes, and with the tomahawk I jumps right on top of the caribou's back. At the same time the dog takes holt again, and we throw the caribou down and I kills him with the hatchet. Then I went down to the house feelin' pretty big, and father says, lookin' at me: 'I sees you got the caribou,' and we went back and skinned it. I had it right handy to the house. Father was a great hunter. You ought'r hear the old man tell about a bear onct. When the old man tells a story he acts it all out, wavin' his arms, jist like the thing happened.

"Well, he found a bear onct, denned in an old cedar. There was a kind of 'spill' on one side of the cedar, where the wood was rotted through, and the tree was hollow, and the bear had gone in there and filled up the hole from the inside. The old man found the den, and he dug the hole away until he could see inside, and at that the bear sticks out his head, and the old man couldn't see jist where he was shootin'. He shoots and he doesn't touch the bear, and when he fired, the dog let into the hole, and it was dog and bear! The old man laid his gun down alongside a tree, and when the dog hollered he grabbed the dog by the hind legs. You ought to see the old man act that, standin' up and pullin'—he pulled and the bear pulled! By and by the bear lets go to take a fresh holt, and out come the dog, and when he comes he struck against the gun and knocked it into the snow, and it got covered up; right after the dog was the bear. The snow was deep, and the old man couldn't find the gun, and they had it! Him and the dog and the bear! By and by the old man gits holt of the ax, and he hits the bear a swipe and kills it.

"I'd like to have you see a bear we seen last year, and the year before that. I jist seen his track," continued Amos, correcting himself. "The ground was that hard a moose would hardly have made a track! I tried my boot in the bear's track, sir, and jumpin' I could hardly make a print, but the feller had sunk right into the hard ground as plain as if it had been a light snow." Amos never quivered an eyelash, as he told this story, with an evident air of belief. "Well, I set a trap, and the bear walks right into it. I set it right along where there was a thicket of bushes on the side of the road. Well, sir, he lit out with that trap! I can't think of no other way than if you'd the strength to fire a barrel of pork. He jist give one big jump, the dog ketched, and he went right on, leavin' the trap as high as my head in the bushes. Yes, sir! He went through them bushes jist as if you'd a-fired a barrel of pork. Next spring I set another trap and you'd a-thought there was enough chains on it, anyhow. The trap was as much as a man'd want to lug. When I went out to it a rabbit had got into it. The bear had come and walked off with the trap and the rabbit; then he pulled out the rabbit and left the trap. I don't know where he went, after that. But he was the fatherly big bear. If you could only git a pictur of him! I will be mightily disappointed," said Amos, as his mind turned to a little work he had in hand, "if we don't git some kind of a bear to-morrow; we ketched eight there last year."

A Little Gray Nest in the Cat-Tails.

By CAROLYN B. LYMAN.

A little gray nest in the cat-tails,
  Four spotted eggs of pale blue,
Hidden away in the marshes—
  Out in the sunshine and dew.

Four tiny bills pointing upward!
  Fluttering of downy wings!
Twittering low, o'er the morsel
  Mother-bird, daintily, brings.

Four feathered birdlings all tilting,
  Perched on a little gray nest!
Red-wing, so troubled and guarding,
  Hardly finds time now to rest.

Four tiny heads, looking skyward—
  Watching the flight of the bee,
Watching the butterfly sailing—
  Anxious the wide world to see!

A little gray nest in the cat-tails,
  Swaying, the dull, autumn day!
Lonely and still are the marshes—
Red-wings are flown—far away!

THE MINNESOTA INTERLAKEN

By CHARLES HALLOCK

PROF. WINCHELL, state geologist, has publicly estimated the number of the Minnesota lakes at eleven thousand. A large majority of them are unknown to cartographers, but familiar enough to wood-runners, trappers and Indians, through and among which there have been long established canoe routes leading to trading posts and frontier reservations. The area covered by these routes may be safely reckoned as containing more lakes than the settled portion of the state. But eleven thousand! That is a great number. Now-a-days people talk flippantly of numbers, especially of dollars, without a conception of their vast aggregate. Why, it would occupy a life-time of travel to visit them all. In many parts of the United States a natural lake is so rare a thing of beauty and attraction that it is made the objective point of a one hundred mile journey; but out in the park region of middle Minnesota one is never out of sight of them. There nature reproduces them all in aquamarine and clear colors. We are not obliged to restrict ourselves to the shadow of a gravel walk, or to an umbrella tent, as in a city park, but we may drive at will across the prairie, and pitch our sheltering canvas beside waters whose borders are paved with rare pebbles, and whose sward is ever kept green by the ripples which kiss it.

Following the same route which was only a cart trail when I went up there forty-seven years ago with the Kinkaid boys, who started the town of Alexandria before Minnesota was a state, I pitched down last June beside the Hotel Alexandria and once more looked out upon the expansive bosom of Geneva Lake. It was a happy experience—something like a renaissance. There could be no mistake about Geneva. It had charmed me in the old days, and it remained constant now. The environment had somewhat changed, 'tis true; fewer tepees and more houses in sight, but the same old ripple was on the lake, the same pebbles on the beach, and the same fringe of rushes around the shore. In fact I could fancy that I saw the same great overfed bass swinging along outside the marginal weeds. Many a time, in the past, I had let my dug-out canoe drift along the shore line when the wind was fair and picked up a score of them on a troll in an inning. It is no trick at all to take a mess of fish in this and adjacent lakes—no more to-day than it was then. You can catch them with frog, minnow, pork, spoon, fish spawn, cawfish, caddis, worm, or fly. Everyone who knows how to fish, men, women, children, old and young, all bring in good strings, and the fish run large, too. I saw some gentlemen of St. Paul bring in a lot of fifty-two on July 1, not one of which would weigh less than a pound and a half taken as they came, catch as catch can, and none thrown back. This is remarkable, for there are always small ones mixed with the large. And the result is much the same in all the lakes, of which there are at least two hundred in Douglas county alone. They all yield pike, pickerel, perch, croppies, sunfish and pike perch, with no end of frogs and minnows on the side. Some of the old anglers here call the small mouth bass "grey bass," but I do not find that synonym in any of the standard books, or in Jordan, Goode or Gilbert, though it is well enough as a distinctive appellation, and I am inclined to favor it.

It is important for a summer saunterer or sojourner to be sure about his location, not only as a sporting ground but as a social court. And as I said, there is no mistake about Geneva Beech. The quality of its guests, as much as its local attractions, determines the eligibility of a hotel. It may occupy the most beautiful spot on earth, and all its appointments and cuisine be everything to please and praise, but if undesirable people are conspicuously present, it cannot pay long as an investment; while if it once has the good fortune to secure the "right kind of people," it will be difficult to frighten them away. One of our best resort journals well remarks that "it is not snobbery or affectation on the part of refined guests to object to constant and enforced association with persons whose manners and habits are less fastidious than theirs."

A BLANKET INDIAN.

Now, the stated newspaper summer correspondent, turned loose to grass, is always enthusiastic. His descriptions of rural haunts are therefore subject to mortification. They are always heartiest when they effervesce. But I am no four-year-old colt just out of harness. I have looked the entire continent almost over, and am free to say that for a country devoid of mountain features and partaking purely of the pastoral, I have found none to equal middle Minnesota in beauty and ever-changing variety; and it is practically unlimited. The very contour of the land makes this possible. Consider, if you please, that this is the center of the great reservoir system which supplies some of the principal rivers of the continent. Here on this crowning watershed the Mississippi and the Red River of the north have their sources, so close together and so near akin by birth and association that the deities of the woods have always marvelled why they turned their backs to each other and took opposite directions, one to the freezing Arctic, and the other to the tepid South Atlantic. In this sylvan nursery of streams, in the very cradle of these diverse temperaments and erratic moods we find a congregation of catch basins, lakes and feeders, so numerous that they are hardly named or numbered. They seem the very counterpart of the galaxy across the sky. There are lakes of every conceivable conformation and outline: round lakes with pebbly shores, oblong lakes margined with wild rice and reeds, lakes with

A CAMP NEAR LEECH LAKE.

deeply indented bays and projecting points, lakes with shores wooded to the brink, and lakes set in shrubless areas of lawn, lakes filled with islands, lakes with flat shores, bold shores, sloping shores, cragged shores, and lakes with confronting bluffs and promontories. There are lakes detached and isolated, lakes in clusters and pairs, lakes large as seas, and lakes in connecting chains which stretch far across the prairie and furnish uninterrupted thoroughfares for boats for distances of a hundred miles.

In these lakes are no less than eighty-one species of food fish. Pike perch, or wall-eyed pike, are the most widely distributed of all. They are found in all counties of the state, except in the southwestern counties of Lac Qui Parle, Martin, Nicollet, Olmsted, Pipestone, and Rock. They come into season in June and are caught in deep water on the edges of submerged sand bars in lakes, and at the mouths of tributaries of large rivers, and in the Mississippi itself.

Black bass come into season in June. In May they are still covering their nests in the shallow water of gravelly shores, and protecting their young, as hens do their broods, and should not be caught until the young are ready to scatter and take care of themselves. So long as the parents guard them, they are less exposed to predatory rovers of various sorts. It is a mistake to catch them in May. Frogs are a killing bait at the opening of the season, and live minnows and trolling baits later on. In hot weather they go into deep water and to the outlets of lakes. If the angler expects to catch many bass, do not strike the moment a bite is felt, as when fishing for trout, but give them time. Let the fish gorge the bait at their leisure, and when you feel the line drawn steadily out, fix the hook into the jaw by a smart stroke, and you have them sure. Black bass are found in all Minnesota counties except the northwestern counties of Beltrami, Cass, Clay, Itasca, Kittson, Marshall, Norman, Polk and Roseau, and the southwestern counties of Lincoln, Nicollet, Nobles, Pipestone, Renville and Rock.

Yellow perch, croppies (or grass bass), rock bass and sunfish, one or all of them, usually accompany the black bass, and are seldom found where the black bass is not. It is well to remember this. Croppies are caught with minnows, where there are beds of croppie weeds, and are a superlative panfish. They are close kin to speckled perch.

Suckers and representatives of the Catostomidæ are found widely distributed throughout the whole state.

Muscallonge are not found south of Hennepin county, except in Lake Pepin. Their habitat is between the parallels 45 degrees and 48 degrees latitude, in the middle tier of counties, to wit: Aitkin, southern part of Beltrami and Cass, Crow Wing, Dakota, Goodhue, Hennepin, Hubbard, Itasca, Mille Lacs, Lake Morrison, Otter Tail, Sherburne, Sibley, Stearns, St. Louis, Todd, Wabasha, Wadena, Winona and Wright. (Goodhue, Dakota, Wabasha and Winona border Lake Pepin.) Minnetonka Lake, in Hennepin, contains muscallonge.

Whitefish and sturgeon are found in most of the northeastern counties. Whitefish are usually by themselves. Three varieties of sturgeon are found in Lake Pepin.

Sheepshead, or fresh water grunts, have a wide distribution from the extreme north to the southeastern counties. They do not occur in southwestern counties.

Buffalo (fish of the sucker family) are found in many of the southeastern counties.

Hyodons, or mooneyes, which are closely allied to the herrings, occur in most of the northwestern prairie streams. Catfish are in all waters. Silver bass, or white perch (*Morone interrupta*), and striped bass (*Roccus chrysops*), are frequent. California salmon, land-locked salmon, carp and rainbow trout have all been introduced.

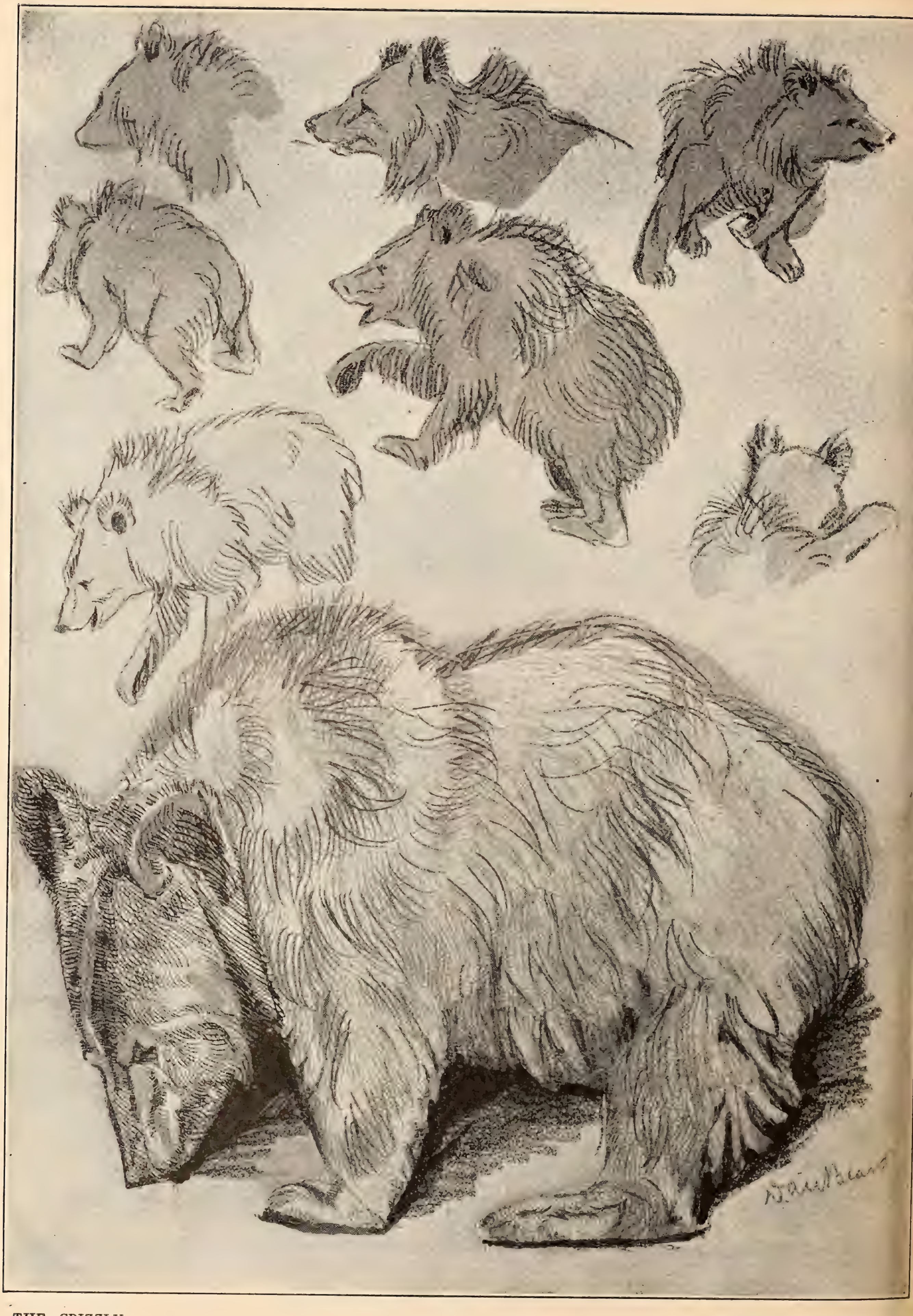
Lake trout are found in the Lake of the Woods, Itasca, Vermillion Lake, and in Aitkin, Cook, Crow Wing, Dakota, Fillmore, Houston, Lake, Pope, Ramsey, St. Louis, Washington and Winona counties. Lake trout are widely scattered over the surface of lakes in June, and afford good sport in fly fishing. Speckled trout also afford delectable sport with fly in the lakes, in localities near spring holes, before the weeds and pads reach and cover the surface; but there are few expert anglers in this line. We have been instructed, to repletion, how to manipulate the cast on streams more or less rapid, but very few of our writers seem to estimate the care and finesse necessary to successfully fly for trout on the expansive and comparatively still waters of lakes. Most anglers cast straight away and drag their flies directly toward them; but we believe in letting the waves and ripples wash the fly about more or less. On breezy, clear days, when trout rise wild and miss often, this method is effectual. In dull grey days it does not matter so much. It is better to fish alone from a boat. Cast to a point parallel with the bow, and work the flies across the water to leeward till opposite the stern, then round in a semicircle, as far as circumstances will permit, so as to cover as much area as possible, using in nearly all cases from fifteen to twenty-five feet of line, of which at least nine feet should be silk worm gut. On stormy days a shorter and even stouter cast may be used.

An active, nervous temperament tires of the monotony of a fixed status by the side of an individual lake, with the diurnal row, the bath and the still fishing, the hammock, the tennis court, and the book, and the protracted lullaby of idleness and loafing. It likes to spread its wings and launch out into the unexplored and unseen, expectant at every sharp curve of the sinuous outlet, emerging from the covert of the forest into the broad expanse of a far-reaching lake, swinging the oars with a long pull across its bosom, seeking an outlet where the rushes conceal it, and camping where night overtakes, with the starry veil drawn tightly over the uncertainties of to-morrow. The wilderness, methinks, is most attractive when it is presented in kaleidoscopic aspects.

One of these days, not distant, the itineraries of this lacustrine region will be as well defined and fixed as those of the Adirondacks, and tourists will encounter tourists, constantly, in their incoming and outgoing by lake and stream, and the whole country will be alive with guides and boats. The public has not learned of it as yet, and its delights are enjoyed only by a posted few; though even now from some central point like Alexandria lateral roads ramify in all directions to other lakes, and wind through alternate groves and prairie, and past undulating farm lands neatly fenced and radiant with the promise of the harvest. The whole landscape is aglow with verdure and vocal with birds. It is odorous with the summer perfume. The sunlit ripples sparkle between the flecking leaves and fill the view with constantly recurring surprises such as metropolitan treasuries have spent millions to imitate or reproduce in city parks. Surely it is difficult to exaggerate or enumerate the charms of this Minnesota Interlaken.

AN ALGONQUIN CANOE.

There is no such feeding ground for waterfowl, either. Wild rice, blue joint, horsetail, switch canes, scouring rushes, shave grass, cat-tails, buckwheat, water pepper, smart weed, water chinquapin, pond lilies, duckweed, plantins, arrow grass, pond weeds in great variety, wild celery, teal weed, eel grass, and other seed-bearing and bulbous plants on which ducks delight to feed, abound all over the country. Sagacious sportsmen who have visited the Interlaken are lying by even now, waiting for September, and the months to follow.



THE GRIZZLY

Drawn by DAN BEARD.

MR. DOOLEY: "HER" STORY

By DAN BEARD

A few years ago, Mr. Walker, of the Yellowstone Park, while on horseback, ran down a silver-tip cub, and when I sketched it the cub was fastened to a tree.

The cub was named Mr. Dooley, but there was some mistake in this, as the young monster was not a mister, though, as it appears "he" was a she.

I placed my sketching stool just out of reach of the cub, and, while I worked with my pencil, Mr. Dooley spent "his" time scraping the dirt with his paws, making long canals in the loose earth as "he" backed away, but all the time keeping "his" wicked little pig eyes fastened on me.

Every once in a while "he" would make a sudden savage rush at me and end it with a half-strangled gurgling growl.

When the season was over, the commander of the post stated that he intended to send Mr. Dooley to the Washington Zoo. This grieved Mr. Walker, until the late Major Bach innocently asked if Dooley never escaped, and the next morning it was discovered that Dooley had escaped.

Next spring, when Mrs. Walker arrived with her husband at the cañon, to open the hotel, Dooley was waiting to greet them on the broad veranda.

Time rolled on, and Dooley became a favorite visitor at the camps, and it was indeed a novel sight to see a great, hulking, silver-tip bear wrestling with the guides and enjoying the fun as much as the astonished spectators.

Dooley, although a very, very bad little cub, broadened both in mind and body as "he" grew older, and adopted the Golden Rule as "his" moral code; but this was a sad mistake on the bear's part. There perhaps never was a more gentle, better-hearted bear than Mr. Dooley, the great grizzly of Yellowstone Park. Far better would it have been for the lady bear with a gentleman's name if she had adhered closely to the traditions of her race and developed into a surly, gruff, dangerous old girl, in place of the gentle, sweet-tempered creature she really made of herself. True, she would not have been petted and fed with prunes and sweetmeats, but she would have been much happier than she now is, poor thing!

The trouble with Mr. Dooley is that "he" made the mistake of applying the Golden Rule to human beings, and the human beings did not appreciate the generous nature of the bear.

Human beings are all right when they preach and when they write, but their brothers in fur will do well to not to trust to the sincerity of the two-legged creatures' sentiments.

Because the gentle grizzly of Yellowstone Park was guileless and unsuspicious, she (Mr. Dooley) was led into captivity, and is now imprisoned in a narrow iron-barred cell in the Washington Zoo.

And when the readers of Recreation visit Washington, and see a big grizzly with its tongue lolling out of its mouth, and a far-away look in its eyes, they may know that it is the lady bear, known as Mr. Dooley, of Yellowstone Park, and that the poor girl is dreaming of her free life in the mountains, or her real friends, the guides and cooks of the camps, and Mr. and Mrs. Walker of the Cañon Hotel.

It is hoped that the visitors will take with them some little green thing—turnips, apples, or any vegetable which will gladden the heart of the lady bear who trusted man to her sorrow.

MOUNTAIN TRAILS AND TRAVEL

By FREDERICK B. HUSSEY

Illustrated by the Author

A PACK TRAIN starting out for the hills is a sight that may be seen almost any day during the summer season by a visitor to the average mountain town in the West, and it looks very picturesque as it winds slowly down the street, and is finally lost to sight in a cloud of dust, or is swallowed up by the wall of trees and underbrush that crowds in upon the settlement.

"THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE."

Perhaps it is only an outfit packing supplies to a mine, or, again, it may be a couple of prospectors starting out on that always interesting but seldom successful hunt for a fortune, or a hunting party, composed usually of one or more eastern sportsmen with their guides, and in these two latter cases one finds himself instinctively wondering whither they are bound and for how long.

It is especially interesting to the uninitiated to watch the guides packing the horse preliminary to the start. To such a one this tying things onto a horse, as it is done by experienced men, looks inexpressibly simple, and the knowledge and work required to handle an outfit properly often goes unappreciated or is entirely overlooked.

In taking up the handling of a pack-train let us confine ourselves to such a one as is used by the sportsman on his camping trips, as it is not only that with which people generally, and especially eastern people, are most familiar, but it is in some ways the most difficult to handle.

What, then, is meant by the "proper handling" of an outfit? It is, generally speaking, the transportation of food, clothing and camp equipment from place to place with the most comfort possible to both man and beast and with the least damage possible to the goods transported. This, of course, includes a proper choice of camp grounds, for a failure in this respect means much discomfort to all concerned.

Imagine, then, that the outfit under consideration has been on the trail long enough to have "shaken down," or, in other words, that the men, both guides and sportsmen, have found their places in the scheme of things and camp routine has been established.

Usually, the first thing the "tourist" hears is the cry of "breakfast" from the cook, and he rolls out of his blankets, dresses as quickly as possible, and emerges from the tent to find the horses tied up and saddled, ready to pack as soon as breakfast has been disposed of. This means that the men have been up for an hour or two hunting them through the brush, and chasing them into camp when found.

The little matter of finding the horses is sometimes not as simple as it would appear, especially if, as is often the case, there are one or two leaders among the "cayuses" which seem to delight in putting as many miles as possible between themselves and camp, or in finding a particularly thick bit of brush in which to hide. Sometimes they are so successful in their efforts that they may not be found until too late to move camp. Of course, as soon as these individuals can be picked out of the bunch they are introduced to a pair of hobbles, but it is surprising how far they can travel through a rough country or even through fallen timber while handicapped in this manner. Indeed, I well remember one instance when we hunted for four days, before we found two "lost lambs" that had cached themselves away in a thick grove about seven miles from camp.

In general one may say that horses exhibit a personality and individuality on the trail that would, in most cases, go unremarked anywhere else, and the study which leads to the proper understanding of their different characters is important to one who would obtain the best results from a pack-train.

After breakfast, while the cook is washing the dishes and packing the "grub boxes," tents come down, blankets are folded and everything is put in shape to pack. When this has been done we are able to see more easily than at any other time just what we have and, in general, of what a camp equipment consists.

The matter of personal outfit is very much a matter of personal taste, and so far as I can discover there are just as many "ideal personal outfits" as there are sportsmen on the trail. We may, however, take it for granted that the more experienced the sportsman the fewer the luxuries to be found in his outfit, especially those which may be classed among the things that "might," but almost never "do," come in handy. Fifty pounds at the outside should cover one man's baggage, not including his blankets and rifle.

The matter of camp equipment consisting of tents and "grub-pile," with the accompanying pack-saddles and rigging necessary for their transportation, varies, too, with the preferences and experience of the guides. Formerly for a long trip the staples consisted of bacon, beans, flour and tea, but in these days of modern methods many things which were before considered the greatest luxuries may be carried, such as evaporated and condensed foods, which add materially to the comfort of the party and add little to the weight of the packs.

In the old days, for instance, who would have thought of trying to include potatoes in their provisions, which now, in their evaporated form, may be carried with the greatest ease? In fact, the "grub-pile" nowadays may include about everything for which a man with a trail appetite has any desire, and usually one finds the guides very ready to adopt any luxury in food that is put up in any easily portable form.

A PACK TRAIN. *Photograph by* J. BREWSTER.

But to return to our camp. When the tents are down and everything is in shape the real business of packing begins. While one man is bringing up a horse and tightening the cinches, the head guide or packer is stepping about among the packs, lifting one here and one there in an apparently aimless fashion, as though undecided what to take first, but in reality he is weighing them and sizing them up, that he may as nearly as possible balance the loads and thus avoid giving his horses sore backs. If alforjas, bags made either of heavy canvas or leather, with straps to hook on to the horns of the saddle, are used, the packing is simplified, as these may be filled until of equal weights, but when basket or sling ropes are used more care must be taken. When the horse is ready the guide designates two things that he has found to be of about equal weight, from fifty to sixty pounds each, and these are put on as side packs. Between these is put a top pack, with perhaps a pair of blankets or a tent over all, the ends of the sling ropes are tied, the pack cover or mantle is thrown over and we are ready for the diamond hitch of which everybody, whether they have ever seen a pack-train or not, has heard.

Contrary to the usual belief, there is more than one diamond hitch. I know one man who has been packing almost all his life that throws eight different hitches, the one he uses depending on the size and shape of the pack to be secured. The throwing of a hitch is a thing that must be seen to be understood, for, while not complicated when illustrated, even an accurate description is apt to leave the uninitiated as much in the dark as ever. Let it be enough to say, then, that it is put on in such a way that the rope binds the whole pack securely to the horse by means of a cinch.

Thus the horses are packed, one by one, and the pile that at first looked so formidable, evaporates, until, when the diamond is thrown on the last horse, there is nothing left, and all that remains to be done is to tighten the cinchas of the riding saddles before "hitting the trail."

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and the same way the test of the packing is found in the way the packs ride on the trail, for if they are continually slipping sideways, or coming loose, one can hardly say that they are well put on, although it is seldom that a five or six hour drive can be made without at least one or two needing attention, and if the trail is especially rough or muddy, it is surprising how quickly a pack, which one would think that nothing short of an earthquake could move, can be shifted or worked loose by the animal under it.

This was brought home to me very forcibly on one trip. We had been in the north country for about three months, and were returning from the headwaters of the Frazer by way of the Canoe and Columbia river valleys. The country is heavily timbered, and this, added to a very wet season, had made the trail simply one long mudhole. The trip was a sort of nightmare of water, mud and packing, as with an outfit of twenty-six horses it was seldom that at least one was not mired, when he had to be unpacked, rolled out and repacked, only to make room for another.

It is while an outfit is traveling that a man proves himself worthy or unworthy the name of guide. That he can take an outfit over a trail with which he is thoroughly familiar, or that he is a good hunter, proves nothing, for many a man is a good hunter that could not pick his way without a great deal of discomfort through a piece of country strange to him, with a pack-train trailing at his heels. A good guide like an artist is born, not made. He must be one who notices everything about him and be able from what he sees to draw conclusions quickly and correctly; he must be, as well, one whose "bump of locality" is well developed; he must be a good judge of distance, and must know exactly how much a horse is capable of doing, but, most important of all, he must have that instinct which leads him aright, even when reason seems to point the other way. Such men are not common, and when met with are almost immediately recognized.

While the pack-train is in motion the actual work, which only amounts to driving the pack horses, devolves upon the packer or packers, and the cook, and it is much more unpleasant than fatiguing. With the average lot of cayuses the man that can drive a pack-train without swearing ought to be ready for Heaven, for, to put it mildly, it does not improve one's temper to see a horse suddenly dodge into the brush and attempt, with more or less success, to buck his pack off, or, slipping off the trail into a river, swim across and stand quietly on the other side, so that some one has to take a wetting and swim across after him to bring him back. Perhaps the most exasperating of all is to have him fight the other horses off the trail until he obtains the lead, where he stands out of reach of quirt or stick, quietly eating green grass, while the names he is favored with roll off him like water off a duck's back.

One horse which we once had with us seemed to have a great fondness for water, and if there were a stream or lake anywhere near the trail he would be in it, in spite of the most strenuous efforts of everybody on the outfit. He gave his best performance one day when we were traveling along the shore of a big lake in the north. The stones probably hurt his feet, but whatever the cause, he waded out into the water until he could just swim, then turned and kept abreast of the pack-train, nor could curses nor stones make him come to shore, while any attempt to swim out and head him in he met by turning and swimming straight out into the lake. These tactics he kept up for eight miles, or until the trail led us back into the timber. It was not until later that we discovered that he had been carrying the sugar, and of a hundred pounds only eighteen were left us.

"OUT OF REACH OF QUIRT"

Horses, like men, cannot work day in and day out with the best results, and so they must be given a day's rest every five or six days if they are to be kept in shape. Of course, when the outfit is a hunting party these stops would be made anyway, for the sake of hunting, and camp will often not be moved for a week or ten days at a time. When the time does come to move the horses may be found so thoroughly rested that they feel obliged to show it by distributing some of the packs through the timber, or by giving their riders a good shaking up.

In conclusion, let me say a word for the guides and packers. How often you hear complaints of them, sometimes for very good reasons, to be sure, but how seldom do the people who make the complaints stop to think that, perhaps, the other side of the story might make interesting reading, and that while they see clearly the mote in the guide's eye they fail to see the beam in their own. The man in charge of an outfit has enough little worries of his own to bother him, worries all unknown to the rest of the party, without taking on his shoulders the burden of all the private troubles as well. Sometimes he is not pleasant company, but, after all, he is hired to do certain work, not as an entertainer.

NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU HUNTING

By WM. ARTHUR BABSON

Illustrated by the Author

STRETCHING from Eastern Newfoundland westward to the extremity of the Alaskan peninsular, and from the borders of the United States, northward to the ice-bound Arctic Sea, lies a vast expanse of territory containing within its boundaries what today is the grandest and wildest wilderness of the world. It is a land whose population is less per square mile than in any other region of equal area. Many of its rivers teem with salmon, in numbers unequalled. Its higher latitudes afford a summer home for millions of water fowl. It contains the only refuge of the musk ox and wood bison. It produces the largest land carnivora in the world—the Kadiac bear; and in the forests of Alaska, *Alces gigas,* the mightiest representative of the deer family. Of all game animals, however, the one essentially characteristic and typical of the northern half of the North American Continent is the caribou, which is, apparently, in its Barren Ground form, identical with the reindeer of Europe and Asia.

I say this advisedly, and for two reasons; first, because of its almost uninterrupted distribution throughout the whole area; and, second, because, without it, thousands of Indians in the northern interior and Labrador could not exist. Few white men have witnessed "la foule," the great migration of Barren Ground caribou, when multitudes of the animals cross the treeless tundras of sub-arctic America to the protection of the forests. Many of us, however, have hunted the larger and more accessible woodland species or its allied races, all the way from the Frazer River in British Columbia to the island of Newfoundland.

The woodland caribou, scattered as it is over such a broad expanse of territory, presents naturally enough, variations sufficiently marked to warrant its division into several varieties or subspecies. That of Newfoundland (*Rangifer Terranovæ,* Bangs) is easily distinguished from the others by a lighter color, and the formation of the antlers, the latter being comparatively short and massive, with prongs pointing forward and slightly inward. They are also often quite erroneously credited by sportsmen as possessing greater size, both in body and antlers, than *Rangifer Caribou* (Gmel.) of Ontario and Eastern Canada. I believe this impression is due to the fact that on the island the animals are extremely numerous, they may be hunted on the open barren hills, and consequently, if well posted, an indifferent shot may select from many the very largest and finest specimens. On the other hand, throughout the dense timbered forests of the mainland, a hunter's choice is limited. He must take what he sees, and that quickly. The very first bull presenting a passable head gear is worthy game. The writer has passed by many a fair head with merely a passing glance in Newfoundland, the sight of which in New Brunswick or Quebec would have been the signal for an anxious stalk. Hence we must not condemn *Rangifer Caribou* as being inferior to *R. Terranovæ,* simply because our hunting trip in pursuit of the latter proved the more successful; for many an old bull roams the forest of Eastern Canada fully as heavy and well antlered as the best from the island.

It is possible that the caribous from Newfoundland have sprung from stock which originally immigrated from the peninsula of Labrador, either by swimming the Straight of Belle Isle or crossing it on the ice floes. But it is more probable that at one time the island formed part of the continent itself, the herds finding easy access across a narrow isthmus to the north. However, in either event, many generations must have elapsed since this separation from the parent stock took place, for the caribou of to-day present several distinctive variations from the continental type.

At present they are abundant—more so, perhaps, than throughout any equal area in the world, a condition which is merely the result of natural laws. The "struggle for existence" is not arduous, for many of those factors which regulate "Nature's balance" are absent, and the scales weigh heavy on the side of the caribou. Over thirty thousand square miles of moss-covered barrens afford unsurpassed pasturage. Furthermore, Newfoundland winters are far milder than those of equal latitude on the mainland, no doubt partly due to its insular position, partly to the moderating influences of the Gulf Stream. Indians are rapidly dying off; and

CAMP ON GEORGE'S POND.

wolves are at present extremely rare. Only once has the writer found signs of wolves, and that was up among the very sources of the Exploits River. These are a few of the natural causes which combine to offset the disastrous results of that relentless midwinter slaughter by the fisherman. This great annual killing takes place during February and March, when the wind-swept snow fields are packed hard and firm for traveling. It is a deplorable event, but almost without remedy even by legislative enactment. People who are well nigh destitute must live, and plenty of venison solves a problem vital to their very existence. The worst feature however, is not the number of animals actually killed and "packed out" for use. Vast numbers of poorly nourished carcasses are left untouched and thousands escape to die of their wounds. The fishermen's fire arms are archaic in design, loaded with a varied assortment of projectiles, ranging all the way from buckshot to iron balls. When a volley is fired into a fleeing herd of caribou—well, the reader may imagine results.

THE HEAD OF HEADS.

Good guides in Newfoundland are at a premium and the sportsman who succeeds in engaging one may be reasonably certain of a successful trip. The great majority, however, are neither guides by occupation nor hunters by instinct, but cod fishermen from the coast, who know little of the country beyond the immediate horizon of their homes, and absolutely nothing of the art of big game hunting. Lacking in alertness. intensity and enthusiasm; dull, phlegmatic, mentally dwarfed, the fisherman possesses few of those finer sensibilities so essential to a true hunter. But give him a dollar a day and some tea, pork, flour and "baccy," and he will carry your heaviest pack without a murmur. He will wade the iciest river without a grumble. He will smile while facing the greatest hardships of the wilderness. His strength is that of endurance and his very best efforts are offered with a cheerful willingness rarely equalled. If the fisherman makes but an indifferent hunter, as a faithful companion, and as a man, he has won my lasting respect. The reader will appreciate this slight tribute to the Newfoundlander should he ever be lost in the interior without food and the blinding sleet driving across the barrens. It is danger which draws together the hearts of men.

Realizing his guide's limitations, before landing on the island a sportsman should know something of the caribou, beyond a general knowledge of hunting moose or deer; for the former is an animal of totally different habits. Moose and deer are semi-aquatic during the heat of the summer time, and may be seen right in broad daylight in numbers along almost any wild waterway in Maine or New Brunswick. Newfoundland caribou, on the other hand, seek the protection of thick spruce forests during fly time, emerging at dusk to browse over the barrens. The cool, dark shades of the woods afford for them the same protection from flies as do ponds and waterways for deer. Many failing to realize this, journey to the island in August, only to return with unsatisfactory reports. Now, there are more live stags during August than later on, but the method of hunting them is different, requiring in the highest degree every art known to the still hunter. He should be afoot in the morning at the very first break of dawn, while at sunset he should select some favored spot where the sign is good, and there watch until darkness obscures the sights of his rifle. Too many sportsmen of little experience in Newfoundland ramble about during the day's heat, tracking up the country, only to return to camp disheartened, without a single glimpse of game. In August such a practice is fatal, for a caribou at the very first scent of a man's fresh tracks will clear out for parts unknown. At that time the bulls are fat, lazy and sluggish in habits. Rarely roaming far from their beds, they are certain to stumble upon the hunter, should the latter hunt in the right way. Later on, when they are traveling the open barrens, one may walk his 15 or 20 miles each day without the danger of ruining a good locality; but of this more anon. Another precaution to be observed during this period when the animals are locally disturbed is the necessity of a quiet camp. of lighting only the smallest fires, and then only for cooking purposes. Such extraordinary precautions may seem absurd to the reader who has hunted white-tailed deer, and I do not contend that they are absolutely essential to success for summer caribou hunting.

PACKING OUT FROM MIDDLE RIDGE.

But as an illustration of their importance, I well recall my first trip into the Southwest Gander Region. It was during August. I started with two young friends, quantities of provisions, three tents, three guides and four "packers"—a discouragingly elaborate outfit. Our first camp was pitched in an excellent "stag country," on the shore of George's Pond, and on the very first day out two good bulls were

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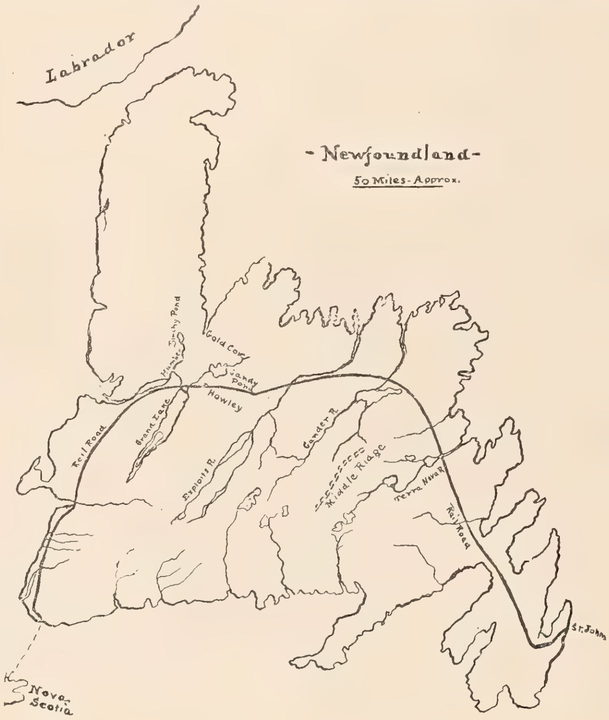
* I have used the terms bull and stag interchangeably, the former being the name generally used by hunters in Canada, the latter in Newfoundland.

killed. During five subsequent days not a single pair of antlers was even sighted. Pushing on up stream we camped on the 24th in a spruce thicket by the bank of Butt's Brook. That very evening, before pitching the tents, three of the party each had a caribou, and five more first-rate heads were seen. A week later, after six days of fruitless effort, and some eighty or ninety miles apiece of useless tramping, we started for Middle Ridge, our final destination. More caribou were seen the day of our arrival than during the remainder of the trip. Subsequent experience has proved that first hunt to have been planned in utter disregard of the habits of the very animals we sought. I have since come to the conclusion that its success was due solely to hard work and fair shooting, to which might be added a goodly proportion of blind luck.

"FOR INSPECTION."

Early in September barrens previously deserted are seen to be dotted with little groups of does and yearlings feeding about, and a week or so later (after a drenching rain) the stags, with newly peeled and polished antlers, trot proudly from their summer homes and journey to the highlands. The great autumn gathering has commenced. This is the time for the man with a gun, who is also anxious to be on the spot during the very best period of the open season. The velvet has rubbed off and the fat venison still untainted by the rut is in prime condition. It is the merest murder to kill a stag during the "running" season in October, after which, in November, they are poor, thin creatures at best, while in December no trophies are carried on their heads. Strange as it may seem, the oldest animals shed their antlers during November, three or four year olds a month or so later, while does have been known to carry their sharp little horns well into spring. With their arrival on the open country the caribou's habits undergo a marked change. They are no longer the quiet, seclusive, nocturnal and locally disturbed animals that we sought during the fly season, but wanderers, always traveling, constantly roaming from place to place, often many miles in a single day. As a consequence, the sportsman may pitch a large, comfortable home camp, he may tramp for miles at pleasure, and at nightfall enjoy the warmth of the largest fire with impunity. Earlier in the season such indiscretions might depopulate a good locality within a week. It is a grand sight in September to lie on the summit of some hill and look out over scattered herds passing to and fro below. It is a thrilling moment when some fine bull, previously hidden among bushes, suddenly rises, shaking his antlers in the sunlight. You watch him for a moment through the glasses. You compare him with another over yonder, or perhaps a third or fourth already on the field. Perchance he takes the "lead," passing by the foot of your hill; if so, there is a hurried scramble down among the huckleberries, to the shelter of a friendly rock below. Nothing in the whole realm of big game hunting is more trying to the nerves than that brief interval, those few minutes of suspense spent while waiting for a bull to reach your ambush. But let him pass by—poor brow antlers; now he strides by not 20 yards away; you can hear the *clack, clack* of his hoofs on the hard "lead," and a moment later, catching the scent, he is off along the trail like a runaway locomotive. There is another feeding on the moss with some does half a mile to windward, and you prepare for a long crawl among the bushes. Mind the wind, and he is easily stalked. It is a failing common to the race. Should he, however, be walking at a brisk gait, a far different problem is presented. I recall with some chagrin several occasions when I tried to catch up with a "traveling" caribou, keeping the while under cover. In each instance I had the mortification of watching a good head literally walk away out of sight, without having seen, heard or scented the slightest danger. A long semi-circular detour to leeward, made at a fast sprint, is, in such an event, far preferable to a stern chase with poor cover.



MAP OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

Aside from this marked contrast in the caribou's habits during the period immediately preceeding and following the peeling of their antlers, there is another question of much general misapprehension, and yet one of equal importance from the sportsman's viewpoint, namely, their annual fail migration.

If the reader will glance at a map of the colony, he will notice on its western coast a peninsula stretching one hundred and fifty miles northward to the southern extremity of Labrador. In this vast tract thousands of the animals spend the summer months. When September's first frosts nip the vegetation, they commence to move southward, crossing the railroad within or near the comparatively small area between Grand Lake and Gold Cove. From September 15 until well into November an almost continuous procession passes through the regions around Sandy Pond, Birchy Lake, or the Humber, and, naturally enough, it is to such localities as these that the majority of sportsmen repair. In fact, three-fourths of the non-resident hunters (a conservative estimate) pitch their camps within forty miles of Howley Station. The result of this is obvious. Herds which are accustomed to cross the railroad regularly each autumn have been examined with the glasses and sorted over so often that many of the real old bulls, the white-necked partriarchs of forty or forty-five points, have fallen. Small deer are still abundant, but the migration hunter, after seeing fifty to one hundred every day of his trip, is surprised at the very small proportion of really good heads to inferior ones. This prevailing notion that all the caribou migrate is incorrect. The whole central and southern interior contains the year around thousands of non-migratory animals, or those which, as a result of the railroad's pernicious influence, have willingly forsaken their old-time custom. Consequently they have escaped the murderous fusillade around Grand Lake. During the summer of 1901 the writer, when poling up a stream in a locality considerably south of the centre of the island, jumped six well antlered bulls in one afternoon. In a three weeks' trip the proportion of fair heads was about one in five or six to the total number seen. Hunting along the northern line of the railroad during the migration, this proportion, it is safe to estimate, would have been about one in thirty or forty.

A journey into the interior is, of course, more of a task than a comfortable paddle down Grand Lake or up the Humber River, but, after all, it is only the difficulties to be overcome which make big game hunting a sport. Aside from their wonderful powers of scent, caribou are stupid beasts at best, easily stalked and far inferior to white-tailed deer in acuteness. They may be killed by any inexperienced hand who has pluck enough to climb the hills. The real hunter, however, the man who appreciates success only after sustained effort, who desires more than a mere target for his rifle, will shoulder his pack and strike off into the wilderness of the interior. There he will behold a glorious panorama stretching away to the horizon; a country of lakes and rocky ridges, of rolling barrens and thick spruce forests, where the trails are still untrodden. He will listen to the *honk* of wild geese flying to the feeding grounds, and at nightfall he will hear the sudden splash of beaver working in the ponds. Should he look carefully he may see a bear feeding among the blueberries, or, perchance, a lynx slinking off among the shadows. But, above all, he will find the heards still unmolested, and whitenecked stags roaming the open hills.

NOMADS

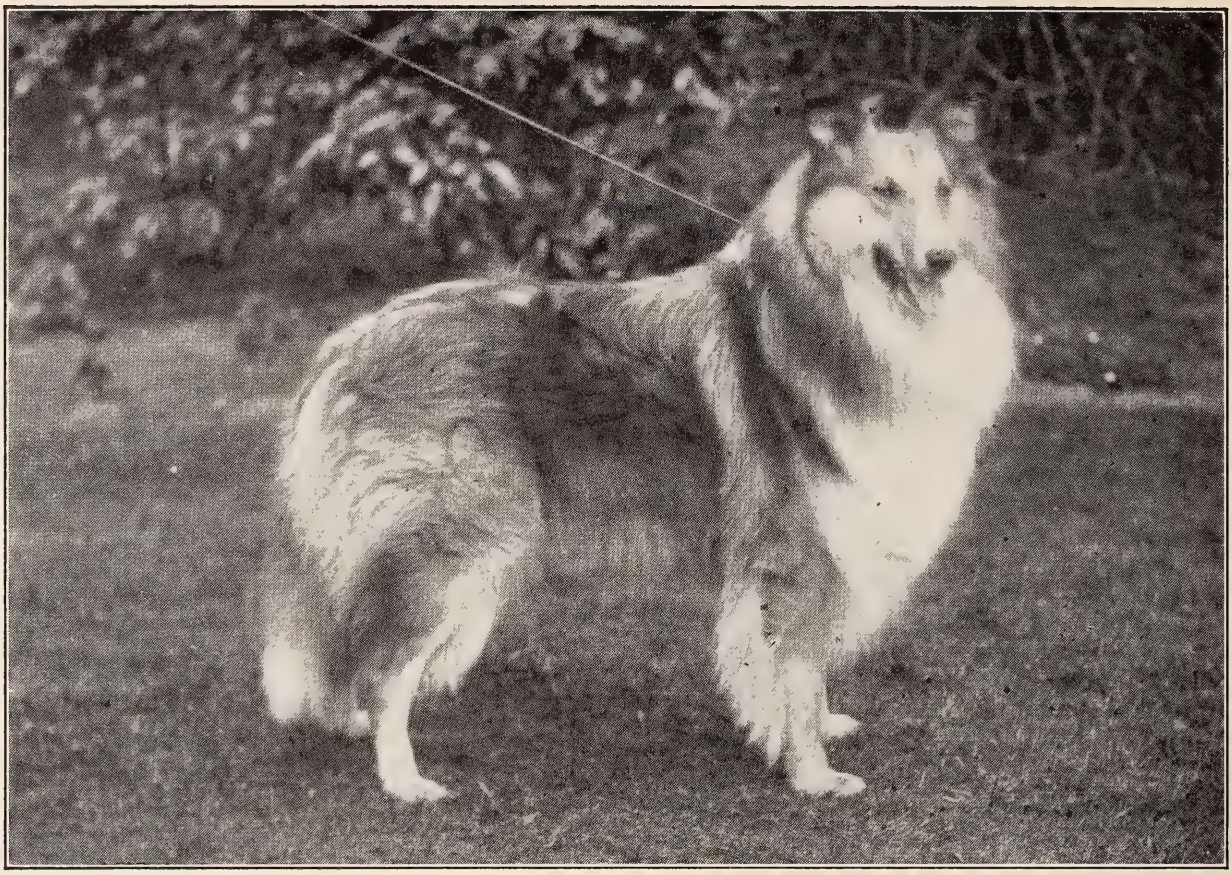
By FRANK LEO PINET

I.

The stars are nomads, and they march
In silent troops by night;
The stars are nomads, and they march
With links of flaming light.

II.

Over the world and under the world,
An endless journey they make;
Over the world and under the world,
Until the bright day break.



CHAMPION BALGREGGIE HOPE.

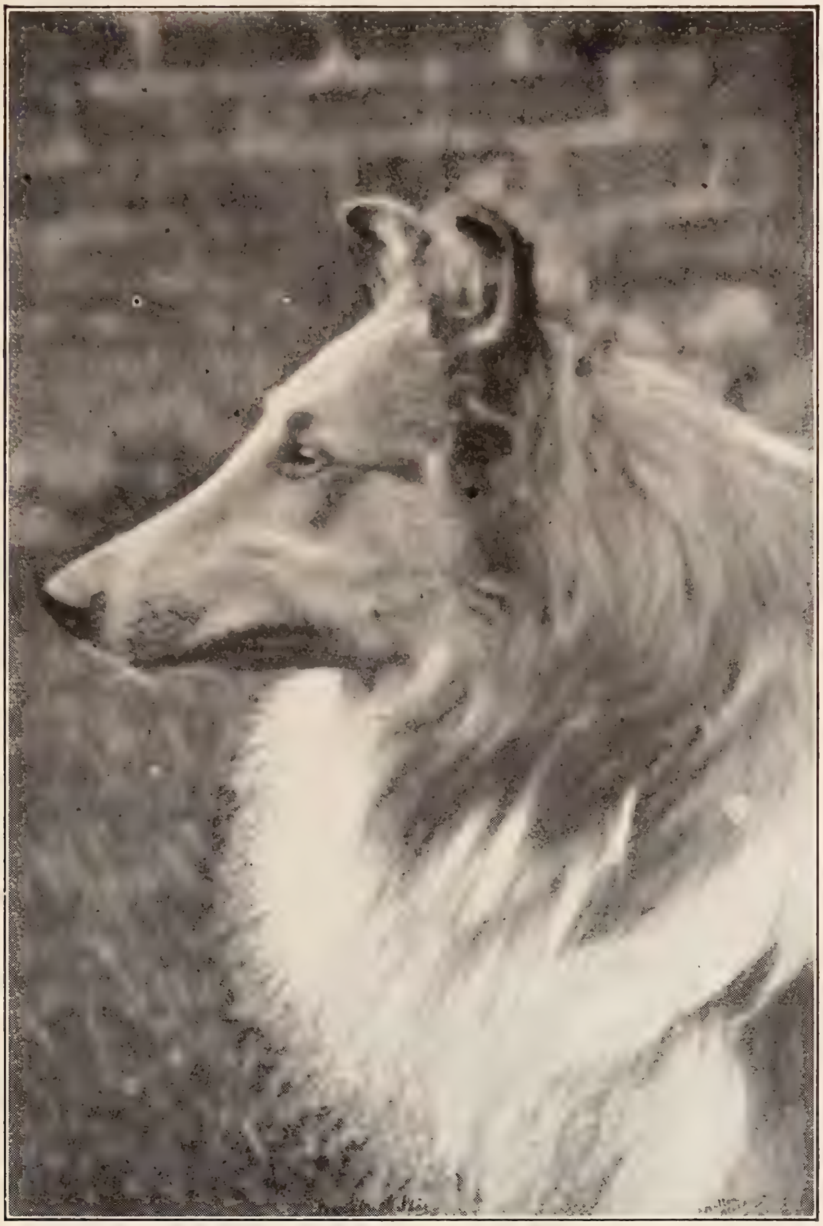
MY FRIEND THE COLLIE

By A. D. BURHANS.

MANY tributes to the dog have been written and uttered by better known lovers of canines than myself, but no more ardent admirer of the Collie, or students of their breeding, gets more pleasure out of it to the square inch than I; but I shall not try to write a history of this noble animal, or a treatise on his breeding; my intentions are to tell of him as a friend and companion.

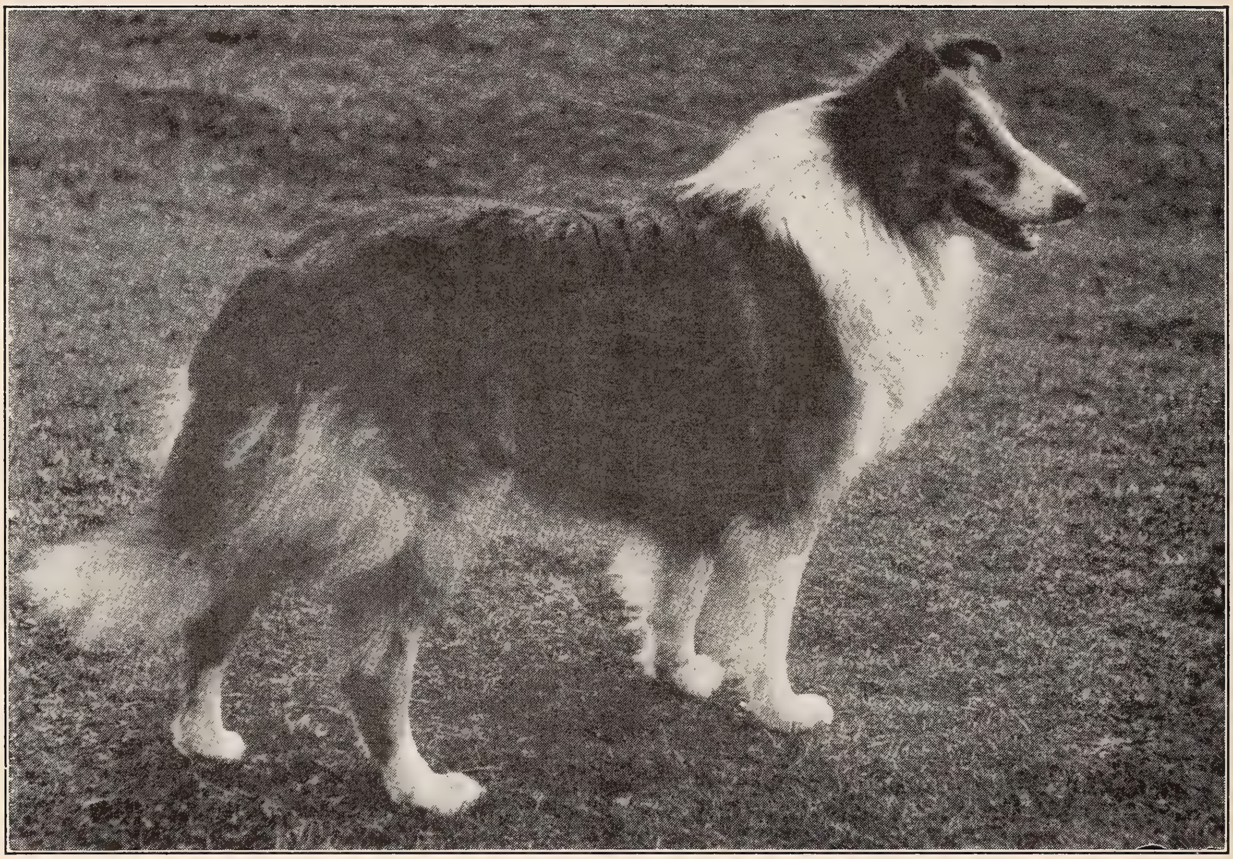
The rough-coated Scotch Collie is one of the most popular dogs among canine fanciers and breeders in England or America. The columns of any dog journal bristle with the business announcements of breeders. Suburban, urban and country folks are learning of the true value and usefulness of this splendid animal. He is a friend and trusty servant anywhere. Many lovers of Collies have begun the work of rearing and breeding them because of the great demand for these dogs. Mr. Samuel Uttermeyer has spent nearly $25,000 during the last three years in building up a choice kennel of Collies. Most of his importations have come from England and Scotland, where the cream of the breed flourish. I cite this as an instance to verify my assertion about the Collie's popularity.

Breeding Collies and producing good ones is a business, as is the producing of good horses or other live stock. Good prices are realized for twelve weeks' old puppies, brood matrons and young stud dogs. Puppies range in price from fifteen dollars up; brood bitches and grown dogs bring twenty-five dollars, for the generally good specimen, up to two and three hundred for the best class of them.



SCARISBRICK STAR, K.C.S.B. 1711D.

The finest point about a Collie is his head and expression, as breeders call it. A dog with an elegant coat and general Collie form, but without a good head, is not worth much, according to the fanciers. The head is moderately wide and skull flat, with a clean cut mouth and rather lengthy over all. Ears want to be carried low, and when the dog is on the lookout they want to be elevated well up, yet the tips should tip over even and gracefully. General Collie conformation, as shown in the picture of Champion Balgreggie Hope, is necessary to the perfectly finished Collie. In coat he must be very heavy and long. The frill about his neck must be long and beautiful. Collies are either golden sable and white or tri-color, *i.e.,* black, with white and tan markings on frill, breast, legs, head and ears. The sable and white Collies are the most



ONE OF THE RIGHT SORT.

popular in this country, as well as in their native land, because of their extreme beauty. The white markings to be valuable must be a full, wide collar, white tip of tail, blaze in the face, white markings on legs, frill and breast. The more perfect these markings, other qualities being good in proportion, the more valuable the animal.

I have been impressed greatly, during my few years' experience with Collies, with their extreme intelligence. Having kept and bred Fox Terriers and Bostons previously, makes me love the Collie the more. Nothing that has come to my notice concerning either the Fox Terrier or the Bostons has been disadvantageous to them. There is an indescribable something that fascinates one to a Collie above all others. He loves to obey. It has been bred into them so long that it is a fixed characteristic. He can so attach himself to you that nothing would ever let you part from him. Imagine a dog with intelligence enough to bring your boots, close or open a door, always bring in the morning paper and love an out-door walk with master or mistress. Newspaper incidents of a dog's smartness pale beside the daily duties of a faithful Collie. Any breeder or dog fancier loves his Collie best—the warm corner in the heart is reserved for him! Why? Because he reciprocates. He will not stand a cuffing nor a kick—a sharp word of rebuke is more than enough to correct him. It may be this tenderness of heart that makes him so affectionate. The time to get a Collie is when he is eight months' old. If he is much older it takes too long to win him. An old Collie pines for old friends as a rule. Recently the writer had occasion to purchase a half interest in a dog four and one-half years old. He had two masters in England before he was nine months old. Inside of six months more he has two masters in this country and then was sold to a western breeder, from whom I purchased an interest. He hardly knew who his master was and he was so friendly with all that one day I thus lost him. He was gone for about a week, and I was advertising far and wide for him. Then a newspaper man learned my story and gave me a half-column, scare-head story, which unearthed him ten miles from home. The finder telephoned me about him, quoting the newspaper description verbatim. I thought he had a dog like mine—in fact, from his being so positive, I began to doubt. Only sixty clues had been run to earth fruitlessly during the previous week. The idea of talking to the Collie over the telephone finally came to me, and the finder placed the receiver to his ear, after getting him up on a chair. Here is the conversation between the Collie and myself:

"Bob," I said, "do you know me?"

No answer, but the gentleman who had him, says, "You ought to see the look on his face."

"Bob, old man, where are you. Don't you know me? Come, speak up!"

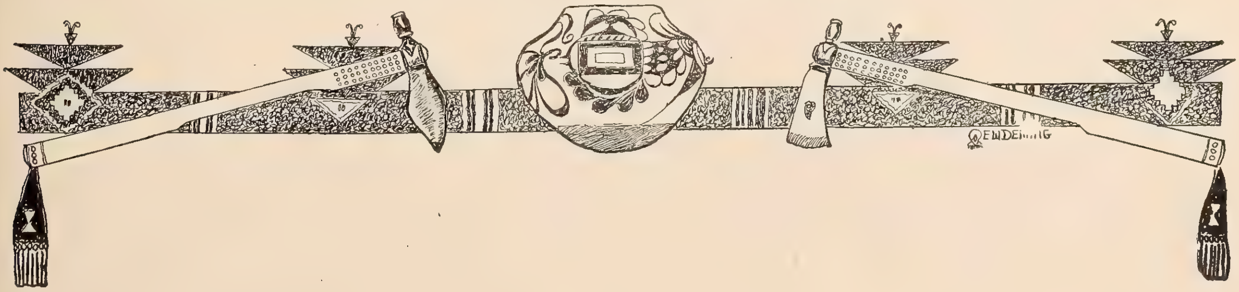
A low, lingering whine and half a bark was the answer. I knew it was Bob.

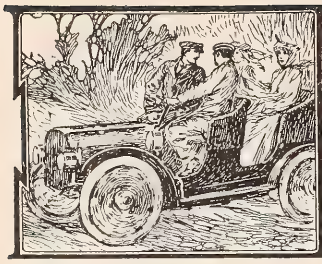
When he was brought home that afternoon the finder said he was very restless and uneasy from the time he heard me till he was brought into my office. His trip was such a hard one and he was so tired, that it cured him of further escapades. I've had no trouble since. This only goes to show that Collies should be taken for companions when young. They are never in doubt then about the location of home.

The Collie is essentially an outdoor dog. He does not care too much for indoor pampering. In the winter my companion lies under my writing table in the library during the evenings. Outside this he likes outdoors. He always sleeps with other dogs in the kennels or stable at night. I rise early and take them all for a run every agreeable morning. When a man likes a tramp through the woods or across country, he can take no better companion than one or two alert Collies. I generally take them all, but if I were cramped into smaller quarters I should have one or two anyhow.

A few words on general care: In all favorable weather wash the dog once a month, and in summer once each week. Feed him twice daily of cooked food. Do not keep him too fat. Good muscular condition and a smart, alert Collie are not the result of too much feed. Once a week give a half teaspoonful of powdered sulphur in a pan with some milk. It keeps his blood in fine condition. Use a medicated animal soap when washing him. Disinfect the kennel with crude carbolic acid once a month. In fall and winter, when washing is out of the question, owing to the unfavorable weather, dust him through all his dense coat with a tobacco dust powder. It is a fine method of keeping his skin clean and insects off after contact with other dogs. Have him clipped in summer if convenient, and let him go on the vacation with you. He will love the water and it will be a sin to leave him home.

"Once owner of a Collie, always an owner," is an old but true saying. No circumstances will prevent the keeping of a Collie after they have once won you. We know the truth of this in a dozen instances. They are the pride of every one who possesses them and will always be first in the heart of a strong man or woman who is fond of the dumb but true.





MOTORING

By WILLARD NIXON

Automobile photographs are always welcomed by the Editor of this department. They should be sent on approval to Willard Nixon.

RULES OF THE ROAD.

J. Scott Montagu, a very prominent English automobilist, has been promoting an organization called the Considerate Driving League, the object being of course to compel automobilists to refrain from outraging the feelings of others using the highways. It is very easy for an automobilist to keep well within the law and yet at the same time to be a public nuisance. Following are the rules of the league:

DRIVE SLOWLY

1. Through towns and villages.
2. When approaching cross roads or turning corners.
3. When passing schools, cottages and churches.
4. On dusty or muddy roads when passing cyclists or pedestrians.
5. When meeting or overtaking lady cyclists; and do not steer *too* close to them.
6. When entering a main road from a side road.
7. When you see a drunken man on the road.
8. When passing any live animals on the road, cows, sheep, dogs, etc.

STOP

1. When an accident of any kind occurs, whether your fault or not. Render all the assistance in your power, and, as a safeguard against future proceedings, ascertain the names and addresses of a few witnesses.
2. When you see any likelihood of a horse becoming restive. If necessary, do this even before the driver holds up a warning hand.

ALWAYS ASSUME

1. That other road users may do the wrong thing, *i.e.*, a driver may pull the wrong rein, or a pedestrian hesitate and try several courses.
2. That it is your business, not the other man's, to avoid danger. The road is free for all; therefore be courteous and considerate, and *always drive like a gentleman.*

A writer to one of the English papers criticizing the organization, objected to the closing lines italicized, and wanted to know if Mr. Montagu thought automobilists were gentlemen or not. I think most readers of Recreation who have seen much of automobiling, will appreciate that a great many drivers of automobiles do not always give the impression that they are gentlemen, or anything approximate to that class. I think I am not putting it too strong when I say that the average automobilist sins too much and too often. This is not due to any inherent meanness or arrogance, but to thoughtlessness or preoccupation. The average automobilist is not too skilful and has to watch his machine pretty carefully, and consequently, often without knowing it, he throws dust all over pedestrians and horse-owners, steers perilously close to cyclists and other users of the highway, and commits numberless little acts which annoy and irritate others. Assuming that every automobilist is keeping within the speed limit, the above stated rules express exactly the spirit in which every automobilist should drive his car, and form as perfect a set of rules of the road as might be devised.

THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE

The fact that the American team did not bring back with them the envied trophy should not give occasion for any gloomy regrets. To my mind the difficulties in the way of an American car winning the Gordon-Bennett Race have not and are not properly appreciated by most automobilists. I did not expect that the American team would win, only hoped they would make a good showing, which they certainly did. Lyttle in his Pope-Toledo car finished the race, being placed twelfth, and though this may not seem to the casual reader any special cause for satisfaction, it is really so, for the course was an unusually difficult one, even for a Gordon-Bennett course—by far the most difficult one ever held, and yet this year was the first time the American car has ever won a place. Although Dingley, in the other Pope-Toledo, owned by Mr. Muir, of Kentucky, was compelled to retire in the first round, Track in the Locomobile, who started last, finished nearly three out of four rounds, and would have done a great deal better than this had he had an opportuniy to drive his racing car over the course, so as to familiarize himself with the turns and grades. He also had the misfortune to break a gear before the race, thus starting crippled, yet his car did not break down during the contest and he was still running when the race was over. I consider this the best showing made by any American team, and we have perhaps taken a longer step forward than we realize at present.

In everything that has been printed about the race after its completion, nothing has been said about the sportsmanship of Mr. Muir and Dr. Thomas, who were the only private owners to enter racing cars in the big contest. There were eighteen starters, three of them American cars, yet two out of these three were entered by private individuals. Surely their enthusiasm should have some recognition!

CHIEF GERONIMO AT THE WHEEL.

American manufacturers have realized thoroughly what an expensive and difficult proposition it is to build racing cars of any kind, but to design one or more cars specially for this race, and to send the same abroad at great expense, to fight against a forlorn hope, is more than they care to tackle. Mr Muir and Dr. Thomas deserve praise for their patriotism, and if there were more of this sort of thing we would have a better chance to win the coveted international trophy.

One thing more should be touched on, and that is the progressiveness of the Diamond Rubber Co., who sent a small force of repair men to France to take care of the tires on the American cars. To those not understanding the situation it may be said that the race this year was held over mountainous country, and the pace was so terrific that the tires could hardly stand up for more than a single circuit of the course. All of this was anticipated by the French, Germans and English, who had large corps of tire repair men on hand. When a car came into a control, and it looked as if the tires had worn a little, the repair men went at it, four to each wheel, gashed the tires, ripped them off the machine, and put on new ones. In one case all four tires were taken from a car, new ones put in and inflated—all in four minutes and 50 seconds. It seems incredible, but it is true.

The machinery of automobile racing cars has become so reliable that tire trouble is more to be feared than anything else, and this the Diamond people appreciated when they sent over a corps of men, who will return laden with experience which will be of vast benefit to them and thus to American cars in the coming Vanderbilt race. The slaughter of time in the Gordon-Bennett race was something terrific, and to the uninitiated it may seem absurd and unnecessary, but in reality it is just such strenuous testing of tires which enables the manufacturers to improve their product, and certainly no one will doubt that anything is more important than this one thing. It is possible to keep on making tires better and better. No firm can stand still and not progress. Although the Michelin tires were used on the first five cars finishing in the Gordon-Bennett, yet I am advised by a mechanic who was sent over by one of the American companies that the Palmer tires, made in England and used on the English cars, did better service than the Michelin, and were considered by those in the trade to have done the best work. The Diamond tires on the American cars did very finely.

THE GLIDDEN TOUR.

It is greatly to be regretted that the list of entries for this event was not greater, as many manufacturers were not represented at all and the proportion of private owners was not large. At the same time, the tour was a great success, as the touring vehicles, both large and small, performed most creditably, it being specially noticeable that the time used in making roadside repairs was very little—much less than on any other long-distance competition of a similar nature, thus proving the greatly increased reliability of American automobiles. It is most interesting to note that only two contestants failed to finish the run, one of these being the car driven by a lady, Mrs. Cuneo, of Long Island, which suffered an accident early in the run, and another, a foreign car, which was disabled in climbing Mt. Washington. At the finish but ten drivers claimed absolute freedom from trouble, these being as follows:

Augustus Post's White; E. H. Fitch's White; Ralph Colburn's Maxwell; B. Briscoe's Maxwell; A. L. Pope's Pope-Toledo; C. E. Walker's Pope-Hartford; George O. Draper's Packard; Percy Pierce's Pierce; R. E. Old's Reo, and S. B. Steven's Darraco. At the present writing it seems as if the Glidden Trophy would be awarded to Percy Pierce.

One of the competitors, R. E. Olds, kept track of his expenses during the 1,000 mile trip, his record sheet in this connection being as follows:

Gasoline and lubricating oil, $12.40, the cost per person being only $3.10, as against the round trip railroad fare over the same route of $25.00.

Although the trip was a strenuous one, and each day's run was carried out in spite of the weather conditions, there were no specially unpleasant features, barring some delays, and accidents caused by the speeding of the contestants, and this tendency to race was the only regrettable feature of the competition. There was a sufficient amount of reckless driving to arouse considerable hard feeling in some towns along the route, and in one case several of the drivers were arrested for infraction of the speed regulations.

Such competitions as the Glidden tour are supposed to work entirely for good, and racing should be strictly prohibited, and any competitor violating this rule should be disqualified.

EXPENSES OF OWNERSHIP.

Records of experiences of automobilists are always interesting, but especially so when the cost of operation and maintenance is obtainable. Following are the statistics given by a Washington physician who has owned an Oldsmobile for two years and a half, during which time he has driven the car 14,932 miles at a total cost of $524.46. In looking over the statistics, which show fine results, it must be remembered that the car was driven over the exceptionally good streets of Washington, and that the car was handled with great care and examined regularly:

RUNABOUT.

First cost	$650.00
Miles traveled in 31 months	14,932
Batteries " " "	$15.00
Repairs " " "	15.00
Gasolene " " "	85.25
Tires " " "	109.15

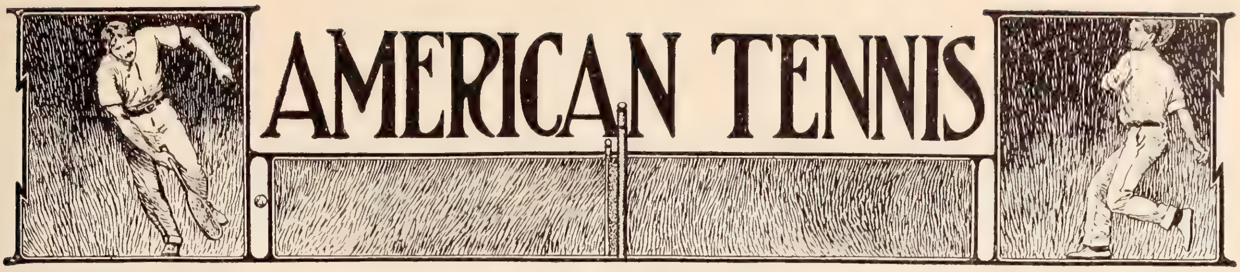
Depreciation in value in 31 months 2-3 first cost, or about $450.

COMPARISON WITH HORSE AND BUGGY.

	Automobile	Horse
First cost	$650.	$325
Cost of keeping for 31 months	524.46	775
Depreciation in value 2-3	450.	215
Number of miles traveled	14,932	9,000

According to the estimate for depreciation, the car could only have been run another 12 months, when it would be worn out, and this certainly seems a very liberal estimate, for, according to this, the car would then have been run only 19,740 miles, and, judging from the conditions, it could be run much farther than this before its usefulness would be at an end.

This doctor believes that the automobile is to be preferred to the horse, not only as a matter of expense, but as a matter of convenience.



AMERICAN TENNIS

Official Organ of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association

REVIEWING THE INTERNATIONAL.

The Dwight F. Davis International Trophy remains in England. The superior steadiness of the English players triumphed over greater American brilliancy. Our showing was not so good as all the followers of the game on this side of the water had reason to expect. Though game fights were made for several matches, and at least three times we had a bully chance to win, we were beaten out by failures at critical times to come up to the mark. Larned failed miserably against Smith, and after the cup was lost, Clothier, who was substituted for Ward, fell an easy victim before the second English string. Both these matches we counted on winning, and should have won, with Ward and Larned at the top of their game. Had we won them we might have been well satisfied with our record in losing the other three matches against the wonderful Dohertys by the close scores by which we were beaten. There is nothing now to do but wait another year, send over another team, and try again.

Looking back it appears as though the men attempted too much on the other side. They were off their game when they started play in the International, and the fact that they got through the preliminaries without the loss of a match is little consolation. The opposing players, barring Brookes, were of no class.

The default of Belgium brought the Americans against France in the opening tie. The selections of players resulted in the choice of Holcombe Ward and William J. Clothier for the singles against MM. Decougis and Germot, and of Holcombe Ward and Beals C. Wright in the doubles against the two French players. The draw for the first day brought Ward against Germot and Clothier against Decougis.

While the conditions of play were all that could be desired, neither of the American players showed anything like the tennis they are capable of playing. Fortunately they did not have to display top form to win, and were able to carry off the two matches in straight sets without ever being in danger, although both players missed several comparatively easy chances.

Ward's service was so puzzling to Germot that he had the Frenchman off his game continually. Never did his opponent successfully solve the twist imparted to the ball by the American, and it was always safe to count on aces when it came our turn to serve. Had it not been for this there might have been trouble for the American champion. At times his short passing stroke got the ball past Germot with brilliancy; but for consistency, aside from service, the Frenchman did rather the better work.

Ward worked up the court very effectually and was close to the net most of the time. On the contrary, M. Germot was kept at the base line pretty consistently. Twice during the match he was able to reach the net and show some strength, but his rallies were short and only four times in the first two sets were deuce games played.

The first set went to Ward by a score of 6-2. Each man scored on his own service, and Ward on his third. In the sixth game Ward volleyed effectively, and Germot scored a double fault that lost all chance for a rally. The seventh went to the American, and the eighth he won brilliantly by a clever backhand stroke.

The second set was a repetition of the first, save that three services were interchanged before Ward's volleying turned the tide his way. In the final set the American showed something of his true form and by wonderful cross-court work and accurate placing took the set 6-1.

Clothier had a somewhat harder time against Decougis. The better of the French pair, Decougis in the first two sets made the score two all, three all, four all, but lost the ninth game at love each time. He then seemed to lose heart, and the tenth game was easy for Clothier both times.

In the deciding set, Clothier seemed to gain confidence as Decougis lost mastery of his stroke. With the score three all, Clothier worked him for a double out, which he followed by missing an easy chance, and the American won the sixth game he needed without an effort.

When Ward and Wright faced the Frenchmen in the doubles they were even more at sea than when playing singly. Ward's break service still puzzled them, and interchanging with Wright's fast straight serves found them worse off. Wright played brilliantly, far better than Ward, and the wonder is that their opponents were able to win the two games they did score in each set. Besides having an immense advantage in the disconcerted work of the French pair against their service, they varied their pace with splendid judgment, changed from volley to lob and back with puzzling frequency. As the play progressed, instead of gauging their play better, the French pair did rather poorer work, and their defeat was apparent in their half-hearted effort when the match was half over.

Having won the tie, there was little interest displayed on either side in the outcome of the third day's singles play. Germot won the second set from Clothier, the two making a very hard fight for it. Every game but three were deuce games and several went to deuce two and three times. Germot finally won 7-5 through a bit of good placing along the side line each time from a difficult position by excellent backhand strokes.

Meantime, Australia was having about as easy a time with Austria. N. E. Brookes outplayed Kinzl decidedly, winning two sets and losing but a single game before he let up a bit. Kinzl then took two games straight in the third set, and this seemed to wake the Austrian up, for he took the next six games and the match without an effort.

C. von Wessely got the start of A. F. Wilding by a streak of brilliancy after the colonial player had the games 4-1 in the first set. He took game after game without allowing the Antipodean a breathing spell. The second set reversed the order, but the Australian again struck his pace in the third, and made a game fight for the set. It was five games all before he weakened again and before he regained his pace he had lost the set and five games of another. His rally then was another brilliant display, but he lost an ace on a ball that struck just outside in the next game and scored a double out following that cost him the game and the match.

R. F. DOHERTY.

On the second day the Austrians did better in the doubles. In the first set games were interchanged, each winning their own service to the tenth game. With the games five all, the Australians won their opponents' service through Brooke's brilliancy; but the Austrians returned the compliment and it was six all. Austria won the vantage, but Australia evened it at seven all, then took the vantage game and the set by virtue of Brookes' fine play at critical moments.

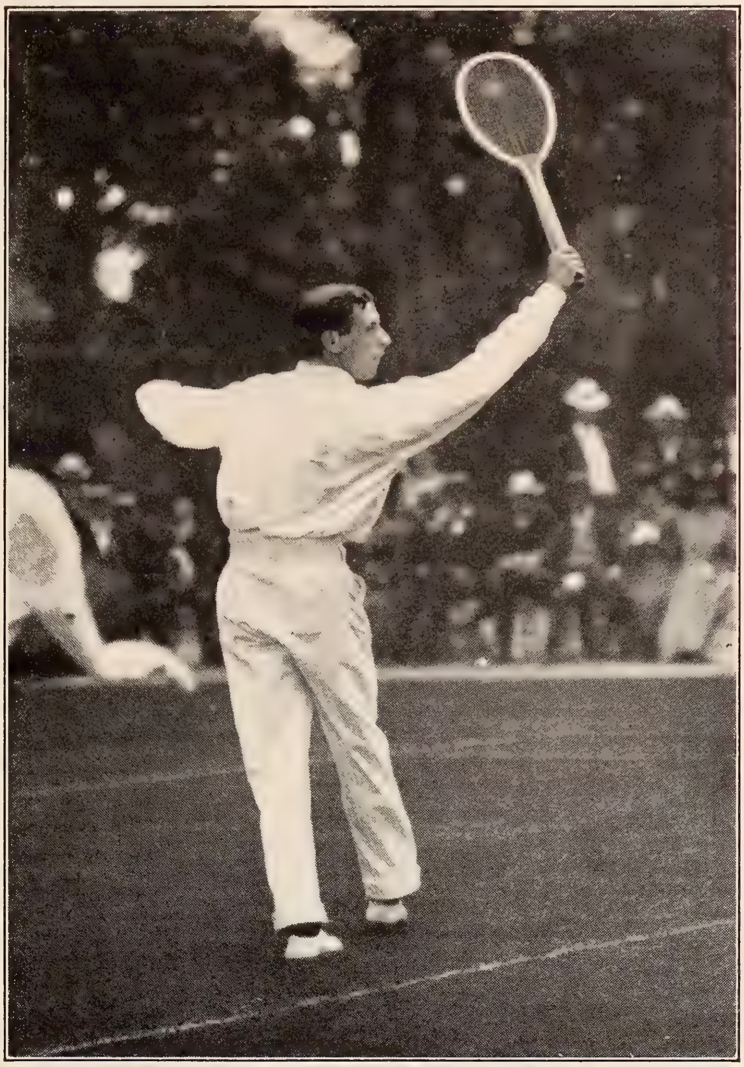
Austria made a lame effort for the second set, but put up another game fight for the third, coming within an ace of winning the vantage game with the score five all. A bit of hard luck cost them the following game and the match.

Like the American-French series, there was nothing to the third day. Brookes again played brilliantly and won easily, while Kinzl made a good fight for the first two sets against Wilding. Then he lost his speed and the match in short order.

Judged by the showing of the four teams

in these the first ties, it appeared that Austria was the weakest of the four, and that while Wilding was of mediocre strength on the Australian team, Brookes' brilliancy gave them a chance to score against the Americans, though there appeared little chance of a win. This is how the tie worked out.

Brookes played magnificent tennis, and Wright was quite up to his standard. The contest between the two was the best of the tournament, even including the final title round. Wright's play was of the highest order, but that victory rested with him at the end was as much due to his great headwork as to any other fact. In America he has frequently shown great work at forehand off ground strokes and volleying, but he has never shown such backhand work, while his overhead strokes were amazing in their force and accuracy.



H. L. DOHERTY.

He determined at the start to keep Brookes in the back court. He drove at his feet, at his backhand and close to his body, and never appeared to miss his aim. On not more than five occasions during the matches did the Australian succeed in reaching the net, but when he did he was splendid, but Wright lobbed and Brookes' overhead work was weak and Wright never allowed him to remain at the net long.

Brookes took the lead at the start and had the games 5-4 in the first set, but Wright took the vantage game, but never could prevent Brookes from winning his service. With the score ten all, Wright broke through his service, then took his own game and the set.

Again in the second set, Brookes led at 5-4, and Wright made it games all, but the Australian was not to be denied, and won the vantage and the following game and the set. Then followed a repetition of the first set, with the games all following each interchange of service until each had scored ten. Again Wright broke through the service and won his own game and the set. The trial proved too much for the Australian, while Wright's staying qualities kept him to the fore. He interchanged games with his opponent, scoring the odd until the ninth. Then Brookes missed his chance to even it up, and the match went to Wright.

Meantime Larned had no trouble at all in winning in straight sets from Wilding, and Brookes was not strong enough in the doubles to carry Dunlop along to victory over Ward and Wright. They made a good fight in the second set, but lost 5-7. In the third set 7-5 for the Australians, but the Americans came into their own again in the fourth and won the match and tie handily.

Wright and Wilding agreed to decide their match in three sets, and Wright won the first two easily. Again Brookes played brilliant tennis against Larned, and it took all the ex-champion's skill to overcome him.

The first set went longer than the match with Wright. It was give and take until games all had been called to twelve. In the fifteenth game it looked like a win for Brookes, since he had the vantage game and led 30-love, but Larned saved the game brilliantly and the tie continued. On the twenty-fifth game Larned broke through and won

Brookes' serve. He had no trouble in winning his own and the set 14-12.

The next two sets he won handily; the strain on Brookes telling then. The second was a love set, and the next might as well have been for all the effective resistance Brookes made. However, his stand was by long odds the feature of the entire tournament, and none can claim higher honors.

America thus came up to the title round after having a terrifically hard struggle in the final tie. Ward had had particularly hard work and was far from himself in several of the games. Larned at times, as in the game with Brookes, played brilliantly, but his old tendency to tail off at critical stages was still in evidence. It was a matter of doubt in the minds of many whether the extraordinarily good showing made by Wright in the early stages of play, as well as in the games preceding the international play, did not entitle him to consideration in the singles above one or the other of the men chosen, but so radical a step could hardly have been taken, all things considered. In the doubles, Ward and Wright were playing well, but Ward was not up to his standard, and there was really little expectation of victory when the title play came.

Instead of Risely going in with H. L. Doherty in the singles, Smith was chosen, as his play in preliminary tournaments well merited. The Doherty brothers were, of course, the selection for the doubles, and quite up to their old standard, contrary to expectation.

Ward was not looked to for better than a hard fight against H. L. Doherty, and he made it. Larned was expected to win against Smith, and he failed signally. This ended all chance of America's winning. It looked at one stage as though Ward would win, since he took the first two sets from Doherty, playing the net remarkably and volleying sharply to the sides, keeping the champion in the back court. Then Doherty's marvelous steadiness and strength told and he took two sets easily and made the crucial set a love win.

At the start it was give and take, with the advantage finally breaking with Doherty at 5-4. Ward took the tenth game, but Doherty twice won vantage, but each time Ward blocked him. Then, in the fifteenth game, Ward broke through and followed with a win. The second set Doherty led to 4-3 when Ward evened it up and then broke through and again followed to a win. English followers of the game grew nervous, but the way Doherty solved the attack and took the offensive in the third set was marvelous.

He allowed Ward one game in winning, and it was plain, when the American got but two games in the next set, that he had shot his bolt. Outs and nets followed each other rapidly, and seven double faults marked Ward's play. Meantime the deadly steadiness of Doherty's game sent the American further off, and there was never a chance in the deciding set to win.

Meantime, Smith was spreadeagling Larned brilliantly. He was never headed in the first set and won 6-4. He took three successive games after Larned had him 4-3 in the next set. Then Larned awoke and got up to the net and ran the score to 5-2 in the third set. Then he faltered and Smith was able to take three games before the erratic American got down to earth again and took two games and the set. But he could not sustain the rally, and after leading 4-3 again in the fourth set he allowed Smith to regain the lead and then to win the match 6-4.

There was small chance of an American victory after that. Ward and Wright made a great fight for it in the doubles on the second day, but lost through Ward's overanxiety more than anything else. The first set went to America, and was the hardest fought of the tournament. The six players exchanged games until the score reached eight all, with the Englishmen taking the odd each time. Game after game went to deuce and neither team missed a chance. Then Wright's great play broke through the Doherty's service and a brilliant placing of a smash won the next game and the set.

Then the Americans weakened, and although Wright still played steadily, Ward's faults cost the next two sets. Then the Americans found their form again and took the next set. This brought the challengers the advantage of the service in the deciding set, and with their form regained the chances looked good for victory.

They took the odd game, exchanging on their alternating services until each had six to their credit. Then Ward's double fault lost a chance, and the Englishmen took advantage of the opportunity to take the lead 40-30. They gave one opening an easy lob that Ward at the net might have killed easily, but overanxiety led him to strike too soon and he hit the net and lost the game. That broke the rally and the next game went easily to England, and with it the set and match.

Ward, because of a family bereavement, retired on the third day, Clothier being courteously allowed to take his place. He managed to get one set from Smith, but was outclassed in the others. Then, when too late, Larned played brilliantly against Doherty, and after losing the first, took the next two sets, but he weakened again, and losing the fourth 6-4, went to pieces in the last, and all five points were scored against us.

AMERICAN ARCHERY

Recreation is the Official Publication of the National Archery Association

By ALBERT RANKIN CLARK

So long as the new moon returns in heaven a bent, beautiful bow, so long will the fascination of archery keep hold of the hearts of men. No weapon of warfare or of the chase, except, possibly, the spear, can boast of a higher antiquity than the bow. History is full of honored traditions relating to archers and their achievements. Most of the gods and goddesses of the ancients were archers, and from the earliest ages to the present time poetry has been filled with references to the bow. It was the favorite weapon with nearly all savage tribes, and the prestige of the chiefs among these wild peoples depended upon their ability as archers. For many generations it was man's most efficient instrument in hunting and his most deadly weapon in battle. The songs of the Hindu and Greek poets, the sculptures of Assyria and Persia, and the hieroglyphics of Egypt all bear testimony to an early and universal use of the bow, while archeological research reveals to us, in the form of numberless iron and flint arrowheads, the evidence of the existence of races long since extinct.

For centuries after the English took their first great lesson in archery from William the Norman, on the field of Hastings, the long bow and arrows were the weapons alike of noble and peasant, and their use was enforced by many rigorous statutes. The yeomen of England became the terror of the continent in battle, and the routing of the chivalry of France at Crecy and Agincourt testified to the superiority of archers over armored and mounted knights. The noble science of archery began its decline when firearms became less cumbersome and defective, but for nearly two hundred years it held its own in the struggle against the newer weapons, and not until about 1600 did the bow finally disappear from the battlefield.

The practice of archery as a pastime has been popular in England ever since the days of its greatest glory, when Robin Hood, the bold outlaw and master bowman, and his merry clan roamed through the glades and glens of the king's woods, "where the game did most abound," as freebooters and troublers of the realm. Of course archery has never flourished in modern times with that vigor which it displayed when the bow held the supremacy among weapons of warfare, but it has yet, and always will have, many ardent promoters, and when the present popular instruments of recreation are but museum relics, the twang of the bowstring and the swift flight of the feathered shaft will still possess their fascination for the human race.

The modern devotees of the bow include the best blood and culture of England, and the many public meetings are always attended by enthusiastic audiences. English archery meetings have often been on a scale of grandeur surpassed by no other public displays of modern times. The spacious lawn respendent with brilliant targets and waving banners, the playing of bands, the firing of cannon and the gayly dressed bowmen—all combine to produce a very pleasing and festive occasion. A great revival of archery took place immediately after the founding of the Royal Toxophilite Society in 1781. We are, however, somewhat ignorant of the shooting ability of the early members of this famous society, as those who recorded the proceedings appear to have been more interested in the excellence of the dinners than in the quality of the shooting. This wave of enthusiasm was soon stayed by war, but the period between 1820 and 1830 witnessed a wider and more permanent revival of the sport. The influence of this awakening of British bowmen extended to the United States, and the result was the formation, in 1826, of the first American archery society, "The United Bowmen of Philadelphia," which flourished for more than thirty years.

In 1879 the publication of "Witchery of Archery," by the late Maurice Thompson, that enthusiastic archer and brilliant writer, aroused widespread interest in the pastime, and resulted in the organization of the National Archery Association of the United States, which has held an annual tournament every year since its birth.

The long range championship of the United States is contested for by gentlemen at the double "York Round," consisting of 12 dozen arrows at 100 yards, 8 dozen at 80 yards and 4 dozen at 60 yards.

The short range championship is the double "American Round," consisting of 5 dozen arrows at each range of 60, 50 and 40 yards.

The ladies' long range championship is at the double "National Round"—8 dozen arrows at 60 yards and 4 dozen at 50 yards.

The short range is at the double "Columbian Round"—4 dozen arrows at each range of 50, 40 and 30 yards.

THE POTOMAC ARCHERS: U. S. TEAM CHAMPIONS.

Col. Ross Williams, Will H. Thompson, Rev. G. C. Spencer, L. W. Maxon.

The highest records by American archers at national meetings are as follows:

Double York Round ...	995	Col. Robt. Williams
Double American Round.	1,097	Mr. W. A. Clark.
Double National Round..	756	Mrs. M. C. Howell
Double Columbia Round.	990	Mrs. M. C. Howell

In the above Columbia Round Mrs. Howell made 144 hits with 144 arrows, and in the American Round Mr. Clark made 179 hits out of 180 arrows.

The remarkable scores made by some of the English and American lady archers prove that proficiency in shooting is not restricted to the gentlemen. No finer exhibition with bow and arrow was ever given by any bowman than that by Mrs. Phillips at a national meeting on the parade ground of the Military Post in Washington, D. C., when on a wager by the Post-Commandant that she could not hit the "Gold" in three trial shots, she shot three consecutive arrows into the center of the "Gold." In a close contest between two clubs the present champion, Mrs. Howell, made eleven consecutive "Golds."

The many elegantly equipped athletic and country clubs in this country would greatly increase their attractiveness by adding archery to their lists of amusements, for there are few prettier sights than a row of brightly painted targets on a beautiful lawn, and no other form of outdoor recreation is productive of such keen pleasure and exhilarating health. Those who once experience the delights of quiet practice on a private range, or the keener joy of a well-contested match in public, are not easily persuaded to abandon the bow. Sir Foster Cunliffe, the first president of the Royal British Bowmen, and an enthusiastic archer, in his records of that society's proceedings in 1787, says: "Many have taken up the bow with reluctance, but that reluctance soon vanishes, and is succeeded by a sort of fascination, that frequently people will practice from morning till night."

EDITORIAL

A STEADY IMPROVEMENT.

Notwithstanding that the reports still come in of people with criminal instincts and selfish and cruel dispositions, who dynamite fish in different sections of the country, and others who break game laws in various ways, the general reports from the whole of the United States show a steady improvement, due to the gradual education of the masses on the question of the preservation of the animal and vegetable life of our continent.

In this line it is pleasant to know that Tennessee has a game and fish protective association which has issued an address to the people, urging the importance of the protection of our game and forests. The object of the association is largely educational, and this in itself shows wisdom on the part of the members, for our editorial baskets are full of accounts where justices of the peace have discharged prisoners, acknowledged guilty of infractions of the law, because these justices were not themselves educated up to the point of realizing the importance either of the game laws or the importance of obeying a law because it is a law.

We have other incidents, and many of them, where the game wardens consider themselves in the light of makers of the law instead of officials who are appointed to enforce it, and who openly use their power according to their personal inclinations; but we must expect these drawbacks, and they are trivial when taken in connection with the great progress made for game preservation.

We would suggest to the Tennessee Game and Fish Protective Association that they advocate sanctuaries to be located in the different parts of the state, where all game, at all times of the year, shall be protected. The gradual growth of the population of this country and the rapid extension of farms and villages is usurping the former ranges of the wild creatures, and closed seasons and ordinary protective laws will be of little service in perpetuating the game animals unless some such scheme as here suggested is put in practice, not only by the United States, but by the individual states.

The success of the Yellowstone Park as a game farm for producing animals for the surrounding country should be and is a practical demonstration of what would happen had we such sanctuaries located all over the country as breeding places for birds and beasts. It is not intended that we shall be understood to advocate a reservation in each state of tracts as large as the Yellowstone Park; but every state has land enough to spare for small reservations or parks to be distributed in the various counties. If there are many of these reservations each one could be but of a few acres in extent. Tennessee, with its wild, mountainous country, has land particularly adapted both for forest preserves and for game preserves.

The Spokane (Wash.) *Spokesman Review* published a two and one-half column illustrated article on "An Appeal that Idaho's Bitter Root Region be made a big game preserve." This is another move in the right direction and shows the effect of the educational campaign now carried on by RECREATION, and we wish the game warden, Mack H. Harbaugh, all success in his appeal, which will be addressed to President Roosevelt, asking that at least a large part, if not all, of the Idaho Bitter Root Region be made a game preserve, with laws governing it similar to those now governing the National Yellowstone Park.

We are informed that this section is swarming with all kinds of game. As the report puts it:

> With countless numbers of deer, bear and good herds of elk and moose, not to mention the thousands of smaller fur-bearing animals, this forest reserve makes an ideal game resort, a natural home for wild animals that are fast becoming extinct. The government rangers are building 15-foot trails over this vast area that has hitherto been inaccessible, even to the Indian, and unless some such action is taken to protect the wild game it will be but a matter of a few years till it becomes extinct in this country. Deer and bear are so tame that rangers have photographed them only 30 yards away.
>
> Mr. Harbaugh is supported in his position by C. M. Day, superintendent of the Bitter Root reserve, and by Frank A. Fenn, superintendent of forest reserves for Montana and Idaho.
>
> While not claiming geysers and other such attractions as has Yellowstone Park, the Bitter Root reserve is second to none in natural beauty and grandeur. This vast territory, which includes within its borders 4,000,000 acres, abounds in beautiful mountain streams teeming with rainbow trout and countless lakes as clear as crystal set in the very heart of the rugged mountains. Hot springs may be found in numerous places, and some of these are hot enough to boil vegetables. On the Red River is a hot spring that has already become famous as a cure for rheumatism.
>
> WILD ANIMALS ABOUND.
>
> Nearly every conceivable kind of wild animal, from the busy beaver, mountain sheep, mountain goat and martin to the bear, can be found within its borders. Magnificent forests of cedar, fir and pine cover the entire area, while standing aloof,

Trapper Peak, the highest mountain in Idaho, keeps sentinel over this, the wildest region of the great northwest. Almost inaccessible cañons, glacial basins and perpendicular precipices are to be found, and well excite the admiration of the sightseer.

The Bitter Root reserve has a width of about sixty miles east and west, and is about seventy-five miles north and south. It includes within its borders Elk City, Buffalo Hump, Dixie, Newsome and Syringa. The boundaries which Supervisor Day proposes for the game preserve would exclude all of these places.

PROPOSED BOUNDARIES.

He proposes to make the game preserve begin at Lolo Pass, which is the northeast corner of the forest reserve; then follow southwest along the Lochsa River to the junction with the Selway River; thence southeast along the Selway to Meadow Creek; south on Meadow Creek to the headwaters of Big Mallard Creek; south along Big Mallard Creek to the Salmon River; thence east and southeast on the Salmon to the state line, and north along the state line to the place of beginning. This would take a little over half of the entire forest reserve.

It is estimated that within this area are about 100 moose, 600 elk, many sheep along the rivers, herds of goat among the crags, several colonies of beaver, not to mention countless numbers of deer, bear, cougar, martin, lynx, bob cat, and unlimited quantities of game birds.

As soon as the government gets these trails built, hunters will swarm into the country and this most beautiful region will become a veritable slaughter pen. The wild game which has helped make Idaho famous will be no more, and even the bear, which the government rangers have come to look upon as a companion, will be a memory.

The government rangers, who patrol this area year after year, are instructed to enforce the game laws, and the people they arrest are taken before the United States commissioner and the fines put in the school fund.

WOULD PREVENT HUNTING.

I would like to see the government prevent the taking of any kind of firearm upon the reserve and simply allow fishing. The reserve is dotted with pretty valleys, which will soon be put under cultivation when once trails are built, but even now a day and a half ride will take a person from any part of the reserve to a store where meat and provisions can be secured, so that there will be no absolute necessity for the killing of the game.

I shall take this matter up with the federal government immediately. I have not decided just through what channels, but something must and will be done before these trails open the country.

There is another phase of game protection which is receiving too little attention, possibly, because great money interests are concerned; but no man or body of men or corporations have a right to trample upon the laws of the people and the rights of fellow-citizens because it is convenient for them to do so in their own hurried scramble for wealth; and the laws in the Western states which provide that irrigation inlet head-gates shall be equipped with screens or paddle-wheels, the purpose of which is to prevent the destruction of trout, should be enforced. It is outrageous that these irrigating ditches should be allowed to run unprotected, so that the trout, which enter the ditches in large numbers are carried out upon the meadows to die in the baking sun. The expense of complying with this law is trifling. A few years ago when we were in the West the slaughter of trout in this way was a common occurrence, and reports from the Wyoming *Leader* and other papers of the present day state that the irrigation ditches are still unprotected in those sections. But even more inexcusable than the neglect to protect irrigating ditches is the brazen effrontery with which the mills, breweries and manufactories of various kinds, in defiance of the laws of the land and the rights of the people, still continue to defile our streams and rivers with the filthy, poisonous and vile refuse which these manufactories, mills, etc., drain into the nearest watercourse, simply because it is the easiest way to dispose of their refuse and utterly regardless of the effect it has on the purity of the water, the lives of the fish and the lives of the people on the banks, who are compelled to use the polluted streams.

Wherever game wardens are appointed and anxious to do their duty we would suggest that they begin at the top and arrest the big offenders before arresting the small boy with a pin hook, who is caught fishing on Sunday —not that we wish to excuse any law-breaker, however unimportant the part he plays, but the whole community would have more respect and regard for the law if the big offenders were made to feel that they were not immune and are as subject to the law and its penalty as the small boy with the pin hook.

We would like to call the attention of the Tennessee game and fish protective association, and also the people advocating the Bitter Root Game Preserve, to the fact that RECREATION's editor has made a committee of gentlemen, whose names appear in the magazine and who are working for the purchase and preservation of the remaining buffalo, and to ask that the people interested in the aforenamed associations join hands with us in this great work and to promise them that in return we will use our influence to help them in their educational work and their efforts for game preserves.

PROTECTORS OF THE BISON.

The Standing Committee for the Protection of the American Bison is constituted as follows: Caspar Whitney, Outing; Richard Watson Gilder, Century; Melville Stone, President Associated Press; George Bird Grinnell, Forest and Stream; Frank Doubleday, Editor World's Work; Charles Lanier, Editor Country Calendar; Clarke Howell, Atlanta Constitution; Howard Eaton, Guide and Ranchman; John Muir, California; W. E. Palmer, San Francisco; Henry Van Dyke, Princeton, N. J.; Homer Davenport, cartoonist and Wild Animal Farmer; Hamlin Garland, Novelist and Lecturer; Robert C. Morris, New York City; John Burroughs, West Park, N. Y.; Martin J. Elrod, University of Montana, Missoula, Montana; Robert Underwood Johnson, Century; Daniel K. Hall, Glen Cove, N. Y.

THE TAIL OF THE HOOP SNAKE.

Port Jervis, New York, is a prosperous town on the Erie Railroad, and its prosperity is mainly due to the city people that the railroad brings to it—farmers do little traveling. In the summer season canoeists, anglers and boarders fill the coffers of the tradesmen and farmers who bring in their milk and other products of their farms to sell to the city people. Yet the heedless, short-sighted editor of a Port Jervis paper called The Farmer, talks of "fool game laws" for the especial benefit of "city loafers."

This is silly talk, but it would also be dangerous if it really influenced the readers. The reckless editor is doing all he can in his small way to create a bitter and hostile feeling on the part of the farmers towards the good people who are the agriculturist's customers. It is claimed, and truly claimed, that the farmer gets poor prices for his wares, but it is also true that the city people are compelled to pay outrageous prices for the products of the farm. This sad state of affairs is due to a faulty and criminal economic system, and not the fault of either the country man who grows the vegetables or the city man who eats them.

But Recreation has naught to do with this question of economics, and only mentions it to show how silly and childish it is for our brother editor to try and stir up class hatred. Recreation has a much larger number of real farmers on its subscription list than this little Port Jervis paper, and Recreation stands first, last and always for the preservation and perpetuation of our noble American animals and forests. The truth is that the editor of the Farmer belongs away back to the hoop-snake age, and when he describes the deer to be so plentiful in Connecticut that they "are raiding the farms in *great numbers*," and declares that they leap the high fences with ease and *"sweep the oats and corn fields clean,"* he shows that he is possessed of a highly developed imagination which might bring him fame as an artist, poet or romancer, but is sadly out of place in a journal which is supposed to furnish hard facts for the farmer. When the Port Jervis editor puts the game laws down as "foremost among the anti-farm laws" he deliberately makes a statement which he cannot substantiate, and which will only cause the farmers to laugh.

We give prominence to this man and his paper, not because of their personal importance, but because they represent a past age, when people believed that all snakes were as dangerous and poisonous as rattlesnakes and copperheads; that every sort of insect was a noxious "bug"; that every wood was inhabited by terrible man-killing "swifts"; that the horn on the tail of a hoop-snake killed the trees it struck, and that the farmers were stupid bumpkins whom such men as the editor of the Farmer could stuff with nonsense to suit their own little purposes.

If the American farmers were really influenced by such small ideas and narrow views as this paper represents, then would the Farmer of Port Jervis, be more dangerous than the horn on the tail of a hoop snake.

It may be interesting to the reader to know that in the section of the country around and adjoining Port Jervis there are more illegal fish traps on trout streams and more illegal hounding of deer than in any other section with which we are familiar. This is not because of the influence of such editors as the one previously referred to, but this editor is evidently trying to write to please the law breakers. However, few of the deer hounders and trout trappers in the wild country around the Delaware read any sort of a paper.

YOUR NAME, PLEASE!

In our camp fire department, we call attention to the fact that it is desirable that a contributor should write his name and address upon the manscript as well as upon the envelope or letter that may accompany it.

As an instance of the necessity of this, we would point out that an article in last month's Recreation on "Canoeing in the Adirondacks" appeared without credit. This was written by Mr. Borden H. Mills, of Albany, and his name would have appeared in connection with it had he written it upon the manuscript. Don't hide your light under a bushel!

AN OPEN COURT.

We have on hand a lengthy correspondence between Mr. S. Fullerton, game warden of Minnesota, and a subscriber, in reference to certain inaction in regard to violation of game laws of that state and also in regard to a leakage of information which should be sacred; but as each correspondent flatly contradicts the other, we must refrain from taking any action in the matter until further investigations give us more light on the subject.

Recreation will not hesitate to speak out forcibly whenever it has proper evidence of wrongdoing, but we must bear in mind Davy Crockett's famous saying and be sure we are right before "we go ahead."

WATCH THE NETS.

In a recent issue of the Fishing Gazette, that paper's correspondent in the Maritime Provinces of Canada said:

> The season for salmon in the Bay of Fundy closes by law at the middle of August, but it usually winds itself up before that time, and the end

of July will likely see the last of them for this year. So far it has been a great season, individual fishermen having cleared one thousand dollars. The salmon do not remain long in the bay, but hasten to the spawning grounds on the upper waters of the St. John River. Some are caught in the harbor, some others in the lower reaches of the St. John River, but on all the upper portion residents along the banks take only enough for their own needs. The fish caught in the bay are brought to St. John, N. B., every day in carrier boats and delivered to the merchants, James Paterson and Andrew Malcolm on the South Wharf and Robertson at Reed's Point. The fish are not bought by the pound, but rather by the price. The dealers long ago discovered that the average weight for the season is twelve and a half pounds per fish, and they buy the whole catch at this rate, the price at present being 10 cents per pound. A little more is paid at the first and last of the season. The salmon for shipment are packed in square boxes about nine or ten inches deep. The fish are carefully laid side by side, and cracked ice is packed all about them until the box is filled. These boxes are shipped in cold storage cars. There is a steady demand for salmon. Many go to Boston and New York, provincial and Upper Canadian points receive a fair proportion, and the demand for the local market is generally strong. The season in salmon has so far been a good one, and if the next few weeks are as usual, the fishermen and dealers will be well satisfied. After the salmon the market will be bare, as there is no other fish to come. The boats will be out for haddock, and later there may be a few fall shad, but for fully two months there will be little variety on the market.

One cannot help feeling grieved that so many good salmon should be taken by the nets. When a single fisherman can secure 10,000 pounds weight of salmon they must be fairly abundant; but it does not seem likely, from what we know of the St. John River, that the upper waters of the Tobique can be getting any too many salmon.

Fifteen years ago salmon fishing on the St. John River did not amount to much, but owing to the protection afforded by the salmon clubs and by the enforcement of the laws protecting the spawning fish, salmon have increased marvelously, and to-day men who had no share whatever in bringing about this happy state of affairs are reaping a reward altogether out of proportion to their deserts.

Market fishermen all over the world always bitterly oppose any limitations as to nets and open seasons, yet when sportsmen, by vigorous action have so awakened public sentiment that protective action has been taken, the netsmen are first to receive the benefit.

We should like to see the New Brunswick government do something to curtail this heavy slaughter at the mouth of the St. John. They might offend the market men, but they would earn the undying gratitude of men who spend their sapre time and their spare cash within the province.

PRACTICAL SANITATION.

Even in the well-regulated, neatly kept camps there seems to be a distressing amount of ignorance regarding the disposition of garbage and refuse as well as relating to pure water supply, and it is a real pleasure to get hold of a practical book like "The Sanitation of a Country House," which is the name of a complete little volume written by Dr. Harvey B. Bashore. He dwells on the hygienic and sanitary ways for disposal of waste, the water supply, and lastly but not at all least, Dr. Bashore gives many points to the "Summer Camp," in the hygienic line. He disposes with mosquitoes, the fishy taste in the drinking water, and waste from the camp in equally effective ways.

In Dr. Bashore's own words he says: "We are apt to think everything in the woods is so fresh from the Hand of the Maker that sanitary care is unnecessary; every spring and every brook seems to be pure and undefiled. If we could only drop into the 'forest primeval' such would indeed be the case; but the fact is that where you go some one else has been before."

If everyone who contemplates camping would read and follow the instructions of this volume, we are sure that their general health would be benefited. Also anyone building a house in the country, away from the city sewage or water supply would find many points for the home and safety of the family's health. John Wiley & Sons: Price, $1. Scientific Publishing Co., 43 and 45 East 19th street, New York City.

THE RETURN TO FREEDOM.

By LLOYD ROBERTS.

We leave the office hours,
And the hanging weight of care;
And the joy of life is ours,
When we taste the open air,—
Where the wide winds cross the mountains,
And the crimson maples flare.

Beyond the doors of Man,
With a rifle and a guide,—
To the life that we began,
When the little world was wide,—
We return to primal freedom,
As we cross the great divide.

Then strike the trails with day,
When the mist is curling white;
And follow on our way
Till the fading of the light;
And we roll into our blankets
On the threshold of the night.

DAN BEARD AND THE BOYS

TO THE SENIOR SONS OF DANIEL BOONE.

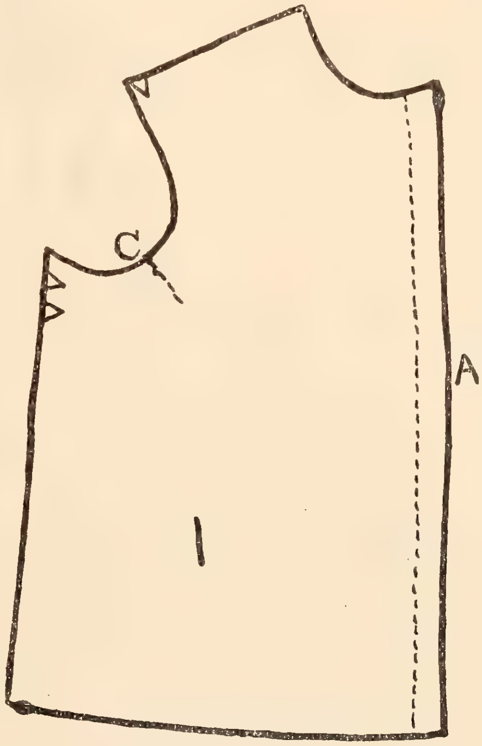
It matters little what our politics are or how we would vote or do vote on national affairs, we outdoor people all love the man Theodore Roosevelt because he stands with us, shoulder to shoulder, for the preservation of game and forest, and is one of us.

Perhaps it is fortunate that those people who spend all their lives in a densely populated metropolis, are, to a great extent, unconscious of the fœtid atmosphere in which they live. After spending a protracted period in the mountains and forests, our nostrils are shocked by the disagreeable odors eminating from the gutters, the shops, the stale beer of the saloons, and the very persons of the people on the streets.

But this sensitiveness of one's olfactories does not long continue. As the ears become accustomed to the roar of the streets, and the eyes to the rank growth of the ungainly buildings, one's nose ceases to record the disagreeable odors. As the faculties adjust themselves to the unnatural and unsanitary surroundings of the city; as the five senses become blunted and dull, their owner appears to gradually lose individuality and exist only as an unimportant atom in the turbid flood of humanity. Some men are atoms all their lives, but if the President of the United States can go camping with the boys, why should not all American men who can get a week off follow his example? Many of the Sons of Daniel Boone are quite young, and their parents may object to these little fellows camping alone, but there could be no objections if the father of some one of the boys went with them to teach them wood craft and keep them under his eyes, and it is safe to say that the man who volunteers to take a fort of Boone boys camping will have the time of his life, and the boys will help him enjoy himself.

OUR UNIFORM.

The boys are dead in earnest about their uniforms. Although the Founder has written personal letters to dozens of forts, every mail is still loaded with requests for patterns by which to make Boone Hunting shirts. So the Founder has taken his own buckskin shirt and made patterns from it which are here given with notes telling how to put the shirt together.



HALF OF FRONT.

SONS OF DANIEL BOONE COSTUMES.

All belonging to the same fort must wear the same colored shirts. When buckskin can be obtained it is more like the real thing, nevertheless the hunters in Boone's days often wore homespun shirts of blue or butternut color, and some even wore plaids. Select the color you wish and have your mothers, aunts, grandmothers or big sisters cut two pieces for

THE FRONT

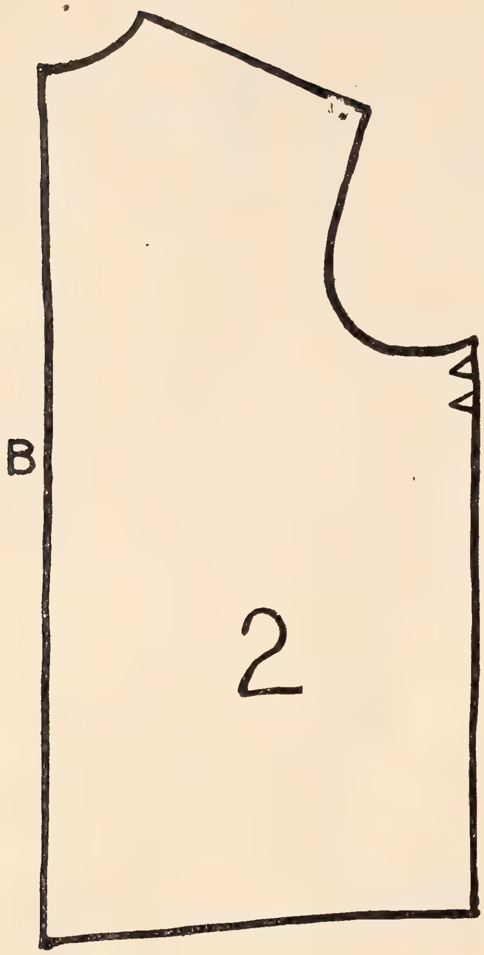
like Fig. 1. Take care that the edge A is the selvedge of the goods, and allow for the seam, as shown by the dotted line along the edge A. Make

THE BACK

of the shirt by folding a piece lengthwise of the goods at B, Fig. 2, and then cutting it the form of that pattern.

THE SLEEVES

are each made of two pieces, Figs. 3 and 4, cut lengthwise of the goods.



HALF OF BACK.

THE CAPE

should be folded on the dotted line and cut as per pattern, Fig. 5.

TO PUT THE SHIRT TOGETHER.

First baste together the front piece, Fig. 1, and the back piece, Fig. 2, in such a manner that the points on the shoulders (marked with a notch or a V) fit together, and the seam under the arms marked VV on Fig. 1 and Fig. 2, also fit together.

TO SEW THE SLEEVES.

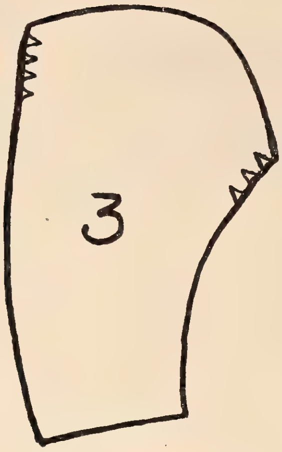
Fit the back of the sleeves marked VVVV of Fig. 3 and Fig. 4 together and the front of the sleeve pieces marked VVV together and baste them in place.

TO FIT THE SLEEVES TO THE SHIRT

place the point marked C on Fig 4 exactly over C on Fig. 1 on the front piece of the shirt and baste it in place. Do the same with the other sleeve, which is of course a duplicate of the one shown in the diagram, and is basted to the other front half, which is also a duplicate of Fig. 1.

THE CAPE

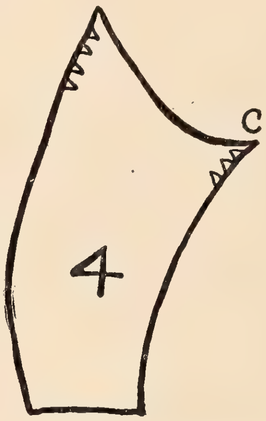
can now be stitched around the neck of the shirt and the garment tried on to see how it fits.



TOP OF SLEEVE.

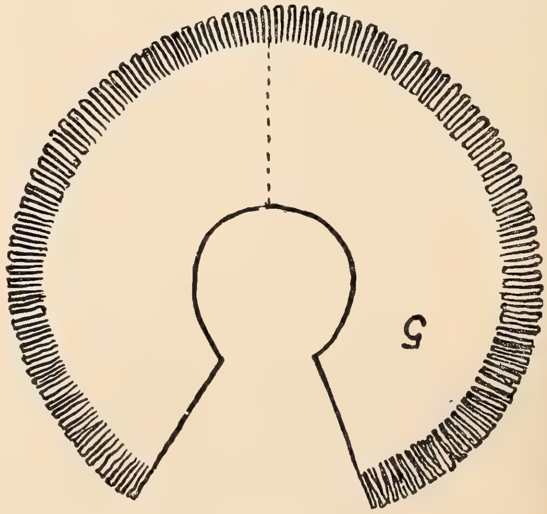
THE FRINGE

is always a characteristic part of a hunting shirt and is made by cutting a piece of cloth of the proper length in the manner shown.



INSIDE OF SLEEVE.

Each one of the Boone forts has asked for patterns for the hunting shirts for uniforms and I have written personal letters to them



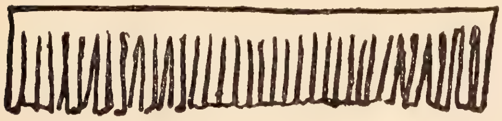
THE CAPE.

describing this article of a hunter's dress, but still the request comes in with each mail, so I have taken my own buckskin shirt and made the accompanying patterns from it.

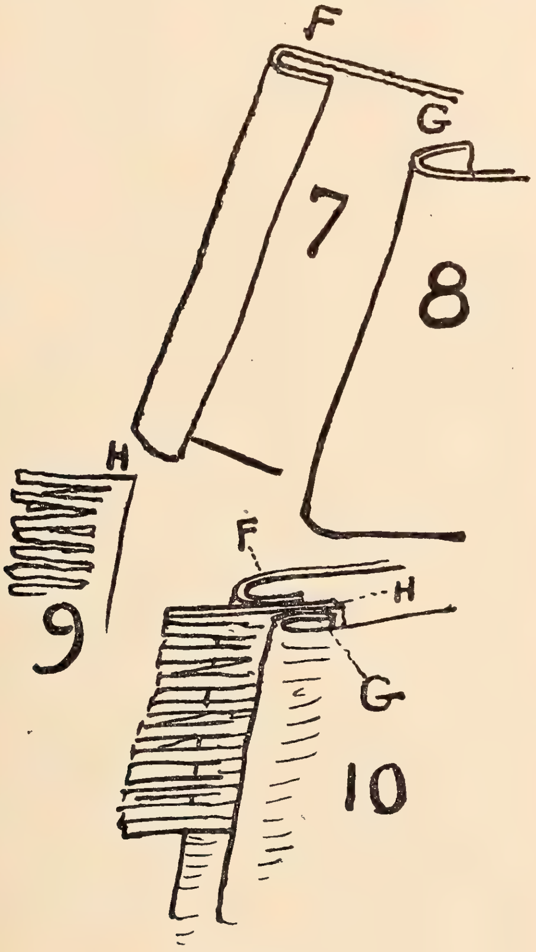
THE MATERIAL

may be of outing cloth, either dark blue or buckskin color. Of course it is understood that the fringe, Fig. 6, must be sewed in the back seam of the sleeves, and in the side seams of the shirt; it is inserted as shown by Figs. 7, 8, 9, 10. Fig. 7 shows the inside of one piece of cloth; Fig. 8 the outside of the other piece; Fig. 9 a bit of fringe, and Fig. 10 shows the bit of fringe in the seam between the two pieces of cloth. F and G on Figs. 7 and 8 are the same as F and G on Fig. 10, and H, the top of the fringe on Fig. 9, is the same in Fig. 10. In these last diagrams the cloth is not shown stitched, but loose, so as to more plainly indicate just how the fringe is inserted in the seams. Your mother will know how to sew it. The sewing may be done on the sewing machine, and after it is finished according to directions the bottom of the shirt may be neatly hemmed and fringe sewed on the under side or the bottom may be cut into a fringe or left with only the hem, as suits the taste, but all of the same fort must be alike. A leather strap belt with buckle or a sash may be worn about the waist. As for leggings, they may be purchased at the store and the fringe added by your mother.

6



THE FRINGE.



DETAILS.

If you choose blue shirts let the fringe be yellow, because that was always the color of the fringe on the old backwoodsmen's shirts.

The shirt may have ordinary cuffs, with buttons, and button up in front like a coat.

S. OF D. B.

The late hot spell in New York made all of Recreation's force wish that they were sons of Daniel Boone and camping somewhere out of reach of baking pavements and scorching stone walls, and the founder fled to his camp on Big Tink Pond in Pike County, Pennsylvania, where he is now writing to the boys. He is not taking a vacation, because he has not time, but he is working in a cool log house on the banks of a small lake, and the chipmunks are scolding outside, and in the swail the teacher bird is calling teacher! teacher! teacher! When evening comes the whip-poor-will across the lake will wake up and repeat his own name as fast as he can for a hundred and more times in succession without ceasing to take breath. The other night I counted one hundred and eighty times that this energetic long-winded bird repeated "whip-poor-will!" apparently before he took a breath. Sometimes I imagine that the papa bird is angry with his daughters and calling upon mamma to whip-her-well! Once two of these birds flew down and sat on the same stone with me and within reach of my hand, both making a low clucking noise, which I accepted as a friendly greeting.

I quote the following from the New York Times because of its bearing on boys' camps:

> The whereabouts of the President of the United States to-night (July 18) is more uncertain than at any time since his bear hunting expeditions in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains this spring
>
> It is likely, however, that while this dispatch is being written Mr. Roosevelt is sitting by a blazing camp fire somewhere on the shores of Long Island Sound telling hair-raising stories of the hunt and the Western plains to ten listening youths who make up his party.
>
> At 3 o'clock this afternoon a little flotilla of four rowboats set out from the J. West Roosevelt pier and struck out for the outlet to the Sound. A fresh breeze was blowing and the surface of the Sound was adance with rippling waves. In a moment everybody was aware that the President was off for the camping-out expedition which has been a regular yearly feature of his stay at Sagamore Hill. To add a tinge of adventure to the expedi-

tion no set plans had been made in advance, and it was understood that the selection of a camping place was to be left largely to chances.

The President was admiral-in-chief of the little flotilla, and with his boat a couple of hundred feet in the lead determined the course the others were to follow. With him were his young son, Archie, and two sons of the Landon family, which resides on an estate near Sagamore Hill.

Theodore, Jr., had charge of the second boat. With him was his younger brother, Kermit. The third boat was manned by Philip, Jack, and George Roosevelt, sons of Emlen Roosevelt, the President's cousin. In the fourth boat were two sons of J. West Roosevelt.

The boats were loaded down to their gunwales with tents and other camping utensils. There was a large suply of meat and other edibles to be cooked over the camp fires.

The President entered with great vim into all the preparations for the quaint adventure. He personally superintended the loading of supplies, and looked to every detail of the fitting out of the little fleet with as much zest and earnestness as if he had been preparing for an important naval expedition. Although the dominating idea of these excursions is merely to give the President's children the healthy outdoor life the President enjoyed for so many years in the West, and to have everybody in the party get an object lesson in "roughing it," the President wants nothing left undone that could be done to provide for the safety of the expedition.

To-night scores in Oyster Bay are down on the water front gazing seaward for the gleam of the President's campfire. There is nothing so far to tell where the camp has been established. He has generally camped somewhere in the vicinity of Lloyd's Point on the Sound.

The first test to confront the party will be the preparation of supper from the stock of provisions taken along. Then over the campfire the President spends a couple of hours telling the youngsters reminiscences of his hunting trips, while the younger members of the party undoubtedly will be looking with anxious eyes to the bushes for the bears and other wild beasts conjured up by the story. Then everybody rolls himself in a blanket and goes to sleep while the glowing embers of the fire die.

The President and his party will eat an al fresco breakfast on the camping ground. At 10 o'clock camp will be broken and the President will return to Sagamore Hill and his official duties.

REPTILIAN STRATEGY.

Editor Recreation:

In accordance with your suggestion, I am sending you a little sketch of a somewhat interesting exhibition of reptilian strategy observed by me in California.

It was hot, dry, June. Johnny Wilson, a Yosemite Indian guide, and myself, were plodding drippingly up the long slope of the mountains south of the Merced river, going from Yosemite Valley to a ranch near Mariposa to drive in another bunch of trail horses for the Kenny saddle train. There were Manganita and chinquepin bushes along the sides of the trail above and below us.

Suddenly Wilson grunted an ejaculation, pointing to the road ahead with a manifestation of interest so unusual from a full-blood Digger as to claim my instant attention.

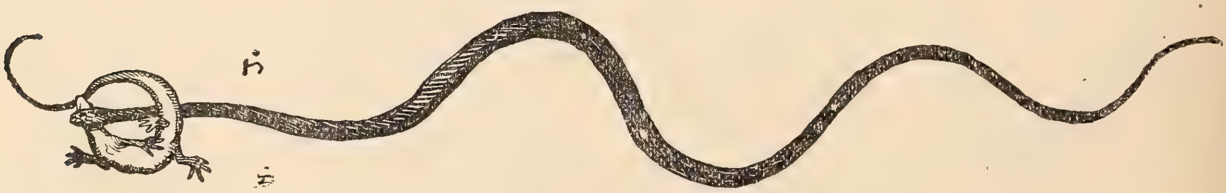
What he saw was a snake-like monstrosity with a big, brownish-green doughnut on its head, gliding swiftly across the trail. Quickly the queer reptile writhed itself under the clump of chinquepins. Sliding from my horse, I crept to the spot where Mr. Delirium Tremens had disappeared, prepared for battle only with a limp switch I had been carrying as a persuader. Peering into the bushes, I perceived the thing which for the shadow of an instant had put a crimp in the everlasting placidity of Wilson's emotional center. It was only a four-foot blue racer (*Bascanium constrictor*), but the odd lump on its neck was interesting. The head of a nine-inch "keel-backed" lizard (*Gerrhonotus multicarnanatus*) was gripped firmly in the serpent's jaws. The saurian had curled his body about the snake's head, seizing hold of his own tail near the body with his own mouth, thus forming a fat bracelet four inches in diameter around the snake's neck.

On account of the bushes I could not strike a blow, but a flourish of my switch caused the forager to drop his prey and slither away out of sight. I raked the lizard into the road, scratching and clinging to twigs and lumps of dirt. He continued to clutch desperately his own caudal adornment. It was a most instructive example of passive resistance to overwhelming force. There was a wet spot on the back of his head, or neck, where the snake had held him. No amount of tormenting would persuade the lizard to take his mind or teeth off his own body and we finally left him in his egotistic stubbornness literally "wrapped up in himself."

Obviously the curled-up lump of lizard would not have been a convenient morsel for even a very much larger snake to swallow. Was this action upon the part of the four-legged reptile, which so effectually protected him from becoming the repast of his legless relative, attributable to intelligence, instinct or accident?

Perhaps some of your readers widely experienced of snakes and things will answer.

Herbert Johnson.



GUNS AND AMMUNITION

SMALL BORE RIFLES.

There are no figures at my command, so that I am open to correction when I make the statement that there are ten .22 caliber rifles in use for every one of .38 or larger, and the small bore rifle is the only arm many take an interest in. Certainly, the American rifle started as a small caliber and has been evolved upon these lines. Foreign sportsmen have gone in for rifles of tremendous power. The great African explorer, Sir Samuel Baker, always spoke of his .577 as "The Little Fletcher," but the American sportsmen have looked upon a .50 as a very big gun, and so it was; for American game, with the exception of the grizzly is by no means tenacious of life. Thus the American hunter looked for a rifle that, while not extremely powerful, should be most accurate and practical. We have kept to this ideal, and when comparing our small bore rifles to those manufactured in other countries, we find that the American arm outranks any of its foreign competitors. In military rifles we are not ahead of Germany or England, but our small bore miniature rifles are very far ahead of anything manufactured in other countries.

The .22 long rifle has been known and appreciated in this country for about fifteen years, and it is highly amusing to note by our English exchanges that they are just discovering its good qualities in England. Heretofore our cousins across the water have been content to use the .22 calibre bottle-necked central fire cartridge adapted to the Morris tube, which is a sub-caliber barrel, enserted, usually, in the regular service rifle. This cartridge was not more accurate than our .22 long, which, as we know, will not compare with the .22 long rifle, nor with the .22 short at ranges up to 75 or even 100 feet.

The professionals that are hired on the ranches of the State of Washington to keep down the ground squirrel pest have found that the .22 long rifle is the best for all-around work. This shows that the objections that have been raised have not got much foundation. It is true that the bullet is lubricated externally, and consequently that it must be kept out of the way of dust and grit, but experienced shots find ways to get over this difficulty. Some of these men shoot as much as 2,000 rounds in a month, and kill more than 50 per cent. of the squirrels they aim at. The record is said to be 391 squirrels in a day. Of course when using such large quantities of ammunition the cost is a most important item.

The next caliber above the .22 is the .25. For this there are several cartridges, but we think it is the consensus of expert opinion that the straight 25-21-86 is the best cartridge of them all. The 25-25-86 has got just a little too much power, and the 25-20, while almost as good as the 25-21, is a bottle-necked shell, and experienced men seem to prefer straight shells for these small calibers, as they stand reloading better. The .25 will never be as popular as the .22, owing to the cost of the ammunition and its excessive power for most purposes.

One frequently sees letters from sportsmen in which they state that the .22 caliber is not quite powerful enough for grouse and such small game, but we assume that if they use a mushroom bullet they will find it quite powerful enough for any small game when hit in the right place. Woodchuck and larger animals require a .25 caliber bullet in the vitals, but the power of a .25 caliber with a hollow fronted bullet is much greater than most people imagine.

A Virginia deer shot through the shoulder at 100 yards with one of these bullets ought not to travel far, and such power is not required when hunting small game.

The old .32, which was once looked upon as a very small bore, has, since the advent of high velocity .25 and .30 calibers, lost its hold upon the affections of the average hunter. It is now usually considered the cartridge best adapted for 200 yard target shooting offhand, and its use is becoming restricted to that kind of shooting.

Its accuracy is marvellous, and while it is not any more accurate than the 38-55-255, it is possible to make better scores with it on account of the lighter recoil and consequent freedom from flinching. The .32 is the limit of what we should to-day consider small bore rifles, and in this case we only consider it a small bore when it is used with black powder. When a high velocity charge and jacketed bullet is fired out of a .32 special it may be considered as a full-sized and full-powered hunting rifle. Personally, when taking a light rifle into camp so as to keep in practice for more serious work, we prefer the .22 and select either the .22 long rifle or the .22 Winchester rim fire.

No man who is fond of rifle shooting can afford to ignore the .22 caliber, as by practicing with this miniature weapon he will acquire a skill in holding that will be most useful to him when hunting.

TELESCOPE SIGHTS.

Editor Recreation:

It has been perfectly evident to all thinking riflemen that our long-range weapons have improved considerably more than our arrangements for sighting them. The human eye has certainly not improved with civilization, and riflemen cannot see any more clearly at distances above 1,000 yards than they could when the rifle they used carried but little more than half that distance. The modern high-velocity rifle is extraordinarily accurate even at such extreme ranges as 1,800 yards. Yet no civilized eye is capable of aiming at a small object, such as man, at this range; though Kaffirs and other savages are said to see even the details of small objects a mile distant.

So, we are forced to believe that the telescope, in a practical shape, is the coming sight for marksmen. It is not likely that the telescope of the future will be either bulky or heavy. On the contrary, it will be small, light, compact and sufficiently powerful for the purpose. A power of 4 will probably be sufficient. It will have to be so constructed that it will be easily detachable and not liable to get out of order. I see by one of the papers I read at my club that one of the long-range competitions shot in July at Bisley, namely, the Waldegrave, was won by a competitor who used telescopic sights, though not a telescope in the usual meaning of the word. The conditions of the competition were ten shots at 800 and ten shots at 900 yards. The bull's eye was 36 inches in diameter. During his twenty shots the winner had but one that was outside the bull's eye, scoring 99 points out of a possible hundred. The sights used are thus described: "The system adopted consists of the ordinary Galilean combination of lenses, the glasses being, of course, specially selected with due regard to the distance between the sights, the amount of magnification desired, and the accommodating power of the individual's vision. The back sight lens is of minute dimensions, being let into the orthoptic eye-cup. The foresight lens is mounted in the usual position, being hooded by a short length of tube which acts as a sun screen and rain protector.

"Alignment is produced by centering the bull's eye, in a circular ring, which is not, however, in focus with the eye when the target is under observation. It is, nevertheless, fairly easy to align the new sights; though the proper adjustment of the rifle with reference to the spirit-level needs a certain amount of special training. The advantage of its insignificant weight practically excludes difficulties of mounting. The lateral adjustment for wind is transferred from the foresight block to the backsight bed, upon a well-known system."

We, in this country, have already had one such combination offered, but it does not seem to have made any headway. Surely this is an idea that our intelligent and practical opticians should get busy upon.

Peter Bowen,
Hackensack, N. J.

RUST PREVENTATIVES.

Editor Recreation:

The bane of the riflemen is rust. For years we have tried to keep our barrels clean with oil. This worked fairly well when we had nothing but the deposit from black powder to contend with, but, since the advent of a smokeless powder, it is quite impossible to keep a barrel in first-rate condition with the means at our disposal. Yet it is not impossible to produce a fluid that would assist us very materially.

Dr. W. R. Hodgkinson, a European chemist of international renown, has shown what makes rust and also shows, in a measure, how we may prevent it. In a recent memorandum he stated that iron and steel, though they rust in ordinary air and in ordinary water, neither rust nor change in pure, dry air and pure, distilled and well-boiled water. The contaminations that cause rust are carbon dioxide, nitrous acid, and hydrogen peroxide. These, however, in the presence of alkaline substances such as ammonia, or soda, or lime, do not cause any destructive action. Before we have oxidation there must be present an acid. The practical use of these experiments is in the preparation of a liquid that shall prevent rust. Dr. Hodgkinson has produced a fluid which appears to be of the nature of silicate of soda or water glass, that prevents rust and corrosion. We ought to be able to purchase this fluid, or something of the same nature, at every store selling cartridges. One is almost as necessary as the other. There is no excuse for our manufacturers not supplying this preservative. They must know all about it, and they must also know that the oils and preservatives now on the market are thoroughly inefficient.

"Anti-Rust,"
New York, N. Y.

LITTLE DIFFERENCE.

Editor RECREATION:

Will you tell me the difference in penetration between 12, 16 and 20 gauge shotguns? Some sportsmen here claim that a 20 gauge shoots just as strongly, if not stronger, than a 12 gauge. We have never tested it, but don't believe that a twenty will shoot as strongly as a twelve.

John Loveless,
Caledonia, Minn.

There is little, if any, difference in penetration between the gauges you mentioned. It is true that the 20 gauge will shoot very nearly as strongly as the 12 gauge, but the charge of the shot is so much smaller that most men prefer a larger bore.—EDITOR.

THE BELT PISTOL.

Editor RECREATION:

I read with a good deal of interest the article by Mr. Ashley A. Haines in RECREATION for August. Mr. Haines is evidently a practical man, and a great deal that he says is worth attending to, but I cannot help thinking that he is barking up the wrong tree when he advocates the .38 Smith & Wesson to take the place of the old .45 Colt.

I am with him as long as he argues in favor of the Colt Single Action. I think this pistol was devised and developed by practical men, in a practical age, and it will never be improved upon—at least by men who no longer use the revolver in a practical manner.

I am most heartily sick of hearing these gallery revolver shots talking about what a revolver should be. Why, man alive, they don't know the first thing about a revolver. A revolver is not a target-shooting weapon. It is not a weapon that a man should use in a nice, lady-like way, to puncture a paper target with cute little round holes; but it is, or should be, a pistol that a man pulls only under great provocation when it is a question of the death of either himself or his enemy, and if he can hit an 8-inch bull at five yards almost as quickly as he could fire a revolver without aim, the accuracy is sufficient.

Power and penetration, however, he must have, and these he gets with the Colt .44 or the Colt .45. It would be a distinct step backward, in my judgment, to replace the .45 by the .38. A revolver should be kept to its own work, and that work is not game hunting. I do not think that the Colt Single Action can be improved upon, and I consider the Bisley model is not so good as a Frontier. I like the big comb of the hammer on the Frontier, and I like the straight trigger. The hang of the Frontier is much the best. When it is drawn quickly from the holster it falls naturally toward the mark the eye is fixed upon. The Bisley Model does not do so.

Some people affect to think that the Frontier Single Action is not quick enough. I wonder if they ever saw a good cowboy from the Southwest get his gun out and fire in a hurry? It would take a pretty good double-action pistol to be any quicker. The great trouble seems to be that military men and target shooters are in the majority and impress their views upon the manufacturers. Now, a military revolver is one thing, and the revolver best for the protection of a civilian is another. The military revolver is only used at long intervals, and under conditions when the man who is to do the shooting knows what to expect. There is ample time to unfasten the flap of the holster and to take out the pistol and get ready before the charge is ordered, or before the oncoming asailant has got near enough to do damage. Under these conditions a double-action complicated revolver may be the best thing, but for a revolver that will have to lie around camp, take its chance of wet and dirt, and be ready for action any hour in the twenty-four, at a second's notice, you can find nothing that equals the single action made by the Colt's Company.

Then as to sights,—who ever heard of attaching any of these fancy sights to a revolver that is needed for serious work. I have no patience with such foolishness. Most practical men would do almost as well with no sight on their revolver, as the aim must be largely instinctive. Simplicity, strength and trustworthiness are the three qualities a man needs in his pistol. The best cartridge, however, for a revolver, is, undoubtedly, the Russian Model, 44-23-246.

It will surprise many to learn that the penetration of this bullet in pine is one inch greater than that of the 44-40-200 Frontier Cartridge. Its penetration is gained through the extra weight of bullet, which takes more work out of the powder, and the accuracy of this charge is wonderfully good.

Now, as to length of barrel, the 7½ inch barrel is too long for practical work. United States marshals, bad men, and others who know what a pistol should be, frequently cut down the barrel of their Frontier, but the shortest barrel that will give accuracy and power is 5½ inches. The 7½ inch barrel is slightly more accurate and would be preferable for target purposes, but, as I have said before, a revolver should not be considered as a target weapon. All practice with it should be conducted sternly upon utilitarian principles. Five and one-half inches is my choice, and it is also the length that most men select who combine practice with theory.

JOHN ROWLEY,
Colorado Springs, Col.

A QUESTION.

Editor Recreation:

There is a point connected with the behavior of bullets that I should like to see discussed in your columns.

It is very easy to figure from the velocity and weight of a bullet its energy. Practical men find, however, that there is quite a difference between the calculated effect of a bullet and the real work it does. Here in British Columbia and Alaska there have been a good many Mannlicher rifles brought into the country by visiting sportsmen, and their effect upon game has been carefully observed. I was away with a German sportsman in Cassiar and he shot an 8-m Mannlicher (.315 inch) and we were not satisfied with the way it killed big bears. On the other hand, I have been away with English sportsmen who have used the 6.5 m. Mannlicher (.256 inch) and one shot was often sufficient for a very large bear.

Now, let us compare these rifles. The 8 m. fires a bullet weighing 240 gr.; its velocity is 2,030 feet and its striking energy 2,199 foot pounds. The 6.5 m. fires a bullet of 156 gr., has a velocity of 2,400 feet and a striking energy of 1,993 foot pounds. So, in theory, the 8 m. should be the more powerful rifle, yet it fails to kill as well as the smaller bore. The only way I can account for this is that, owing to its enormous velocity, the lighter bullet becomes deformed sooner, and, as its penetration is greater, it creates a more paralyzing wound. I should be glad to hear from some of your more scientific readers what they think about this.

Edward Rawlings,
Texada Island, B. C.

ANOTHER "PHENOM."

Editor Recreation:

On reading the letters in your May, June and July numbers, "Phenomenal Shots," makes me think of shots of that kind I made last year.

One of my friends gave me a small .22 caliber rifle of the Winchester make.

While out hunting gophers one afternoon with it, I saw one about a hundred yards away. I had shot at the same one the day before. I could tell it by the scratches on its body. My sister was with me, and I told her that I was getting mad at him. As he was running along, I fired at him without hardly aiming. I walked up to where the bullet landed and found the gopher cut in two.

Another of my shots killed a gopher when I thought it didn't. I was walking along and saw the head of a gopher sticking out of its hole. I shot at him and thought I missed him, as I saw the bullet drop on the ground beyond where the gopher was. In a second the gopher leaped up in the air and toppled over dead. The bullet went clear through his head.

As I was hunting last fall I shot at a gopher and killed a snow-bird which was beyond the gopher.

I am twelve years old and like your magazine very much.

Percy Rowles, Sunnyside, Mich.

A LONG SHOT.

Editor Recreation:

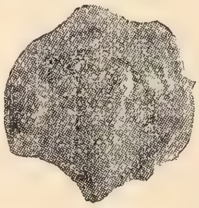
In April, 1905, I was fishing for bass on a small stream close to the river. Having a No. 12 Remington hammerless along, and seeing half a dozen pigeons alight in a field a quarter of a mile away, I walked toward them thinking to get a shot. They arose very wildly. Merely for diversion I fired at a curiously pied bird and brought it to the ground with a disabled wing. The distance was 115 yards and the ammunition a Club shell loaded with 3 drams black powder and 1 ounce No. 5 shot factory load.

D. R. Brengle, Perth, Kans.

BULLETS IN COLLISION.

Editor Recreation:

I send you herewith two telescoped bullets that have had a strange history.



44 CAL. BULLETS TELESCOPED.

Our party was kangaroo hunting near here, when one of the sportsmen fired a shot into a kangaroo. The bullet did not make a fatal wound, and The kangaroo jumped around until another shot was fired at him, hitting him on the opposite side of the body. This shot killed him. When we cut him open we found that the second bullet had struck the first, telescoping it, as shown by the original bullets that I am sending.

This strikes me as a most interesting incident, and one worthy of describing and illustrating.

The bullets were .44 W. C. F.

F. L. Dow,
Esperance, West Australia.

A WICKED LITTLE GUN.

Editor Recreation;

Please let me know what you think about a .30-30 Winchester carbine for deer and large game.

I want to get a gun that I know is going to throw a bullet as far as I want it to, when I shoot.

E. C. Beeching.
So. Edmeston, N. Y.

If you doubt what a .30-30 can do, just read the article by Mr. Martley in this issue. One of the biggest grizzlies that ever roamed the Coast Range was killed with one of these rifles. The carbine is preferred by many practical hunters to the longer barreled rifle. It is a matter of taste.—Editor.

THE REVOLVER.

Editor Recreation:

I have just read Mr. Haine's article on the ideal belt revolver in your August issue.

I have a .38 Automatic Colt which is extremely accurate. Its smokeless ammunition develops a very flat trajectory. It has a penetration of eight inches in clear pine and a velocity of 1,065 ft. sec. This gives it about double the smashing power of the .455 Colt, which only has a velocity of seven or eight hundred feet second.

I have always found that as far as mere accuracy went the 7½-inch barrel was far ahead of the 4¾-inch barrel, but not so very much better than the 5½-inch.

To put it in another way: There is a slight loss of accuracy when the barrel is cut down from 7½ inches to 5½ inches, and a very slight loss in penetration. When, however, a cartridge with a heavy charge is fired out of a 4¾ barrel, there is considerable loss both in accuracy and in penetration. Even then, the accuracy is very much greater than most people think. A good shot could hit a man in a vital spot at 30 yards almost every time with a 4¾-inch barrel.

Chas. Abbott,
Lynn, Mass.

LOADS FOR THE .44-40.

Editor Recreation:

Having been experimenting with the .44-40 Winchester for some time, I find H. W. Archibald's letter, as well as everything else in the Guns and Ammunition department, of peculiar interest to me.

Although I do not own a revolver of this caliber, I have worked out a load which is fine for my Mod. 1873 Winchester rifle, and believe that it would do as good work in a revolver.

I wanted to use my .44-40 for rats, sparrows, etc., but found the regular load of 40 grs. black powder too strong for safety, in my neighborhood, and the rifling being badly worn, the gun became foul so quickly that repeated cleaning was necessary for accuracy, so I began to experiment with Laflin & Rand Infallible shotgun smokeless in very small quantities, for it is dangerous in a rifle, as it is in a shotgun, if used in excess of the proper load.

In my first attempt I used 7 grs., and it hardly expelled the bullet from the barrel.

Knowing that it should do better than that, I suspected the primer of being too weak for this kind of powder, and a trial black powder priming (about two grs.) verified my belief.

I did not wish to buy a separate mould for a short-range bullet, so I used the regular 200-gr. bullet and secured fine work up to 60 feet, and also found the load so clean that no cleaning was required, even after nearly 100 shots. It is best to harden the bullets about 1 to 15, and if a lighter bullet could be obtained I believe even more satisfactory results would be obtained, and if the bullet were sharp-pointed it would be satisfactory for squirrels and other small game.

G. L. Hale,
Chardon, O.

ALL GOOD.

Editor Recreation:

I want to ask you what you consider the best revolver to take as a holster arm on a trip after big game. How about the Colt's 'new service' shooting, either the .44 S. and W. Russian or the .455 Colt? Has this latter cartridge enough powder behind it to get good penetration? Or would you consider the Smith & Wesson new military revolver, with the .38 S. and W. special cartridge, a more effective arm?

Please let me know as soon as possible and oblige yours truly,

Robert Harper Cope.

It is a matter of personal preference. Some experienced men are shooting the .44 Russian, others .455 Colt, while others again prefer the .38 S. & W. Special. You will make no mistake by taking any of these three. The .455 Colt, owing to the heavy bullet, has got good penetration. The .44 Russian has better penetration than the .44 Frontier.—Editor.

SIGHTS FOR A .22 CALIBER.

Editor Recreation:

What sights would be suitable for a Savage .22 caliber hammerless rifle in all outdoor shooting?

Spencer Townsend,
Pavilion Co., New York.

Either open factory sights or the Lyman or Marble sights, if you prefer them.—Editor.

FISHING

HINTS ON HOME TACKLE-MAKING FOR BOYS.

BY J. HARRINGTON KEENE.

There is no more interesting and absorbing occupation during the spare hours, for the young angler, than the home manufacture of his tackle.

Of course, few boys can hope to become expert rod, reel, or fly-makers, nor with the beautiful and comparatively cheap products of skilled labor in the tackle stores is it necessary that they should. But the mending of a broken, or weakened, rod joint, the replacement of a missing guide ring, the whipping of a hook on the snell, and the joining of the gut by the right knots in a leader, ought to be an accomplishment within the reach of every young fisherman. In course of his apprenticeship in these simple processes, the aspirant for "high hookship" should proceed to the making of a passably good artificial fly—which properly considered is an imitation as close as possible of the fly or insect on which the trout and other fish feed with readiness during the spring and summer months especially, and even to the middle of autumn in some localities.

When he can successfully do this he may consider himself a candidate for high honors in the "gentle craft" of angling.

There are few tools required by the young angler. At first only his nimble fingers are needed for the simple tasks with which he should begin. Until he reaches the art of fly-tying, all the various work is performed without the aid of apparatus or other tools. Many fly-tiers make the best work entirely with their hands, but the expert in the finest flies for trout, bass and salmon fishing are made in a vise, and by the aid of several implements of delicate make which will be described and illustrated later. The tools prevent the too intimate handling of the feathers, silk and fur and silver and gold tinsels which go to make these jewels of fly-fishing. With the greatest care it otherwise happens on occasions that the fly-tier musses his fly, if he uses his fingers only. Hence the necessity for the vise to hold the fly firmly in the process of manufacture.

For all other fishing tackle the fingers are sufficient, and it is astonishing how deft young hands become by practice. If, as I am by experience sure, that the young boy can render his manipulating efficient and handy, using no tools, there is an accomplishment acquired which in after years may prove extremely valuable.

MATERIALS.

There are certain materials, however, which cannot be dispensed with when one begins to make his tackle. A spool of scarlet (opera scarlet is most used) sewing silk of any good make is necessary. The best make I know of is that of the Winsted, Conn., Silk Co., for its fineness of texture and strength. These qualities are indispensable in the whipping silk one uses on so many of the operations of rod and hook.

HOW TO MAKE FISHERMAN'S WAX.

A good and serviceable wax which is applied to the silk to make it adhere and render it stronger, and this may be made by any boy as follows: Procure from the drugstore or oil and paint seller, 2 ounces of the best white rosin pulverized, ¼ ounce of beeswax and ¼ ounce of mutton tallow. This latter may be obtained from the butcher and must be melted and poured off clear before it is added to the other ingredients. These are melted together first and continued on the fire or stove in an iron pot for fifteen minutes, stirring the while with a stick till thoroughly incorporated. The tallow is now added, and the whole again stirred for another fifteen minutes, when the mixture is now to be poured on a pan of cold water, and left a few moments to cool till it can be handled with slightly greased fingers to prevent sticking, and pulled precisely as one pulls candy from hand to hand till it becomes, as candy does, a white plastic mass of very clean and attractive appearance. Draw it out in long pieces and immerse again in cold water till quite cool. It may then be easily broken into suitable pieces of half-inch length for use. This wax does not stain the silk to which it is applied, and should be kept in a little water till wanted.

This wax is used thus: Take a small piece between the finger and thumb of the right hand and a length of silk in the fellow finger and thumb of the left hand, and draw with moderate speed the silk through the wax. Repeat this several times till an even coating is laid on the silk and you then are ready to mend a broken rod or tie on a hook to a snell. Both these processes will be explained in the due course of this article.

TACKLE-MAKER'S VARNISH.

Another article or material is required to make a finish on the waxed silk when it is tied or whipped on rod or hook, and that is varnish of the right kind to waterproof the silk and give it a polished and attractive appearance when finished. The best varnish for general uses is that which is made by the oil and colormen from bleached or whitened shellac. This is first dissolved in chloroform or ether and alcohol is added, but this process is beyond the ordinary amateur and had better not be tried. Sufficient of this varnish can be bought for a few cents, or if not, a tablespoonful of brown shellac dissolved in half a pint of alcohol will make a good substitute, and last for years if kept corked.

The pinion feather of a chicken or almost any one of the wild ducks will make a capital brush with which to apply the varnish. Or a camel's-hair or sable pencil will last a long time if you cleanse it in a little alcohol every time it is used.

A 25-cent pair of embroidery scissors are the next necessary tool to the tackle tinker, and he is now ready to take his first lessons in tackle, beginning at the very beginning with patience and perseverance as his chief mental qualities; and practice, practice, practice, as his triple watchwords.

HOW TO SNELL A HOOK.

A snell is a length of silkworm gut, which is a transparent thread drawn from the silkworm's sac of silk after a certain preparation by the Spaniards, who make a business of it in the employ of the English market.

A brief description of this process may interest my young readers who may not have known what the fishing snell is made of. The usual idea is that it is catgut, the same as a fiddle string. But this is of course not so, as I have intimated.

The *Bombyx mori* or ordinary silkworm, which spins the silk from which silk dresses and the silk of the spool of the silk I recommended above are made, is bred and fed on mulberry leaves until it begins to leave off eating. This is a sign that it is ready to spin its silk, and if it be left to do so in the ordinary way a cocoon or egg-shaped white ball of fine silk is the result, and this would not do for fish snells, but does well enough for spool silk and ladies' silk dresses.

Instead of letting the silkworm spin the cocoon, the worm is taken while yet alive, and immersed in wine-vinegar and water. The next day the dead worm is taken out of this pickle and the silk in the body of the worm, which is contained in two little sacs or receptacles, is taken out and stretched into long or short threads according to the capacity of the worm. These harden in the air and sunshine, and before hardening finally they are stretched between pins, to dry out. They are then boiled in soapy water and a skin of yellow membrane is denuded from the thread by the teeth of the men and women sorters who do this kind of work, and are natives of the country. Those who have seen this operation say that it is often painful to the worker, as the thread sometimes cuts the lips and draws blood.

The threads or lengths of gut are now tied in lots of 100, and these in lots of 1,000, and sent to Great Britain and the United States in large quantities, which is of course regulated by the crop and the demand. The hanks of gut vary from eight to twenty-five inches in length. I have in my possession Japanese gut which is twelve feet long and clear and round and strong, and I have also a strand drawn from the American silkworm (*Attacus crecopia*) by myself on Long Island, which is nine feet long and very fine and strong and of a coffee tint. It is as strong as the finest silkworm gut of the same gauge. Some day this gut will supercede the Spanish gut in this country.

This gut can be obtained from all the tackle dealers, and is costly or cheap, according to quality and length. It is best to buy a hundred strands, which come together in one hank. Cutting off the crinkled ends, you next immerse as many strands as you require for snells in tepid soft water—*i.e.,* water that has been boiled, or collected in a shower and warmed. Let the gut remain a few hours in the water to soften, then take it out and proceed to tie loops in both ends. When you have tied sufficient for your probable needs, procure a soft board of deal, or other soft wood, and stretch this gut between nails driven in the board. This straightens the gut, and when it is dried snip off the end loop which is the least sightly and perfect so that about five or six inches remain of the snell with a loop at one end.

HOW TO TIE THE SNELL ON THE HOOK.

Take a length of your silk thread and wax it with a small piece of wax the size of a pea. Then take up your hook between the forefinger and thumb of the left hand, with the bend and part having the barb held flat and firm between the ball of the thumb and the first joint of the forefinger. Now take the end of the silk with the right finger and thumb and place it on the shank of the hook, holding it in place between the left finger and thumb, and proceed to tie on the gut snell from the end of the hook shank to the bend opposite the barb (Fig. 1). Having wound the silk neatly to a point opposite the barb of the hook, you must fasten the whipping in this way: Make the last turn of the silk over your left forefinger and pass the end of the silk up through the loop thus made

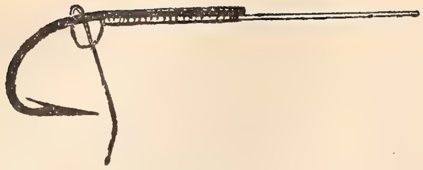


FIG. I.

from you, and draw it tight. Repeat this tie for the sake of security, and you have a neat knot known as two half hitches, which will never get loose. Now snip off the end of silk close to the knot and finally varnish the binding, let it dry at least twelve hours in a warm place, or in the full rays of the sun.

HOW TO ATTACH THE EYED HOOK.

The hook termed the "Pennell" has an eye turned down modestly or turned up boldly, according to the make of the hook. These hooks do not need snelling with silk and wax, but when the gut is softened by the water bath, a snell is taken and passed through the eye of the hook and thence round the shank and through the loop, made as shown in Fig. 2. This is a very convenient improvement in hooks, and when the gut is worn out near the hook it can be cut off and retied without difficulty. Of course the knot in Fig. 2 must be pulled tight and the free end snipped. This knot will never draw out.

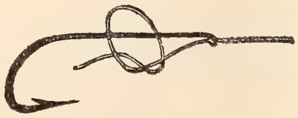


FIG. 2.

A HOOK THAT WILL HOLD.

Take a hook of fairly large size—say No. 4—and snell it as directed. Now endeavor to get from your watchmaker all the little springs that are broken in his business and which as a repairer he replaces with new springs. Carefully, with a pair of tweezers, break off a piece long enough to tie as shown, Fig. 3, and you now have a hook which will catch and hold a fish at least 20 per cent. better than the ordinary make of hook. This hook, of course, is only to be made for pickerel or bass fishing. It cannot be made in small sizes, but is an excellent device to retain a large fish on the hook.

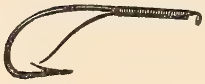


FIG. 3.

KEEPING FISH ALIVE.

Editor RECREATION:

It is seldom that the dweller in the city is so fortunate as to eat fresh fish. While the fish may not be actually stale, yet they have been kept on ice, with the result that the fine flavor which is so seductive to the palate of the epicure is conspicuous by its absence. Even at the seashore, the fish that are served at the hotel tables have sometimes been out of their natural element longer than the guest suspects. It is an open secret that a great portion—it would be safe to say the greater portion—of the fish supply of Atlantic City and other large watering places is shipped from cities more or less distant. This is unavoidable, as not enough of the piscatorial food can be obtained from the waters contiguous to the seaside resorts to supply the tables of the hotels when the great throngs of summer visitors invade those places.

It is well known to fishermen that the smacks which are engaged in the business keep their catch alive until they reach their market—notably New York, which is one of the greatest fish markets in the world. Their method of doing this is by having a well in the vessel, into which the fish—codfish in winter and sea bass in summer—are thrown as fast as they are caught. This well is an oblong space with a capacity for holding several thousand fish, and is located nearly amidships. It reaches to the bottom of the vessel, through which numbers of holes are bored which give access to the sea water. By this means a constant circulation of pure water is kept up, and no matter how long the cruise lasts the fish are alive when the vessel arrives at her destination.

At the seashore it is often the custom to keep fish alive in a "car," as it is called. This is a sort of a box of any size required, but instead of being tight, the bottom and sides are formed of narrow strips of wood nailed on about an inch apart. In the top, secured by a lid, is a square opening into which the fish are thrown when caught, and out of which they are scooped with a net when wanted. This contrivance is anchored where there is a depth of at least two feet at low water.

Sea bass, blackfish and sheepshead are the principal kinds of fish kept alive in this manner. These fish always frequent the bottom, and are naturally very quiet. After weeks, and even months of captivity, they are in as good condition as when caught. Weakfish and bluefish, on the contrary, which seek their prey nearer the surface and are nearly always in motion, when confined, will soon show the effect of their imprisonment; their bodies will become chafed and scarred and they will eventually die in the car.

Fish kept in cars do not require feeding to keep them alive. In fact, they will not eat food thrown to them, unless perhaps it be a cloudy day or after sunset. They obtain all the sustenance necessary from the infusoria that is carried by the current into the car. They do not appear to lose in weight perceptibly after months of confinement and partial fasting.

The writer has kept sea bass and blackfish alive in the manner here described until the water froze around the car, and for a hurried meal has had them prepared and in the pan while still flouncing. JOHN T. WILLETS,
Camden, N. J.

GOOD TROUT FISHING.

EDITOR RECREATION:

There is excellent fishing in the vicinity of Weilford Haven, which is on St. Joseph's Island. The principal fish consists of brook trout, perch, pike and herring. The latter will only take the hook for a few weeks in the summer and fall. The trout fishing is splendid from May to September. Enclosed find a photo of a large specimen of one of these speckled beauties, length 17 inches and weight 1 7-8 pounds. Also, I am sending a couple of snap shots of parts of the same creek.
D. MACP.
Stratford, Ont.

(Unfortunately the photographs sent are not on glossy paper.—EDITOR.)

HUNGRY MICHIGAN PIKE.

Editor RECREATION:

The wall-eyed pike, grass pike (better known as pickerel) are now being caught in our rivers and lakes in great numbers. Black bass are also biting well. RECREATION is all right. You have a fine magazine.
C. R. Harris,
Manistee, Mich.

WITH THE SEA BASS.

Editor RECREATION:

We have good fishing for whiting, sea bass, flounder, sheepshead and some big catches are being made.

We use clams and shrimp for bait.

Our hotels here charge from $1 to $3.50 a day.

Three weeks ago a colored man caught twenty-eight sea bass in one day, which averaged eighteen pounds each.
Wm. G. Harvey,
Georgetown, S. C.

IN MAINE WATERS.

Editor RECREATION:

At Grindstone Neck there is one of the best hotels in New England, and a fine boating float. There are also available craft, from canoes to steamboat. Boat, bait and tackle are to be had, and yachts can get cold water and pilots.

This month we had haddock, red hake and cunners.

Teams can be had to take fishermen to the trout ponds.
H. E. Tracy,
Winter Harbor, Me.

LONG ISLAND FISHING.

Editor RECREATION:

We have excellent fishing for black fish, sea bass, bluefish and snappers. This fishing should continue until the advent of cold weather. We use soldier crabs for black fish, clams for bass, a troll for bluefish and killies for snappers. Boats are to be had at 50 cents a day. Boatman and boat, $3. Board and room may be had at Hotel Glenwood at $2 per day. Black fish are biting well, from 20 to 30 fish a day per man being common at the rocks of Dock Pond Point and vicinity. Fishing is also good off the breakwater, where they run to four or even five pounds. The first sea bass of the season was caught this year, July 12th, and since that they have been running well.
P. Harvey Duryee,
Mattituck, Long Island.

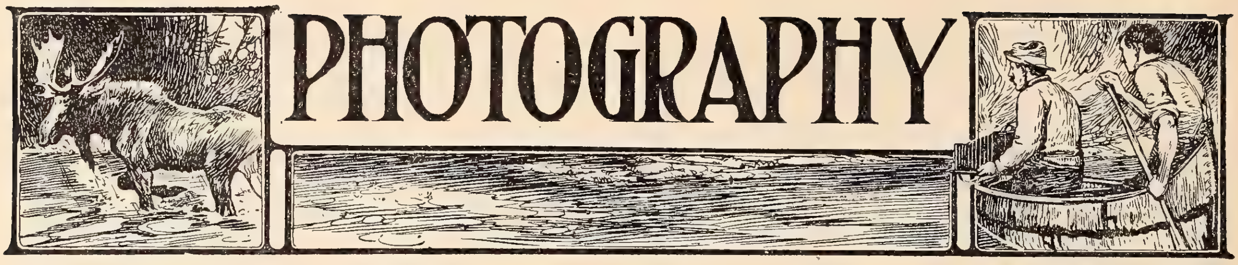
THE FISHERMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

BY JOHN LARKIN.

Gwine er long de beaten paf way
Wi der fish pole on mah back
En mah mouf hit des er wat'rin'
En mah lips er goin' smack
Kase ah'm thinkin'—yes, ah'm thinkin'
  Of de fat en juicy trout
Dat's er waitin' fo' dey breakfas'
En some one ter yank 'em out.

Ef ah gibs er trout he's breakfas'
Reckon 'taint no mo' den right
He should help me to mah dinneh
O' mah suppeh time hits night—
Heah's yo' breakfas', speckled gem'en
Des tek hol' now misteh man—
Whish-sh-sh swish-sh
Lawd a-massa, now I hes yo'
Chloe! fotch out dat fryin pan.

Gwine er long de beaten paf-way
Totin' fish upon mah back
En mah mouf hit des er wat'rin'
En mah lips er goin' smack—
Eph'll hab de happies' fam'ly
Yo' kin' fin' in all de lan'
When dese fish dey gits er fryin'
En er sizzlin' in de pan.



PHOTOGRAPHY

A FEW NOTES ON EXPOSURE.

The unknown quantity in photography for the amateur, the pit into which we all stumble at first, and some of us all the time, is the question of proper exposure of the negative. We may have the finest lenses, the most expensive of cameras, all the latest ideas in dark-room fixtures and apparatus, but if our knowledge of exposure is of the hit or miss kind, we shall never, except by accident, produce passable pictures.

The plates or films which we are able to buy have, luckily, a very great latitude in exposure, that is, they are so prepared that within reasonable limits a fairly good negative can be obtained from an under, as well as from over-exposure. But it must be remembered that an under-exposure negative will only give us hard prints, showing the shadows without detail, and the high-lights too strong, with a consequent *unbalanced* look. An over-exposed negative, on the other hand, will yield a flat looking print, with both shadows and high-lights dull and lifeless. We *can* to considerable extent remedy an over-exposed negative by suitable reduction, but it is not easy for a beginner. An under-exposed negative can only be improved by a lot of hand work, masking, etc., hence it is always best to err on the side of over-exposure. But better still, it is to get *correct* exposure—or normal, as it is sometimes called—in the first instance. This is easily accomplished if we make use of one of the many exposure meters that inventive minds have produced for amateur photographers. An exposure meter or time measure is really a most useful instrument to the beginner, especially when exposure is a consideration, for it will save lots of spoilt plates and much weariness of spirit. They can be bought from ten cents up to two or three dollars, the more expensive ones being, as in most cases, the most reliable and the best in the end. An exposure meter is, however, not absolutely necessary if we will but experiment a little at the start and make notes of our results. One manufacturer of dry plates gives the following advice, and it holds good for all makes of dry plates or films.

For beginners, an open, sunlit landscape is a good subject for the first exposure. Three exposures should be made, one at 1-1,000ths, one at 1-50th, and one at 1-25th of a second, if the shutter on the camera is arranged for these exposures. In some cases all three exposures may give good negatives, owing to the big latitude of the emulsion, and in other cases no one of these exposures will give a decent result, but, generally speaking, enough can be learned from these three exposures to get a good line on the correct time. If the shutter has but one speed, or is not reliable, the same experiment may be tried by starting with the lens wide open, and reducing the stop or diaphragm one size each time. The light varies in intensity from hour to hour during the day and from month to month during the year. In the winter months exposures at noon should be from two to four times longer than at noon in June. Exposures near sunset should be five to ten times longer than at noon. On hazy days, when the sun casts weak shadows, expose twice as long as on very bright days, when the sun casts a deep black shadow.

On very dull days, when the sun casts no perceptible shadows, expose four times as long as for bright days. Even at best the picture will be flat on dull days, but if under-exposed it will also be weak and thin. If a landscape has dense foliage in the foreground double the exposure. Marines and snow-scenes require but half to quarter the time given landscapes in the same light.

The old rule was always to expose for the shadows and let the high-lights take care of themselves. This rule is a good one, but not to be followed blindly.

In pictures of trees, running water, surf views, it is a great mistake to make the exposure too rapid. That may yield a good, crisp negative, but it will give a frozen appearance to the leaves or the spray of the waves. The exposure should be just short enough to give the effect of motion.

PHOTOGRAPHING FLOWERS.

In photographing flowers, a 5x7 camera with a long extension of bellows, is the most serviceable. The lens should be of comparatively short focus, say 6 inches for a 5x7 plate. This will secure good depth of definition without excessive stopping down. It is not a good plan to use too small a stop as equally sharp focus on all the blooms is undesirable. Isochromatic plates and a color screen are essentials, if anything like true color values are sought for. The background is important. When shadows are not wanted, it is best to lay the spray or blossom horizontally on a sheet of plate glass, supported some distance above the background, and the camera in a vertical position with the lens pointed downward. The neutral gray tinted mounting papers make good backgrounds.

THE HYPO BATH.

It is a common but mistaken practice to dissolve the hypo immediately before development. This leads to certain evils: Hypo crystals dissolve slowly, so that there may be several undissolved lumps in the dish when the plate is ready for fixing, and these, if large, may raise up the negative and prevent the hypo from flooding completely over the film; if small, get on to the film and leave indelible circular marks. In either case the picture is ruined. Further than this, there is a great tendency for the gelatine to frill in a solution which is in the act of dissolving the crystals. These three drawbacks can all be prevented by preparing once for all a "winchester" of stock solution. To ensure thorough and rapid solution of the hvpo in big quantities, it is best to suspend the crystals from the neck of the jar in a muslin bag, as the specific gravity of hypo being higher than that of water, the former constantly sinks to the bottom of the vessel as it dissolves, leaving the plain water to act upon the remaining crystals.

REDUCING AND INTENSIFYING SLIDES.

To rightly ascertain the exact depth to which the development of a lantern slide should be carried is always a matter of difficulty, especially in the somewhat dim light of the dark-room lamp. Less anxiety, however, need be felt if the processes of reduction and intensification be mastered. Indeed, many experienced lantern slide makers affirm it their constant practice to reduce or intensify their slides, as the brilliancy of the image is thereby increased. Whether this is so or not, a knowledge of the processes is useful.

To reduce a lantern slide requires a medium strength solution of hypo, in which a few grains of potassium ferricyanide have been dissolved. A good plan is to keep one large crystal of the potassium salt in a bottle, shake it up well before use, and then add a little of the powdery crystals that get broken off the sides of the bottle. The reduction of the slide should not be attempted until a full half-hour's washing subsequent to ordinary fixation, but it may be delayed indefinitely after drying, so that a trial can be made of the density required, by an exposure in the lantern. It is necessary to immediately plunge the plate into water after the right amount of reduction has taken place, as the process is rapid and may easily be carried too far if there be any delay.

In the same manner intensification may be carried on immediately after washing, or at any future time, the only essential being *absolute freedom* from hypo. If, however, the film has been allowed to dry it should be soaked for a moment in water, as uneven intensification is likely to occur if the mercury is poured on to a dry surface. Two solutions are required for intensification: (1) A 1-10 solution of mercury perchloride (corrosive sublimate); (2) a dilute solution of liquid ammonia. The lantern slide is kept in the first for one to five minutes, according to the degree of intensification required, washed for about five minutes, and then placed in another dish, and the ammonia poured quickly over it. When uniformly darkened it is given a final washing. The greatest care must be taken to keep the two stages entirely separate, keeping the bottles apart from each other, using different dishes and washing the hands well before touching the plate. The plate being imperfectly washed, before the mercury bath, and mercury getting into the ammonia bath, or on to the film after it has been in it, are the chief causes of failure.

INSTRUCTIONS TO COMPETITORS.

In preparing prints for Recreation please observe the following rules. By so doing you will often insure the acceptance of a photograph that might otherwise be rejected. Full answers to these questions should be attached (in such a manner as to do no injury to the photograph) to every print sent:

Subject (very full description)?

Owner (if the prints represent houses, grounds, stock or other objects of ownership)?

Location (near what city or town; geographical name, if a river, lake, etc.)?

Date of exposure?

How many views taken of general subject? Is this the best?

Published or promised for publication elsewhere? If so, what publication?

Excellent results in reproduction are attained by the use of Aristo Matt, Dekko or Velox.

The following are the rules governing the forest reserve of Temagami, Ontario:

(1) No more permits to take insectivorous birds will be issued this year.

(2) The statutes of Ontario prohibit the use or possession of firearms in the Temagami Forest Reserve during the close season for moose, reindeer or caribou with a barrel longer than four inches.

(3) No license or permit required to fish in waters of Temagami Forest Reserve this season.

THE HUNTING DOG

GIVING THE DOG A SQUARE DEAL.

BY WILLIAM TALLMAN.

Where are you going to take your shooting this season? Will you take a trip South for quail, and the chance for a crack at wild turkey, or will you spend your vacation where the season opens earlier and is soon over, and try your luck with woodcock and partridge?

In either case, it is about time to think something of your four-footed companion or companions of the trip. You have, in all probability, the proper outfit; if not, it is comparatively an easy thing to decide on, and purchase. But the most important and greatest factor in the enjoyment of the anticipated pleasure is naturally the most difficult to acquire. You may have one or more setters or pointers, some of them experienced workers; they may have been broken on quail in the South, and may be naturally good goers and wide rangers; but if you should go South with them after a summer and early fall spent at home in idleness, and with even the ordinary feeding and exercise given a dog during the close season (to say nothing of the fact that they may be exceedingly fat and soft), you may find, after putting in a day or two, that some very common native stock will make your well-bred ones look like "duffers," when it comes to getting out and finding birds.

It is well worth while, if you expect to enjoy shooting over your own dogs, to send them to some one, if possible, in the section where you intend to shoot, and have them worked out thoroughly before you arrive on the ground. This, to a great many, may be quite impossible, but to those who know of a location and a man they can trust to follow their directions, it will pay to send the dogs to him and get them in proper condition to do their work. If one has no acquaintance in the section he intends to hunt, and has one or a brace of dogs which he expects to enjoy shooting over, it will be well for him to give them a lot of exercise. If he lives in a thickly populated section where there are no fields in which he can run his dogs, it will be absolutely necessary to give them work of some kind. If they will follow a wagon or bicycle, begin by giving them short runs in this way, and increase the work each day. It all depends upon the age and condition of the dog or dogs, and judgment must be used in giving them the work. No hard and fast rules can be laid down—the main thing is to remember that when you take a dog from the North, even one that is apparently in good hard condition, it is more than likely that the change of climate will affect him greatly. He may work nicely for the first two or three days and then, especially if he is given a little too much, he will begin to "go off"; and if he is not rested up, and you continue to work him, he will in all probability become almost worthless.

Of course, it makes a lot of difference whether you care only for the actual shooting, or if the character of the work done by your dog enhances the enjoyment of the sport. A good dog that is given a limited time in the field, and not allowed to run after he becomes tired, will, if properly broken and handled, do his best and most brilliant work in a heat of about two hours, and for those who care more for the pleasure of seeing high-class work than they do for the actual shooting I would advise fitting the dogs for not more than a three-hour run, and in doing so make it a rule to take your dogs up as soon as they begin to tire, or seem to be lacking in ambition or nose. The rule for one who really desires high-class work is, keep your dogs fresh, and never let them run themselves down. The great majority of sportsmen, however, cannot follow this plan, as it would require at least three or four brace of dogs to fill out the time he would want to put in in the field; and even with four brace of dogs a great many sportsmen would soon work their dogs "stale" when looked at from a field trial point of view.

A happy medium between the "field-trial dog" and the "plug-shooting dog" is what should appeal to the general run of sportsmen. The dog that is best qualified for a "field trialer" by nature should make the most satisfactory all-round shooting dog. If he is put down in a country where he can surely find birds in a few minutes, and is taken up as soon as he has made a few points, and before he has lost any of his vim, he will expect the same thing each time, and will put in his best work, and all he can of it, before the hour is up. If, on the other hand, he goes down in the morning with the expectation of doing a day's work, he will soon learn to save himself and take a gait that he can keep up for hours.

In fitting or conditioning your dogs, it is well to decide, if possible, according to the number you have, about how much running you will expect each one to do. Then commence gradually and give each one what he can do, without becoming tired or "stale," until you have them in form to do what you require of them. A good dog should be able to do three hours a day four days in the week, and do fast wide-ranging and brilliant work on game. He may do much more, but as you add to the amount of work you must detract from the quality and character of that which is done.

I have been thinking so far of the dogs that are used for quail shooting in the South. It is quite another proposition when we consider what is required for partridge and woodcock shooting in thick covers, North. Very little preparation is needed for the dog that is to do his work at home. A certain amount of exercise is of course necessary, and he should not be in too high flesh; but if he has been broken in cover, and has learned to keep in sight of his handler, and to slow down when ordered, he does not cover in a day the ground that a good quail dog would cover in two hours on the wide fields in the South. Consequently it does not require nearly as much care or trouble to get your dog "fit" for this sort of work as for quail shooting, South. In fact, if he is properly cared for during the close season, and given a fair amount of exercise, well fed, but not overfed, taken out each day for a run and if possible allowed to extend himself either in a race across the fields or following your wagon, you will find that he can do all that you will require of him in the early part of the season, when close and careful work is necessary. And by the time that Jack Frost has got in his work on the foliage of the white birches, alders and chestnuts, he can be allowed to go further, without the restraint that was necessary early in the season, when the leaves prevented you from knowing what he was up to, if he was thirty yards away. This is the time when his experience and knowledge or "bird sense" will add to the pleasure of your sport. If he is a natural partridge dog, it is not necessary for him to be a close ranger or slow. If he has a real good nose and the right kind of judgment, you need not restrict him in his range. If he is of the right sort, give him his head, and only check him when he does wrong. If you follow this plan, and he is, as I said, "the right sort," you will find that he will soon gain confidence in himself and show you some work each time you take him out, about which you will want to tell your friends when you return at night.

It may perhaps seem unnecessary to add that the care and attention given the hard-worked companion of your outing, when you return, is of great importance. And it is well to attend to his comfort yourself rather than to leave it to some one who does not appreciate the amount of pleasure you have derived from his faithful performance of his duties, and the hard part he has taken in the day's work. If it has been a day in the bottoms of North or South Carolina, his coat may be full of cockle-burrs and some may be imbedded between his toes, or under his flanks, causing great discomfort. See that they are carefully removed. If he has worked on the rocky hillsides of New England, and been up against green briar thickets, or perhaps a barbed-wire fence, see that the cuts and scratches are made clean and kept soft by applying vaseline or something of that nature.

Then see that he is properly fed—if plenty of scraps from the table are not forthcoming, some raw or cooked meat should be procured, and he should be allowed a generous portion. After this, see that he has a quiet, comfortable place with a quantity of hay or straw in which to rest undisturbed until the next day.

Your feet may be wet, your face and hands scratched by briars—you may feel that you have worked too hard for the sport that you have had; but attend to the dog—then take care of yourself, and in the morning you will be ready for another trip, and your faithful companion will also be fit and ready when you are.

A TENDERFOOT'S EXPERIENCE.

BY ETTA KENT.

Rabbits play amid the clover
  And you cannot spoil their fun,
Meadow larks sit up and whistle
  When you haven't got your gun;

Get your gun and go a-hunting,
  Not a rabbit can you find,
Larks will flit at your approaching
  And they leave you far behind.

Oh, the change, it is surprising!
  Rabbits shy, and birds all flown,
Makes you very, very tired,
  And the gun has heavy grown.

Killdees, dancing 'round each puddle,
  Let you lift your gun, and then
With a wink, a flirt, a flitter
  Tell you they will come again.

Leave your gun, and game in plenty
  Rises up each turn you take,
And the best shots of the season
  Are the shots you didn't make.

COLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL PRACTICE UNDER WAY.

So rapidly does the cycle of events revolve that we scarcely close one season before another is upon us. The rowing championships carried us to the beginning of July, and August sees the football practice already under way. The plans of all the leading colleges are perfected; and Pennsylvania is actively in the field training. It is possible to overdue the preliminary practice idea and carry it to the verge of impropriety. The attempt to do away with preliminary work, made several years ago, was ridiculous. Although all the colleges professed to observe the rule, every one evaded it in spirit, and it was wisely abandoned before long; but the idea of getting together a squad of men "to play" in mid-August is going pretty far in the other direction.

Pennsylvania has a squad of men in the Pocono Mountains fitting them for the active training season—a sort of preliminary to the preliminary. In the squad there are a number of new men who promise to feed the old squad with good material to build upon for the future. With the old team pretty nearly intact the Quakers ought to be exceptionally strong in all lines.

The presence of Stevenson on the team means half the battle won. A good quarterback is as essential to good football as a flywheel is to an engine. About him revolves the whole machine. The line that Penn had last year is practically intact, while in the back field, if the loss of Smith is supplied, the fine team of last year is replaced with one equally as good.

The other team that disputed supremacy with the Quakers last year is not so well off. Yale has not only lost her whole wonderful line of last year, but nearly all her second eleven line men. This means she will have to build a green line from absolutely untried material. While she has the faculty of always having good men to pick from, it is almost impossible to weld them together in anything like the irresistible combination of the last two years. Beside this she has lost Mike Murphy, and what that means to Yale football any New Haven man can well tell you. If ever Princeton and Harvard had a chance to beat Yale they have it this fall, and it is certain that one of the other of them will do so.

The Crimson has the chance of her life, for two reasons. First of all, Reid is back as coach. It only needs a knowledge of Reid's magnetic personality and his faculty for hard and well-directed and tireless effort to appreciate the import of this. He will get system out of the chaos that has existed so many years at Cambridge, and, with system, what should not be possible with the wonderful material the Crimson invariably has? He has started a system of canvassing the college for athletes that is bound to sift out every man of ability. Its effect has already been manifested in the men gotten out for the crew. There will be nothing lost on that line, and it will be strange indeed if Harvard has not good men for every position. What she makes of them remains for Reid to determine. It ought to be something exceptional.

Princeton will lack Harvard's intrinsic strength, but will make up for it by her ability to make the best of every bit of ability that she has. There is no college in the country that gets so much from her men as Princeton. The isolation has something to do with this, and the fine college spirit, engendered by [illegible]s of constant propagation, has a great deal. The only difficulty she may experience is lacking the right men for some particular place. Given a good quarterback and a good full-back, she is pretty sure to find the rest.

Cornell and Columbia are not likely to rank any higher than they have in recent seasons. There is much both have to learn, and they are learning it very slowly. It is likely that Dartmouth will be stronger than either, while probably Lafayette will outclass them.

In the West there will still be "Hurry Up" Yost and "Lon" Stagg. These two will probably have first place between them, as they have almost every season in the past ten, with the chances still favoring Yost to show to the forefront once more.

The expected radical changes in the rules of the game have not come. The football committee came back to common sense after one spectacular flare-up over the introduction of a forward pass, and have left the game practically as they found it. The game is good enough as it stands to suit most every one but President Eliot, and it is not likely to suit him until it fails to suit almost every lover of the sport.

Now, if there is less talk of legislation and more activity among coaches, looking toward the diversification of play, there will be seen a football season that, in point of real progress, will surpass any previous year in the game's history.

The benefit to the game of a team such as Pennsylvania showed last year is incalculable. The only trouble is that few elevens can have the quarter-back to succeed with such an elaborate and diversified system of play. It was nearer the ideal from the player's and spectacular standpoint than any team that has ever before taken the field. If the men had physically been up to the highest standard, it certainly would have ranked higher than any eleven the college world has ever seen. Let's see what others can do along the same lines this year.

One passing word before the rowing and track seasons of 1905 are forgotten. Attention has been called to one characteristic of the comment upon the results. Almost invariably the intercollegiate regatta at Poughkeepsie was referred to as a victory for Courtney over Ten Eyck, and the track championships as a victory for Moulton over Mike Murphy. Cornell was forgotten by nine-tenths of those who figured on the results, and Yale and Syracuse were entirely overlooked. The man who wants to do away with professional training is on the same plane as he who thinks it possible to eliminate the gate receipt feature of college sport—a man of admirable ideals but entirely impractical. But would it not be a good idea for all of us to subordinate the trainer a little more than we are accustomed to doing? That can be done without injury to the sport, and it's pretty nearly time that we began it.

The visit of five American college athletes to England to compete in English games, including the championships, has resulted as all similar invasions since the fashion was introduced same ten years or more ago, with a continuous succession of American victories. The meets in which these men have competed have been too numerous, and in the main too unimportant, to attract more than passing attention. The championships, of course, where the men met contestants of caliber, was a good opportunity to test their merit. While but one victory fell to American skill, the circumstances attending the failure of the others makes them virtual successes.

H. A. Hyman won the furlong dash in 22 2-5 seconds, easily defeating Jupp, the holder of the title and the cream of English sprinters handily. E. S. Amsler, in the hurdles, won his heat and was leading by a good margin in the final when he fell over the last hurdle. J. B. Taylor, the colored quarter-miler, was also leading his field easily in the stretch when he tripped and fell and was out of it. J. B. McDonald, the high jumper, and J. H. McGuckin, the quarter-miler, were unsuccessful in their events, but scored numerous wins in the smaller meetings.

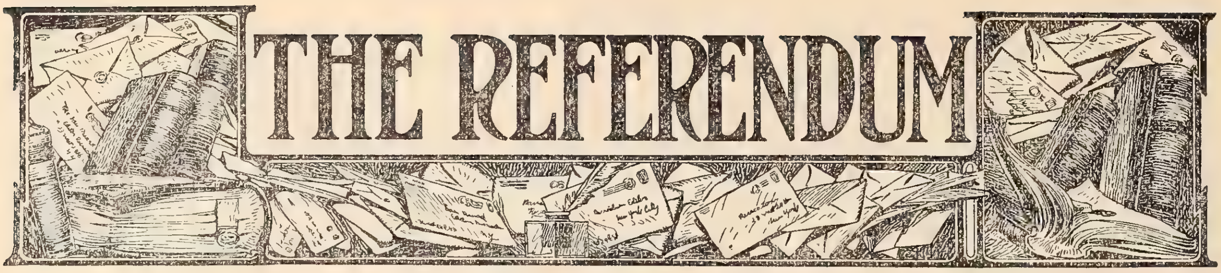
Hyman made what was thought to be a new world's record for the 300-yards in a subsequent contest, but was robbed of his honors by the remeasuring of the track, when it was ascertained that it was a few feet short of the full distance. His speed in the event was equal to his best, which means that the contest was very fast.

The regrettable feature of all such undertakings is that they partake so markedly of the pothunting character that it is hard to sympathize with them. Any legitimate effort to bring about international competitions each true lover of sport is anxious to encourage, but where the invasion is made on an individual account and is significant of nothing but an individual effort, either for glory or gain, it deserves little more than mention. This trip will test the efficiency of the Amateur Athletic Union's effort to control such enterprises, and it will be interesting to see just how the men concerned will comply with the regulations laid down last year by the athletic unions of both countries.

This naturally brings up the whole question of amateur status in the summer activities of college athletes. There have been well-substantiated charges brought against a number of leading college baseball men on the score of summer ball. In the fall it will be interesting to see how the authorities act upon them. The whole fabric of summer baseball is honeycombed with rottenness, and while it adds to the efficiency of the play beyond a doubt, it detracts from the sport something of the highest value, and the honest ball player suffers with the dishonest. Since it is so important that the standard of college sport be kept clean, it is better to make a rule disqualifying all who participate, even though it works a hardship to the few, than to attempt to sift out the evasions of the rule, permitting those who clear their skirts on a technicality to continue in the game while ruling out those who have some legitimate excuse for the infringment of the rule by which they are prohibited from further intercollegiate competition.

Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Cornell and Pennsylvania are all besmirched by the charges recently made. The big three are quoted as offending more seriously than the others, and it behooves all five to cut out, root and branch, all who can not absolutely clear their skirts of even the semblance of wrong doing.

THE REFERENDUM



WILD RICE.

BY FRANK FORD.

The United States Department of Agriculture has issued a bulletin—No. 50—prepared by the Bureau of Plant Industry, that answers a great many of the inquiries received by RECREATION. Wild rice (*Zizania aquatica*) is such an attractive lure for wild fowl that sportsmen all over the country are anxious to plant it in their favorite shooting grounds. No doubt the plant will grow, when planted in shoal lakes and sluggish streams, within the limits of its natural habitat; but it is possible that very many enthusiasts will be disappointed when they attempt to rear the plant outside the limits that nature has set to its distribution.

To be perfectly frank, up to the present, most plantings of wild rice have been failures; though it would seem, judging by the experiments of Mr. F. V. Coville, botanist to the Department of Agriculture, that the loss of vitality in the seeds must have been due to the scorching to which they were subjected when gathered by the Indians, and by them prepared for food. A series of experiments show that the grain of wild rice is yet somewhat soft and moist at maturity, and is shed into the water without hardening. Hence, it was deduced, that the way to preserve the vitality of the seed is to keep it from becoming thoroughly dry, yet permitting sufficient ventilation to prevent mildew.

Mr. Coville recommends that buyers place their orders at such season that the seed may be shipped immediately on maturity, and that they then sow the seed at once.

With the use of wild rice as a cereal—delicious as it is—we need not interest ourselves; all that we need inquire into is the use of the plant as an attraction to wild fowl. Wild rice appears to grow naturally over a large area of the United States and Southern Canada, and the same species is believed to be found in Japan, Formosa, and China. Its most suitable environment in the United States is in fresh-water lakes and river sloughs, and in the sea coast where the fresh water from large rivers mingles with the tide. It will not grow in water that contains more than one and a half parts in every hundred of salt, and this proportion may be determinated with sufficient accuracy for practical purposes by the simple test of taste. When the water is appreciably salt, it is then too salt for growth of wild rice.

Its chosen home is where the waters are neither quite stagnant nor too swiftly moving, and, though it is tolerant of other soils, it prefers soft and muddy bottoms. The change in water level is a most important factor. It fails in some of the northern inland lakes, because the annual change in level exceeds two or three feet. This has given rise to the vulgar opinion that wild rice grows but in alternate years; or, that, in any case, it does not grow every year in any given locality. This idea has been proved by scientific experimenters to be without foundation; it has been shown that the observed irregularity of its development is caused by the fluctuation of the water level.

These considerations show that the vitality of the seedlings, under proper conditions, is very great, for when the growth of wild rice is wholly prevented for a year by high water, and a generous growth takes place abundantly during the following season, the water having resumed its normal level, there must, evidently, be a large proportion of the seeds living after remaining dormant for eighteen months.

Singularly enough, though, in tide water there may be a change of level amounting to more than three feet without affecting the growth. But in this connection it may be observed that there is a recognizable difference between the plant as found, for instance, by the Potomac and the wild rice as it grows in Northern Minnesota. It is just possible that, in the course of ages, a variety has been evolved that is more tolerant than the typical species of varying water pressures.

According to the United States Department of Agriculture, the wild rice plant is an annual. It bears abundant crops of seed which fall into the water as soon as ripe, and lie on the mud until the following spring. If conditions are then favorable, they germinate and produce new plants. In the northern lakes, the ribbon-like leaves are found upon the surface of the water late in May. By the latter part of June the leaves are above water. In the South, the growth starts earlier. On the muddy flats of the lower Potomac plants may be six inches high by May 1; yet the flowering and ripening of wild rice occurs simultaneously in Minnesota and in the regions along the Potomac.

The Northern plant grows much more rapidly than the Southern variety.

Panicles appear during the latter part of

July, and the flowers open immediately. The glumes of the pistillate spread, to allow the stigmas to protrude and be pollinated; and, closing again, soon after fertilization is accomplished, leave the withered stigmas outside. Immediately after fertilization, the young seed begins to elongate, and gradually fill the space within the floral envelope. This development requires two or three weeks, and as soon as it is completed the connection with the stigma is weakened, and the seed falls off. The time for maturing of the different seeds in a single panicle extends over several days, the seeds on the tips of the branches ripening first. The seeds, on falling, usually strike on water, with the point of attachment below, and immediately sink to the bottom. If, by accident, the distal end strikes first, enough small particles of air are caught by the barbs borne there to keep the seed on the surface for a time; but as these bubbles escape the seed sinks. Distinct differences in the size and form of the panicle, the coloration and the size of the seed have been noticed in wild rice flowers in various regions, but there is, as yet, insufficient evidence to justify making a new species. The wild rice of Northern Minnesota and that growing in the lower Potomac, show the extreme variation in some respects. The Potomac plants grow to ten feet in height, and the panicle sometimes exceeds two feet from the lower point to the extremity of the pistil. The Northern form is rarely more than seven feet in height. The panicle never exceeds twenty inches, and is more often less than sixteen inches in length. The Potomac plants carry seventeen to twenty-seven seeds; the Minnesota plants, from three to nine. On the other hand, the Northern seeds are much larger and thicker than those of the Potomac.

The seed is harvested by one Indian poling the canoe through the fields of wild rice, while his comrade reaches for the plants from the sides of the canoe with two short sticks, beating the rice stalks lightly, and causing the ripened seed to fall upon mats lining the canoe. The same ground is gone over four or five times, with an interval of two or three days between visits.

The following recommendations have been issued by the Bureau of Plant Industry, and by attending to them prospective rice growers will possibly avoid much disappointment:

1. Orders should be placed before the harvest season has commenced, so that the seed may be shipped immediately after it is gathered.

2. Care should be taken to gather only fully matured seed.

3. Seed should not be allowed to dry when it is to be used for propagation. For shipment or storage, it must be kept wet, with frequent changes of water. If packed, it should be placed in ventilated packages. Whenever practicable, autumn planting is recommended.

4. Care should be used in selecting the place for planting seed, to get the proper depth of water; from one to three feet, with a thick layer of soft mud underneath, and the water should neither be quite stagnant nor too swiftly moving.

Although the autumn planting is undoubtedly to be preferred, it is possible to keep wild rice through the winter, and plant successfully in the following spring. Mr. D. W. Hallam, of Dover, N. H., has proved this by his own experiments. He says: "The wild rice was ordered with instructions to ship as soon as gathered, without drying. I received it on the 27th day of October, 1902. The barrel was placed on end in the shade out of doors, the head taken out, with about a bushel of seed, and a faucet was put in at the bottom to dram the water. The seed was weighted with a cover, and cold water enough to fill the barrel put in each morning and drained out daily. The barrel was kept full. On the 5th of December ice began to form on the inside of the barrel. Care was taken in adding water so as not to burst the barrel. By the 25th of December there was a frozen mass of ice and seed that filled the barrel. No water was then added until the middle of March, and then only enough to keep the barrel full, for as yet there was quite a mass of ice and seed. Since April began it has been necessary to change the water daily. Our water here is quite cold, 45 deg. to 55 deg. Fahr. I have sent a sample bottle."

The seed received from Mr. Hallam with this letter had germinated, and had sprouts from one-half to one inch in length when it arrived. Later, a larger quantity of seed, about two quarts, was received from Mr. Hallam, of which 75 per cent. had germinated.

It seems from the results of the experiments referred to that wild rice can be successfully grown from seed either by sowing the fresh seed as soon as it is gathered, or by keeping it in water over the winter and sowing in the spring. In most instances it will no doubt be found more satisfactory to sow in the fall, providing the place sown can be protected from waterfowl, and animals likely to destroy the seed, since such a practice will avoid the trouble of keeping the seed wet during the winter. When the seed is kept in water, either for storage or transportation, the water must be changed frequently or aërated, as fermentation sets in if it is allowed to stand for any length of time, destroying the seeds' vitality.

The seed can be shipped, or stored, for a short time by packing it in dampened moss or excelsior, and this is a convenient way to prepare it for shipment. It is necessary to separate the seed from the moss, or excelsior, by layers of cloth, as it cannot conveniently be sown when mixed with either. The package, when made up thus for shipment, must not be too thick or too tight to prevent some slight circulation of air, or fermentation will at once set in.

SOME USEFUL WOODS.

BY CHAS. A. BRAMBLE.

WHITE BIRCH.

This is by all odds the most valuable tree in the Northern forest, although its bark is the part that renders it of value. With it the woodsman makes his bark canoe, his summer lean-to, and the sheathing of his winter camp. It is the material out of which the dishes and utensils of the Indian hunter are always made. Cups, dishes, plates and such things may be made in a few moments out of birch bark, it being only necessary to warm the bark slightly in order to render it pliable. The horn through which the moose is called is simply a roll of birch bark, as is the torch by the light of which the salmon and other fish are speared by the Indian. Its wood is fairly good for fuel, and makes a good summer fire, or one by which to cook, but it has neither the lasting nor heating power of some other woods.

Green white birch logs burn poorly after the bark has flared away, and for this reason are useful as hand junks, fore sticks and back logs.

YELLOW BIRCH.

The yellow and grey birch are good timber trees, though far inferior to the white birch for all-round utility. Birch makes an admirable runner for a sled, and good snow shoe frames are made of yellow birch, notwithstanding the fact that the Micmac and other Eastern tribes prefer the white ash. The natural crooks that are often found in the young grey and yellow birches just above the ground, adapt them for use as sleigh runners after a little flattening off with an axe. The grey birch is the tougher wood of the two, being generally found on cold, poor land, being of slower growth than the yellow birch, and hence the harder, as the slower the growth the closer the rings, and the harder the wood.

WHITE CEDAR.

Fortunately this wood is very widely distributed in the Eastern States, and to the Westward as far as the Rocky mountains, and almost up to the Barren lands, for it is an invaluable wood, and one that the woods-wanderer could ill dispense with. When of normal growth, the grain is straight, splits easily and the wood is most durable. These qualities render the white cedar invaluable for the making of shakes, splits and rough boards for camping use. No wood has a longer life as a fence rail than the cedar. Its lightness, especially when dried, makes it the best wood for rafting purposes, as its specific gravity is less than that of any other common North American forest tree.

It makes a fragrant fire, and the odor of smoldering cedar bark is always associated in one's mind with the camp, and is very sweet in consequence. It is most penetrating, and I have known the odor to be distinctly perceptible in personal belongings, even such things as watches and penknives, months after the owner had returned to civilization. It does not make a safe fire to leave unguarded, however, as the crackling cedar is another word for the sparking cedar.

TAMARACK.

The Tamarack, or Hacmatac, is the North American larch. In parts of the northwest it is considered the best fuel obtainable and it fetches several dollars a cord more than any other wood. It is better, however, for use in a closed stove than in an open fire, on account of its sparking powers. The root of this tree makes excellent knees for boats. It is a heavy wood and extremely durable.

SPRUCE.

There are two kinds of spruce common to the eastern forests, the black spruce and the white spruce. The latter is found farther north than the former, and when found in the southern part of the range, generally grows in wet, poor soil. It is a finer tree than the black spruce, but being much less abundant is not so valuable as a lumber tree. Small black spruce make the best setting poles for canoes, and are much used by the lumbermen as levers in rolling logs or any other heavy weights, as they are wonderfully tough, and even when strained to a breaking point, give warning before they break. The bark of the spruce is used for roofing and to make lean-to shelters, and in regions where birch bark of sufficient size is not obtainable, the Indians make their canoes of spruce bark. Spruce bark craft of this kind may be made in a few hours by men handy with the axe and well up in woodcraft. The roots of the tree are used to sew the bark together and the gum that exudes from the knots to pitch it with, so that this one tree provides all the various materials necessary in making a rough-and-ready canoe. Spruce is used largely for fuel; it sparks freely and burns rapidly, but it is not a first-class wood.

WHITE ASH.

The white or ground ash, especially when of second growth and grown in the open, is an admirable wood for snowshoe frames, ribs of canoes, hoops and axe-handles, though for the latter purpose it is distinctly inferior to either rock maple or hornbeam.

HORNBEAM.

Unfortunately the hornbeam, or ironwood, is found in few places in the North woods. It grows rarely to any great size, but makes the best axe-handle of any wood with the exception of hickory, which is not found farther north than the extreme southwestern part of Ontario, in Canada. Quartered and seasoned for two years, at least, it makes a capital fishing rod, provided one does not object to its great weight. Strong, elastic, and durable, the hornbeam is sought for diligently by the woodsman and by the Indian.

ROCK MAPLE.

No praise is too high for this excellent tree. As fuel, the rock maple is the best wood available in large quantities at the present moment in the Northeastern states. From this tree is derived the sap which when boiled becomes syrup or maple sugar. The tree may be tapped for many consecutive years without injury, and a good maple sugar grove is by no means the least valuable asset of a farmer. The sap only flows in early spring when warm days and frosty nights are the rule, and the first sap is much richer in sugar than the last. The Indian always makes his paddle of rock maple when he can get it, for no wood equals it for that purpose. Axe-handles of rock maple are preferred by the lumberman for heavy chopping to those of ash, though they are not superior to hickory, when the latter can be obtained.

WHITE MAPLE.

Although closely related to rock maple, this is a much inferior wood. The sap is not so sweet as that of the rock maple, the wood is softer and the tree smaller. It may be used as a fire-wood with fairly satisfactory results.

RED MAPLE.

Practically similar to the white maple, and the description of the former will apply to it.

FIR.

The fir or balsam is of little use as a wood, though its boughs make the best bed a tired backwoodsman can find. For this purpose the feathery foliage is plucked from the bough and placed in layers with the concave side downward and the buts toward the sleeper's feet. The wood is weak and treacherous, breaking suddenly without warning, and the fir makes a poor fire even when dried.

WILLOW.

In the more southern regions of the North the willow is not thought much of, but in Alaska and in the country of the "little sticks," that is to say, where the forest begins to thin out on account of the severity of the climate of the extreme North, the willow is an extremely valuable wood. It makes a fierce fire, burning with a clear bright flame, but owing to the small size of the sticks, the fire needs feeding continuously. In the Northwest the Indians make their snowshoe frames of willow when they can get nothing better, leaving the wood in its natural round state.

KILL THE CROWS.

Editor RECREATION:

While looking through your excellent publication I noticed your comments on the crow and hawk hunt of the sportsmen of Kane county, Illinois. You dwell on the usefulness of the crow, how many small rodents he catches, etc., etc. Now, Mr. Beard, if you will go to Illinois, you will see crows by countless thousands everywhere. Farmers' crops are often ruined, and as for game birds, there are none. Perhaps you wonder why. I wonder if any of your readers do. Come to the eastern part of the Sunflower State and I will show you the same conditions; in other words, hundreds of crows to one game bird.

They are working westward, and the game is going—where? I could tell you of more than one instance of broods of young quail, prairie chickens, etc., being destroyed by crows,—dozens of instances that have come under my own observation, but this would be unnecessary. Some Wichita (Kansas) sportsmen bought a lot of ring-neck pheasants and turned them loose on the Van Arnsdale hunting preserve at that place, but none could be raised on account of the crows, who ate all the eggs and young.

Of late the crows are invading Sumner County, and our game birds will soon go the same road. There is a creek that can be reached in half an hour's walk from my home that five years ago teemed with rabbit and quail. I never have seen anything to equal it anywhere. To-day you can hunt that creek for miles and if you secure a dozen quail and rabbit you will do well. Then a crow was rarely seen; now they are about all you do see. What we need is a bounty on the crow's scalp,—say ten cents. For this sportsmen would hunt him and his ranks would be thinned. He could not be exterminated, Ah no; he is much too wary for that. Now, don't think we haven't any game in Kansas, for such is a mistake. Away from the creeks and rivers, where there are no crows, as fine hunting can be enjoyed as anywhere.

Another enemy of game is the pigeon hawk,—that denizen of the shady branch and hedge rows. I have seen them catch quail, wild duck, etc., by the dozen, so quick and deadly do they dart. If sportsmen everywhere would hold a hunt once a year for the above birds, and not go to butchering game birds on these hunts, such birds as quail, chicken, grouse, etc., would not be so scarce.

D. R. Brengle, Perth, Kans.

Pigeon hawks eat few mice and many birds. Duck hawks are not known to eat mice at all, but are very fond of game and poultry. But the red-tailed hawk and the red-shouldered hawk are friends of the agriculturalist and hunter.—EDITOR.

A BLACK PIRATE.

Editor RECREATION:

In the July number of RECREATION there is an editorial in regard to crows, in which the side hunt to exterminate crows is called disgraceful slaughter. I am rather in favor of this kind of a side hunt and am rather surprised that you should term it disgraceful when you stand for game protection.

I have grown up in the country and have seen crows under all conditions, and I have yet to learn their good points. The farmers about here, and I am one of them, are not exactly of the backwoods type, and I think they will all uphold me in saying that the crows do more harm than good. Crows are active all the year round. In the spring they begin on the newly planted corn, beans, peas, squash, and other seeds, pulling them and causing the farmers no end of trouble. This year I have discovered that crows are very fond of strawberries and are especially fond of the largest and best ones. I have seen them eat them, and could hardly believe this, not having seen such things before.

When corn gets fairly ripe the crows are at it again, and from this time on the crows are at the corn until it is put in the barn. Last winter I could see from my house over 100 crows who lived on a neighbor's corn stock, which he could not take in.

I place the above habits of the crow in the small side of the scale and put down against him his worst habit of bird-nest robbing. Have you ever seen the crow pursued by a small bird whose cries attract other small birds until there are a whole flock in pursuit of the flying crow? Did it ever occur to you just why these small birds were chasing the crow? I can tell you that the crow either has an egg or a young bird to take to his youngsters. A few years ago I was awakened a number of mornings by a crow in the elm tree directly in front of my house; the time was about 3.30 a.m. Finally I mustered up courage after he had been there two or three times, to get up and watch him, and this is what I saw: A robin had built her nest in one of the crotches of the elm, right in front of my window, and in the early light of the morning I saw one crow up on top of the tree keeping guard, while the other was down at the robin's nest tearing it to pieces. I suppose he had eaten the eggs, as there were none left and we had seen the bird laying for several days. It appeared to me that the crows had come on previous days and had found eggs, but on this last day when no eggs could be found he had torn the nest to pieces. I quietly got my gun and since then we have not been troubled with crows breaking up our birds' nests about the house.

One of my men, who is quite a lover of birds, found a quail's nest on the edge of a field he was ploughing. He left plenty of the soil undisturbed, and the quail kept to her nest. When one day as he was approaching the field a flock of crows flew up from the part near the quail's nest, he went over, and there was the poor quail fluttering about in a most distracted manner, and the nest completely ruined, the eggs broken and partly eaten. Needless to say, the quail left for parts unknown.

The crow has no natural enemy who can keep it down, therefore I say we have got to keep it down, and the disgraceful side hunt is a good means for so doing. I am not saying a word about hawks, you will notice.

I am very much interested in your magazine and should like to hear more on this subject of the crows. One of your contemporaries praises the work of the farmer in a certain western state for killing 1,200 crows in one day. Evidently there are differences of opinion.

Wilfrid Wheeler, Concord, Mass.

Yes, I have watched crows rob birds' nests —saw one this spring on a practical cruise among the red-winged black birds in the cattails, and if you will re-read my notes you will see that I did not refer to the crow, but to birds of prey, meaning the hawks and owls, but I still think a few crows are good for a country, although I must confess that where they exist in great numbers they are capable of doing much damage.— EDITOR.

"Poucha" is a pet fox which was captured near Descubridara, Mexico, in May, 1903. Some Mexicans killed the mother and one of the pups as they emerged from their hole. One of the two remaining pups died a few days after capture. The surviving pup was given to an American located at Descubridara at that time.

The Mexicans claimed she was a young coyote, and as such she came into my possession the following Christmas. Although I had a doubt of her being a coyote I was not certain in the matter until about a year ago, when she lost her baby fur and acquired a beautiful coat of grey and red. I have failed so far to learn of what species she is. Her back, tail and face are grey, similar to the grey fox; the ears, limbs and sides are reddish, somewhat like the color of the swift. The under portion of body is white. The tail has a black spot close to the body; is also tipped with black. She has been very tame, and a great pet ever since her capture, when about two weeks old. The photograph of her chained will give a fair idea of her appearance. The second photograph was taken while she was running at large among the foothills of Mt. Franklin, near which we reside. She seldom wanders far and always returns when tired of playing. She seems very bright, and as quick to learn as a dog. There are many foxes and coyotes among the foothills and mountains, but she has shown no disposition to assume wild habits and join them.

A. F. YOUNG,
El Paso, Tex.

BEAR LORE AND ADVENTURE.

Editor RECREATION:

With reference to W. Y. Cressy's question of "What is a Cinnamon?" in the July number, I have always taken him to be a cross between the grizzly and black bear. The books only give us four bears on this continent, and the cinnamon is not one of them, but if there is any black bear about him, it is not in his temper. The black bear cannot be made to put up a fight; the cinnamon is about as ready to fight as is the grizzly. I have hunted the black bear all over the West. I killed my first one when a boy in what was then Minnesota Territory, and my last one in what is now Oklahoma, but never knew one of them to offer to fight me.

I have hunted the little cinnamon in Texas, and, after having hit him, have had him to charge square at me. I never met but one grizzly and cannot claim to have met him. I did not want to meet him, anyhow. He was coming down the mountain while I was going up it, and seeing him before he saw me, I got behind a big pine tree and gave him the whole trail to himself.

He must have seen me, he could hardly help it, for he passed within fifty yards of me, but he paid no attention to me.

I should not have let him go, but I only had a Spencer carbine, and an old powder and ball Colt's pistol, and thought, from what I had heard of these grizzlies that I would need a Gattling gun to attack one of their bulk. Had this happened a few years later, after we had got the new Colt's breech-loading pistol,—I always made out to have two of them,—I probably should have let loose on him with the carbine, then used my pistols when he charged me. I have an idea that these grizzlies are not now half so ready to fight; they have learned caution since the advent of the magazine gun.

Another bear that we do not often hear about is the big silver tip of Arizona. I have hunted and killed him, and he is only a grizzly modified by the climate. The last silver tip that I ever "met up with" I followed on foot into a cañon, and shot. When I first found him, he was being hunted by an old frontiersman and miner named Roberts. We took the bear's trail, both of us mounted, and ran the bear into a small cañon; here both of us shot at him, and one of us at least hit him. This proved to be a box cañon, one with no outlet at the upper end of it, and off to the right of it near its head a smaller cañon took off from it. Here the bear also took off, going up the small cañon, and now Roberts called a halt. He did not want to go in these mountains, he said. I dismounted and gave him my horse to hold, telling him that I should follow the bear myself. I was a "blanked fool," he told me. "This was not a black bear I was fooling with now; this one had come to bay now, he had been looking for it to do that long since, and now if I followed him he would charge me and eat me up."

"Not while I have this rifle, he won't eat more than half of me," I told him. Then I began to force my way into this small cañon. It only ran in about fifty yards, then a steep ascent led up out of it to the ravine. The bear was half way up this place when I overtook him, and firing, again I hit him; then he turned at last and came for me, but another shot finished him. He did not look half so formidable when dead as he did when alive.

Roberts estimated his weight at 600 pounds. He wanted his hide and I let him have it; he needed it more than I did. We found when cutting him up that five of our balls had hit him, three of mine and two of Roberts'. He had a .44 Winchester, I had a .45 Marvin.

John A. Brooks, Erie, Pa.

STOP THE SALE.

Editor RECREATION:

Your July issue was particularly impressive to me, for I found in so many articles and sketches a spirit of game protection, that makes me feel that the country is waking up at last, and that the present protection of game really means something actual, instead of the farce that it has been for so many years.

Personally, I have had my share of the shooting and fishing that was due me, but my last few years shall be spent in looking to the interests of coming generations.

I note that of late many magazines are taking up the buffalo, and some of them are indulging in the hope that they may again be seen in the great West. This is folly. Gather all the few remaining ones together, and, try as we may, the buffalo will never be anything but a relic — a sad one — of wanton butchery.

Captain Dixon knows probably that the buffalo is a slow breeder, and he certainly knows that unless a guard is put over every buffalo some butcher will get it. His article is a good one, but he does not state one fact, *i.e.*, that more buffaloes were killed for their hides alone (which brought one dollar each) than for any other purpose, or for all purposes together. I remember when the country fairly swarmed with hide hunters.

Years ago there used to be a fable—and it was used every time some writer had the nerve to write of game protection—that the Indians killed the buffalo wantonly. This is a great mistake. They killed, but they killed for their own consumption. In primitive days they ran them into gorges and let them kill themselves, so to speak. Not all Indians had Winchesters, or even good revolvers in those days. One thing sure, they never wasted, but saved meat and even bones.

It took such men as Bill Cody to show them how slaughter was done. I read once that the country should never forget William Cody, as he had been "an important factor in the westward march of civilization, for he it was, with his fearless aides, who furnished the buffalo meat that fed the men who laid the Kansas-Pacific road." Why not say "Bill was a good butcher" and be done with it? He wasn't killing for fun, and breathing the prairie air for the good of his lungs, but he was simply killing the buffalo that belonged to the nation because the railroad would rather have free meat for its men than buy it in Chicago, St. Louis or Kansas City. I never saw Bill at one of his big shows without being disgusted. He was always saved for the last. The Indians, Mexicans and all the others would be formed in line, and then at the sound of the bugle, out would dash the gaudy Bill on his prancing charger, and he would stop directly in front of the grand stand and take off his hat and bow with that "Behold-the-only-one" smile. If he was different from any other pot hunter, will some reader please tell me in what respect? And as for feeding the army, it's dollars to cents that for every free buffalo brought in, somebody charged the United States Government for "one beef," and collected money for it.

I ask excuse for dwelling on the buffalo, now virtually extinct, but the history of the buffalo is the history of the first criminal negligence of our servants (?), the officials of the country, in the protection of game.

Take the elk. It has been slaughtered in the same way, and it will soon be extinct unless the most strenuous efforts are made to protect it. Don't, however, believe all the stories about the butchery of elks to get their teeth to be worn as charms by that most worthy organization, the Elks.

I have twice been Exalted Ruler in the order, and I can testify that the stories are much overdrawn. I never had but one tooth in all the time I have been in the order. It was given me by an old hunter, whom I befriended. I had it mounted in gold, and lost it two days afterwards—and it served me right. But that elk was never slaughtered for its teeth, for the old fellow killed it and ate most of it, not knowing that there was any such order in existence.

Then came the slaughter of the wild pigeon. I have seen them darken the sky. My home is in Pigeon Township, on the banks of Pigeon Creek, so named for the thousands of wild pigeons that once bred near here. It was not the farmers who went to the roosts, nor the few who shot them, who robbed this country of the pigeon. It was the St. Louis and Chicago markets that got the last of them. Oh, those two cities, where the butchered bodies of untold millions of game animals and birds have gone. I say millions, but I ought to say billions, and could do so, and, I believe, prove it. The great cold storage houses in your section were not filled with game birds killed near you, but the most of them came from the West.

What have we left to-day? Where are the great hosts of prairie chickens, the wild turkeys, the deer? Gone to the markets,—not shot by sportsmen, who get only a few days in the year in which to go out and breathe God's fresh air, and make a modest bag.

Oh, no; not by them, but by the merciless market butchers, who kill to *sell.* They are after the game day and night, rain or shine. They live like hogs, pay no taxes, and therefore have no right to the game. They are aided and abetted by shrewd and unprincipalled shippers such as the fellow who fills a box with prairie chickens and puts a little butter on top and ships as "butter." Such as the fellow who stuffed three quails into each rabbit he sent to market and who stuffed the inside of each dressed turkey with quail and sent "turkeys" to Chicago. Happily we "got" a lot of those fellows, but where we caught one, a hundred escaped.

And little Bob White, the last of our game birds. How long can he stand it? He is trapped and pot-shotted by farmer boys, who bring him into town with a layer of eggs on top of the basket. He is shot on rainy days by the butchers. And the wild ducks. They too are fast passing away. Followed by professional market hunters, who keep after them from the time they leave the north till they reach Texas and the lower country, what can be expected? At a little junction on the Cotton Belt Road in Arkansas I saw the work of two market hunters who had been killing near New Madrid. Nineteen barrels, twelve sacks and a big lot, tied six in a bunch, of big fat mallards. All marked for St. Louis. And the two men lived up in Minnesota. What right had they to those ducks?

In my last twenty-five years as Game Warden I have seen sights that nearly made me sick, not only at my home, but all over the Northwest, the West and the South. Go to the pier at New Orleans and see the piles of fish and game sent North each winter, and half of it taken by illegal means.

There is no living man who does not see these things who can have any conception of the way the game is going. Just one more instance. For nine years I went each winter to a little corner in Arkansas where there was good deer and turkey shooting. The last year my friend and I went down we hunted ten long days without seeing even a buck-scrape or the track of a deer along the river. The shooting had been ruined by three loafers who never worked in their lives. All summer they would beg or steal, and would even beg bacon, when they had deer hung up in the woods. (They played that on us.) They would borrow a mule and wagon and go down into the bottoms with the first frost, and there they would kill till it grew too warm to get their game to the railroad. They lived like hogs, their camp (?) being alongside any old tree that had fallen. One of the three could barely read, but he somehow had the St. Louis game quotations right along. They never ate a bite of game unless it was a squirrel, but they killed off or ran off all the deer and turkey in that section.

If these three primitive bums could work such a change, what could sober professional market hunters have done? I fear I have made this too long, but I could fill a book with such experiences. There is absolutely one thing to do, and one only, and that is, to stop the sale of game. You can make all the laws you choose. You can prohibit shooting for stated periods. You can hire game wardens galore, but just so long as market hunters can get money for game, so long will it be killed. Stop the sale of game and this will stop shooting, for they have none of the instincts of the true sportsman. They are of no benefit to any community. In all my life I never saw a market hunter who owned his own home. Most of them are worthless in every sense of the word. To stop the sale of game will work a benefit even to them, for they will then have to go to work or starve. OLD TIMER.

A PLEA FOR THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

Editor RECREATION:

An eastern drummer asked me recently, "What has become of the prairie chicken? I always heard there were lots of them in Kansas." As I answered I saw in my mind the wagon-loads of birds slaughtered for market in years past, and added that the men (?) who had done this had neither sense nor discretion to know when to stop shooting. "Now don't tramp on my toes too heavily," he said. "My father and uncle went out, in what is Sedgwick County now, and shot about 1,500 chicken in a trip they made in the winter of 1880."

What does RECREATION think of these men? There are quite a lot of chicken in the western part of the state yet, but by the way they are bombarded it will not be many years until merely a straggler here and there will be left to tell the tale. Once in a while one is seen here, and I know of one covey in the neighborhood, but the owner kills all but three or four every year, and so they do no good. If this covey was protected there would be lots of chicken in a few years, as from twelve to twenty chicks are raised every summer.

Why can't we get protection for the prairie chicken? Because the law is not enforced here. In years past two separate arrests have been made in the county, one was notified to appear at a certain time for trial. He stayed at home, and that was the last of it. The other men were arrested four times and a fine of $10 imposed once. Do you wonder the chickens are going?

D. R. Brengle, Perth, Kans.

CITY BIRDS.

Editor RECREATION:

In a recent number of RECREATION I read an article entitled "The Birds of the City," by C. M. Story, which is so full of misconceptions that I wish to make a mild protest. While I am heartily in sympathy with Mr. Story in his desire for better bird protection and the bringing of song birds nearer to our own homes and cities, I do not agree with his statement that by the growth of civilization "bird life is being crowded for its very existence." He writes: "There are many varieties which, although rather inclined to solitude, have been driven of late to stringent measures in raising their broods. Take, for instance, the house wren. Formerly the little nest of sticks and down was placed in a hole in some tree in the woods, then in the apple orchards about the farms as the forests disappeared, and now in hollow fence rails, and even in cubby holes among the rafters of old barns. Could there be a more pointed illustration of the way our bird life is being crowded for its very existence?"

What utter fallacy is this? Mr. Story writes as though all our forests had disappeared and the birds are thereby forced to nest in or near our dwellings, while the fact is, our forests have by no means disappeared, and actually cover many hundred thousand square miles, and a walk through any patch of woods in this broad land will not show the birds so numerous that there will be any suspicion of there not being woods enough left for them all. Then why is it that some birds have forsaken their original haunts for nesting, and now are found on our farms and in our orchards? Simply because there are better attractions; i.e., more abundant food and greater protection against their natural enemies. The birds recognize man as the dominant animal and undoubtedly build their nests in his close proximity to escape the crow, jay, red squirrel, mink, weasel and snake, all of which run rampant in the woods, the birds' original nesting place. Then again, the farmer turns over the soil, exposing countless grubs, etc., plants his vegetables and orchards, which attract many insects, which in turn attract the birds, and what is more natural than that these birds should *choose* to build their nests close to these abundant feeding grounds, for it is no small matter to feed a brood of young and ever-hungry birds.

Another instance mentioned by Mr. Story of birds being driven from their native haunts, is the chimney-swift forsaking its former nesting place in some hollow tree to occupy the chimney of man's dwelling. It certainly was not the growth of civilization represented in the person of the lumberman that drove these birds to the refuge of our chimneys or well, rather, the swift was quick to recognize the superiority of the chimney where her enemies of the woods could not follow. And now that many persons are covering their chimney tops with wire netting, Mr. Story asks: "What will the chimney swifts do?" Why, what is to prevent their going back to their original hollow tree?—there are plenty of them left.

'Tis true that many birds in forsaking their old nesting place in their desire to find a safe retreat from their old enemies of the woods, often "jump from the frying pan into the fire," especially when they come too close to man and the many "infernal machines" of civilization.

I remember discovering a phœbe's nest under a primitive country drawbridge, and every time the draw was opened the nest went, too; but so far as I could see, the parents did not mind and successfully reared their young.

Mr. Story's idea for enticing the song birds to our cities would undoubtedly work well in the suburbs, but, unfortunately, our cities are so monopolized by the despicable English sparrow that no self-respecting and peace-loving songbird would care to mingle with such discord and strife. If we would see more of our songbirds we must first thin out the crows and English sparrows, and the songbirds will then have a chance.

Yours truly.
Oliver B. Coe, Jr., Boston, Mass.

AN EXPERIENCE.

Editor Recreation:

During the many weeks I resided in Chicago I was confined to office work during the week as a proofreader, compiler and editor, and of course had but little, if any, appetite for my noon-day lunches, and indeed but little for my regular meals morning and evening, being clogged up for want of out-door exercise and air. Also, almost throughout the entire year I suffered from cold feet, an exaggerated tendency which I had inherited. More than all persons within my circle of acquaintance I was almost constantly and ridiculously looking for the warmest point in the office in which to keep my feet.

Well, one cold windy day in April (ahem! Sunday, of course,) I went to the wilds among the vast grassy swamps and lakes south of Chicago, in company with two young men who were licensed collectors of birds' eggs for museums. Not desiring to be a collector myself, I simply wanted to ramble in company with my friends. On arriving at the place of rendezvous, to my surprise one of these lads had brought along an old pair of wading boots for me to wear; and they were leaky, too, he precautioned me. Of all things! The water was ice-cold and the chilly northwest wind persistent; and I had no idea that it was necessary to wade around all day in order to keep the boys company. But, to show some appreciation of their trouble, I ventured to draw the boots on and wade in, even if for nothing but to show what a delicate wreck I was in my endeavor to accommodate myself to the situation. In five seconds my boots were filled with that cold water nearly to the top, above my knees. I looked momentarily for a collapse; but it did not come, exactly—not even a pain. So I kept on and on, without an ache or chill the rest of the day,—from about ten o'clock until nearly four, with about forty-five minutes on shore for lunch. I was never so surprised at myself in my life.

Arriving home I ate a hearty supper, and next morning I was ready for a big breakfast just as hearty, which I ate with as ravenous an appetite as that of a hungry wolf. Arriving at the office, I felt "bully" enough to whip any of my fellow-employees in the whole establishment. But, alas! when noon came I was just as dainty as ever, fully back in the old rut; and so on through the week. I have had similar experiences at other times in my life.

Now, if I had headed this letter "The Necessity of Outdoor Air and Exercise," or something like that, scarcely anyone would read it. All the readers of Recreation know this truth practically, without stopping to read anything on the subject. The pity is that all those office and other indoor "rats" who ought to read this and profit by it will not see it: only those who do not need it will see it. A similar remark is often made with reference to works on politeness: only those read such works who do not need them, being already polite by nature: those who need refining never see, and hardly ever hear of, such works.

But who, even among Recreation readers, would have thought that Nature would or could emphasize the lesson of this letter so intensely as illustrated in my experience as above related?

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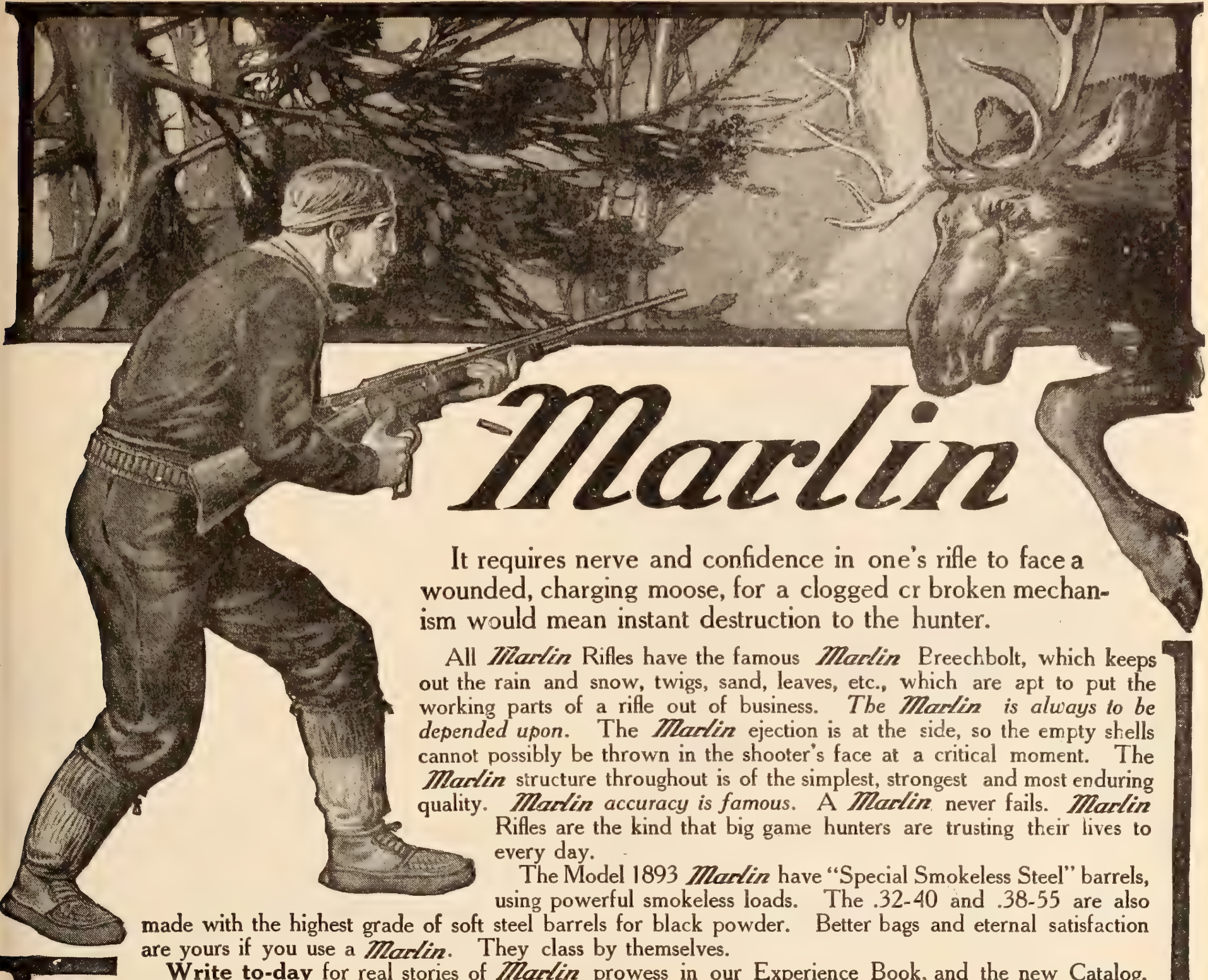

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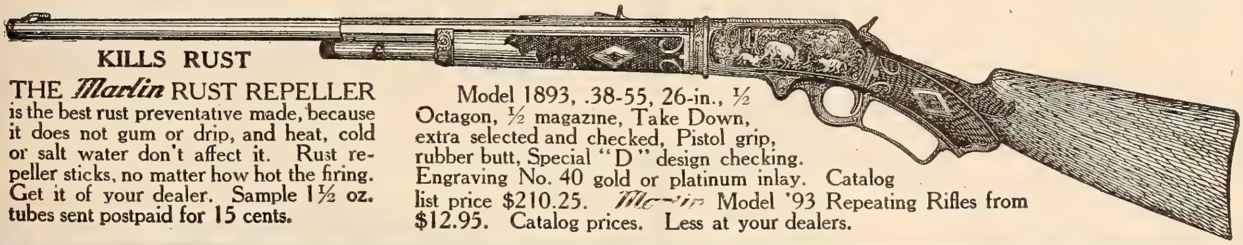

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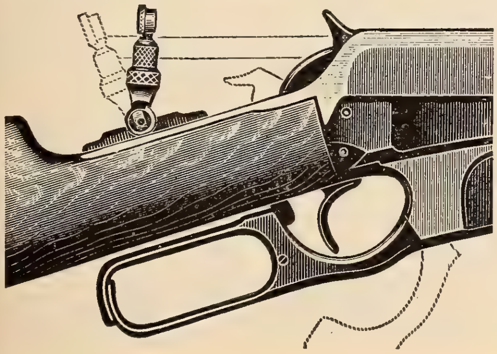

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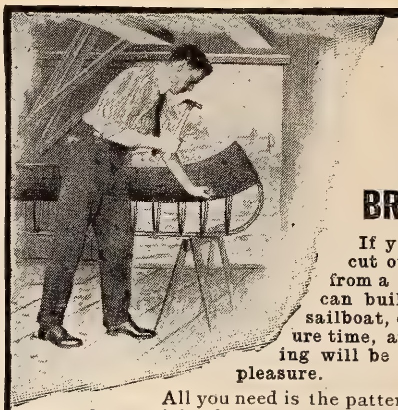

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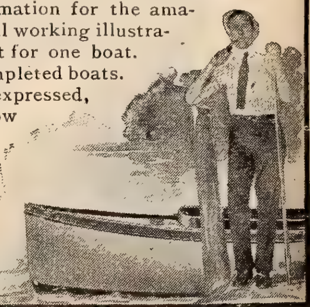

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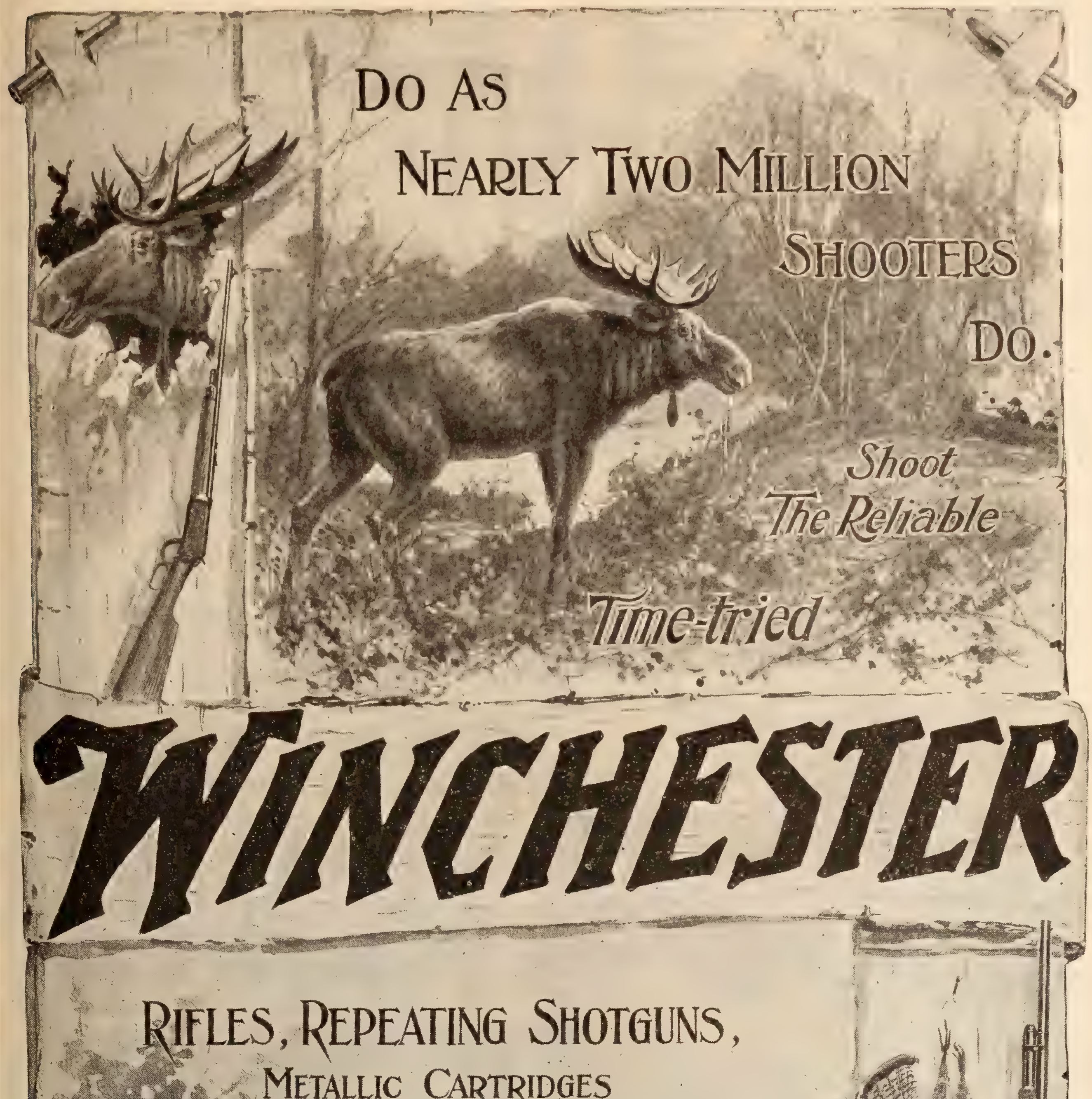

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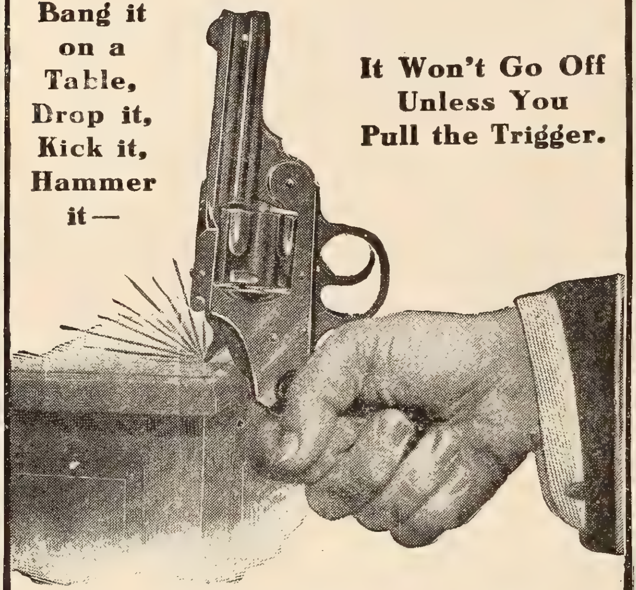
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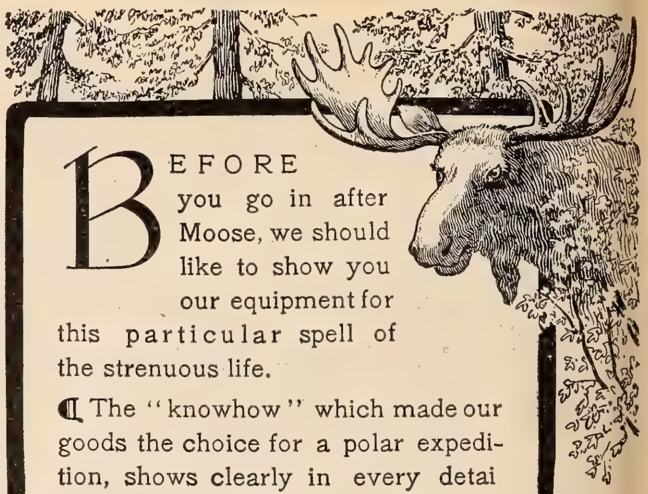

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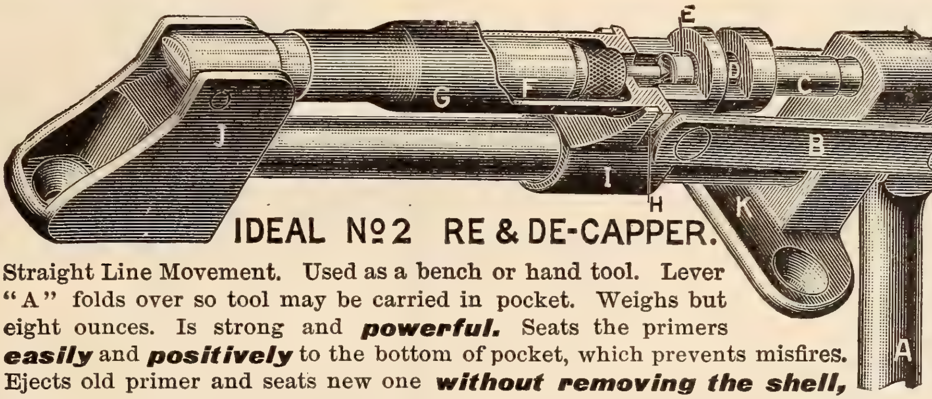

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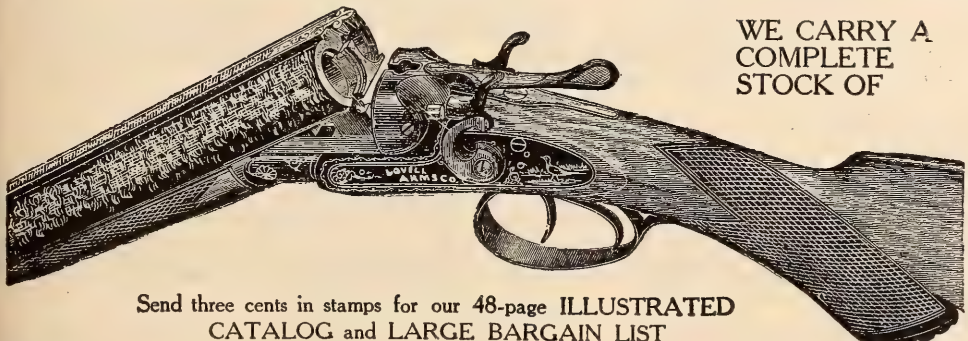
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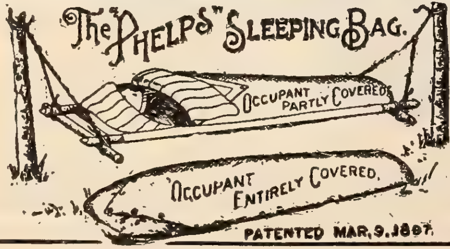
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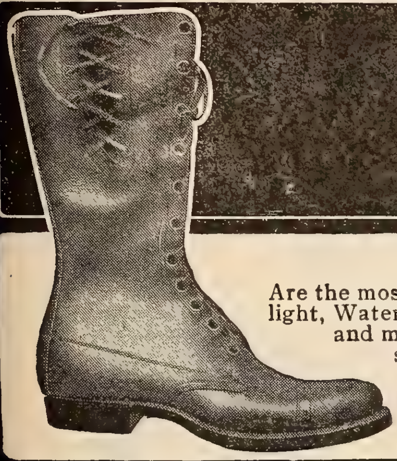

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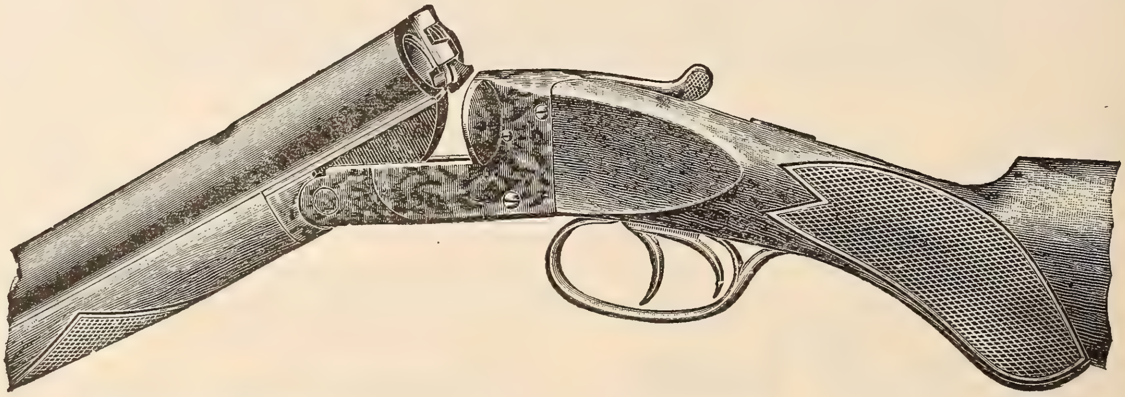

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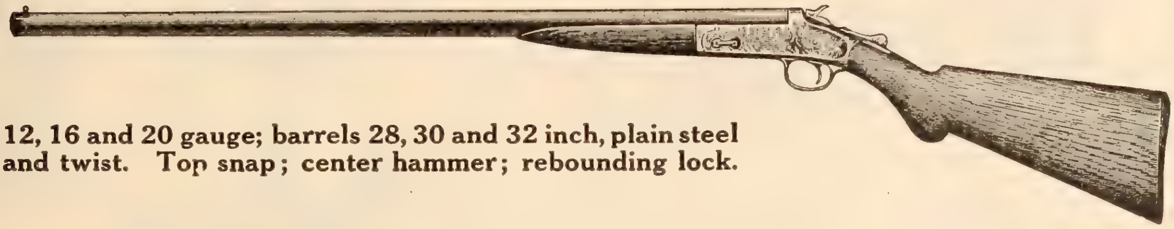

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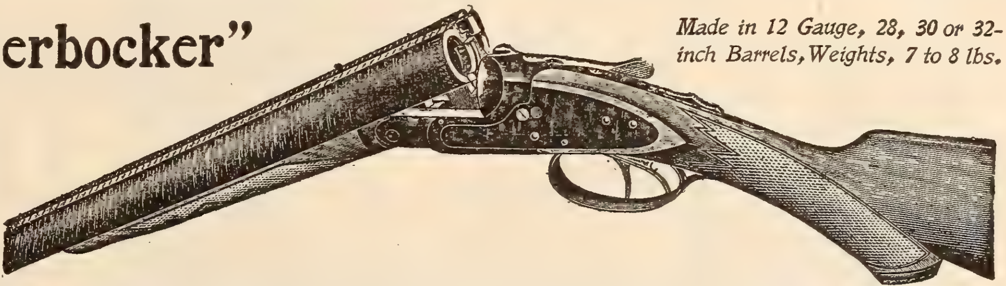

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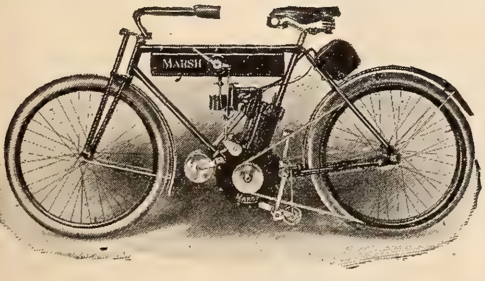

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for 1905

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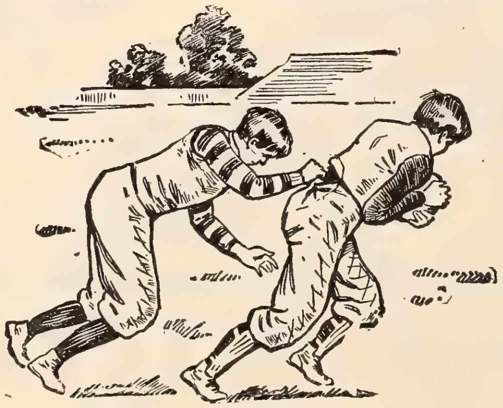

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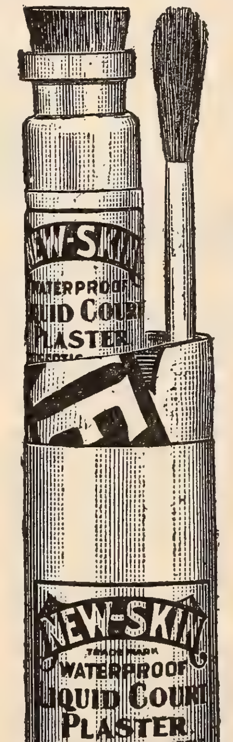

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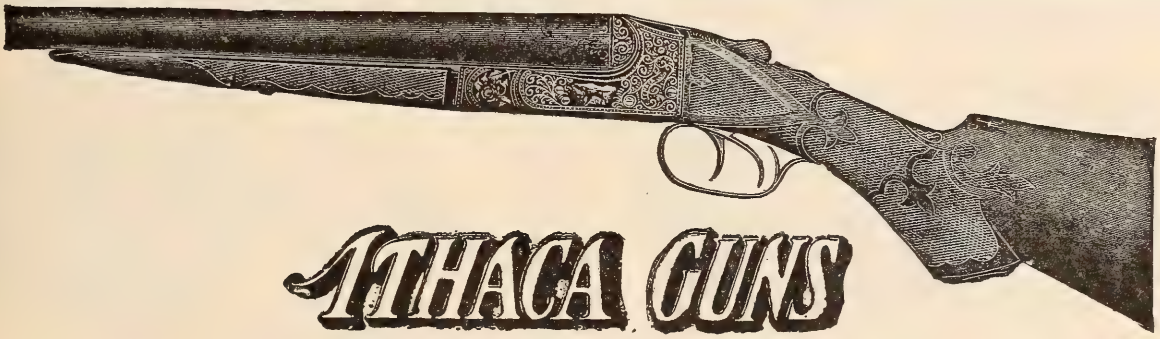

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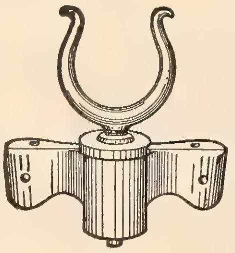

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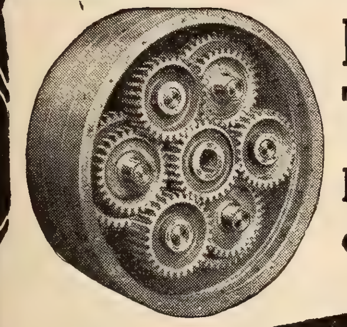

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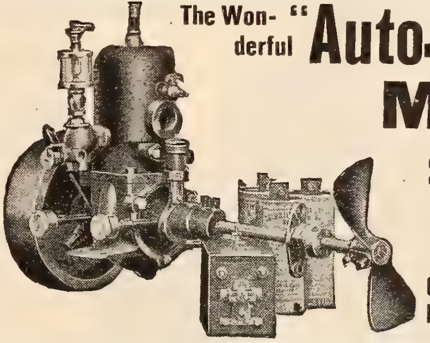

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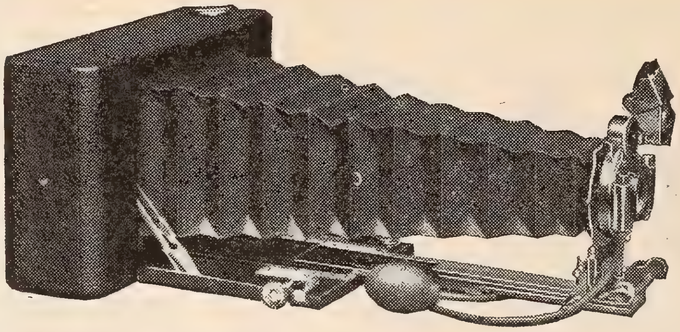

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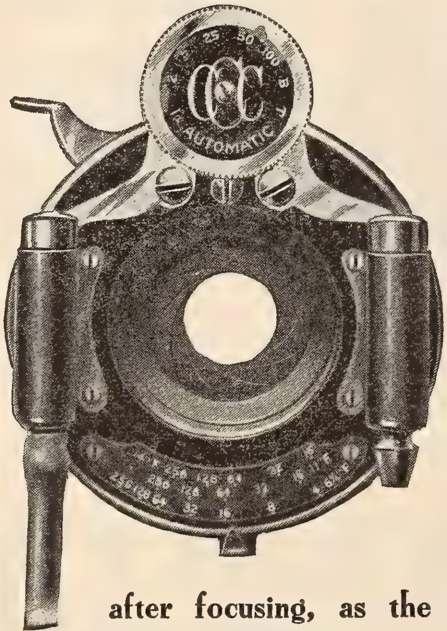

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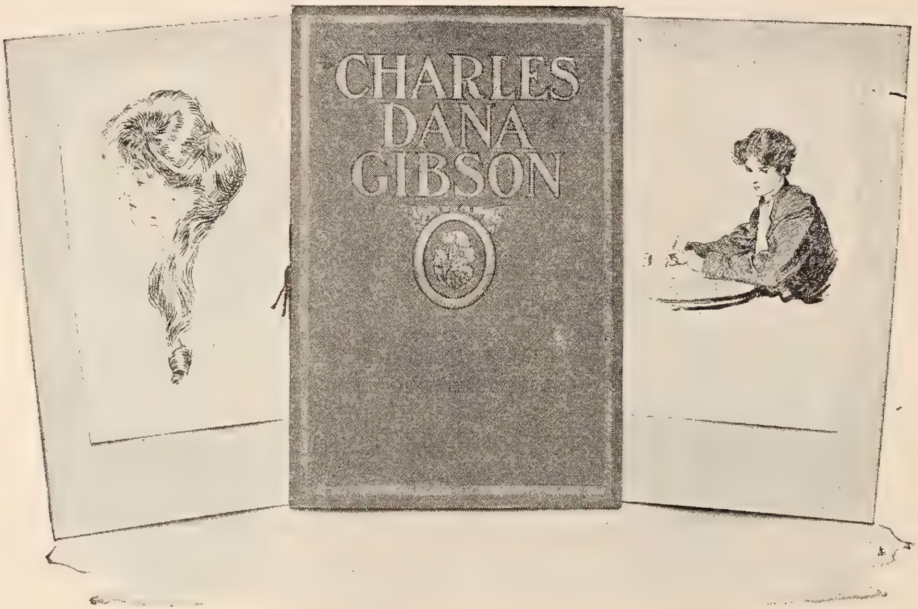

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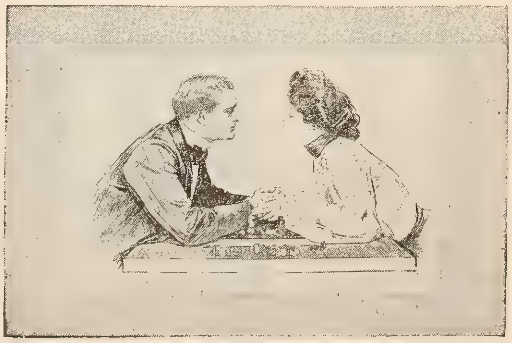
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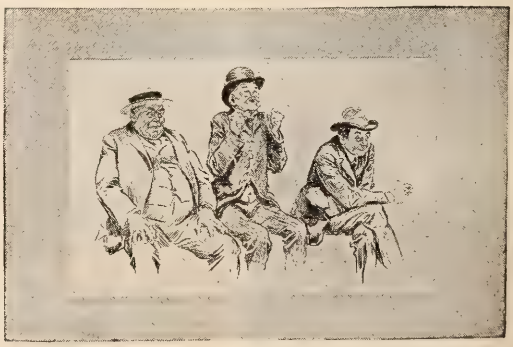
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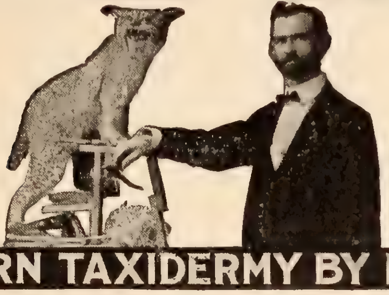

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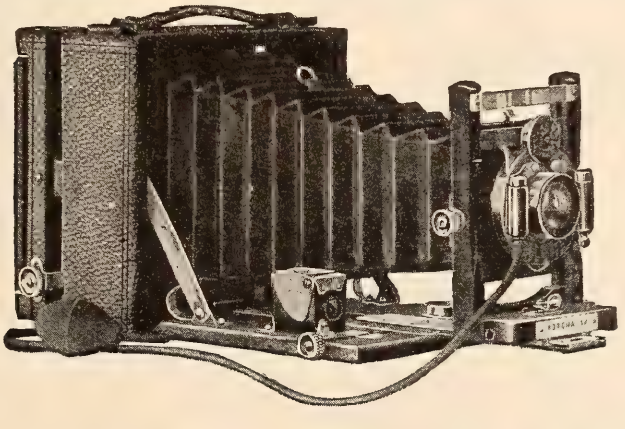

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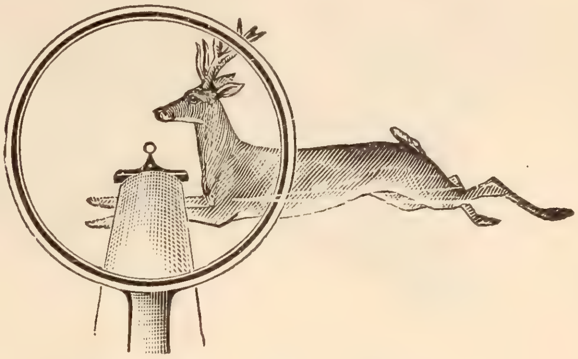

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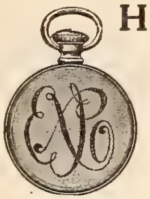

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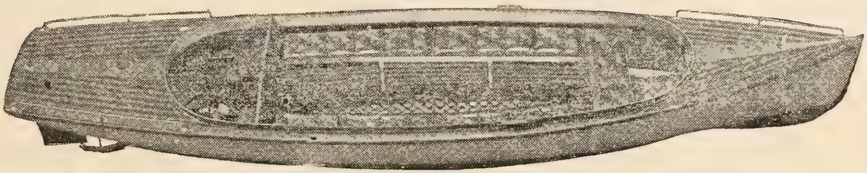

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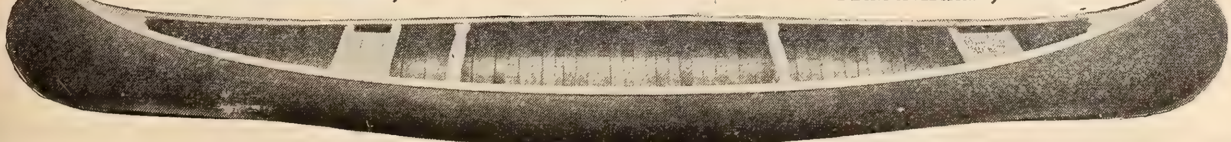

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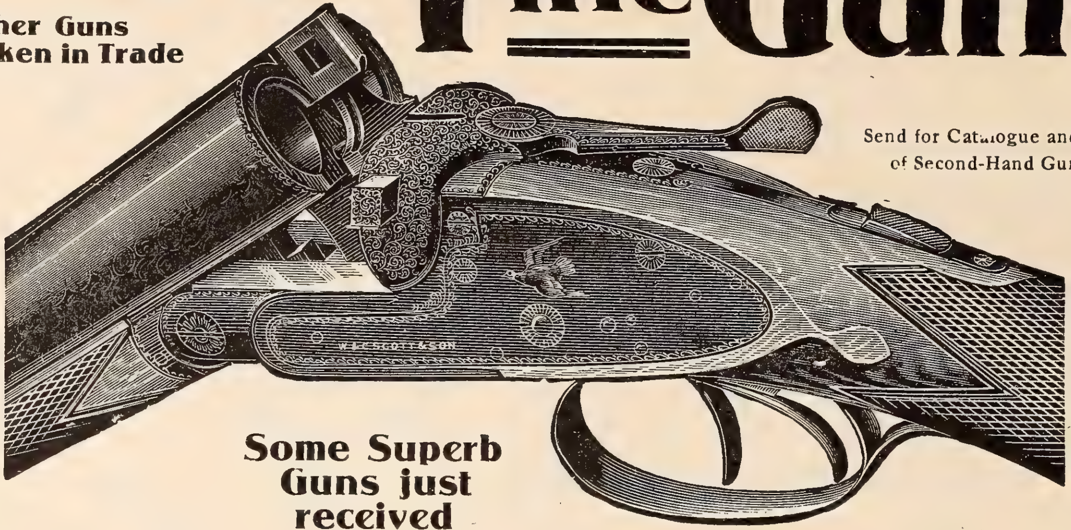

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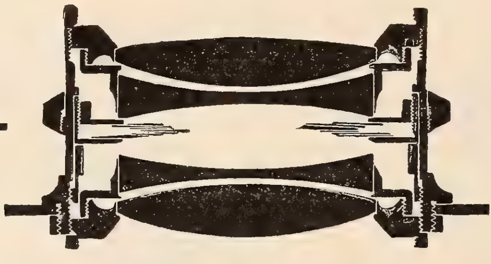

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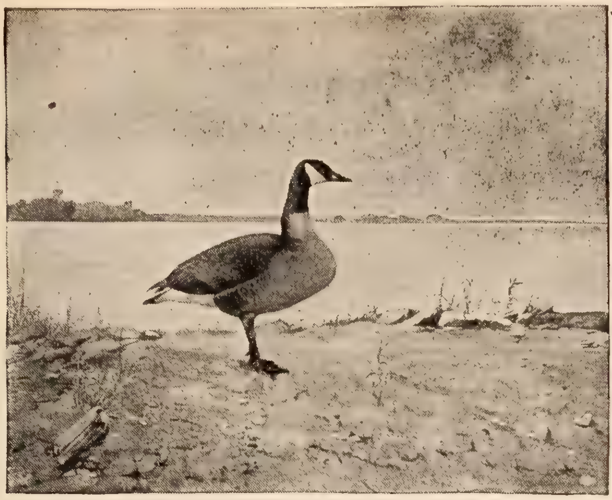

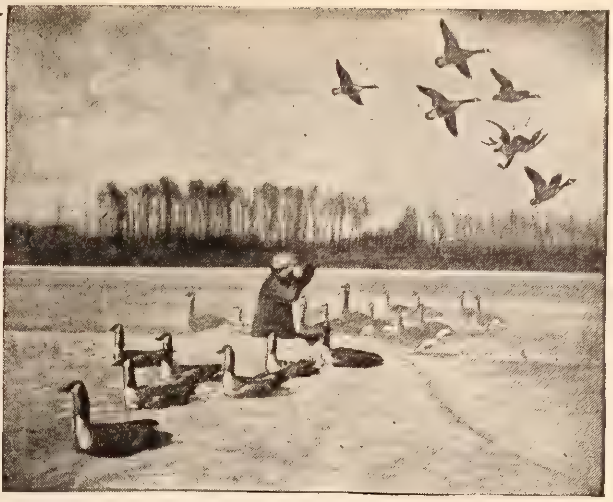

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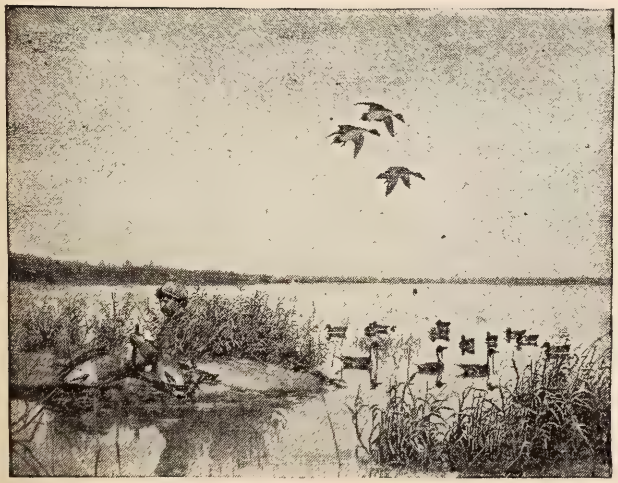

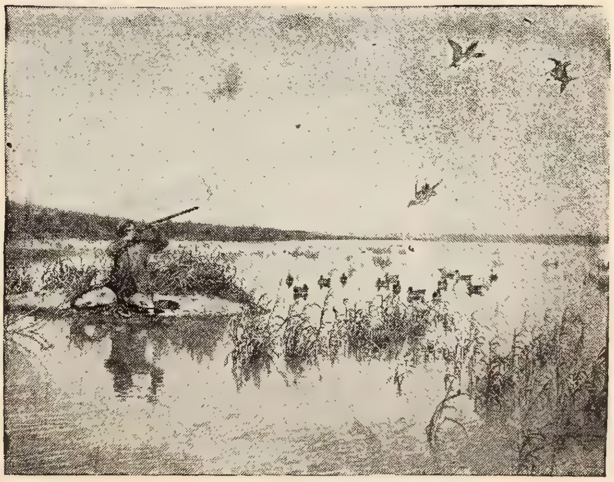

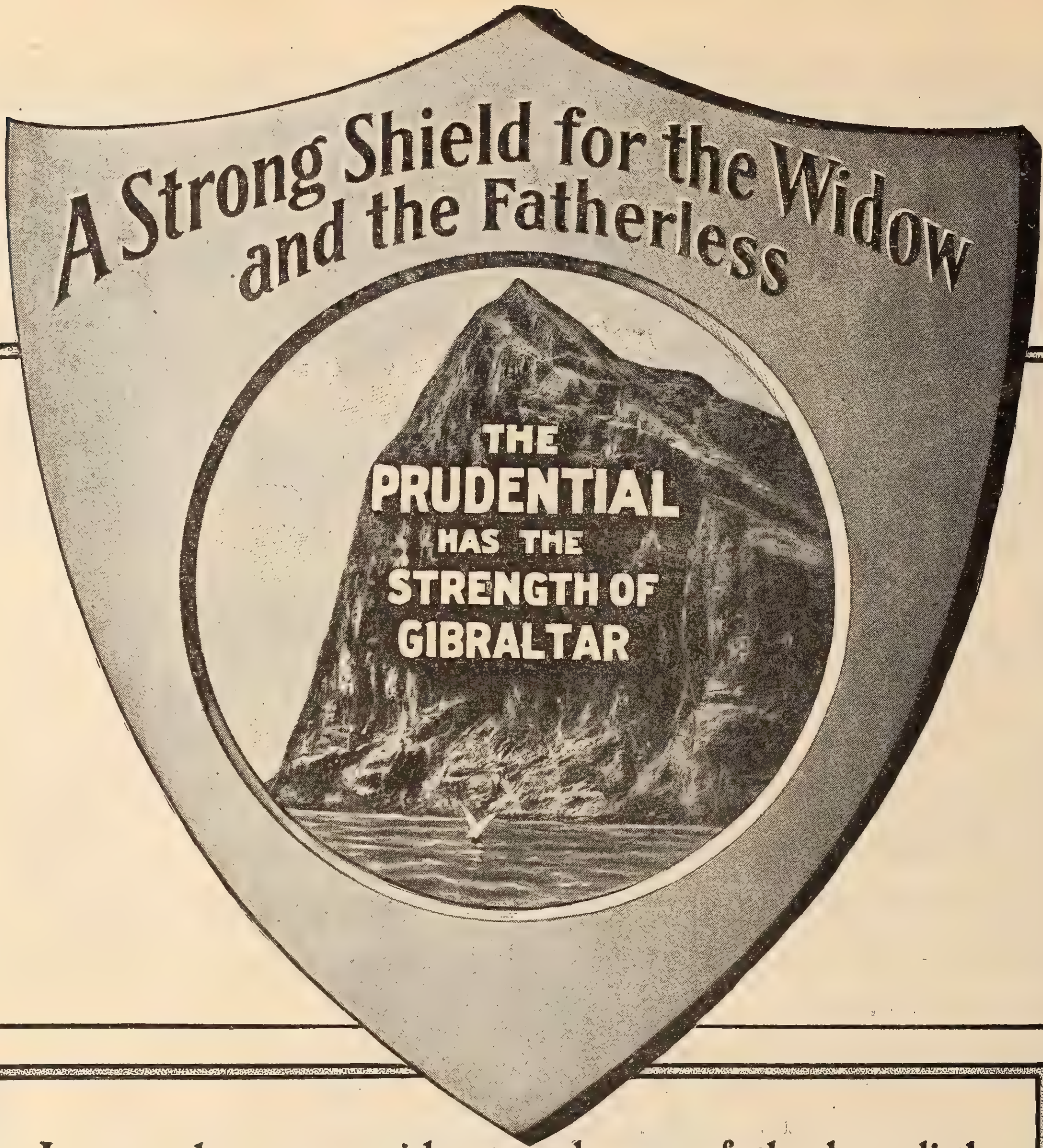
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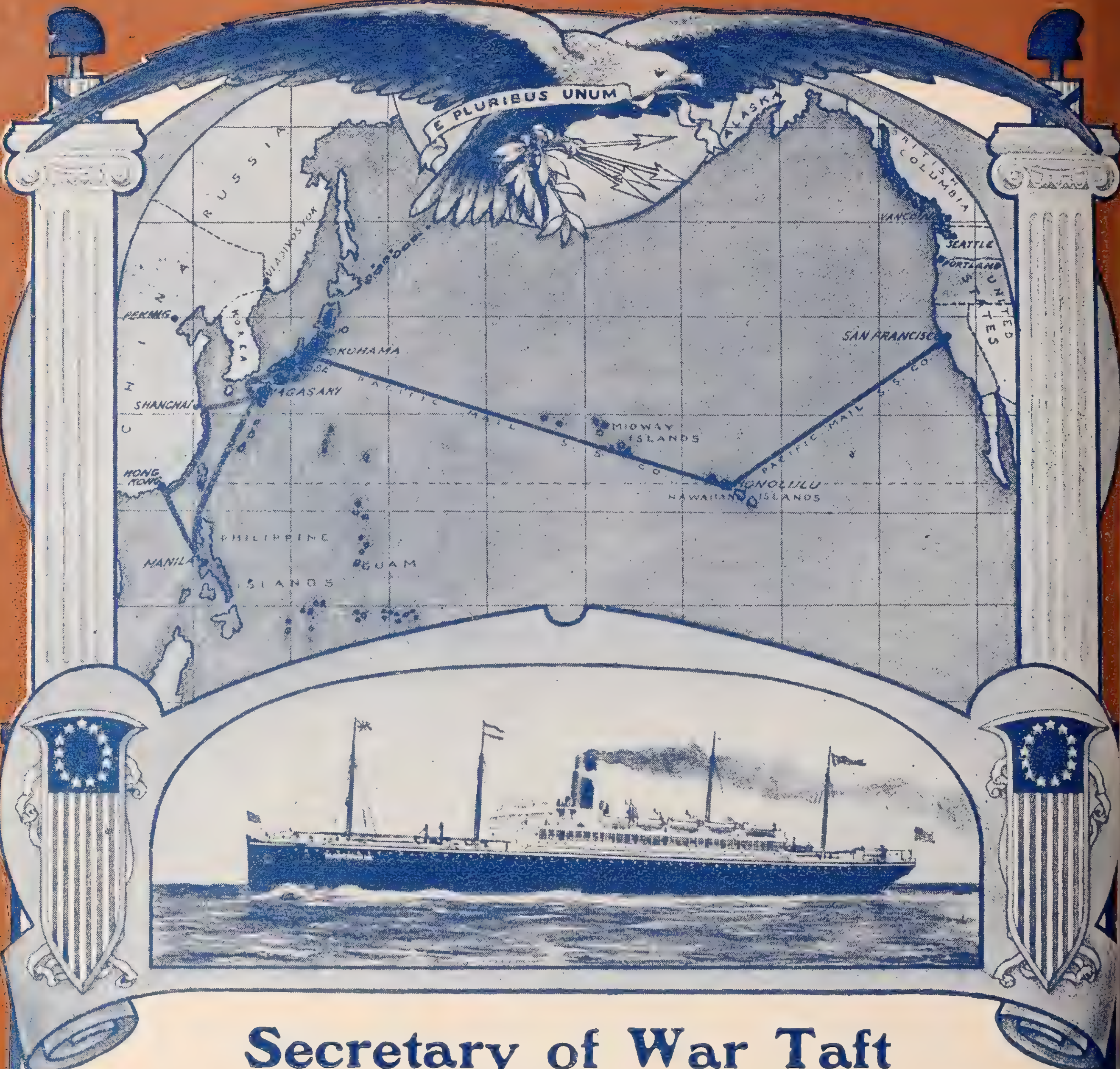
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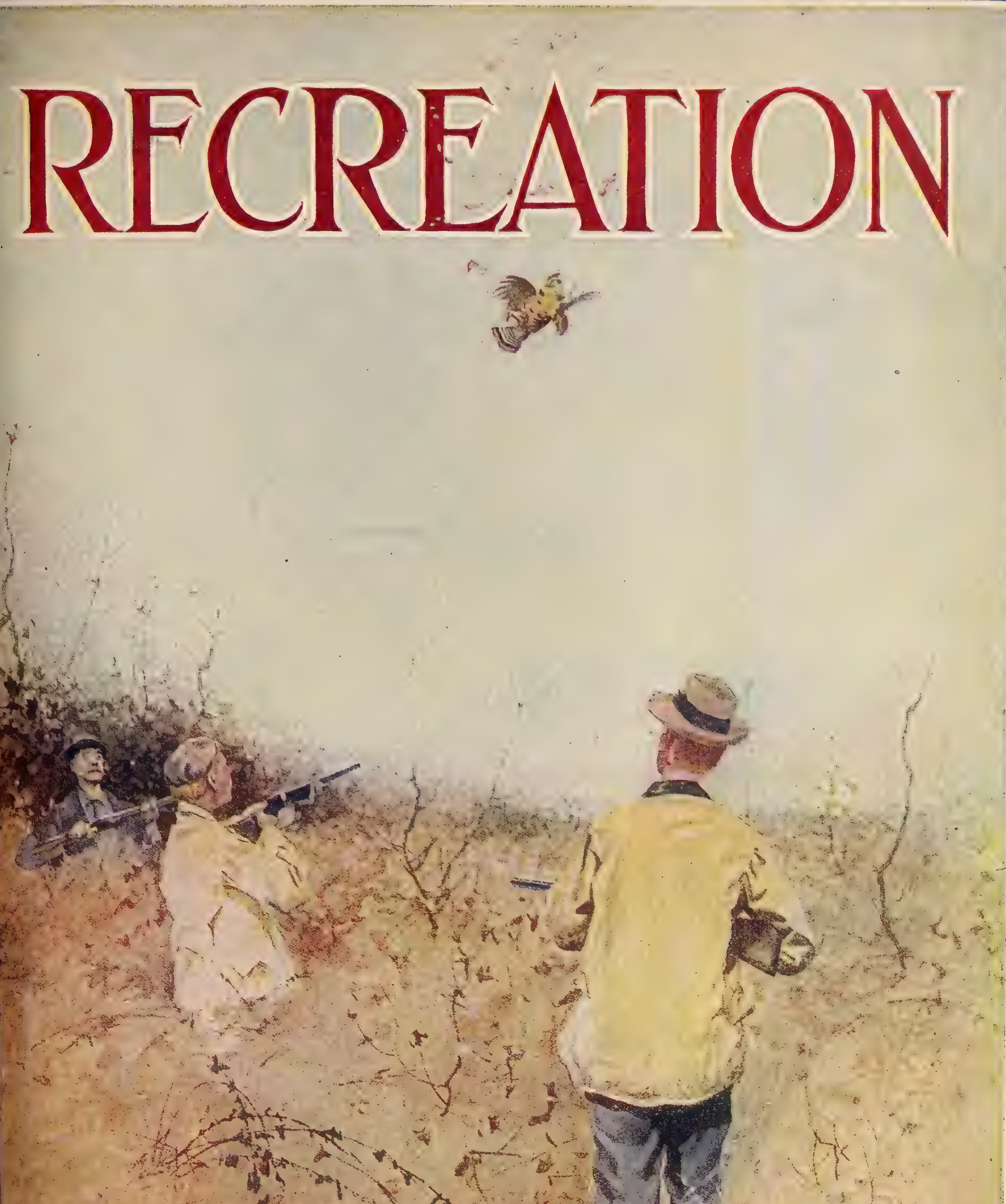

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HISTORIC PHOTOS—Send 25 cents (silver) for photo of Fort Massac mounds and two other interesting views. A. J. WARR, Avery, Iowa.

Around Our Camp Fire

I leave this rule for others when I'm dead,
Be always sure you're right—then go ahead.
—DAVID CROCKETT.

Many familiar faces are absent this month. Stalwart fellows who were plodding faithfully, though reluctantly, to their offices all through the long, sultry summer days are now renewing their boyhood at the school of Old Dame Nature. What a change has taken place in the sentiments of Americans toward field sports in a single generation! Twenty-five years ago the word "sportsman" was synonymous with gambler. Today the highest praise we can give a man is to say, "He is a true sportsman." And, perhaps, a few years hence we shall have learned that the word "true" is superfluous, and that when a man is a sportsman he is necessarily *true*.

The Self-Loader

Those of us that have had much actual experience with big game have often felt the need of a quick second shot. The repeater seems capable of rapid work when we are handling it in a gun store; but sportsmen have frequently found it to be too slow in a tight place or for game vanishing in covert.

THE MYSTIC FIRE.

European sportsmen, whose experience with elephants, rhinocerii, lions, tigers and other large and dangerous animals is greater than ours, prefer a double-barrel rifle for such work, having found that the almost instantaneous delivery of two shots is more certain than a straggling string of five or six.

For this reason we anticipate that the coming gun is the self-loader. Moreover, it should appeal to us on the score of humanity. Fewer wounded animals will struggle off to die a lingering death, and fewer maimed and crippled birds will be left to fall victims to the hawk, the owl, the fox and the mink.

There is a vast difference between the self-loader and the automatic. Such guns as the Colt and Maxim Automatic, used in war, will deliver a hail of bullets, so long as the ribbon-feed contains cartridges and so long as the trigger is held back. The self-loader, on the other hand, is simply a weapon in which the loading is done through the force of recoil, and before each shot can be fired the trigger must be released, so that for the first two shots it is little if any quicker than the ordinary double-barrel. The discharges are completely under the control of the shooter, and he could not, if he would, keep up such a stream of fire as that which the muzzle of a Maxim in action belches forth.

Write For Us

The invitation that we gave our readers in the August issue has been accepted by many of them; but there is yet time to send in stories for the November issue. To become a contributor to Recreation once is to become a contributor for all time; if you have the right kind of goods for sale. You know what we mean, — practical letters from practical men,—something that comes from the heart of one sportsman and goes straight to the heart of every other sportsman. We cannot get too much "copy" of this nature. And then the photographs. Ah! those photographs! What life and realism they put into a story. It seems to us that a very good tale could be told in a series of photographs, and that no accompanying letter-press might be necessary. In any case, a good story becomes a vastly better one when it is accompanied by a series of sun-pictures taken by a good photographer.

Frank Ford's Success

There never has been quite such a success as Frank Ford's Department. He seems to have become the confidant of the American nation. He contemplates, however, an extension of his work. He will probably add a department for the exclusive handling of real estate deals. He has been invited to undertake the sale of several hundred thousand acres of choice farming lands in the new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, Canada. These lots are equal to any in Iowa, Illinois or Minnesota, and may be had for $10 an acre; in a few years they will be worth $100.

Another of his deals is the securing of a large tract of land facing on one of the most beautiful lakes in the Adirondacks. Through a special arrangement with the proprietors, he expects to be able to offer cottage lots facing the lake, and containing one acre apiece, for $50. Just think of that! Leave New York in the evening—100 deg. in the shade—arrive at Edentown early in the morning—temperature 68 deg. Fahrenheit—fish rising all over the lake—fine appetite for breakfast—fresh fish—wife and kids smiling and happy—all for fifty dollars.

Plenty of Good Photographs

RECREATION holds itself singularly fortunate in numbering so large a proportion of photographers among its readers. One of the most efficient aids to game protection is the spread of photography. Love of the camera begets love for the wild things that it portrays, until at length the sportsman often finds more pleasure in shooting game with the camera than with the gun. But the two sister arts of shooting and photography go very well together; even better perhaps than fishing and photography. For there is a general superfluity of moisture around the fisherman, and this is not healthy for the camera.

RECREATION'S PLATFORM

An uncompromising fight for the protection, preservation and propagation of all game; placing a sane limit on the bag that can be taken in a day or season; the prevention of the shipment or transportation of game, except in limited quantities, and then only when accompanied by the party who killed it; the prohibition of the sale of game. These are "Recreation's" slogans now and forever.

The photographs received for the competition that has just closed are of a very high order of excellence. Many of them show an appreciation of the art of composition that is probably in many cases instinctive. Exposure is a problem that has been well studied and generally mastered; but we have had to turn several photographers down because they did not comply with the rules of our competition.

We shall announce next month another competition, which will close on January 1, and we believe that it will be even more attractive than the one that has just been brought to a close.

Our Friend the Dog

Man's best friend is imperfectly understood except by the chosen few. Even tolerably good sportsmen are often quite at sea in handling their dogs. The dog is a highly intelligent animal, yet his brain is very inferior to that of man, and he has his limitations.

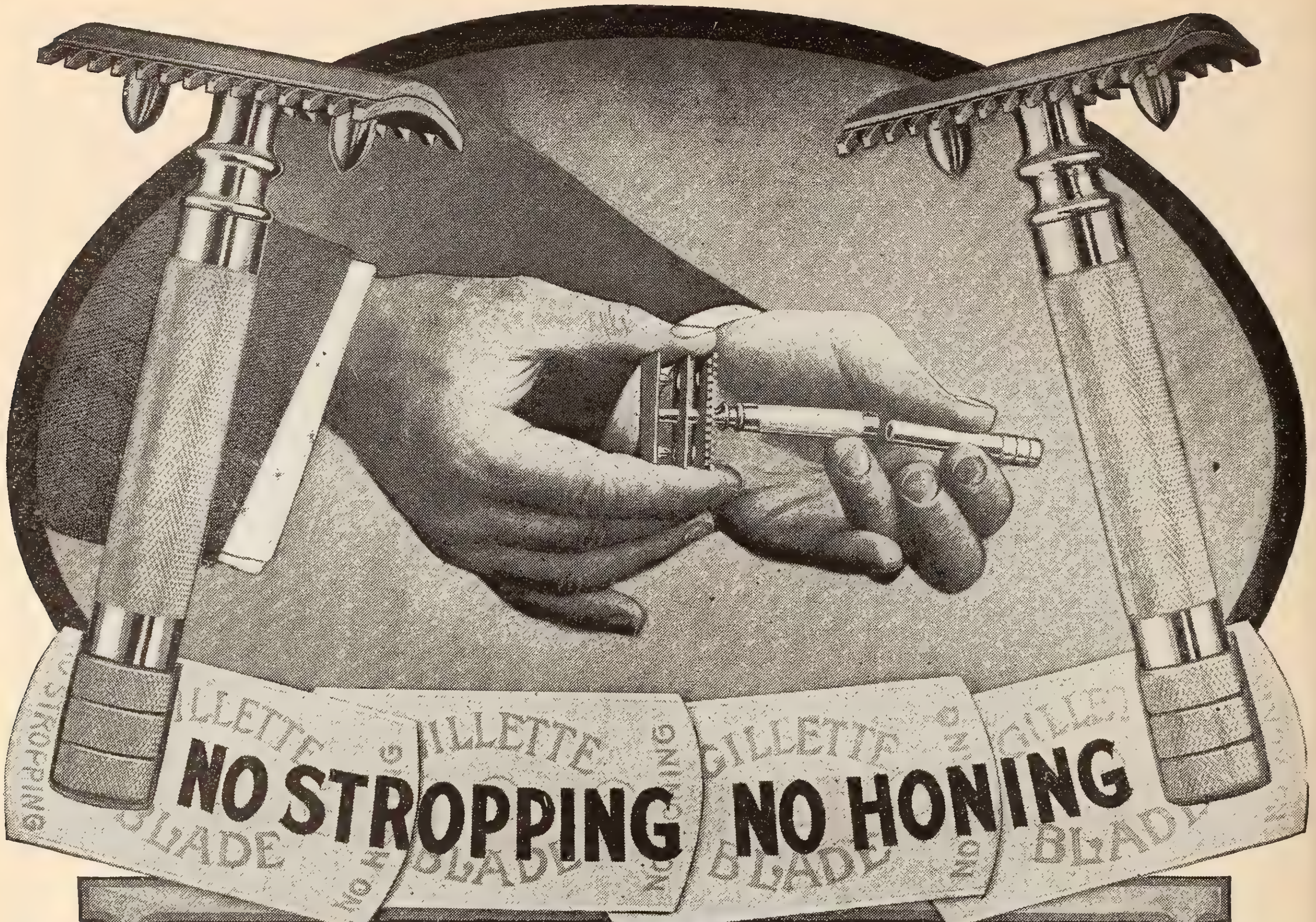
He can learn a lesson, but only by reiteration, and the teacher will need consistency and firmness in order to have a successful pupil.

A dog that has been allowed to run riot during the closed season; gutter-hunting, and filling himself with all sorts of unclean and indigestible foods, is captured the night before the season opens and tied up in the barn or kitchen. The chances are he howls and gets a thrashing. This improves neither his temper nor that of his master's.

Bright and early on the first morning of the open season, master and dog sally forth to deal death and destruction. The dog is soft and his feet are tender; but he is keen as a razor and decidedly rank. Birds are found, and he flushes them; then chases, is finally caught, and chastised, after that he sulks a bit, and then, as the day is warm, he begins to suffer from lack of condition, seeks every puddle he can find in which to roll, displays the most aggravating indifference to sport and acts generally in such a way as to incur his master's contempt and distrust. On the homeward journey an offer of thirty cents in cash would be almost accepted. Yet, probably, the dog was not a bad dog. He might have been a pretty good dog had he been handled intelligently. This is not the place to expound a whole lot of dog lore, but we will promise that if our readers will study the articles that have appeared, and that shall appear hereafter in RECREATION, and follow them, they will enjoy very different opening days to the one herein sketched.

Nothing Like Change

RECREATION has been full of stories of salmon, trout, and bass fishing, grouse shooting, and strenuous big game hunting. Now, with the oncoming of Winter, we shall expect to hear from our numerous friends in the South. The glorious sunshine of Florida and others of the tier of gulf states, will tempt many a northern sportsman to sink the north star several degrees nearer his horizon.



Gillette Safety Razor

There are several kinds of safety razors — the **Gillette Safety Razor** — and the other kinds.

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The Razor is **triple silver-plated;** has **12 thin, flexible, highly tempered** and keen double-edged blades. These blades are sharpened and ground by a secret process and **require no honing or stropping.**

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Vol. XXIII **Number 4**

RECREATION

A Monthly Devoted to Everything the Name Implies

Dan Beard, Editor

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR **TEN CENTS A COPY**

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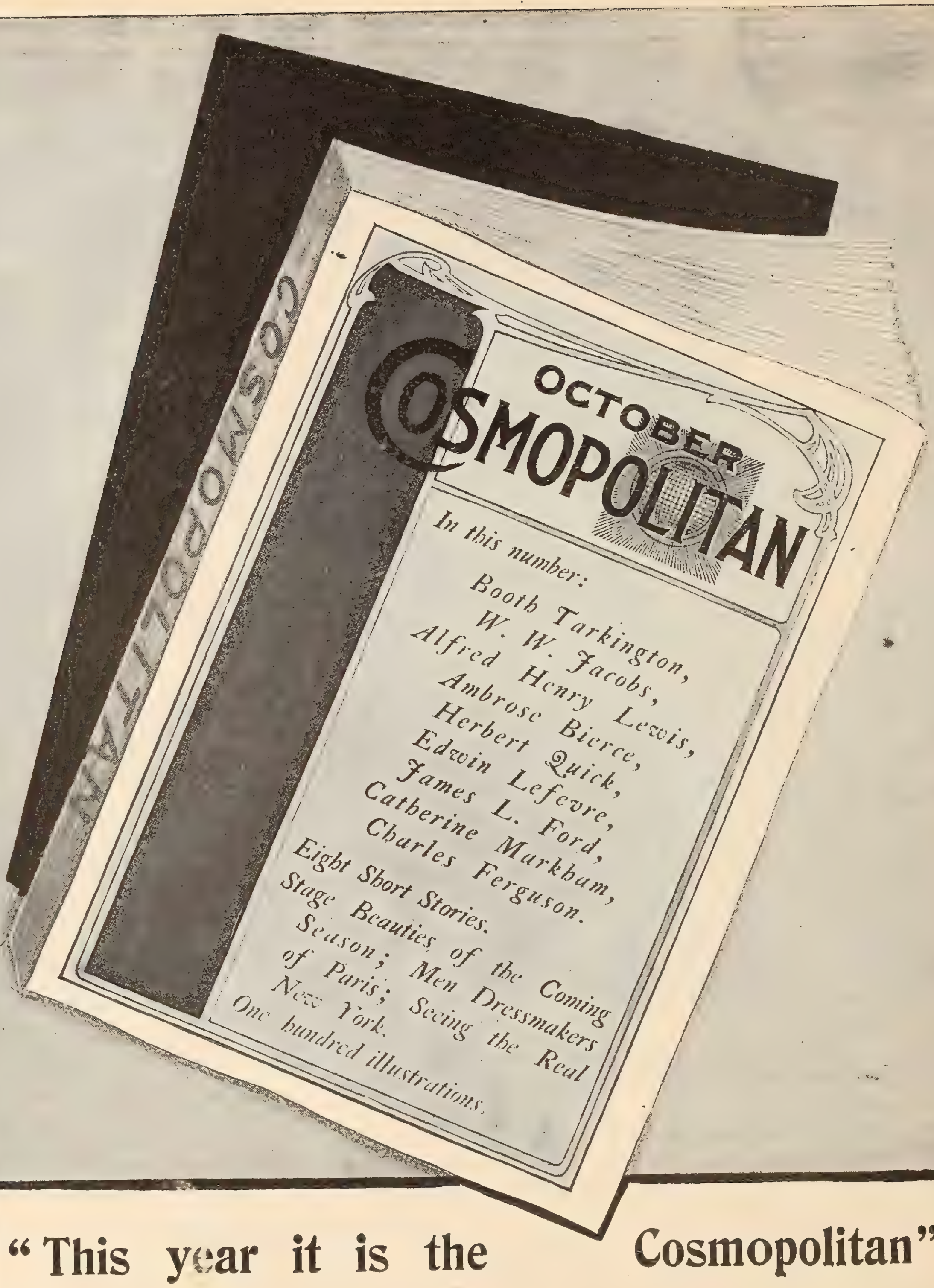

COSMOPOLITAN

OCTOBER
COSMOPOLITAN

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James L. Ford,
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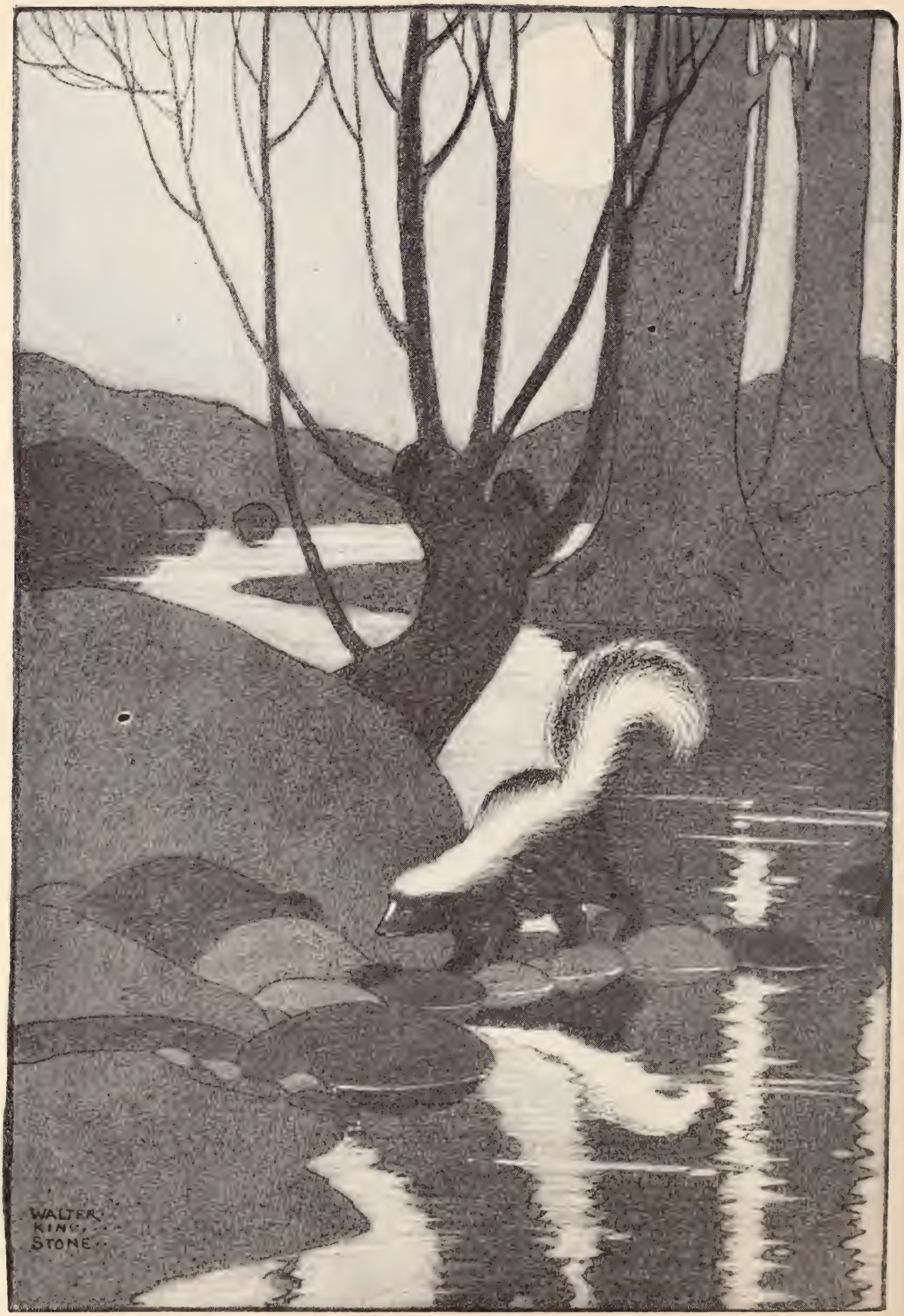
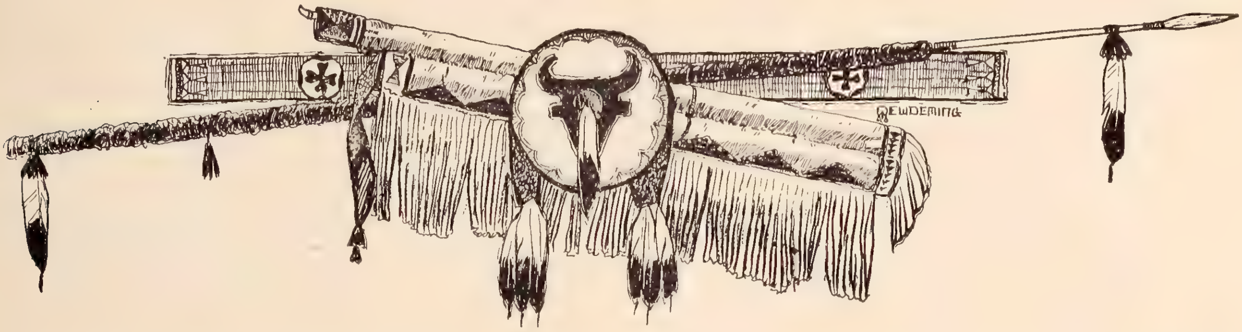

WALTER KING STONE

. . . *furry coat is striped* *Drawn by* WALTER KING STONE

RECREATION

VOL. XXIII. OCTOBER 1905 No. 4



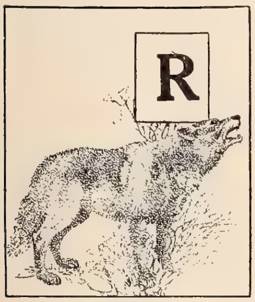
THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE GOOSE

By DAN BEARD

CHAPTER I.

THE WILD HUNTER.

(Continued.)



RECOVERING myself somewhat from the surprise, I realized that what I had seen, strange though it appeared, was not a supernatural occurrence. I knew that it was a real gun I had heard, real smoke I had seen, real man, real bird, real elk and real wolves, although the latter are a species now supposed to be practically extinct.

"But, Pete!" I exclaimed, as a sudden thought struck me, "what's become of our dogs?"

"Better ask those black hell-hounds up the mountains. Reckon you won't see them hounds of yours agin."

And I never did, but having hunted wolves with cowboys and having been a witness to their extraordinary biting power, I knew the fate that must necessarily befall a couple of ordinary hounds when overtaken by half a dozen full-grown wolves. My dogs were good ones, but Pete had warned me to leave them behind, and I now know why he did so. On such occasions we do not spend much time in grief over a loss of any kind; "it ain't according to mountain law," Pete would say, and mountain law, as he calls it, being a code of conduct hammered out by hard experience is not as bad or crude as it may appear to those surrounded by the entirely different conditions of a thickly populated country.

"Reckon we had better swipe some of that elk before the coyotes get at it," growled Pete. "The wild mountain man knows the good parts, but an elk is an elk, and one wild man, even if he is a giant, can't carry off all the good meat, not by a long shot."

"He may come back," I suggested.

"Not he," said Pete. "He's too stuck-up for that. When he wants more then tha black devils and tha son of a squealer bird of his'n will get 'em for him, and he a hanging his long legs off 'ner a rock somewha' smoking a good cigar."

"Smoking a what?" I exclaimed.

"A cigar," said Pete slowly, as he carved away at the joints of the stag's carcass.

"Do you think ghosts smoke cigars?" I asked.

"Well, if he's an ordinary man, I

want to know how in tarnation he get them tha cigars out here. I reckon tha hain't no cigar store round the corner, is tha? How old do you reckon he is, anyhow?" asked my guide.

"Well, he looked like a man of twenty-six or twenty-seven years, I should say."

"Dod rot him," growled Pete. "Why couldn't he leave a piece of hide to carry the meat in and the stomach to cook it in? Twenty-six or twenty-seven, eh? That's about my age; pap was fifty-seven when I was born. Fifty-seven and twenty-seven are how much? Let me see, twenty and fifty is seventy; seven an' seven is fourteen; that makes eighty-four years of age, don't it? Well then, my old man was the fust one in these here diggins, and he wasn't more'n eighteen when he first struck the park. Eighteen from fifty-seven is —let me see. Oh, dod rot! say seventeen—seventeen from fifty-seven is forty, ain't it? That is forty years afore I was born, and forty and eighty-four is a hundred and twenty-four years old. Tha's how old tha' fellow be — *one hundred and twenty-four years.*"

"Oh! come, Pete, you had better make that calculation over again! Do you mean that your father saw this fellow when he first came here?"

"Yes, sir, an' an old Injun told pap that he'd been thar since he was a lad."

"Well," said I, "suppose we hang this meat up on the tree here and take that hunk to camp?"

"Sure," said Big Pete.

Our dinner was over and our pipes lit when I again opened the conversation upon the age of the Wild Mountain Man.

"Pete," I said, "according to your calculation that fellow is only sixty-seven years old; you say he was twenty-seven years old forty years ago, and that makes sixty-seven, I take it."

"Now, look here, tenderfoot, you may be up on 'rithmetic, and I don't deny you air, more 'specially as tha' nobody round to say that Big Pete Darlinkel has crawled, but 'lowing your calculation of sixty-seven to be right, tha' old Injun must have been fifty-seven anyhow, and tha's one hundred an' twenty-four years, and what I sed was tha' the Wild Mountain Man be one hundred and twenty-four years old, an' I'll stick to it!"

"One hundred and twenty-four years old, agile as a cat, don't look thirty; has a wonderful trained band of wolves; an abnormally intelligent eagle; smokes cigars in the midst of a howling wilderness. Whew!!!—Pete, I'll never dare tell this when I go East; the boys would fairly howl! No! No! Pete, can't do it. I've seen the wolves, that I'll swear to; I've seen the bird and the man; but I have not yet seen the Bible register, nor the cigars, though I'm not doubting you, old man," I hastened to add as a light flashed from Pete's blue eyes. "But take it all in all, it's a pretty steep yarn. I don't see how I can make it go: guess I had better adopt the hobgoblin version, the boys will believe it sooner. Maybe they will think I had the jim-jams."

"Yes," responded Big Pete, "the Wild Flying Mountain jim-jams; but I reckon you'd better keep your meat-trap shut if yer kin, then yer needn't make any explanations. Yer see, I wouldn't hev told what I did only you saw tha' blamed critter right afore you an' seed it do mor'n I ever seen afore, too. That's the fust time I ever stayed long enough to see him collar his meat. They do say he eats the game raw, but I reckon that's a lie; leastwise, he didn't do 't this time. Chuck that log on—that's it! Now let's turn in. Good-night," and, rolled in our blankets, we were soon wandering in a region where the Wild Mountain Man would be but a tame occurrence and not even remembered in the morning.

CHAPTER II.

HOW WE ESCAPED THE GRIZZLY.

Several weeks had passed since our adventure with the Wild Mountain

Man, and Big Pete Darlinkel was doing his best to make my sojourn in his park enjoyable for me. I had shot an elk, without the aid of our dogs, the latter having run their last deer when they struck the same trail with the black wolves; but we were now entirely out of provisions, some bears having gained access to our larder. So I took my P. Mullins fowling-piece to look for fool hens. One more good hunt and we would break camp and start for the other side of the lake, Pete said, and he was now bending over some tracks in a muddy place, examining them with interest; he had been following the trail of some black-tailed deer; at last Pete looked up. "Shall we follow him?" he asked.

"Of course, Pete; what are we here for, the mountain air?"

"No," answered Pete, in his deep, low voice, "we're here for game," and off he started, but slowly and with great caution. I felt impatient, but restrained myself, and saying nothing, continued to follow my big guide, who now moved with the most painstaking care. Not a twig broke beneath his moccasins, as with panther-like step and crouching form he led me through a lot of young trees over a rocky place until we struck a small spring with a soft, muddy margin. Here Pete came to a sudden halt. I asked him why he did not go on. Pete pointed to a ledge of rock that runs up the mountain side diagonally with a flat, natural road-bed on top, graded like a stage road, but unlike a traveled road, ending in a bunch of underwood and brush about a hundred yards ahead.

Above the ledge of the rocks is a steep declivity of loose shale sprinkled over with large and small boulders of radically different formation, and in no manner resembling the frayable, uncertain bed upon which they rest.

These boulders are undoubtedly the result of the grinding and polishing action of an ancient, slow-moving glacier, but some other force has deposited them in their present position.

It seemed to me that a drenching rain or a sudden thaw of snow would be a sufficient cause to send them all rolling into the valley. That some had already found a resting place below is apparent by the evident relationship between the boulders in the valley and the ones insecurely planted above; but we were in search of game, and not out to study geology and I saw no reason why we should stop, and said so.

"He's in tha'," whispered Pete.

"Who, the Wild Mountain Man?" I asked.

"No," answered my guide, "the grizzly."

"The what!" I almost shouted.

"The grizzly," answered Pete; "what did you think we've been following?"

"Black-tailed deer," I said softly, with my eyes glued on the thicket.

"Well, tenderfoot, here's the trail of that tha deer, and he haint been gone by here more nor a week ago, nuther."

I looked, and there in the soft mud was the print of a foot—a human-looking foot, but for the evenness in the length of the toes and the sharpness and length of the toe-nails. Yes, there was another difference, and that was the size. It was the footprint of a giant, but not a human giant; it was the footprint of a savage Hercules who could box with the skill of a Corbett, and the strength of three Sullivans, a hairy monster that could kill and carry off a cow! It was the track of an enormous grizzly bear, and the soft mud that dripped from the big foot was still undried on the leaves and the grass when Pete pointed it out to me, then pointed to the bright sun overhead to indicate that the direct solar rays would not take long to dry up a little spot of mud on a leaf.

I measured the track with my graduated hunting knife and found it to be 10 x 5¾ inches.

"But—why, bless you, old man," I cried excitedly as I looked at my gun, "I'm armed only with a fowling-piece!"

"Tha' all right," replied the big trapper complacently; then, with a quick motion, he whipped out his keen-edged bowie knife, and, snatching one of my cartridges, he severed the shell neatly between the two wads which separated the powder and the shot; this left one wad over the powder and the other over the shot; that is, a wad in each piece at the ends exposed by the cut.

Guided by the faint longitudinal seam where the edges of the colored paper covering join on the shell, Big Pete carefully fitted the two pieces of cartridge together exactly as they were before being cut apart.

Breaking my gun, he slipped the mutilated ammunition into the unchoked barrel.

"Thar," he grunted, "tha' better than a bullet at short range, an' 'll tar a hole in ole Ephraim big enough to put your arm through."

He cut two more in the same manner, saying, "Be darned careful not ter get excited and put 'em in your choke barrel, or there'll be trouble."

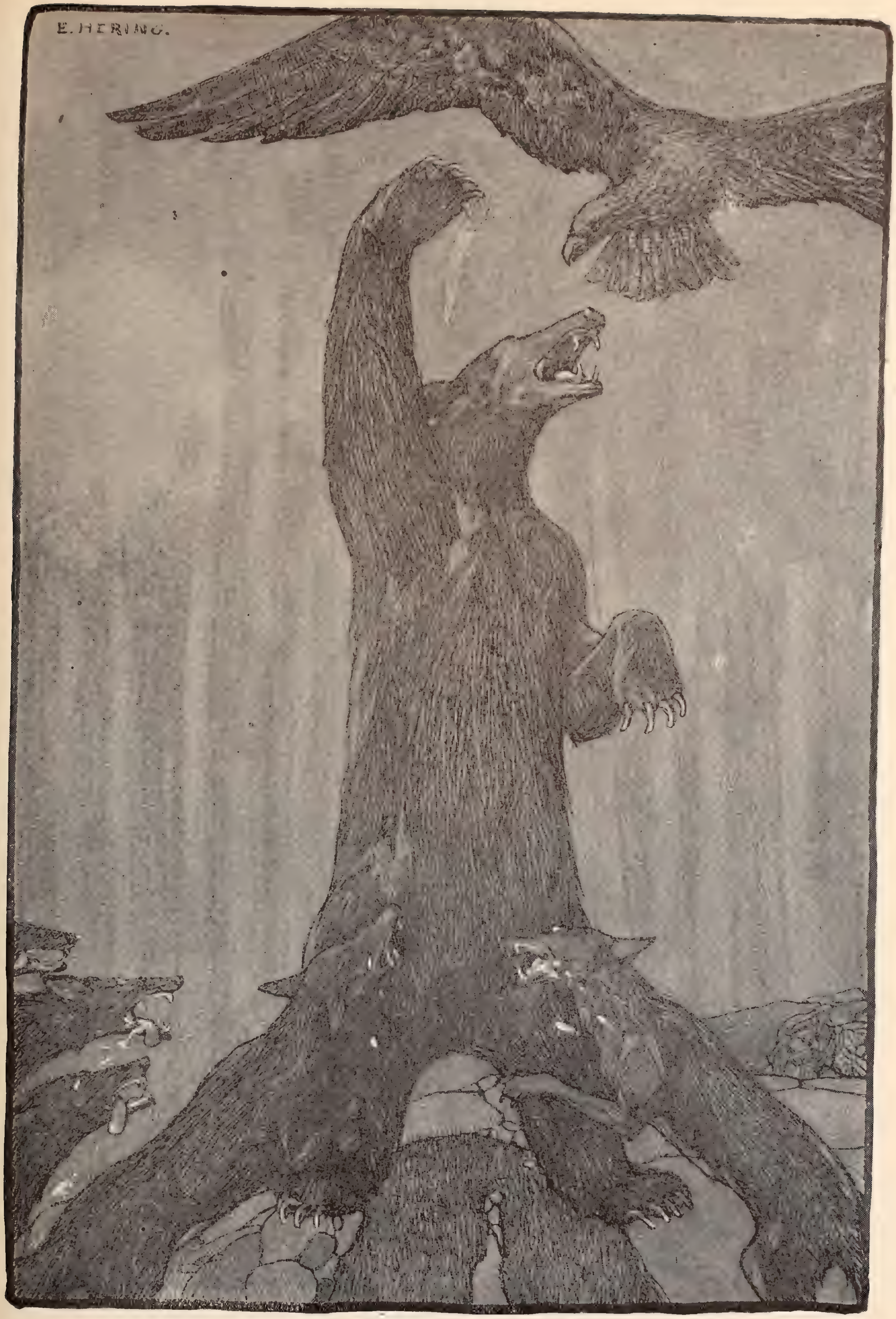
Hunting a grizzly with a shotgun and bird shot was not my idea of sport, but I was too much of a moral coward to acknowledge to Pete that I was frightened.

"Well, Darlinkel, you remember your promise," I said with my best effort at coolness, while my heart was thumping against my ribs at a terrific rate; "I am to have the first shot, if we meet a grizzly."

Pete nodded his head, examined his gun, ran his finger over the cartridges in his belt, and went through all the familiar motions which with him were unconscious but always foretold danger ahead.

"You drap on your prayer hinges behind that tha' nigger head," said Pete, "and you will have a dead shot at the brute, an' I'll go up and roll a stone down the mountain side and foller it as fast as I kin, so as to be ready ter help you if you need it; but you oughter drap him first shot at such short range. You must drap him, now mind; yer must or I allow there'll be a right smart of a scrap here, and don't yer forget it!

"This is no Christmas turkey shooting, young feller, so look sharp," and with a noiseless tread Pete vanished among the trees, while I, with beating heart and bulging eyes, watched the thicket at the end of the ledge. I had not long to wait before I heard a blood-curdling yell and then crash! crash! crash! came a big boulder, tearing down the mountain side. It reached a point just over the thicket, struck a small pine tree, broke the tree, and leaped high into the air, then crashed into the middle of the brush. Following with giant leaps came Big Pete Darlinkel down the rocky declivity, but I only looked that way for one instant, then my eyes were again fixed on the thicket and in my excitement I arose to a standing position. There was but a momentary silence after the fall of the boulder before I heard the rustling of sticks and leaves, saw the tops of the bushes sway as some heavy body moved beneath, then there appeared a head, and what a head it was! bigger than all outdoors! I aimed my gun, but my body swayed and the end of my shot gun described a large circle in the air. I knew that my position was serious, and my nerves played me false. I had never before faced a grizzly. I heard Big Pete's voice calling to me to drop behind the rock, but I only stood there with a dogged stupidity, trying to aim my piece at a mark as big almost as a barn-door. I heard Pete give a sudden cry, then there was a rattle of stones and dirt on the ledge in front of the mountain of brownish hair that was advancing in sort of side leaps or bounds like a big ball. To those of my readers who are accustomed to hear of the shambling gait and clumsy form of these animals, and whose only experience with live bears consists in viewing the mangy specimens confined in cages, the surprising nimbleness of the wild grizzly in his native haunts can but be a source of astonishment and alarm. The bear came to a stop, and, to my horror, I saw the form of my friend shoot over the edge of the overhanging rock right in the path of the grizzly. It

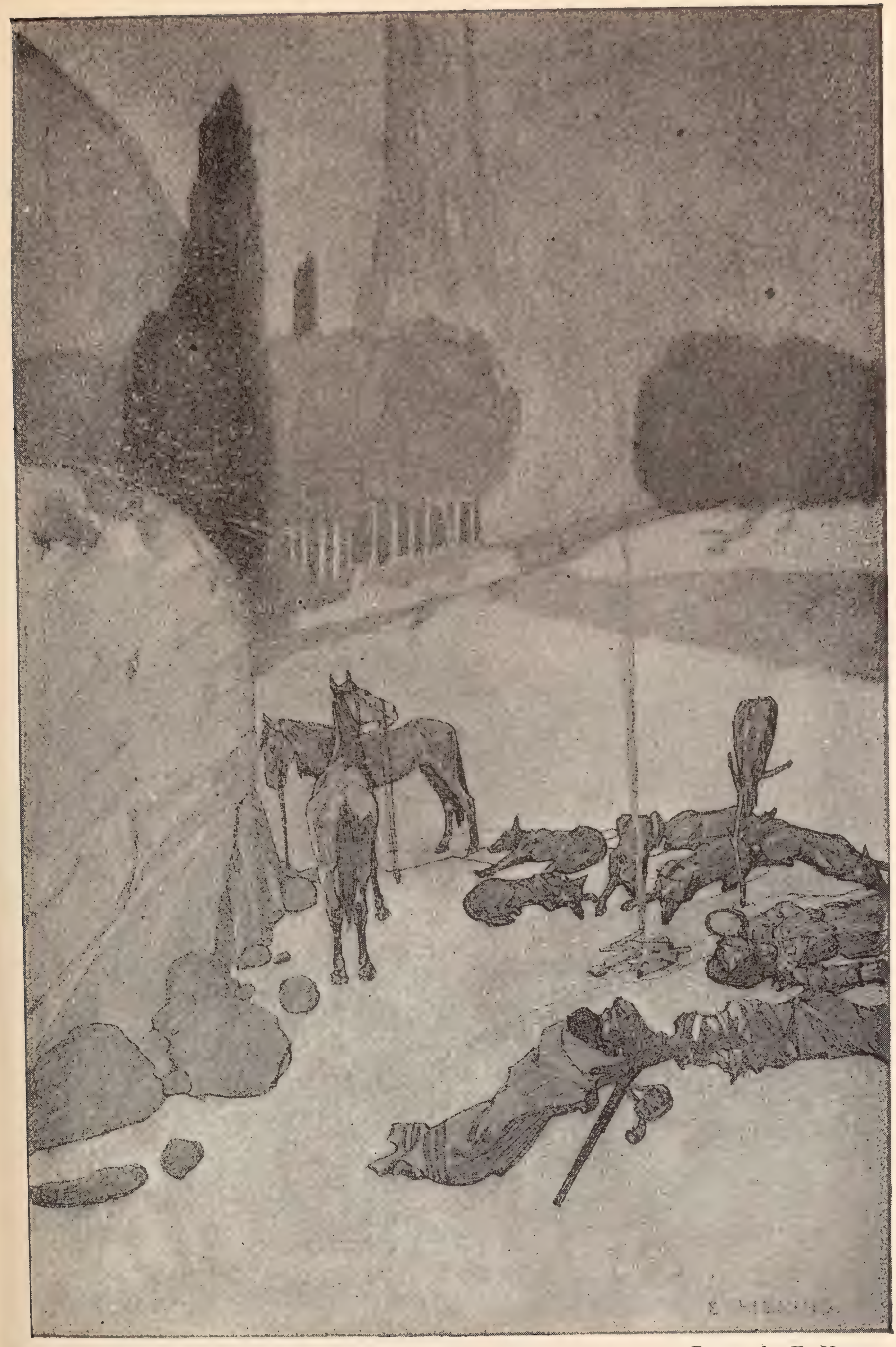


. . . *an immense eagle struck the bear* *Drawn by* E. HERING all flashed through my mind in a moment. Pete had, in his haste to reach me, lost control of himself and slid with the rolling stones and dirt over the mountain side, a fall of at least fifteen feet! Instantly my nerve returned and I rushed madly up the incline to rescue my companion. I bounded between some stout saplings; they parted as my body struck them, but sprung together again before my leg had cleared the V-shaped opening. My foot was imprisoned, and I fell with a heavy thud on my face. For an instant I was dazed, but even in my dazed state I was fully conscious of Pete's impending peril, and I kicked and struggled blindly to free myself. My gun had been flung from my hand in my fall and was out of my reach; blood ran from my nose and forehead, almost blinding me; strange noises filled my ears; I heard the howl the wolf gives when game is in sight, and, even half blind as I was, I saw dark, dog-like forms sweep by me; I heard the scream of an eagle; I heard a snarling and yelping, the sounds of a struggle—I ceased to kick, wiped the blood from my eyes, and looked ahead. There lay Big Pete Darlinkel, dead or unconscious, and within ten feet of him stood the giant bear surrounded by a vicious pack of gaunt, red-mouthed wolves. The bear made a rush and a shadow passed over the ground, I heard the sound of a large body rushing swiftly through the air, then an immense eagle struck the bear like a thunder-bolt; at the same instant the wolves attacked him from all sides, then there was a whistle, keen and clear; the wolves retreated; the bird again soared aloft; the bear made several passes in the air in search of the bird, fell forward again on all-fours, then rose on its hind legs and killed a wolf with one sweep of its great paw; in another instant it was down on all-fours once more. The bear now made a dash at the leader of its persecutors, only to fall forward, dead, with its ugly nose across Big Pete Darlinkel's chest. Then I remembered hearing the crack of a rifle, and knew that the Wild Mountain Man had saved our lives, if indeed the fall had not killed my comrade. My foot was caught in such a manner that it was held some distance from the ground, and it was impossible for me to release myself, and so I rested patiently on my two hands until help should come, and listened for the approaching step; but there was no sound to break the awful silence of the wilderness; however, the saplings parted and my foot slipped out. I tried to rise, but found my ankle so badly sprained that I could not stand on it. Then a low voice with quaint accent said, "Sit down, stranger, while I look to your mate," and I saw the tall, lithe figure of a man clothed in buckskin bending over Big Pete.

"Only stunned, friend," said the stranger, and I heard no more. The blow on my head, combined with the pain from my ankle, was too much for me, and now that the danger was over it was a good time to faint, and I took advantage of it.

How long I remained unconscious I do not know, but when my eyes opened again it was night; through the interlacing boughs overhead the stars were shining brightly, my head was neatly bandaged, and so was my foot and ankle. I could hear our horses cropping grass near by. I raised my head and there lay Pete: he was alive, I knew, by the snores that issued from his nose, and we were in our own camp; but what are those animals by the campfire? Wolves! gaunt, shaggy wolves! I hastily arose to a sitting posture, but my alarm subsided when in the dim light from the fire I could trace the outlines of another figure, and on a stick close to the figure's head roosted a giant bird. The hobgoblin, the ghost, the youthful lad of one hundred and twenty-four summers, whose timely appearance had saved us from the grizzly, was now camping with us.

(*To be continued.*)



. . . *we were in our own camp* *Drawn by* E. HERING

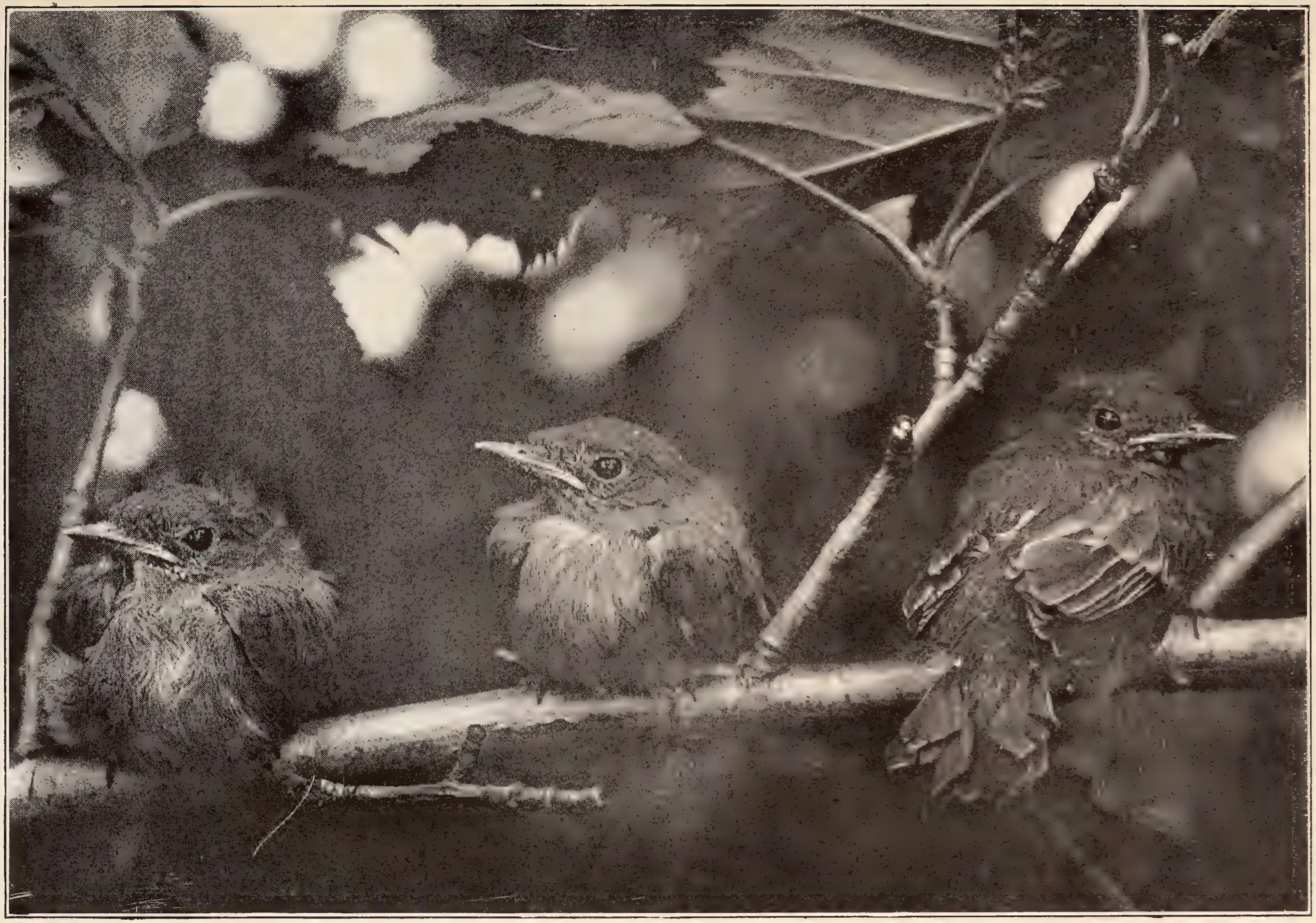
RETALIATION

By IRENE POMEROY SHIELDS

Oh! the eagle's shriek rang out
  O'er the crag to his brooding mate,
And the loon's weird laugh of scorn
  Woke the echoes around the lake
And the timid deer raised her head to hear,
  From her covert in the brake.
        For a cruel, deadly foe
          Of the hated tribe of Men,
        Was on the trail with fire and steel,
          And a lust for blood of them.

So the black bear shambled by,
  To his lair in the forest dim,
While the wildcat flatly crouched
  On a sheltering hemlock limb,
But the rabbit shook as he slyly took
  One startled glance at him.
        Then the crafty fox lay low
          Where her kits were turned to stone,
        And the lessening specks in the distant sky
          Betrayed where the birds had flown.

But the squirrel chattered loud,
  And laughed in such wanton glee,
That the bravest of the crowd
  Stole slyly back to see—
The trapper trapped. Ah, his futile wrath!
  And his shrieks of agony.
        But the eagle screams that his hour is come,
          While the wolf's eyes glare and shine,
        And a raven sits on a birchen limb
          And calmly bides his time.

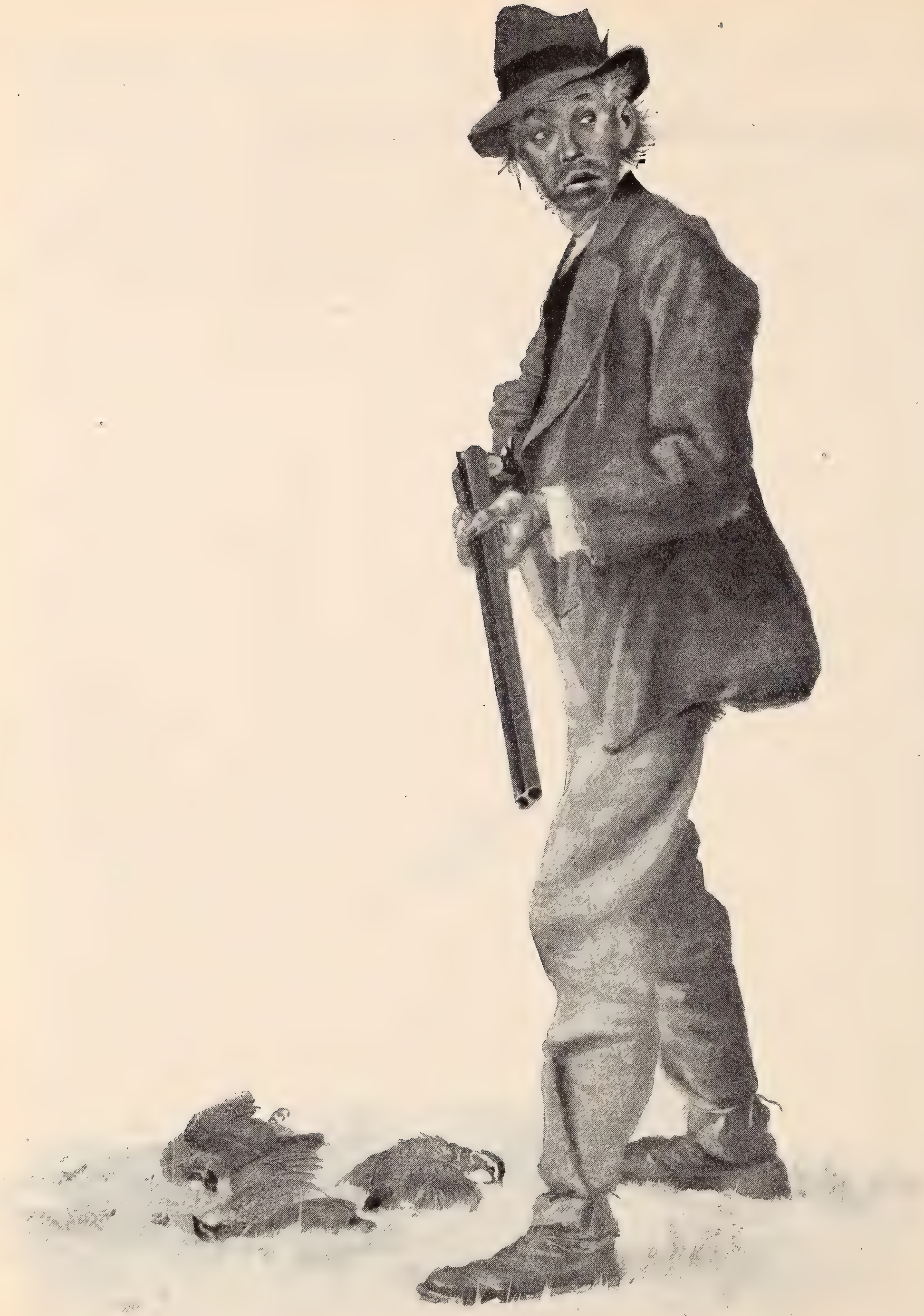


PEEWEES

Photo by J. A. FABER

THE BROOK
Photo by J. STURHRK

Supper's safe *Photo by* John Boyd



THE POT HUNTER *Drawn by* Roy Martell Mason

THE ROAD TO THE SEA

By GRACE BARTON ALLEN

A mile of level lane runs down
To southward of the ancient town.
  The track, so few there are who pass,
Is marked by triple lines of brown
  Cut deep into the wiry grass,
And thistles fortify the hedge
Of goldenrod along the edge.

First comes the desert pasture land,
And then, afar on either hand,
  The bright-hued water meadows lie
Stained with a vivid green where stand
  Still pools whose light outshines the sky;
And farther yet, along the west,
A landlocked bay's blue inlets rest.

And then the sheltering dunes are near;
And that faint murmur which the ear
  —So gradually the sound increased—
At first had scarcely seemed to hear,
  And had not missed it had it ceased,
Swells forth into the breakers' roar,
Down-beating on the hidden shore.

Then clean-drawn rut and grassy band
Fray out, and ravel into sand;
  And through a cleft between the drifts
Whose crumbling walls protect the land,
  The almost vanished roadway lifts
A little way its final reach,
And ends upon the pathless beach.

Ah, once again to wander down
The seaward track beyond the town!
  To pass the barren pastures by,
To see the marshes, gold and brown,
  Stretched out beneath the stretch of sky,
With red of grasses gone to seed,
And clouds of crimson-flowering weed!

Ah, once again to stand before
The sandy walls which hide the shore!
  To find the rift between the dunes
And hear the ocean's voice once more—
  That voice which to itself attunes
The discords of my weary soul
And makes wild music of the whole!

MR. MARTLEY'S CAMP

LILLOOET, B. C.

LOOSE FANG, THE GRIZZLY

By ARTHUR H. MARTLEY

Midst flashing snows,
His dark form rose—
The golden sunshine on him glowed;
His silver mantle round him flowed,
As king-like down the slope he strode;
And as he comes he scatters pearls—
The glittering ice around him swirls;
His blazing eyes behold me now;
He proudly rears his mighty brow,
And, kingly is his greeting bow.
I hear his quick and deep-drawn breath,
And in his countenance there saith,
Look on me, my name is Death—
My rifle sight, a star of light,
A moment on his dark breast dwells,
As down he swings.
Then Killcow sings—
Her death song on the mountain swells—
My Winchester—before her sight—
Loose Fang—lies withered in his might;
And his proud form no more shall loom
Within the purple forest's gloom.

NOT having a hunting party last spring, Henry Schwartz and myself, guides, both, in the big game country of Lillooet, B. C., decided on taking a trip on our own account to look up some new ground and incidentally to do a little shooting and prospecting. We accordingly started the middle of May from the town of Lillooet, situated on the Fraser River some 45 miles above Lytton. I may perhaps be permitted to digress a little to remark that this place is becoming a favorite resort for tourists and sportsmen from various parts of the world, the magnificent scenery, salubrious climate, variety of big and small game and excellent fishing, all conducing to the desire to return to those who have already come here. To resume—taking a good saddle horse each and two pack horses, with about six weeks' provisions, rifles, tent, canvas boat, prospecting outfit, etc., we proceeded at a leisurely rate for some three or four days along good trails, well known to us, on our way towards the glaciers and wild canyons of the upper waters of the south fork of Bridge River. The blue grouse hooting on the hillsides, the drumming of the ruffed grouse, the quack of the mallard and the honk of the grey goose, served to enliven the march. Now and then a deer would cross the path, and at frequent intervals bunches of the white goat could be seen glistening on the opposite slopes. At the confluence of the South Fork with the main river we left part of our grub with some mining friends. This stream is rich in gold, nuggets of $100 value being sometimes found.

The water being low, we forded without difficulty, and, following a very bad trail, arrived towards evening on the green slopes of the snowslides. There is a certain mysterious charm that hangs like a haze over new country, especially when it suddenly opens before you in loveliness and splendor, when one has been struggling all day through hopeless looking timber and scrub, and so, as we emerged on a beautiful green hillside, I beheld with a thrill of pleasure the valley of the upper South Fork, with its great peaks and gorges, its emerald slides and dark forests stretching before us into the golden haze of the setting sun.

We pitched our camp in short order on a small level beach in a grove of pines by a trickling spring on the edge of the slide, and turning our hungry horses loose on the rich pasture, we lost no time in getting the supper going, as we had had nothing to eat since early morning. Now Henry prides himself on being, if not the best, at least one of the fastest cooks in creation. So it was not long before we were enjoying a substantial meal, our jaws trying to keep time to the accompaniment of an orchestra of blue grouse. Their name is legion on these hillsides. The cocks are grand birds, and seem to run to a larger size here than in other places. They strut about like tame turkeys, and the eternal hooting, which they keep up night and day, becomes monotonous. After supper we went for a short stroll. We prowled around till dark, and I believe both felt a little disappointed, at not seeing any fresh tracks. However, as a matter of fact there were at least two or three grizzlies not far off, as will appear later on. We smoked and talked bear till pretty late but it was early coffee next morning.

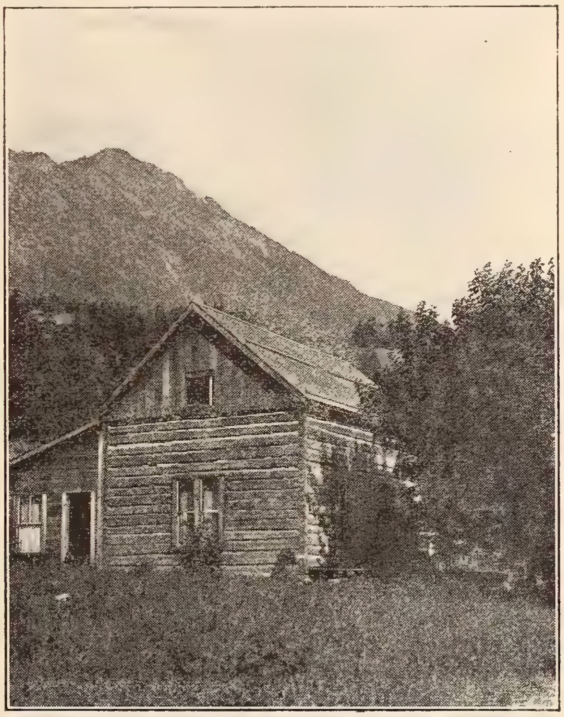
WHERE BRUIN LIVES

During the day we discovered that a party had visited this part of the ground a short time before. So we decided on moving farther up. We saw some large bear tracks deep in the ground and wide apart, but not fresh, before moving camp. Henry found a bear on the opposite side of the river, with the glass; it was there next day when we were moving, and we now found that it had a small cub, which spoiled it, but as it seemed to be a grizzly we arranged to cross at our next camp and come down the other side. So we went up six or nine miles and camped; and taking a light blanket each and something to eat, we left the dogs and horses, crossed the river and, after a long tramp through timber and brush, came, towards evening, to where we had seen the bear.

OFF HUNTIN'

We found she had worked up to the head of the slide, where there were some bluffs, and then crossed into the timber and had no doubt left for another slide. So we gave it up, as it was getting dark. Kitty had followed us from the camp, so we tied her up under a big fir tree at the foot of the slide and left our blankets and food there. And it was quite dark when we got back, and there was no water! Henry, who is a stoic, proposed that we should do without it, but I seemed to want tea worse than anything in the world just then, and swore by the great horn spoon I was going to get it. So taking our small "billy," that was coverless and would hold less than half a gallon, I started down the mountain. It was next to a precipice for steepness and piled up with fallen timber and thick underbrush.

I soon realized that all the water I was likely to carry up in that "billy" wouldn't do us much good, but I kept on down, down, and at last reached the bottom. It was absolutely dark, no star or glimmer of light. To my joy, I came upon a patch of snow. I piled my billy up, turned my cap inside out, and more than filled that; finally arriving in camp in triumph. We had tea.



MARTLEY HALL

Next afternoon on our return to our upper camp, we left our dogs a supply of meat, and taking enough food for four or five days started on a trip up the river on foot.

One evening as I was spying the opposite slopes with my glass, I perceived a large grizzly going up the edge of a snow field. We watched him in the fading light till he disappeared in the brush.

One morning we sat at the foot of a great slide, as its long reaches of dark emerald and its ridges of rose tinted snow were lit by the glow of the rising sun. Henry, who was a short distance off, signalled me. I looked up, and there was a magnificent grizzly, stepping with a free and easy stride across the snow far above us. We went up on the run, hoping to intercept him before he got across into the timber, but we soon saw he was going to beat us. So we fired at long range; he jumped at the first shot as if hit, and kept going, but when we went up we could find no blood on his tracks, though he crossed some snow. So we concluded, perhaps too hastily, that we had missed him.

When we got back to camp, after a hard but very interesting trip of four or five days, we found "Sport" and Kitty, and the camp all right. Our horses had departed, but we knew they would not go further than the first camp.

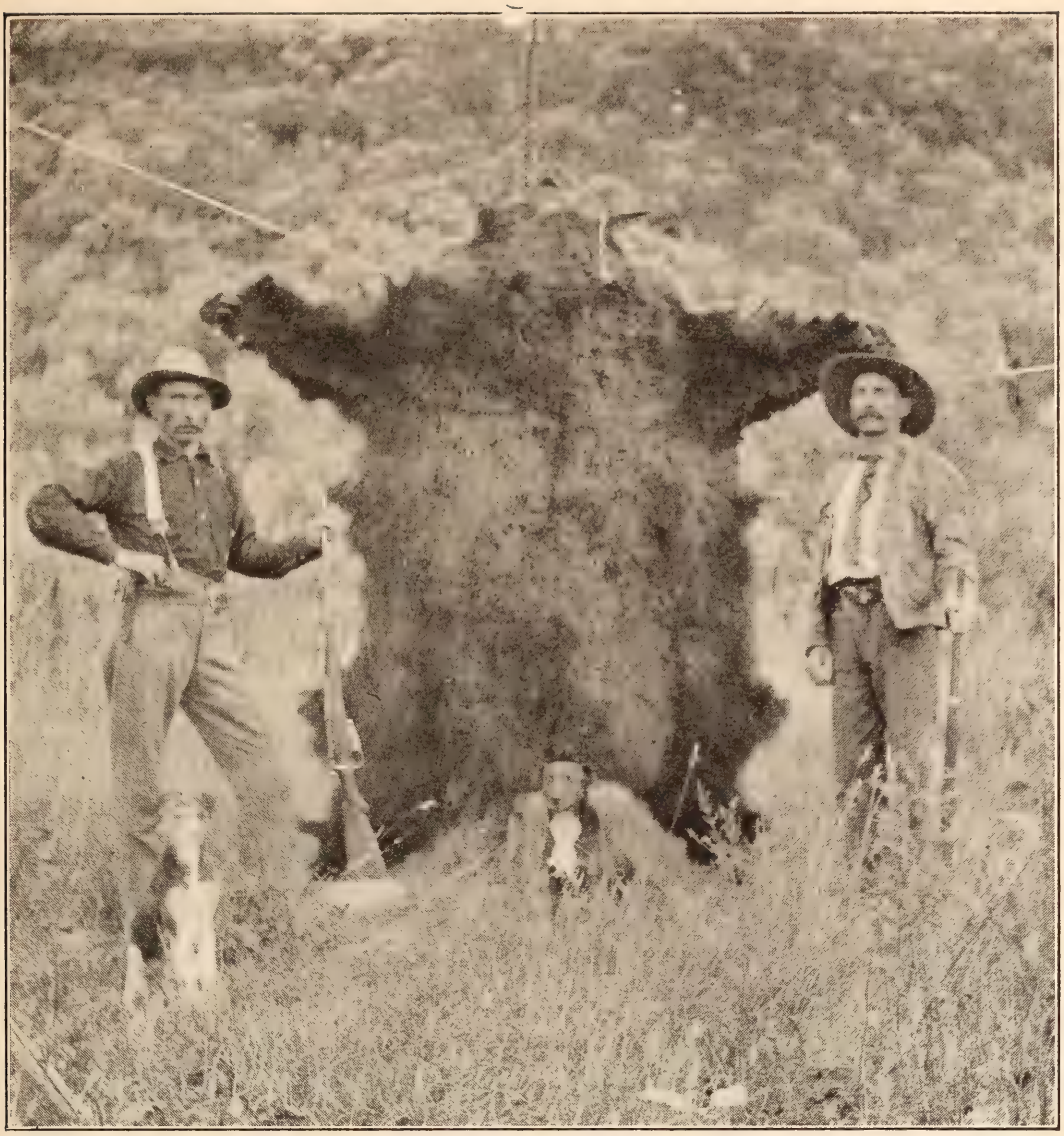
The next morning we went down, separately, hunting on the way. Henry found large grizzly tracks, fresh, and I jumped a small bear, in the brush. We got our horses all right and returned to camp with them. Next morning we moved to below where Henry had seen the tracks and near No. 1 camp.

Nothing visible in the horizon escapes Henry's eyes, and we were just finishing lunch when he said quickly: "See the horse; a bear as big as a horse. See! See! Crossing that little opening." But I failed to catch the right spot before he disappeared in the bushes. We got out the glass and tried to locate him, but could not make him out. He was about a mile and a half off, and far up. It was very warm, so we took it easy, and got to where he was in an hour or so. We could see nothing of him. We felt sure he was lying somewhere near, so, at last, we concluded to separate and hunt him up.

We were now just below the edge of the snow, and a little above the place where Henry had seen the bear. There was a light breeze blowing up the slide. Henry now went across through the bushes and I above, in the open, round the edge of the snow. Soon after we parted I came upon huge tracks going up on the snow. I did not follow them, but kept on across them, parallel with Henry. I heard a swishing sound and, looking up, saw a monster grizzly coming down the snow with swift strides, evidently in a hurry, and almost in a line between me and the sun, and the snow was flashing round him in a sparkling haze. There was not the slightest sign of hesitation. When he viewed me at a distance of about twenty yards he raised his great head and fixed his eyes on me. Swerving slightly from his course, so as to come straight at me, his forefeet appeared to paw the air.

I aimed at his broad breast and fired, and with a deep, low growl he plunged headlong down the slope, tearing up the snow and earth. He brought up against some small firs, a few yards below, and tried to crawl up to me, when I finished him with a shot behind the ear, though, as he started struggling down through the bush I gave him a couple more. *There was no blood from any of the four bullet wounds.*

As he breathed his last, Henry came up, and we had a shake hands, and went back on the bear's track, to see where he had been lying. Upon the snow about 150 yards off we found two beds, and the fresh tracks of his mate going off in the other direction. If we had known there were two we would probably have got both. It was 18 yards from where I fired to where the bear fell. The first shot was fatal, smashing the left shoulder and cutting the arteries of the heart.



LOOSE FANG'S ROBE

We guessed his weight to be between 700 and 800 pounds, but there was no superfluous flesh on him, and he could easily put on 200 pounds of fat. The skin when taken off measured about 9 feet by 6 feet. Henry presented a fine appearance packing it down the mountain across his shoulders, with both ends trailing on the grass. It weighed about 100 pounds.

This grizzly was a fierce old fighter. One of his lower tusks was broken off and hanging to the gum, and must have been so for years, as it was worn quite smooth. One of his front claws was missing and a large bullet was embedded in the skin on his back.

A few days later we crossed the south fork, which was in flood. We had to swim the horses and use our canvas boat, which worked capitally. Henry constructed an excellent frame for it in a short time. We had a little excitement in the shape of a stampede, and a couple of the horses ran over me, but there was not much harm done, and we soon repaired damages.

A day's travel over a very rough trail, where we had to do a lot of cutting out, brought us to Cadwallader Creek. We found it so high that we did not fancy trying to cross with the horses. I had just cut down a tree for a foot-log when a tall stranger in a buckskin shirt, and carrying a rifle, appeared on the other side, and started to come over to us, but he had only taken a few steps on the tree—which was very shaky with the water splashing over it—when he slipped and lost his balance, and went in to about his waist in the foaming torrent, on the upper side of the tree. The current was so strong that he could not extricate himself, and in a few moments went under, losing his rifle and hat, but, fortunately, managed to hold on to the limbs and pull himself out on the lower side, or he would most likely have been drowned. He injured his knee badly in the water and could not move, so we crossed part of our camp and stayed with him till his own outfit came over next day. We found he was a Mr. C., from the States, on a shooting trip. We were much pleased to meet him, but regretted the circumstances. He had shot two bears, but was disappointed at not getting a grizzly. He eventually reached Lillooet safely.

One day we came upon a small brown cub—whose mother had probably been shot—sound asleep, in the trail. If there's anything meaner to carry in the arms through brush and fallen timber than a young bear, I don't want to know it. I packed this one for four or five days, over rough country, and got very fond of it, in spite of its biting and scratching. Once I tried packing it in a sack on my back, but it managed to work up and fix its teeth in the back of my head, where it left a scar that lasted a couple of weeks. But she was a beauty, and got nicer and more full of fun as she got stronger. She would hold her cup of porridge or rice in her little paws. Poor Mamie! One night just as we were going to bed she got loose and came and sat on a stump near the fire. I went up to her too quickly in the dim firelight and frightened her, and she sprang into the dark brush and was never seen more. She was only a little wild bear, but we mourned her loss deeply, as she would have a hard time to pull through.

We now by a strategic movement got our horses safely across Cadwallader and were on familiar ground again, and at the Bend'or Mines met old friends who gave us a hearty welcome. How delightful is good company and good fare, after roughing it in the wilds for weeks! Our kind and charming hostess, who is as expert with the rifle as she is at making pies and cooking barellos, had a few days previously shot a fine brown bear. I think the .30 30 Winchester the most reliable and efficient gun I have seen so far, for all-round work in the mountains. With very ordinary care a Winchester seldom gets out of order, or has a hitch occur in the working. If any one wants a grizzly we might know nearly where to look for him, but cannot guarantee him to charge like Loose Fang.

INDIAN SUMMER

By JEANNETTE I. HELM.

Now from wood and mountain side have curled
The Fires of Autumn, and in wreaths are whirled,
For great Michabo sits 'mid falling leaves
And drowsing lights the Peace Pipe of the World:

And as he sits and smokes a dreamy haze
Spreads through the land, and lingering Summer stays
With laggard footsteps, yet awhile to dream
Amid the light of Autumn trees ablaze.

THE WAY OF THE SKUNK

By C. WILLIAM BEEBE

THE skunk is without doubt the tamest of all our wild animals, and is also the most abundant of the carnivores, or flesh-eaters, near our homes. This is a great achievement, to have thus held its own in the face of ever-advancing and destroying civilization. But the same characteristics which enable it to hold its ground also emancipate it from its wild kindred, and give it a unique position among all animals. Its first cousins, the minks and weasels, all secrete pungent odors, which are unpleasant enough at close range; but in the skunk the great development of these glands has caused a radical change in its habits of life and even in its physical make-up.

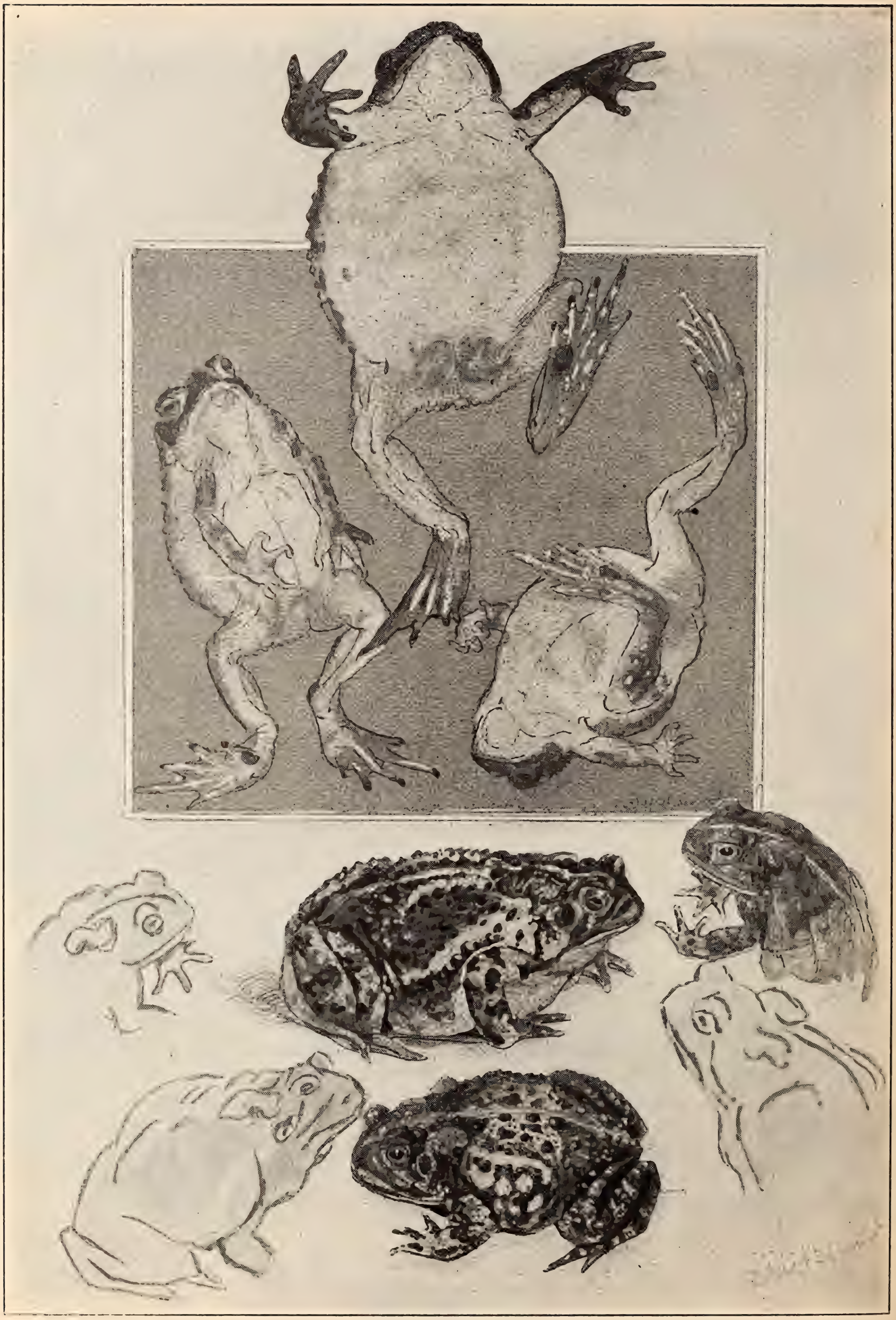
Watch a mink creeping on its sinuous way, every action and glance full of fierce wildness, each step telling of insatiable seeking after living, active prey. Show yourself, and, with a demoniacal grin of hatred, the mink shrinks into covert. The boldest rat flees in frantic terror at the hint of this animal's presence.

Now follow a skunk in its wanderings as it comes out of its hole in early evening, slowly stretching and yawning, and with hesitating, rolling gait ambles along, now and then sniffing in the grass and seizing some sluggish grasshopper or cricket. Fearlessness and confidence are what its gait and manner spell. The world is its debtor, and all creatures it meets are unmolested only on evidence of good behavior. Far from need of concealment, its furry coat is striped with broad bands of white, signalling in the dusk or in the moonlight, "I am skunk! Give me room to pass and go in peace! Trouble me, and beware!"

Degenerate in muscles and in vitality, the skunk must forego all strenuous hunts and trust to craft and to sudden springs, or else content itself with the humble fare of insects, helpless young birds and poor, easily confused mice. The flesh of the skunk is sweet and toothsome, but few creatures there are who dare attempt to add it to their bill of fare; a great horned owl or a puma in the extremity of starvation—probably no others.

Far from wilfully provoking an attack, the skunk is usually content to go peacefully on its way, and when one of these creatures becomes accustomed to the sight of an observer, no more interesting and indeed safer object of study can be found.

Depart from the conventional mode of greeting a skunk—hurling a stone in its direction and fleeing—and if the opportunity presents itself place bits of meat in its way, evening after evening, and you will soon learn that there is no viciousness in the heart of the skunk. The evening that the gentle animal appears, leading in her train a file of cute infant skunks, you will feel well repaid for the trouble you have taken. Baby skunks, like their elders, soon learn to know their friends, and are far from being at hair-trigger poise, as is generally supposed.



THE RED TOAD *Drawn by* DAN BEARD

MY FRIEND THE TOAD

By DAN BEARD

It has been my custom ever since my boyhood days to make careful water-color drawings of the different creatures I meet in the woods, and the accompanying illustration is a leaf from my sketch book and represents a Pike County toad.

It is a red toad, and Pliny says that a bone from the right side of a red toad administered to a person will make them hate you; but a bone taken from the left side will instill into the person to whom it is administered most ardent love. However, the reader need not worry. I am not going to administer either of these bones to him, for I would not sacrifice the life of the toad to gain the reader's enmity and I will trust to luck to gain his affections.

This particular toad lives under the door-sill of the gallery to my log house. He is there yet, and has been there for a number of years. In the evening he comes out and hops around the kitchen door and catches the insects that are attracted by the crumbs swept from the kitchen door. He is a temperate toad, of good habits and well behaved, but I am sorry to say that, when these sketches were made he was in a state of beastly intoxication. However, this was not altogether the fault of the toad. You will observe several unfinished pencil drawings. These are unfinished because the toad hopped away before they could be colored up and the details put in. This happened a number of times, and as I was very anxious to get a careful drawing of the warty little rascal and at the same time did not want to kill him to keep him quiet, at the suggestion of one of the woodsmen I administered to him a spoonful of milk flavored with very ardent spirits. It was a cruel thing to do, but not so cruel as maiming or killing the creature, because he did get sober. The effect of the liquor can be seen from the attitudes in this leaf of the sketch book; but, after rolling around in the most comical way he settled down and gave me all the time necessary to make a careful water-color portrait. Then he gradually sobered up and hopped away, a sadder and a wiser toad.

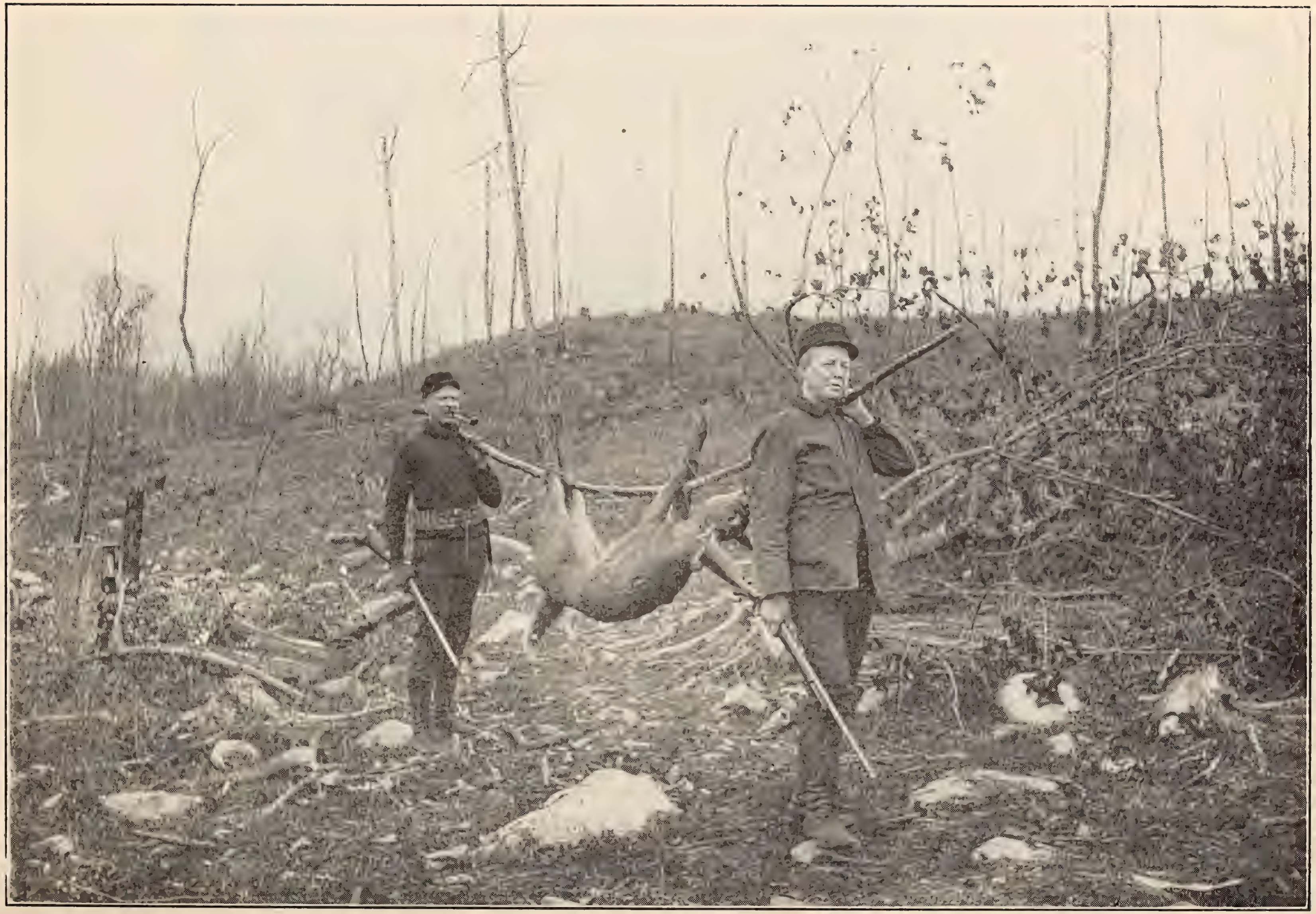
Since that time he has refrained, so far as I know, from indulging in intoxicants.

This last summer, Mr. Fred Vreeland, the electrician, botanist, naturalist and sportsman, photographed a toad while singing. The toad was sitting on a stone on the edge of Big Tink Pond and while he focused the camera I mimicked the note of the toad. Instantly the pond minstrel drew in two or three breaths, then his throat swelled up into a ball much larger than his head, and he gave forth that half burr and half whistle note with which we are all familiar; but it is not always necessary to imitate the toad to make him sing, for the one under my kitchen would come hopping out in the evening and sit on the door-sill and every time my little baby daughter gurgled with infantile glee the toad would answer with a burr-r-r, greatly to the entertainment of my guests and the delight of the baby.

I have always understood that toads were great gluttons, and so I took a can of great, fat, Long Island angle worms, and, one at a time, threw them in front of this toad, that he might prove the capacity of his race for this sort of food; but after he had eaten a dozen or so he blinked his eyes two or three times, turned his back on a nice, squirming worm as big as a Lamprey eel, and hopped away in a dignified manner to his retreat under the sill.

I have been very much interested in noticing how much attached a toad becomes to a certain locality. This Pike County toad has lived under the door-sill for a number of years, although it must go to a considerable distance to the lake every breeding season, while another toad in my back-yard in Flushing lived several years in a discarded flower pot, to enter which he had to make a perpendicular hop of about six inches and then creep into a hole which was made in the earth in the flower pot.

I would like to hear of any of the readers of Recreation who ever kept a record of any kind regarding the age or approximate age of toads or frogs. I kept a frog about three years at one time, and he died from an accident. As far as I know, everything tends to the supposition that these creatures live indefinitely until some accident kills them.

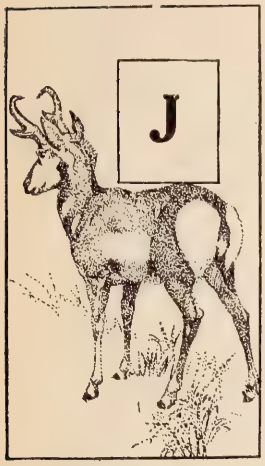


. . . the pole was pushed between the legs

Photo by John Boyd

A HUNTER'S METHOD OF TOTING DEER

By JOHN BOYD



JIM and I sat eating our midday snack one fine November day away up in Northern Algoma, and between the mouthfuls of the bread and pork were discussing in general some of the incidents of the hunt, but particularly those connected with the two fine deer we had shot that morning. "I'm mighty sorry we shot them. Just think what it's going to be like to get them out," murmured Jim, who though not a lazy fellow, had not yet got hardened to the life of a deer hunter.

"It won't be so hard," was my answer, "if we go the right way about it."

"It won't, eh; well just leave me at home next time if you want me to hike a couple of deer three miles to camp. I was nearly petered out getting one out of the swamp, and that was only a hundred yards or so. I guess I know how much is good for my health."

"Never mind, Jim, we'll only take one in to-night, and I guess we'll get there all right, and be able for the other to-morrow," was my soothing reply; for while my companion was a larger and a stronger man than I, he had never accustomed himself to any trials of endurance, and was therefore "soft" and easily winded.

He also had the unfortunate knack of not falling in with the ways of the woods, and like a good many others preferred to have some one else assume his burdens, but which are really part of the pleasures of the chase.

It was on points such as these that my friend and I always differed, and I have chosen this day's conversation as preliminary to taking up some of the so-called hardships, with a view of explaining how they may be made easy.

I think it belittles a man in the eyes of his fellows to ask his comrade, or even his guide to carry his rifle, his bag of cartridges or any other article, which in all fairness falls to himself, giving as his reason that he is tired. Of course, I am assuming that he is sound and healthy and is able physically to do as much work as the one to whom he seeks to give a double load. A sick man is always to be pitied and helped, and so is the novice before he gets hardened to the strenuous life of the still hunter.

Jim and I had many arguments over the ethics of the woods, he holding that a guide should always be engaged to carry in the game, or do any other hard work required, while I argued that it was better for the office man who came to the woods for a change to do as much of these duties as he could undertake, and that the more he did the better man he would be when he returned home.

Thus each knew beforehand how the other felt over taking the deer to camp, and now that I had Jim where he could hardly refuse to do his share, I made up my mind that he would be shown that to carry a 160-pound deer for even three miles through an untracked bush was not so much of an undertaking as he had pictured it.

We therefore refreshed ourselves with a hearty drink at the creek, and proceeded to where the deer had been dragged from the swamp. Imagine my surprise when I saw that he had run a "game stick" through its hind legs, tied a piece of rope to the center of it, and fastened the other end to a three-foot pole, and with it across his breast and the rope over his shoulders had dragged it over fallen trees, rocks, etc., to where it now lay. The hair was nearly all off

. . . so that the head and neck would not dangle

Photo by John Boyd

its back and sides, and when I asked why he did not pull it head first with the lay of the hair, he simply looked ashamed, and said, "That's so. I didn't think about it."

I then showed him how easy it would be the way I suggested, and also how much better still it would have been had he cut down a long sapling, fastened the deer securely to it; raised up the end with the head over his shoulders and dragged it along behind him. In this way he would only have the end of the stick and perhaps the hind quarters of the animal touching the ground.

"Do you think the two of us can carry that buck three miles?" ventured Jim, who was evidently waiting for me to break the silence, now that I had seen the animal, and who fully expected that I would back down.

"Why, certainly. You and I can do that easily, and will arrive in camp fresh for supper," was the answer.

"All right. I suppose I'll be in a fit condition to lay in camp all day to-morrow whether I want to or not," was Jim's martyr-like consent.

My companion was set at tying the legs of the deer together, while I cut down a birch sapling some three inches in diameter and about ten feet in length.

A birch tree was chosen because it is clean and springy, and being tough grained a lesser size can be used than would be necessary with some other varieties, the extra weight of which count for much on a long carry.

This completed, the pole was pushed between the legs, now tied together at the knee joints, and the head of the animal secured by rope close up to the carrying pole.

It is an advantage to get the animal in as compact a mass as possible, for in going through dense bush every additional foot of burden you have to push and guide through the maze of branches the harder it will be on the carriers; and if the body of the deer is well lashed to the pole and as close up to it as possible the less strain there will be when you get into step in the open or when climbing over obstructions, getting up or down hills, or crossing streams on a fallen tree. It is in such places that the pendulum-like motion becomes a nuisance, but which is readily overcome by seeing that the animal is bound close to the carrying pole.

"Now, Jim, let's make a start!" This brought my mate to his feet. He surveyed with anxious face the hill before us, and without a word took hold of the front end of the pole.

"Up it goes," and with a swing the pole found a lodging place on our shoulders. Picking up our rifles, we commenced the ascent of the hill, and made a good half a mile before a rest was called, though we "change shoulders" a couple of times on the way.

It is a peculiar fact that some men carry best on the right shoulder, others again prefer the left and will not carry on any other. It is the same with the front and rear positions. One man will tell you that he must be ahead to "pick the trail," while a second will say that he plays out at once if he is not in the rear.

It is a repetition of the old adage:

"Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean," etc.

and it is well it is so in some cases, but decidedly inconvenient in others, particularly if two men find themselves together with the same desires or preferences.

Starting again, we made good time for two miles, and then the halts got more frequent, the shoulders were "changed" oftener, but camp was reached without any special complaint from my companion. He had evidently made up his mind to retrieve his past, and push ahead no matter how tired he felt; but that night when it came to the usual frolic after supper, Jim was not in evidence. He had stretched himself on his bunk and was soon fast asleep. The exertions of the day had done their work, and sleep was giving its recuperative balm to the tired body.

The next day I deemed it best to ask another member of our party to assist me in bringing in the other deer, as Jim was somewhat sore and stiff after his effort of yesterday, but when coming back with our load we spied him ahead, bent almost double, a small doe hanging down his back, with its head dangling around his legs. Its hind legs had been fastened together, and Jim's head was stuck up between the two hoofs, he hanging on to them like grim death. He was indeed a sight to behold, and we laughed until our own load dropped from our shoulders.

Jim waxed mad at our merriment, and despite all our coaxing refused to put himself in the same position so I could get a picture of him and his burden.

Half an hour's rest put all of us in better trim and humor, and during the interim Jim was shown how one man can carry a deer providing its weight does not overtax his strength.

We first tied the front legs together, then fastened the head down within six inches of the feet, so that the neck and head would not dangle about the carrier's back and side; and finally the hind feet were tied together. This latter is not really necessary, but I have found it a help.

A "tump line" is now fastened between the front and hind legs, which can be adjusted to either go across the breast or forehead of the carrier. The latter is much the better way, but some persons cannot stand the pressure on the head.

The "tump line" need not be used if the carrier has no other load to bring along, as his hands can be used to keep to the deer in position, but if his rifle has to be "toted" he will find that the "tump" is "just the thing."

Jim watched me prepare the "rigging," and when the deer was lifted so he could get the band across his forehead, he struck off at a speed that soon left us far behind. We did not overtake him, but when we reached camp he was proud to tell us he had not rested the entire distance.

The rest of us exchanged winks and nods, which meant that the "softy" would soon develop into the "boss toter" of the camp.

It was several days later that Jim, Fred and I got "mixed up" with a bunch of deer, with the result that each of us scored one. It so happened that we were near a lumbering camp, and we concluded to go there and get the loan of a horse.

We succeeded in getting one of those that had evidently been superannuated after having seen long service in the woods.

He was put into harness and brought to the vicinity of our game. Here we cut down two good-sized saplings and stripped them of all their branches. Having some old hay wire procured at the camp, we fastened the small ends of the poles to the horse's collar, thus allowing the butts of the trees to trail. Cutting two smaller pieces of wood we laid them across the others and fastened them securely with wire. This gave a framework to carry the deer, and as it subsequently proved, no matter what kind of ground we had to travel over, the obstructions in the way, or the steepness of the hills we had to descend or climb, we found the "wick-i-up," as we dubbed it, equal to every demand made upon it and with very little strain on the horse.

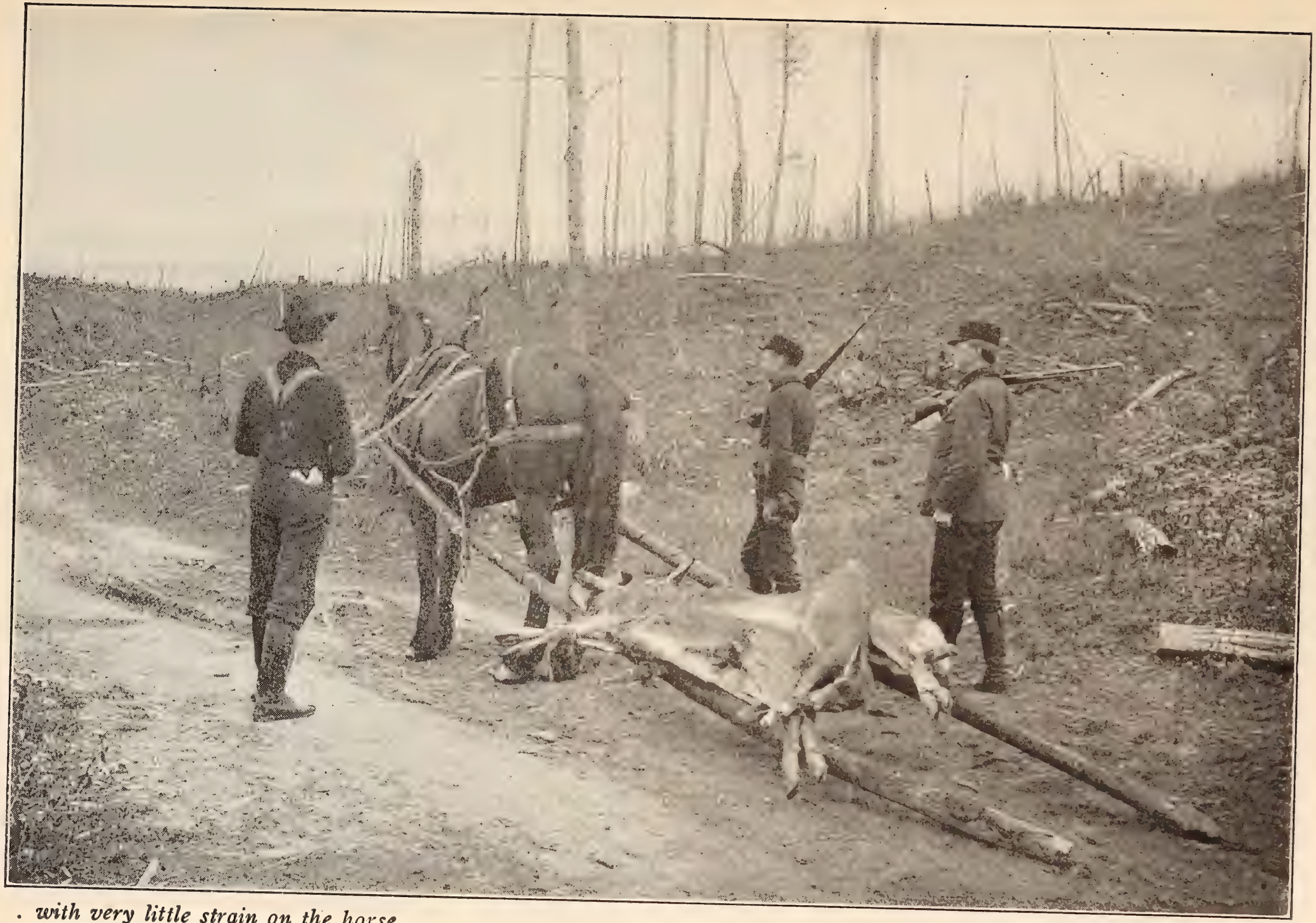
The deer as they were picked up were laid across the sticks and roped to them, and though it was a good many miles to camp and the worst possible kind of country, we made it without a mishap.

We had proceeded on our return journey a couple of miles when Jim, who was close up to the driver, and endeavoring to keep up a conversation in French at the same time, suddenly turned on Fred and I, and nodding toward the "wick-i-up," laughingly remarked:

"This just suits me."

Fred's reply was that, "I don't object to it, either." To which I added my entire approbation.

It was certainly bringing in the game in comfort, and one that should be util-



. . . *with very little strain on the horse*

Photo by JOHN BOYD

ON THE WAY IN

Photo by JOHN BOYD

ized on all occasions if a horse is at all procurable.

There are other ways of bringing deer into camp, such as by canoe, boat or bateau, or wagon, but as they call for no special devices in the saving of labor I need not touch on them nor on the well-known methods of loading them.

I feel, however, that if I give a description of the popular "go devil," "road boat," or "jumper"—these being some of the names of the rig that does most of the "toting" in the north woods, and which we used in and out of camp—that the same may prove of service to the occasional hunter.

An axe and an augur represent the necessary tools required to build one, though if a few additional ones be used to assist in the work, the easier and more finished will be the product.

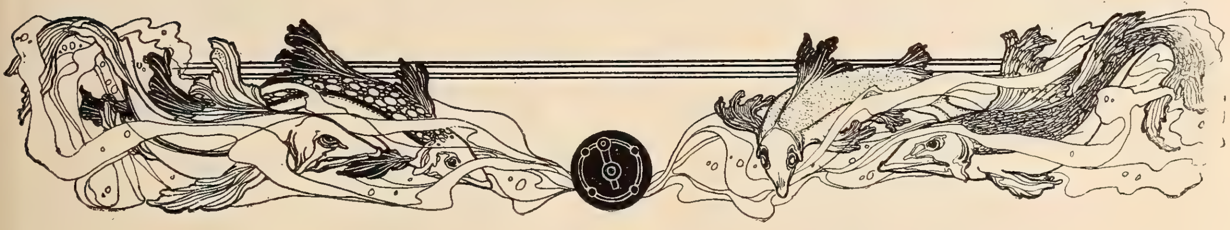
It is built entirely of wood—not a screw, nail or bit of iron being needed to make a complete "go devil" ready for the use of woodsman or hunter.

The experienced builder first fells a couple of trees, preferably of hardwood; out of them he gets two lengths suitable for his needs, tapering the ends so that they will mount or slide over stones, logs or frozen lumps of earth. Cross pieces or bolsters are laid across these and fastened down to the sides with wooden pegs, and the floor is secured in the same manner to the bolsters. The latter are flattened on the top with the axe, and the floor on both sides in a similar way. The pole is a tough piece of ironwood morticed into a stout chunk of the same kind of tree This is tapered off towards the ends, and the latter are inserted into holes bored in the front part of the runners.

Such is a brief description of their construction, and there are thousands of them in use that have not a bit of iron about them, and which were put together with simply an axe and an augur.

Under the hardest usage they will last several years, will go anywhere, carry all that can be put on them, and pull with as little exertion as anything else that has been brought into use under similar conditions. The deer hunter will find them invaluable in getting from the "front," be it railroad or steamboat, to his camp, and again in returning with the trophies of his skill.

Should circumstances render it necessary for the hunter to build one, he can do so in a few hours' time, providing he has an average amount of skill and can get the proper kind of wood. It will be indeed a poor section that cannot furnish the latter, and the knowledge of how to go about it may save days of time which would otherwise be lost were he compelled to wait a more civilized conveyance to carry his outfit.



. . . *the tree that first gave me the clue*

Photo by H. D. JONES

PENNSYLVANIA BEAVER

By HARRY DILLON JONES

"BEAVERS found. Come at once. Bring camera."

This mysterious message, brought to me Thanksgiving eve by an unusually bright telegraphic Mercury, imposed upon me a problem that remained unsolved after half an hour's pondering.

The sender was a friend at Stroudsburg, Pa. Surely the timid beaver could not have turned up in that unromantic region to dam rivers and disport himself in lakes of his own making. But apparently the message could mean nothing else, and so, in high expectation of being the first to get pictures of a visit unique in the recent history of the state, I made a midnight trip to the home of my friend of the timely tip.

"We have kept it quite quiet for you," was his smiling greeting. "They have built a dam in the roughest country around, about five miles from here. Get to bed. We drive out at dawn."

I think that was the coldest drive I ever experienced, but beaver dam pictures are not to be obtained every day, and the possibility of getting a snap at some old patriarch at work in a lodge kept me at concert pitch of excitement. To lull the suspicions of the local correspondent of one of the newspapers, a youth suspicious of every stranger, and of lynx-eyed sharpness, my friend had equipped himself as for a shooting expedition, with cartridges enough in his magazine to kill all the game for a hundred miles round. Even then, so carefully did we guard against tricks by our friend the correspondent that every mile or so we pulled up and listened and waited for signs of being tracked.

I had been prepared for the innocent exaggeration of an over-imaginative acquaintance, and to lighten my fall had pictured to myself a ragged attempt at a dam built by some lone, lost beaver who had wandered from his fireside in a fit of temporary insanity, or perhaps had forgotten the pass-word to his lodge. For the satisfactory reality I was not at all prepared.

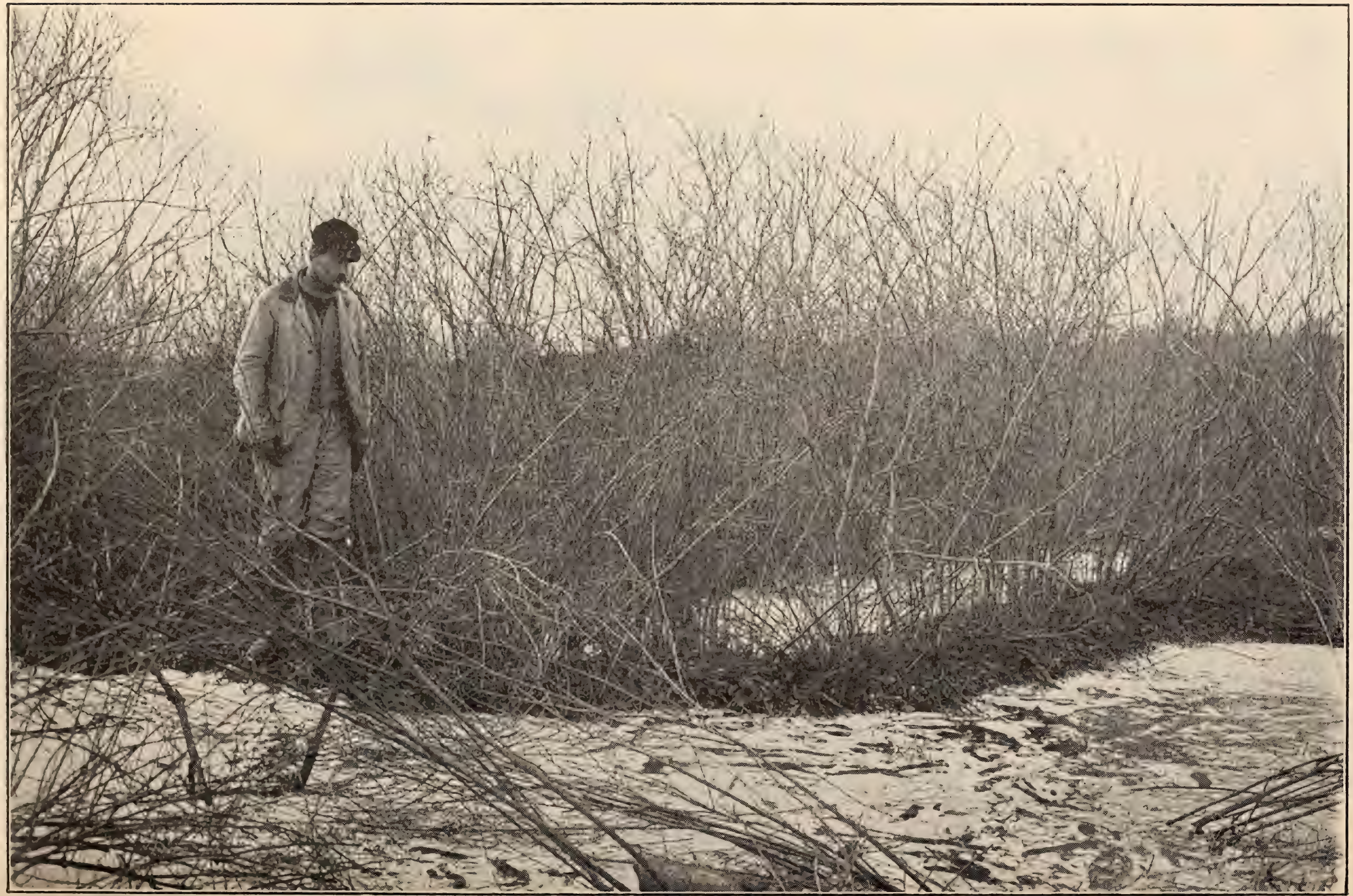
When half a mile from the spot where the dam was to be found we alighted and forced our way through the dense underbrush of a wild and desolate country to the side of a river that was frozen solidly from bank to bank.

"Here is the tree that first gave me the clue," said my guide.

The tree could not have been less than a foot in diameter, but the sharp teeth of the beavers had been equal to the task of biting it through. This was my first photograph. The marks of the beavers' teeth can be plainly seen in the stump. The tree had fallen forward toward the river, but had not quite reached it, and had doubtless proved too big a burden for the busy little builders, who had left it where it stood until the river should rise and float it down to the scene of the operations.

A little farther on we came across a ring of half a dozen tree stumps. The trees had been cut down, to fall into the river and drift down to the dam. All around were chips showing the marks of the builders' teeth. Up and down the bank we traveled, finding everywhere signs of recent and industrious work by the colony. In only the one case, the first mentioned, had the beavers failed to gauge the distance of the timber from the river. In every other they had bitten down trees so near to the bank that they fell in when cut through.

Not an ounce of energy had been wasted by the clever little architects, for no more biting was done than was necessary to cause the weakened tree to



But the Dam Is it! **Photo by H. D. Jones**

In every case the tree had fallen toward . . . the river

Photo by H. D. Jones

fall of its own weight. In every case the tree had fallen toward, and not away, from the river, their only means of transport to the scene of the operations.

But the dam itself! It is not easy to do justice to the cleverness of the little builders. With the center curving so as to offer the greatest resistance to the swiftest part of the current, the beavers had built their fortification in a graceful sweep across a narrow part of the river, in a secluded spot where there was least likelihood of discovery and interference. The result was a great pond in which a hundred beavers could disport themselves without crowding.

With stones, mud and sticks judiciously mixed, the beavers had built a solid wall, strong enough to resist almost any current. In one of the photographs a section can be seen, held by the guide. All the building material used was cut into regular lengths of the kind seen in the photograph.

We saw no beavers. Somewhere beneath the banks of the frozen river, or in holes adjoining the dam, furred forms were in hiding, and doubtless bright eyes were keeping watch on the movements of these invaders of the colony's property. We searched high and low for signs of life, but found none. Even my enthusiasm was not equal to lying out in the open in that desolate place, and in such weather, in hopes of getting a sight of and possibly a flash-light shot at the builders of the dam.

I made up my mind to go again in the summer and try to photograph the colony at work. But such an unusual thing as beavers in Pennsylvania could not long remain a secret. The dam was found by others, and some fool actually applied for permission of the owner of the land to go gunning for them. There was a tremendous outcry against this, and the beavers probably heard about it, for they deserted their dam in the spring and traces of them were next found many miles away. They disappeared again and have not since been found. When next they are heard of at least one camera will be hastily transported to the scene of their labors with a view to enriching natural history with pictures from life of the busy beaver revisiting old haunts.

THE RETURN

By STACY E. BAKER

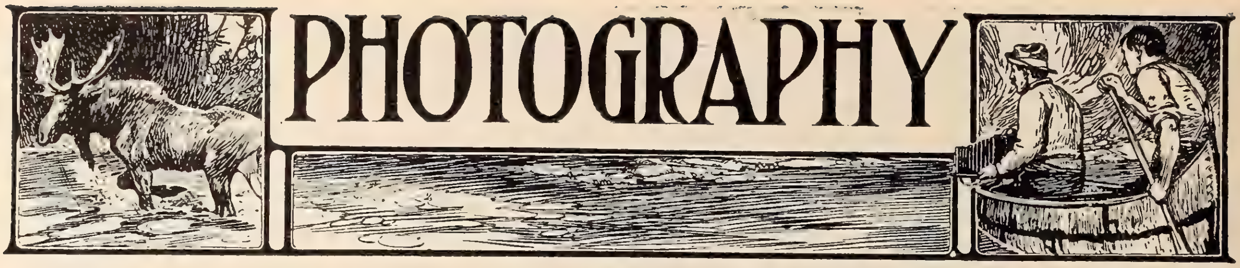
I knew him then—when soft winds lulled the leas,
And Pan piped all his sweetest symphonies,
We strolled the wooded ways together; there,
Breathing the summer fragrance in the air,
And wandering 'neath blossom-studded trees.

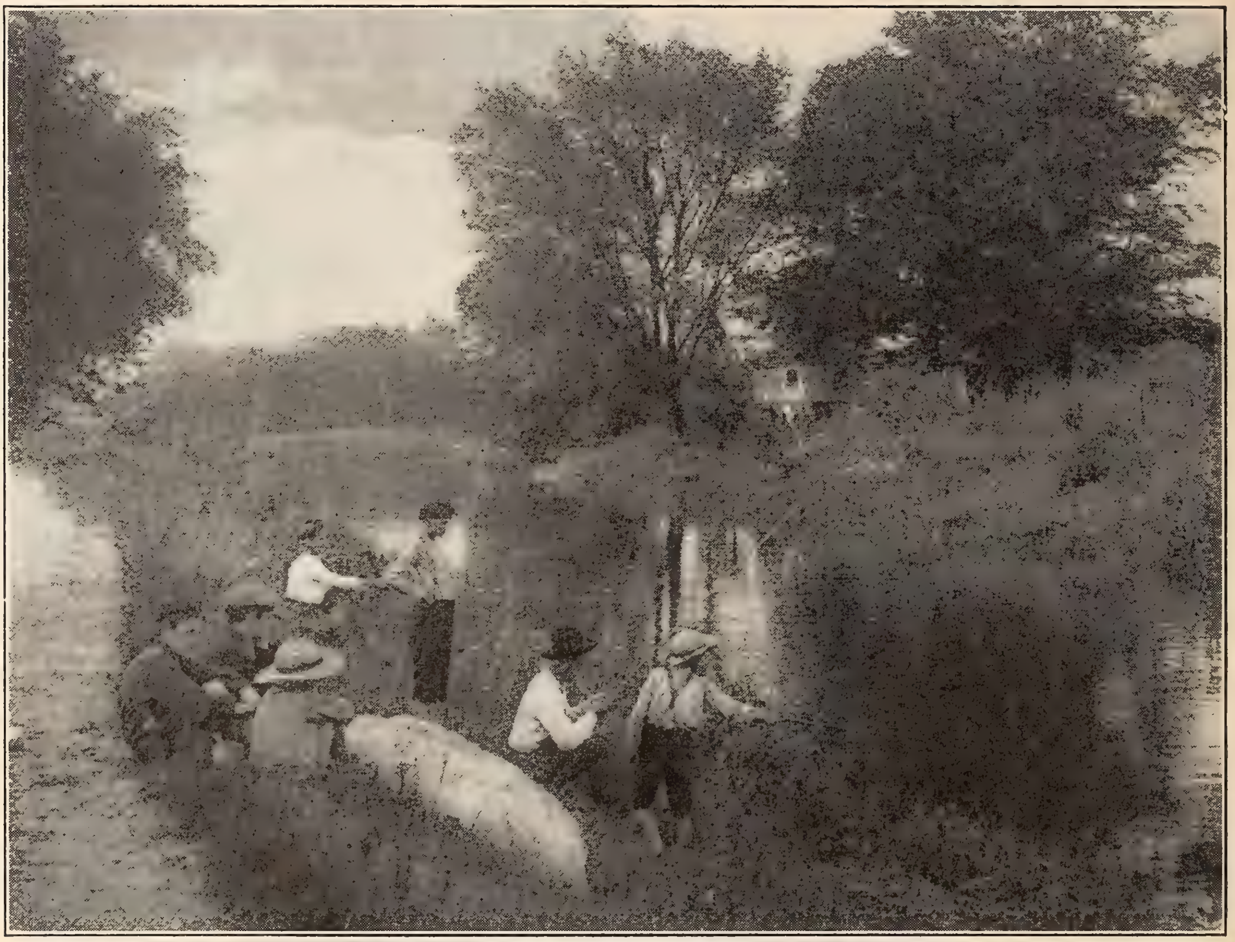
I knew him, when, with hair flung to the breeze,
And hats beside, we rested, all at ease
Beneath a noon-day sun's consuming glare—
I knew him then.

Shrunken and gaunt, and weakened with disease,
('Though weighted with wisest of degrees)
My friend returned, cough-ridden, to prepare
For death, one day; and I—I led him where,
Of old, we sat at Mother Nature's knees—
I knew him then.

. . . *the center curving* *Photo by* H. D. Jones

PHOTOGRAPHY





BY THE OLD CANAL

First Prize ($25) September Competition. Taken by Mr. Herbert P. Dahlen, Indianapolis, Ind.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

In the July issue we announced a competition to close September 1. In order to stimulate our photographers we raised the prizes to $25, $10 and $5, instead of $10 and $5 as in the spring competition. The result was gratifying; almost 700 photographs were submitted, and we congratulate ourselves upon the unusual excellence of many of them.

Unfortunately some good photographs had to be thrown out through their producers having failed to observe the rules of the game as set forth in our July issue. If some of those that have failed will re-read these conditions they will perhaps perceive why their names do not show in the list of winners.

Our art editor has awarded the prizes as follows:

First Prize—$25—*By the Old Canal*—To Mr. Herbert P. Dahlen, Indianapolis, Ind.

Second Prize—$10—*Ready for Home*—To Mr. R. J. Warren, Phœnix, B. C.

Third Prize—$5—*A Ruffed Grouse's Nest*—To Mr. James Miller, Loneville, N. Y.

Mr. Dahlen sent in the following particulars with his entry:

Enclosed herewith find picture entitled "Fishing by the Old Canal." This picture is intended for your competition closing September 1st. It was taken August 12, 1905, on the old canal running through this city, and represents a father, mother and two sons fishing, while several of their friends look on. This is the only view of the subject and has not been published, promised or submitted to any other publication.

The second prize winner states that:

"I am sending you some pictures taken

READY FOR HOME

Second Prize($10) September Competition. Taken by Mr. R. J. Warren, Phœnix, B. C.

with an Eastman 3A Pocket Kodak. Date of exposure, September, 1904."

The picture which took the third prize was: "Taken at Loneville, N. Y., on May 10, 1905. This photograph has never been published."

The photographs from many other competitors were Highly Commended, and will probably appear in RECREATION as soon as opportunity offers to use them. For all such we pay $1.00.

HIGHLY COMMENDED

Contentment—H. W. Dart, Proctor, Minn.
The Kill—R. J. Warren, Phœnix, B. C.
I See a Dog—Rannie Smith, Preston, Minn.
Ruffed Grouse on Nest—James H. Miller, Loneville, N. Y.
Young Robins—A. B. Williams, Lowell, Mich.
Night Hawk and Eggs—B. S. Brown, Stanley Idaho.
Franklin's Grouse—B. S. Brown, Stanley, Idaho.
Ptarmigan—H. Nation, Fernie, B. C.
Supper's Safe—John Boyd, Sarnia, Ont.
The Brook—John Stuehrk, Cedar Bluffs, Neb.
Rock Rabbit—Harry Nation, Fernie, B. C.
Little Jack—Guy V. Rukke, Ann Arbor, Mich.
A Faithful Mother—Rannie Smith, Preston, Minn.
Tales of the Hunt—John Boyd, Sarnia, Ont.
Breakfast Time—B. I. Brown, Stanley, Idaho.
Nature's Mirror — John Stuehrk, Cedar Bluffs, Neb.
Peewees—J. A. Faber, Aurora, Ill.
Live Coon—Walter E. Balch.
Woodchuck—Clarence J. Brayman.
Snipe Shooting—A Shot at a Sage Hen—S. O. Bancroft, Pegram, Idaho.
Red Shouldered Hawk—Geo. W. Fiske, Jr., Kennebunk, Me.
A Fishing Trip to Lake Traverse—Two Hours' Catch at Lake 13—Mrs. H. H. Martin, Columbus Buggy Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Gay-Gay-Quash—Chippewa Indian — Mrs. H. H. Martin, Columbus Buggy Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Looking Pleasant—Rannie Smith, Preston, Minn.
I See Something—Rannie Smith, Preston, Minn.
Yoke of Oxen—Deer Dead—Hunting Camps—E. H. Kelcey, Loring, Ont.
——— J. F. McGuire, Watertown. N. Y.
Vesper Sparrow—Geo. W. Fiske, Jr., Kennebunk, Me.
Nest and Eggs, Vesper Sparrow—Geo. W. Fiske, Jr., Kennebunk, Me.
American Redstart—Geo. W. Fiske, Jr., Kennebunk, Me.
Breakfast at Sunrise—M. Butler, Union City, Pa.
Disciples of Izaak Walton—J. R. Iglick, Rochester, N. Y.
A Scene on Bad River — D. W. Ditto, Delphos, O.

Our friends—especially our young friends—must remember that they are competing against the pick of the amateur photographers of the continent. It is no disgrace to be beaten by such men. RECREATION competitions are already famous and are keenly watched by the brightest photographers we have.

SQUIRREL PHOTOGRAPHY.

Some of the most beautiful photographs that I have ever seen have been made by using squirrels for subjects. They appear so life-like and so thoroughly unconscious of being photographed that they give to the finished picture an effect that is rarely seen in ordinary photography.

On first thought, it might seem rather difficult to photograph these sprightly little animals, but with a little care and patience surprising results are often produced. In this special branch there is one great advantage. It can be carried on successfully in both the country and the city, for most cities contain large parks in which are kept a number of squirrels running wild among the lawns and trees.

In parks, picnic-grounds, etc., the squirrels are often quite tame and will fearlessly feed from one's hands; in other localities they will probably need to be encouraged and made to feel that there is nothing to fear before much can be done with them.

The most important thing to have, when you go out to photograph Mr. Squirrel, is a pocket or bag full of nuts, without which you will be politely ignored; with these edibles you win his confidence, and one mustn't get discouraged if this is not accomplished the first day. It is best to select a very quiet nook, out of the way of other people, near where a family of squirrels have made their quarters. You will find such a place in your rambles, and when you do try to keep it as secret as possible, for a few children with their play and laughter might put an end to any more friendliness between you and the squirrels. Visit this spot every day or so and toss the nuts, one at a time, to the squirrels, taking great care not to frighten them by throwing too hard or by making quick movements. After a few days the little animals will grow quite confident and will take the nuts directly from your hands; at this stage they are beginning to get well trained, and it will soon be time to introduce the camera.

The cameras best adapted for this work are those which require focusing; that is, the ones having a ground glass in the back upon which to focus the object to be photographed. As one often has to be six or seven feet away from the camera when taking a squirrel's picture, it is very necessary to have a very long tube with bulb for making exposures.

Next decide on the best spot to take the photograph, of course taking into consideration the light. A very pretty effect is produced by having the squirrel on a flat rock with a tree and bushes behind as background. To do this set up the camera and bring the center of the rock into good focus on the ground glass. In this way you obtain a fair latitude, for if the squirrel sits almost anywhere on the top of this flat rock he is sure to be in focus. Next arrange all in readiness for an exposure, setting the shutter, drawing the plate-holder slide out, etc. Now take your long rubber tube with the bulb for making exposures and sit quietly at the side of the rock just out of range of the camera. Everything is now ready to entice the squirrels over to the rock by throwing them nuts; they will soon venture nearer and nearer until at last they reach your rock, upon which you have sprinkled plenty of nuts; here they will remain while eating, sitting upon their hind legs and posing in many graceful positions. Now if you are calm enough and have patience you will wait until the squirrel strikes a cute attitude before pressing the bulb. Sometimes when the little animals hear a noise they will look up quickly, while sitting on their hind legs, straight into the face of the camera; thus you catch Mr. Squirrel with a surprised look on his face. A great variety of poses can be obtained in this manner, and it becomes very fascinating as each minute brings forth some new antic. Thus when you show your finished photographs to friends they will wonder how you were ever able to take them.

LOADING PLATES IN THE DARK.

Occasions very frequently arise when the loading of dry plates into holders must be done in the dark or left undone altogether. To learn how to load plates in the dark is a most useful accomplishment, and, once learned, the amateur will find that he will seldom use a ruby lamp to aid him in the work. When out camping, when taking portraits or views in a strange house, in fact, anywhere where the ordinary facilities of a dark room are denied, we are frequently called upon to change plates, and if we have not learned the dark method it may entail great annoyance and often considerable loss.

Dry plates can be loaded or unloaded in any closet or room which will hold the photographer and which keeps out the light. The last part of that sentence is the most important of all. It is exceedingly necessary that no white light streak into the room, especially if it is a small one or only a closet. In the daytime a small closet will generally be most available. See that no light comes in, especially through the keyhole. That is just about the height at which you hold the plates while changing them, and an unexpected ray of light will often spoil them. Clear a space on the shelf if there is one, if not, put a chair in the closet on which to deposit the plate-box and holders. See that the shelf or chair is perfectly dry. Learn your surroundings before you close the door, so that you know just where to place your holders as you load them. Remove *all* the slides from the holders and lean them against the wall, with the light side at the top *towards* you. Have your holders thoroughly dusted and shaken out. Then with your box of plates open, you can begin to load. You can cut the outer paper of your plate-box before you enter the closet. If you will remember that all dry plates, whether packed in half or whole dozens, are arranged back to back—or face to face some will call it —it will be easy to load without making the mistake of putting the film side wrong way in. The top plate of the box is face down. The next plate face up and separated from the first plate by a little strip of cardboard, and so on. Different manufacturers have different ways of separating their plates, but all pack back to back. Remove a plate from the box, being careful to use your fingers lightly and taking up the plate by the edges only, give the plate a slight tap edgeways on the shelf to remove any dust, hold it in the right hand, film side up, and taking a plate holder in the left hand insert the plate carefully. A little practice will make it easy. Then insert the slide, using the right hand to hold the slide at the bottom and to feel for the slot into which it goes. Turn the plate-holder round and repeat the process. The second plate does not need to be turned in the hands. It is already film up. If you can't remember which side is the film side, you can use your finger nail as one cover. The film side is slightly rough, the glass side smooth.

Never lay a plate or holder on slide down without remembering exactly where it is and how it is, or you will find yourself coming out with the exposed side of the slide turned out, or plate with glass side out, or some equally annoying mistake. A little care and practice and it will come easy. Personally we never load plates but in the dark. It is just as easy, more convenient and much safer, especially with color sensitive or very fast plates, which easily fog under the light of the ordinary ruby lamp. At night time the bedroom can be used, or the camping tent, with the flaps down. If the moon is shining brightly it is well to pull the curtain of the room, but the other faint light that may come in will not affect the ordinary plate.

A RUFFED GROUSE'S NEST

Third Prize ($5) September Competition. Taken by Mr. James Miller, Loncville, N. Y.

CLOUDS IN PICTURES.

It is extraordinary how a few clouds will improve an ordinary landscape or marine photograph. To the amateur who has never attempted to print in clouds into his white skies it will be a revelation. Now is the time of year for securing some splendid cloud effects, all kinds of clouds appearing during the day. Select a view entirely free from trees or buildings. Focus on the sky with about half an inch of ground showing on the plate below the horizon. Keep the camera level, use color sensitive plates and a screen, a medium stop and a short exposure. Do not use too strong a screen, or the effect will be unnatural, and for very strong clouds a screen will not be necessary. A collection of cloud negatives should be part of every amateur's outfit.

THE BEST TIME O' YEAR

By FRANK FARRINGTON

What time o' year do I like best?
  I'll bet a dollar you can't tell.
  I like the winter mighty well—
The slidin' on th' schoolhouse hill,
'N skatin' down by Moseley's mill,
  'N snowball fights, 'n all th' rest,
  But I don't like ol' winter best.

Or mebby you'd think spring was best?
  Fool crows a-cawin' on th' hill,
  An' sugar camps a-smokin' still;
Trout jes' limberin' up a bit,
Waitin' for Jack Frost to quit,
  Th' robins stealin' stuff for nest;
  Yes, spring's all right, but it ain't best.

Mos' other boys think summer's best.
  It's all right too, that is, outdoors,
  (I hate it when it rains an' pours).
The's base ball games 'an swimmin' time,
The's boats to paddle, trees to climb,
  So much to do you hate to rest;
  But even summer ain't the best.

The time 'at really is th' best
  Is fall. That beats 'em all for boys,
  An' ma says then they make most noise.
Then's beechnut time. Then grapes is sweet.
The big bonfires light up th' street.
  I thought you surely would have guessed
  That I'd like fall the very best.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION

SHOOTING AT SEA GIRT.

The recent Sea Girt meeting has been an overwhelming success, and it is quite evident that long-range shooting with military rifles is becoming very popular. In fact, there is some danger that the entries another year at Sea Girt may be too large to handle satisfactorily; but this is a condition that may be remedied by holding preliminary competitions at other points and so narrowing down the number of final competitors at Sea Girt. Hence we anticipate no serious trouble in this direction.

SEA GIRT IN '05

Military rifle shooting on either side of the Atlantic is conducted on fairly practical lines by men who think for themselves and have very clear ideas as to what they need. For many years the .256 Mannlicher swept the boards at Bisley. Then some patriotic Britishers came to the conclusion that they ought to pay more attention to the .303, as that was the national arm. In their match shooting, many of these English shots have used a hybrid rifle consisting of a .303-barrel, fitted to a Mannlicher action, using it, of course, as a single shot—a poor compliment to the Lee-Enfield breach mechanism. On this side, riflemen are sticking pretty closely to the Krag, but as experience proves that the Krag is neither better nor worse than the .303 in its ballistic properties it is probable that the Mannlicher .256 would at least hold its own with the Krag in long-range shooting.

Our own idea is that the perfect military rifle should have a barrel of about .275 caliber. In shooting the 7-mm. Mauser against

DR. W. G. HUDSON

the 8-mm. Mauser the comparison is altogether in favor of the former, both as regards accuracy and flatness of trajectory. Our marksmen have not had a chance to experiment with the new short Springfield. We do not know what the practical result of its enormous velocity will be; but we have a suspicion that with any powder such as has been used by the United States government heretofore the breach pressure must be too high for service purposes, and we believe that there will be considerable erosion of the bore.

Our cousins across the water are facing an almost identical condition of affairs, and their new short rifle, which, by the way, is four inches longer in the barrel than ours, has been very conspicuously absent from the firing squads. Yet, it is quite possible that rifles that are not so well adapted for target shooting as some others may yet beat them in the field. No experienced man denies that the heavy Schutzen rifle, with its palm rest, peculiar stock and hair trigger, is better adapted for high scoring, up to 200 yards, than any other rifle; but it would be a miserable weapon to take to the forest or mountain, especially the mountain. So with the Military Rifle. A long barrel is an advantage in several respects for range shooting, but a soldier needs a handy weapon—although the human race has been hundreds of years in finding this out—and the new rifle is undoubtedly handier than the old.

But it is fairly safe to assume that if the military authorities insist upon velocties of 2,300 f. s., they will be compelled to gain such velocities by the aid of large powder spaces in the cartridges, which will mean a more bulky shell and, possibly, a clumsier breach action.

The accompanying illustrations, taken this year at Sea Girt will interest all readers of Recreation.

We believe that this is the first time Dr. W. G. Hudson's likeness has ever appeared in a magazine. Dr. Hudson is a rifle and revolver expert of international reputation; his is a household name wherever American riflemen are found, and it is with particular pleasure that we reproduce his photograph.

FROM A PRACTICAL MAN.

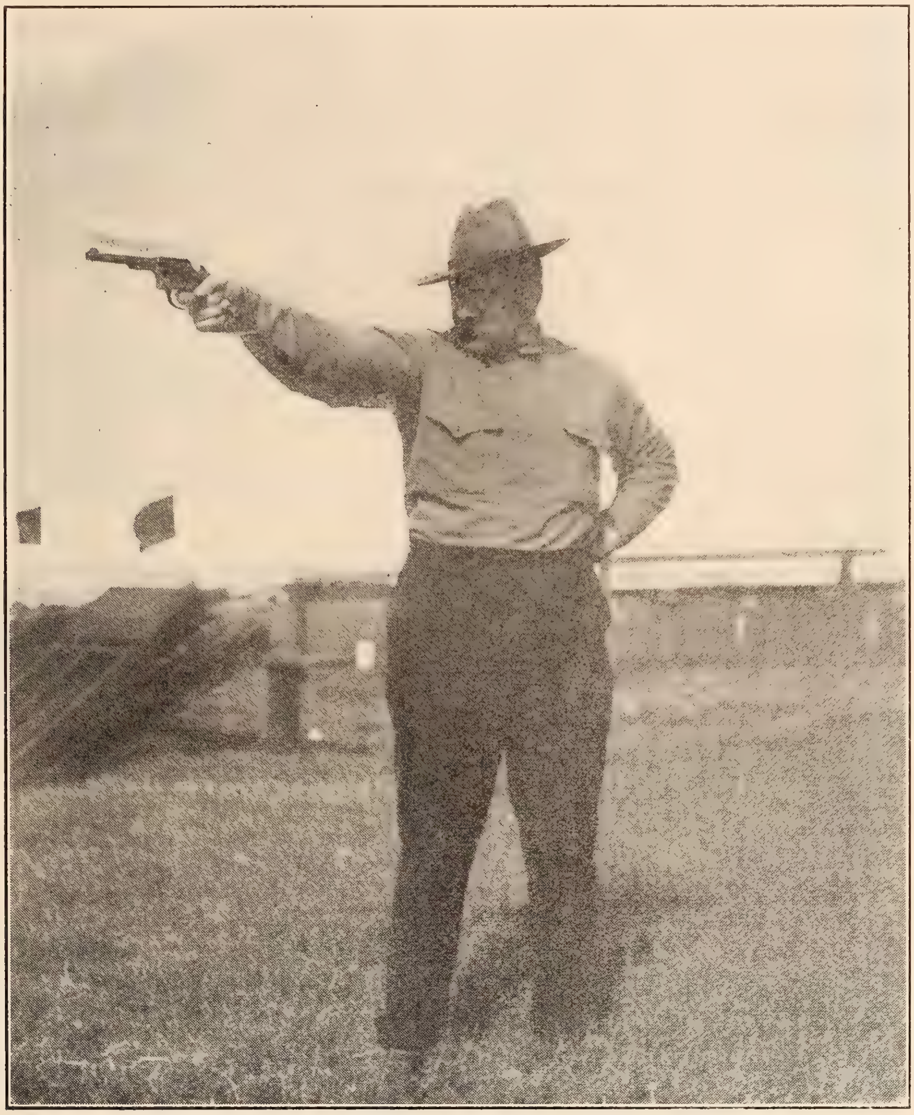
Editor Recreation:

I noticed in the July number of your valuable magazne an article on the Colt's revolvers, which stated that they were too heavy for a pocket gun, and if there could be one made for a Smith & Wesson .38 light-frame, swing-out cylinder it would make a fine belt or pocket gun.

Now I have several revolvers—two .45

Colt's, two .44 Colt's and one .32-20 Colt's army, 4¾-inch barrel, single action. It is a fine gun. You can carry it either in belt or pocket.

There is a difference between a Frontier Colt and an Army revolver. The Army has a bushing in cylinder; that is, a case that works in the cylinder which the pin goes through. The cylinder will not heat enough to stick. The bushing forms a non-conductor. The Frontier has no bushing.



MR. THOMAS ANDERTON, EXPERT PISTOL SHOT

If you have a double-action you cannot tell whether it will go or not. By pulling the trigger quickly the cylinder will pass far enough by so that the plungers will hit on the side of cap and miss fire. You have got to have a good heavy gun to do good work. The small pocket gun is practically useless except for the explosion of blank cartridges on the Fourth of July or similar occasions.

Take the swing-out cylinder, they are not durable as the Army Colt; they will not shoot as well nor last as long. After they have been shot several times you cannot open them. Just the same with the brake-down gun.

The only reliable revolver on the market to-day is the Colt. You can depend on the single action every time. If you want a heavy belt gun get a .45, 7½-inch barrel. If you want a light one, buy a .32-20 4¾-inch barrel, and you will have one for all purposes.

I have several rifles—a .30-30, .32-40 Winchester, .45-70 Springfield, .50-70 Sharp—all good guns.

There was a party of us in Franklin County (Loon Lake) last fall hunting. Had pretty good luck. I shot a fine deer which weighed 100 pounds. Isaac Daniels, also of Deposit, shot one that weighed 107 pounds. We were gone ten days, and the sport was so "winning" that we are going again this fall. The weather was bad during our stay there last fall, but this did not dampen our ardor for deer.

I used a .30-30 Winchester, and Daniels a 303 Savage.

Will close for this time, hoping to send you something of more value to your readers when we return from the North woods a few months later.

James D. Davie, Deposit, N. Y.

AGREES WITH HAINES.

Editor Recreation:

Many of your readers are no doubt aware of the fact that there is a movement being made to induce the Colt's or S. & W. people to build and place on the market a new type of revolver. Mr. Ashley A. Haines, with his article "The Ideal Belt Revolver," has formally introduced this subject in Recreation's columns, the idea being to get the views and support of its many readers, which is necessary in order to assure the manufacturers that a sufficient demand exists for this proposed gun to warrant the outlay for tools and machinery to build it.

Mr. Haines is a zealous worker for the cause, and his article briefly outlines the plan to be pursued by which results may be obtained, and it is hoped that every revolver shooter in the country will contribute his influence. The cut submitted was assembled after much deliberation and represents as nearly as possible the striking features of the new gun. It will be noticed that in this weapon there is embodied most all of the strong points of the old single action frontier which has a world-wide reputation, and, at the same time, while preserving the general outline of that gun, it is supplied with a swing-out cylinder and other features which represent the highest development in revolver construction.

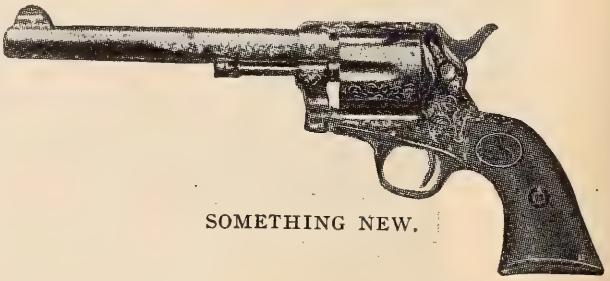
The main reason existing to form an indisputable argument for this weapon is to dodge the excessive weight which every man is required to carry who adopts and uses a single action belt revolver. All single action belt revolvers as now made are made on the .45 frame, and the .45 frame and .45 calibre is really the lightest weight single action procurable. The manufacturers have made no attempt to cater to the wishes of those who would prefer a single action in medium calibre other than to offer them the .45 frame chambered and bored for medium size cartridges which is, of course, a much heavier weapon on account of the superfluous metal in frame, cylinder and barrel. This additional weight is not only absolutely useless but makes the weapon positively painful to carry on a belt. Considerable correspondence with practical shooters from all over the country and with the two firms to whom the shooters must look for these improvements finally resulted in obtaining the following letter from the Colt's people, which we must regard as favorable.

Mr. A. W. Lowdermilk,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir—We beg to acknowledge your favor of June 23d, with suggestions as to our manufacturing a single-action revolver with swing-out cylinder. We are putting on the market a number of new model revolvers and automatic pistols which are demanded by the market, and canvassed the ground thoroughly on the subject you mention, but received little or no encouragement from the jobbing-houses, through whom we market all our productions, in favor of the type of arm you advocate. However, we are in business to furnish whatever our patrons demand, and certainly shall make a single-action, swing-out cylinder revolver if we find the demand will warrant the outlay for models and plant; but at the present time, on account of the different ideas of those who have applied to us to make up such an arm, we are unable to arrive at any model that would meet all their requirements, and from the present outlook we should be required to make three models and three separate plants to cover the demands of from 12 to 15 requests which we have here.

The question of calibre should be settled, as some require .32, others .38, and others .45 calibre. As soon as we can arrive at a calibre that will satisfy the greatest number, and the demand should continue for such an arm, we can arrange to put one on the market. We trust you will appreciate the conditions under which we are placed, and remain,

Yours truly,
Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co.
Hartford, Conn.



SOMETHING NEW.

By this letter the shooters will see that the Colt's people recognize the advantages such a type of arm has to recommend it. It now rests with the shooters themselves who will buy and use these guns *to make their demand known* and thus assure the makers that such a weapon would be marketable. It seems from among the requests they have had up to date from interested shooters that a great difference of opinion exists as to the calibre, and, in order to facilitate matters, it is deemed advisable to carry this explanation further along lines relating to its calibre rather than to dwell upon the strong points of the gun itself, which are obvious.

The Colt's people say that the question of calibre should be settled, which indicates that only one gun will be built, therefore, if we are to have but one gun it should be chambered for a cartridge of superior accuracy and power. From among the medium calibre revolver cartridges, the .38 S. & W. special is in a class by itself. It represents the highest standard of accuracy, and for penetration compares very favorably with the .38 Colt automatic and the .45 Colt cartridges, the penetration of all three being almost equal.

Desirous of getting still higher velocity to the bullet in the .38 special calibre, some have advocated loading it with smokeless, and strengthening the barrel and cylinder of the gun by making it of nickel steel. However, the makers are best fitted to know whether or not such a combination would bring good results, and these points had best be left for them to decide. Having the new gun chambered for this cartridge gives one a little variety of .38 calibre ammunition of varying power and suitable for all purposes that a revolver would likely be called upon to fulfill. Having the front sight pinned on through lugs would permit its being readily changed to suit the charge used or the owner's peculiarities. In any case, having a revolver so built as to permit of any standard front sight being used would be a decided improvement. It is expected that those who write to the Colt people relative to this gun will bear in mind the motives that actuate the shooters to ask for it, and also bear in mind the superior advantages offered in the .38 S. & W. Special, etc., as a cartridge adapted to either hunting or target purposes.

A. W. Lowdermilk, Chicago.

THE BELT REVOLVER.

Editor Recreation:

Since the metallic cartridge revolvers were placed on the market I have owned or used nearly all kinds, whether centre-fire, rim or pin-fire, and I wish to say that I have never had one yet that for reliability as a belt "gun" that equaled the Single Action Colt's "Frontier" or "Peacemaker," 45 Colt's and 44-40 calibre revolvers. As Mr. Ashley A. Haines, B. C., in August number said on that subject, its shape, power and accuracy made it the favorite weapon where revolvers were used several years ago, but to-day it needs improvement in the cylinder and unloading action to keep it with modern weapons. My notion as to the way this improvement can be made is this, and it is not much different from Mr. A. A. Haines, B. C.: Let the revolver have a swing-out cylinder, with the fore end lock, as on the S. & W. .38-calibre military revolver. This fore end lock should be on it by all means, as that keeps the cylinder always perfectly aligned with the barrel no matter how hard the usage. Have the front sight removable, but by all means keep it as close to the barrel as possible, as a high sight on a revolver is a nuisance. Then "cut out" one or two of those "clicks" the hammer makes in cocking, which Mr. Haines rightly calls "reliable," "never-fail," etc., as there would no longer be any use of a "reloading notch" (i. e., the second one), as the reloading would be from the side when the cylinder was swung out. Then keep the hammers from cocking so far back. It cocks one-half inch farther than necessary, as it strikes the primers harder than it needs to and is slower in cocking than a shorter action. I had a .44-40 "Frontier" that would strike the primers so hard that the brass would be forced into the firing pin-hole so hard that it sometimes required the use of both hands to free the cylinder. That is too long a sweep to any hammer when it does that. Then, lastly, I say have the cylinder frame and barrel made of "smokeless" or nickel steel, as many persons desire to use smokeless powder and are afraid to in the revolvers now in use. It would put a person more on the safe side when experimenting and would allow the use of nickel-pocket bullets in the .45 and .44-40 calibres, as they are now in use. I say .45 and .44-40 because the Colt's Co. never do anything by halves, and if they change the revolver to this they will put a full choice of calibres on the market, as there are many that would not want the .38 S. & W. Special calibres, as Mr. Haines suggests. The large calibres should weigh as much as the old models, and the .38 and .32 calibres be made lighter, as Mr. Haines says. If there was such a "gun" as this on the market I would want one of them, as it would be a perfect belt revolver.

Earl E. Hoel, Dayton, O.

YET ANOTHER.

Editor Recreation:

In regard to the Ideal Belt Revolver, I would like to see a revolver put on the market as described in the August number of Recreation. Let the Colt Company put on a swing-out cylinder, which would reduce the weight. Make the hammer rebounding so as to do away with so many clicks, and make the gun in not only the one cal., but all of the revolver cals. to suit the purchaser. And one thing as important as all, put smokeless steel in the barrel and cylinder, so as to insure the use of black or low or high-pressure smokeless powders and the nickel jacketed bullets.

I think that would make a belt gun superior to any now on the market.

For instance, a person using a rifle of a .44-40, .38-40, or .32-20 cal. with smokeless cartridges, could shoot the same with perfect safety, in a revolver built with smokeless steel.

(Ned) E. R. Smead.

Dayton, Ohio.

WILL BUY A BRACE.

Editor Recreation:

The belt revolver described by Ashley S. Haines, B. C., in your August issue of Recreation is, to my mind, ideal, and if such a weapon is placed on the market I will gladly buy a brace of them.

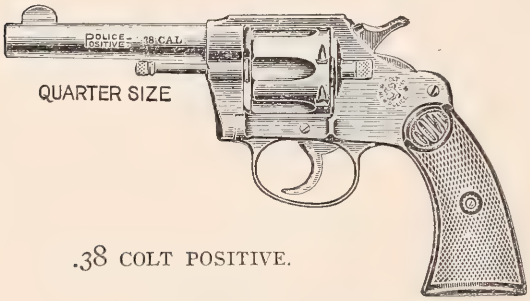
W. R. Martin, M.D.,
724 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WILL SPEND MONEY.

Editor Recreation:

Put me on the list for a Colt gun of the old single-action type, with swing-out cylinder and slotted sight-base. I prefer .44 or .45 calibre, but .38 special will do if the majority want it. The grip is the main thing, and the old Colt butt is the only one that suits my hand. Length of barrel is a detail. I like an octagonal barrel, tapered like the old loose-ammunition gun, but that is another negligible detail. I hope the Colt factory will put out a modern revolver with the antique butt. The Bisley model is an abortion.

Allen Kelly.



.38 COLT POSITIVE.

A NEW REVOLVER.

While the number of patterns of American revolvers is large, the Colts have recognized a desire on the part of the public for yet another. The outcome is the .38 Colt Positive. It is made with either a 4-inch or a 6-inch barrel. With the shorter barrel the weight is but 20 ounces, and the over-all length 8½ inches. The most striking new feature is a positive lock between the fall of the hammer and the frame, which prevents the firing pin reaching the primer unless the trigger has been pulled.

A MATTER OF TASTE.

Editor Recreation:

Which do you consider the best pocket revolver, the 32-calibre Colt's New Pocket Double Action or the 32-calibre Hammerless S. & W., and which is the best length of barrel, 2½ or 3½ inches, and give reasons why?

I am a reader of your valuable magazine and wish you would answer at once, for I am in a hurry.

Roy F. Ellis, Conneaut, O.

The best for you is the one that you prefer; the best for the other fellow the one he likes best. In other words, it's six of one and half a dozen of the other. Each is a first-rate weapon. The 3½-inch barrel is a little more accurate, though less handy, than the shorter one.—Editor.

AN EXPERIMENT.

Editor Recreation:

The rifle makers, the rifle sellers, and a lot of the rifle shooters, unite in saying that a rifle screwed in a vise will shoot wild.

I have sometimes wondered how many of these good people ever tried the experiment. I can remember seeing two old-time gunsmiths in my boyhood days who tested their hand-made rifles in this way and set the sights while the weapon was in the vise.

Now these old-timers—long since passed to the other shore—never had heard of the "flip" of a rifle barrel, and while I know something of rifle shooting and will admit that the slight tapering barrels of our modern rifles *may* "flip," spring, bend or do some other thing they should not do at the second of discharge, I doubt there was very much of this kind of work where the barrel was as large as a heavy crowbar and the ball about 90 to 120 to the pound.

(For the benefit of the younger riflemen I will say that in those days rifles, and shotguns also, were measured in this way—90 to the pound meant that 90 of the bullets fitting the rifle would weigh one pound—shotguns are still measured that way.)

I believe no one would for a moment question the deadly accuracy of these old-time rifles.

Then there is another set of fellows that will tell you that a rifle screwed in a vise will shoot every ball into the same hole at distances varying with the mendacity of the individual from 50 to 100 yards. I have no doubt of the truth of these statements, always providing the hole is big enough. But seeing is believing, so I experimented a little. I did not have a vise in a shape I could well use for this purpose, so I took a heavy piece of frame timber 14 feet long, secured in such a manner as to insure it against "flipping," and secured a rifle to it by means of blocks and wedges, making it practically solid on the timber, then I took several sheets of white paper, one over the other to obtain duplicates of the work, tacked them on a heavy target, also securely nailed to the side of a building, and went to shooting at a distance of 35 measured yards from the muzzle of rifle.

The rifle was a No. 4 Remington, weighing perhaps 4½ pounds; the ammunition was the U. M. C. short smokeless 22-caliber. The number of shots was 15; the first 10 shots cut a hole in the paper of less than ⅜ of an inch in greatest length; the eleventh flew wild and high; the twelfth cut a little low; the balance kept well within the ⅜ of an inch circle.

This rifle, while fairly accurate, has been fired many thousands of times and is a little worn, and I do not consider it a dead center gun by any means.

As this shooting was done in the city, I did not use my new high-power hunting rifle, as I should have had a squad of police after me in short order.

What kind of shooting could be done with the modern engine of death known as the high-power rifle secured in this manner? I do not know, but screwing a rifle in a vise is not always a test of accuracy, as unless the weapon be secured at muzzle and breech it may treat the experimenter in a "flip"-pant manner, for many vises are by no means rigidly attached to the bench. J. A. NASH.

LENGTH OF BARREL.

Editor RECREATION:

Will some one who knows be good enough to tell me through RECREATION, if a rifle 24 inches long in the barrel has the same killing effect as one that is 28 inches long; or have they the same energy and trajectory; or does the length of barrel make a difference?

Also please give some of the practical results as to killing power of the .33 caliber Winchester rifle, stating whether it has much recoil, or not—say as compared with a .303 Savage.

G. S. A., Lion's Head, Ont.

The shorter barrel will give slightly less velocity and penetration than the longer one, but the difference is so slight as to be immaterial. Under the conditions found in actual sport, the shorter barrel might often be preferable.

The .33 Winchester has been thoroughly tried on bear, moose and other large game, and found most efficient. The recoils of both the .33 Winchester and the .303 Savage are moderate.—EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SEA

By MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

I have made me a mer-man, full brave and full wise,
Of salt air of ocean, and deep purple skies,
Of free winds of Heaven, and deep purple wave—
I have made me a mer-man, full wise, and full brave.

Sometimes he is grave, and sometimes he is gay,
Like the black, oily billows that roll far away,
Like the white foaming breakers whose song is right glad—
Sometimes he is gay and sometimes he is sad.

I have chained him with sea-grass and crowned him with pearls
(My mer-man is nobler than princes and earls);
He has named me a pearl, and has crowned me with light,
And has bound up my tresses with green sea-kale bright.

When the light's in the east I will hasten away
To greet with my dear one the oncoming day;
When eventide darkens, I'll hasten to rest,
Where he cradles me soft on his slow-throbbing breast.

But ever, and always, till oceans are dry,
But always, and ever, till Heaven is nigh,
Our joys and our sorrows together shall surge,
Like the clouds in the sky, or the waves on the verge.

AMERICAN ARCHERY

Recreation is the Official Publication
of the National Archery Association

By ALBERT RANKIN CLARK

NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the National Archery Association of the United States was held in Chicago, last August 15, 16, 17.

The field, in Washington Park was as fine as any on which the Association has ever held a tournament. The weather was not good for the large scores which every one had predicted. The first day was cloudy and damp. The second and third were bright and not too hot; but during the whole meeting a strong north, or northeast, wind blew down the range, and even the strongest archers fell before it.

Champion G. Phillips Bryant, of Boston, won the York Round Medal a second time, but had to surrender the American Round Medal to Mr. C C. Beach, of Battle Creek, Mich.

Mrs. M. C. Howell won the National Round and the Columbia Round Medals as she has done for about fifteen years.

The meeting was considered one of the most successful ever held. It was voted unanimously to hold the 1906 meeting in Boston, Mass.

The following officers were elected:

President, Wallace Bryant, Boston.
Vice-President, Tac. Hussey, Des Moines, Iowa.
Sec. and Treas., C. E. Dallin, 69 Ashland Ave., Arlington Heights, Boston.

Executive Committee:
Wallace Bryant, Chairman, 9 Exeter St., Boston.
G. P. Bryant, Boston.
F. W. Benson, Salem, Mass.
C. E. Dallin, Boston, Mass.
C. C. Beach, Battle Creek, Mich.
Will H. Thompson, Seattle, Wash.
Dr. E. B. Weston, Chicago, Ill.
M. C. Howell, Cncinnati, Ohio.

Double York Round Championship medal won by Mr. G. Phillips Bryant of Boston, Mass., 6 points in 10, viz:

	POINTS.
G. P. Bryant, total hits	2
G. P. Bryant, total score	2
G. P. Bryant, 100 yds., hits	1
G. P. Bryant, 100 yds., score	1
W. H. Thompson, 80 yds., hits	1
H. S. Taylor, 80 yds., score	1
H. S. Taylor, 60 yds., hits	1
L. W. Maxson, 60 yds., score	1

Spalding gold medal for most golds at Double York Round, tie at 14, between Will H. Thompson and G. Phillips Bryant.

100 yds. Medal, Will H. Thompson.
80 yds. Medal, H. S. Taylor.
60 yds. Medal Harry B. Richardson.

Double American Round Championship medal won by Mr. C. C. Beach, of Battle Creek, Mich., by 7½ points in 10, viz:

	POINTS.
C. C. Beach, total hits	2
C. C. Beach, total score	2
C. C. Beach, 60 yds., hits	1
C. C. Beach, 60 yds., score	1
C. C. Beach, 50 yds., score	1
C. C. Beach, 40 yds., hits	⅓
H. S. Taylor, 50 yds., hits	1
H. S. Taylor, 40 yds., hits	1⅓
C. S. Woodruff, 40 yds., hits	⅓
G. P. Bryant, 40 yds., score	1

Range Medals:

RANGE MEDALS:
60 yds.—C. S. Woodruff.
50 yds.—Wallace Bryant.
40 yds.—A. R. Clark.

The Double National Round Championship Medal won by Mrs. M. C. Howell, of Cincinnati, Ohio, with 7 points, Mrs. A. M. Phillips winning 1 point for score at 50 yds.

Range Medals:

RANGE MEDALS:
60 yds.—Mrs. A. M. Phillips.
50 yds.—Mrs. F. E. Canfield.

Spalding Gold Medal, for most golds at Double National Round, Mrs. M. C. Howell, 14.

Double Columbia Round Championship Medal won by Mrs. M. C. Howell, of Cincinnati, Ohio, with 9 points, Mrs. A. M. Phillips, of Battle Creek, Mich., winning one point.

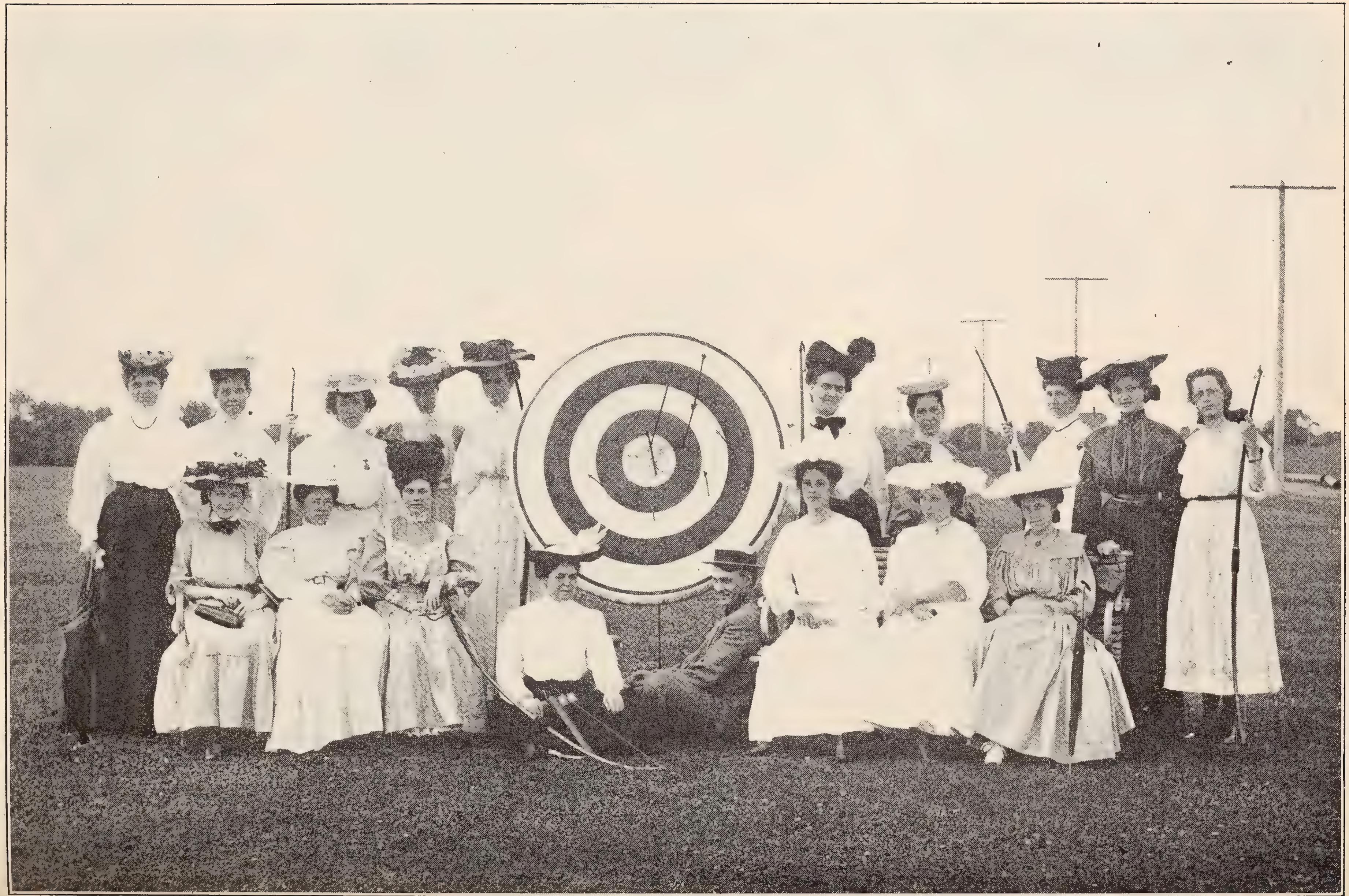
Range Medals:

RANGE MEDALS:
50 yds.—Mrs. A. M. Phillips.
40 yds.—Mrs. C. F. Woodruff.
30 yds.—Mrs. E. B. Weston.

FIRST CHICAGO TEAM.

A. W. Houston	76	326
Ben Keys	77	327
W. G. Valentine	75	311
H. S. Taylor	81	403
	309	1,367

MRS. M. C. HOWELL



ARCHERY CLUB OF DES MOINES, IOWA

CINCINNATI TEAM.

C. S. Woodruff	74	356
W. A. Clark	72	324
C. R. Hubbard	63	281
A. R. Clark	81	355
	290	1,316

POTOMAC TEAM.

L. W. Maxon	82	424
Will H. Thompson	85	381
Col. R. Williams	76	298
A. B. Casselman	34	132
	277	1,235

SECOND CHICAGO TEAM.

A. E. Spink	55	213
E. I. Bruce	47	185
H. R. Bruce	38	152
F. A. Bruce	48	187
	188	737

DES MOINES, IA.

R. Fullerton	47	171
T. Hussey	56	234
G. F. Henry	41	137
E. A. Temple	26	94
	170	638

MIXED TEAM.

G. P. Bryant	90	440
W. Bryant	77	353
H. B. Richardson	84	330
D. F. McGowan	57	241
	308	1,364

MIXED TEAM.

Mrs. A. M. Phillips	59	197
Dr. A. M. Phillips	61	281
C. C. Beach	90	424
	210	902

MIXED TEAM.

Dr. E. B. Weston	29	91
W. M. Goodrich	16	60
Dr. W. C. Williams	67	247
J. F. Scott	55	205
	167	503

LADIES' TEAM ROUND–
96 Arrows, 50 Yards—

CINCINNATI TEAM.

Mrs. M. C. Howell	94	574
Mrs. C. S. Woodruff	45	165
	139	739

CHICAGO TEAM.

Mrs. E. B. Weston	44	150
Mrs. F. E. Canfield	56	210
Miss C. Bruce	14	53
Mrs. A. G. Bryant	48	198
	162	616

FLIGHT SHOOTING, won by Wallace Bryant, distance 241 yards; L. W. Maxson second by a few inches.

DOUBLE YORK ROUND.

SCORES:

	100 Yds.		80 Yds.		60 Yds.		Total	
	H.	S.	H.	S.	H.	S.	H.	S.
G. P. Bryant	72	274	59	259	41	183	172	716
H. S. Taylor	55	227	62	284	44	198	161	709
Will H. Thompson	58	242	67	265	42	188	167	695
W. Bryant	42	154	64	152	40	170	148	576
Col. R. Williams	39	155	54	248	36	160	129	563
Ben Keys	34	140	54	224	42	176	130	542
A. R. Clark	42	146	49	197	37	183	128	526
L. W. Maxson	34	122	43	171	43	217	120	510
C. S. Woodruff	30	100	49	197	34	168	113	465
Dr. W. C. Williams	43	165	41	181	32	136	116	482
H. B. Richardson	55	213	36	132	34	108	125	453
W. G. Valentine	26	110	29	123	38	174	93	607
C. C. Beach	23	77	41	149	42	180	106	606
T. F. Scott	23	79	36	124	31	120	88	332
A. B. Casselman	23	105	21	79	27	117	71	301
E. I. Bruce	23	93	34	116	21	81	76	292
T. Hussey	17	61	25	101	22	86	64	248
Dr. E. B. Weston	20	80	17	63	18	76	55	219
Dr. A. M. Phillips	11	35	24	74	27	99	62	208
A. E. Spink	9	29	20	74	25	103	54	206
F. A. Bruce	13	31	12	56	18	74	43	161
H. R. Bruce	10	34	14	58	16	52	40	144

DOUBLE AMERICAN ROUND.

SCORES:

	60 Yds.		50 Yds.		40 Yds.		Total	
	H.	S.	H.	S.	H.	S.	H.	S.
C. C. Beach	56	280	58	354	60	372	174	1006
W. H. Thompson	52	262	59	339	59	367	170	968
H. S. Taylor	52	268	60	338	58	360	170	966
G. P. Bryant	47	265	57	325	60	376	164	966
C. S. Woodruff	54	252	57	329	60	348	171	933
A. R. Clark	49	227	55	287	59	347	163	861
W. Bryant	39	173	55	317	56	320	150	820
W. G. Valentine	49	231	54	254	58	294	161	779
W. A. Clark	42	188	52	276	59	297	153	761
Col. R. Williams	43	171	56	244	56	336	157	751
L. W. Maxson	40	158	56	256	57	337	153	751
Ben Keys	36	166	47	215	58	340	141	721
C. R. Hubbard	30	128	56	288	59	317	143	673
Dr. W. C. Williams	36	172	43	183	57	308	136	670
T. F. Scott	38	154	48	212	59	303	145	669
D. F. McGowan	35	151	53	231	58	276	146	650
C. F. Henry	37	175	41	187	52	284	130	646

K. Y. Taylor..........	43	167	47	299	52	268	142	634
A. B. Casselman.......	39	127	49	201	52	278	140	606
T. Hussey.............	29	129	46	192	54	284	129	605
H. B. Richardson......	33	129	51	165	51	253	129	547
E. I. Bruce...........	31	45	39	169	53	225	123	539
Dr. A. M. Phillips......	29	117	45	201	48	211	121	529
A. E. Spink...........	23	67	53	175	53	275	119	517
F. A. Bruce..........	18	102	39	157	49	229	116	488
H. R. Bruce..........	18	76	39	129	48	206	105	411
Dr. E. B. Weston....	22	76	30	122	45	189	97	387
H. E. Rounds.........	13	43	21	79	27	66	58	188

DOUBLE NATIONAL ROUND.

LADIES.

	60 Yds.		50 Yds.		Total	
	H.	S.	H.	S.	H.	S.
Mrs. M. C. Howell..............	80	366	44	204	124	570
Mrs. A. M. Phillips................	64	244	42	220	106	464
Mrs. F. E. Canfield..................	22	80	22	70	44	150
Mrs. E. B. Weston..................	8	34	12	36	20	70
Miss Caroline Bruce................	0	0	6	20	6	20

DOUBLE COLUMBIA ROUND.

LADIES.

	50 Yds.		40 Yds.		30 Yds.		Total	
	H.	S.	H.	S.	H.	S.	H.	S.
Mrs. M. C. Howell.....	47	253	47	305	44	352	142	910
Mrs. A. M. Phillips.....	34	162	45	223	48	314	127	699
Mrs. C. S. Woodruff....	14	52	38	212	45	283	97	547
Mrs. F. E. Canfield......	28	92	34	140	44	252	108	484
Mrs. E. B. Weston......	13	47	29	109	41	231	83	387

RAIN IN AUTUMN

By CLARENCE H. URNER.

The smitten landscape writhed beneath the blaze
  Of fiery shafts till flower and plant are slain;
  Not now the lea and hill slope thirst for rain,
For reaped and shocked the earless stalks of maize;
Yet, skies let fall their freight for days and days
  On tracts of waste, and not on fields of grain,
  Till, like a brook, wild waters flood the lane
And tribute streams plow through the garden ways.

Ye long, brief days, shall light once more illume
  The vault that seems to hover close to earth?
Must nights still wear their thick Plutonian gloom,
  And barren farms be always cursed with dearth?
Shall flowerless plots again burst forth in bloom,
  And birdless trees ring out with songs of mirth?

EDITORIAL

The readers of RECREATION, and the public in general, are to be congratulated upon the improved sentiment in regard to the protection of our native animals and plants, and also in regard to the improvement in efficiency of the game wardens themselves, and the respect with which the ordinary citizen looks upon the laws and legislation for the protection of wild creatures. Notwithstanding the fact that in Ohio game wardens have been fired upon, that down in Florida a man was deliberately murdered because he was a game warden, and stood in the way of the plume-hunters, and in California a game warden was badly beaten, and in Wisconsin the deer have been ruthlessly slaughtered out of season, these incidents do not discourage us when reports coming from all parts of the United States show such marked improvement as they do this season. We must remember that no outlaw, whether he be a trust magnate, an illegal fisherman or plume-hunter in Florida, will hesitate at murder if any man seriously interferes with his criminal career. When I say will not hesitate at murder, I mean if there is a fair chance of his escaping punishment upon the commission of such a crime; and we know that in Florida human life is less sacred than in—well, some other parts of the country.

If illegal seiners and people who use dynamite to kill fish do not commit murder it is not because murder is not in their hearts, but because they hesitate to commit a crime which would probably bring uncomfortable results to themselves. If a law-breaking trust magnate hesitates at murder it is for the same reason. In other words, outlaws are outlaws, and dangerous persons, and their acts should not discourage law-abiding citizens or cause us to be pessimistic about the morals of the community, any more than the reports of hold-ups and burglaries cause us to distrust our own neighbors.

While speaking of the South, it is with pleasure we notice the energetic and constant work of Mr. Frank Miller, secretary of the Audubon Society at New Orleans, and the praiseworthy efforts of Game Warden Trenchard, in their efforts to protect game in that locality, while down in Mobile Dr. D. J. Spotswood has called upon the police and the sheriff and local authorities, and given them to understand that there is a state law prohibiting the slaying of birds. The doctor insists upon the officers of the law putting a stop to the shooting of swallows, bull bats, and other very useful insectivorous birds. This is particularly interesting, inasmuch as the yellow fever which is now epidemic among Mobile's neighbors in New Orleans is more or less directly spread by mosquitoes, upon which the bull bats, swallows and such birds are said to feed voraciously. Until very recently, it has been a notorious fact that in the South all birds were considered as candidates for the pot, including even the mockingbird, and all manner of songsters were offered publicly for sale as game (?) at the public markets.

There has been a very interesting question brought up in Colorado with regard to the rights of a person to fish in streams stocked by the state, and it is claimed by Mr. Melville, a lawyer, that the Constitution affirms the public ownership of the water of the natural streams of the state and that the legislature has publicly affirmed the public ownership of the fish in the state. From early times until the present, legislatures have appropriated large sums of the public funds for the purpose of stocking these waters with the choicest of fish. The members of the legislature appropriating such funds believe that the public has the right to go into and upon such streams and have the pleasure and profit of such fish from such a stream.

This seems to be good, sound, natural law, and accords with RECREATION'S politics, for RECREATION has always claimed that the game of a country belonged to the people of the country and not to the landlords. The landlords do not create game. The landlord's only right to the use of the land comes from the public consent, inasmuch as he could have no possible valid title originating from any other source, consequently he can only own the right to the use of the land which the public agrees shall be under his control, and as the public has never consented or agreed that the game or fish should be the private property of the landlord, it is evident that he has no natural, legal, moral or ethical right to the game as a landlord, but only a general right as one individual of the public which owns the game and fish of the country.

This same idea has been lately incorporated by the Michigan legislature in the preamble of the game laws recently enacted, when it says that "All wild animals and wild birds, both resident and migratory, in this state shall be, and are hereby declared to be, the property of the state." In Indiana it is the same idea which underlies the law and which makes it necessary for a land-owner to procure a license to hunt even upon his own estates.

Never mind what the landlords may claim. I am one myself, and know that they will claim everything in sight; but they can not sustain their claims to some things and wild game and fish are two things upon which they only have an equal right with the landless man.

MAN IS THE CAUSE OF THE DECREASE OF BIRDS.

"Beside man, all other destructive forces dwindle into insignificance. The destruction of birds by the elements or by their natural enemies is not to be compared for a moment with that inflicted by man on all species that come within scope of his wants. Man's persecutions are annual and perennial."—Special Report of the Decrease of Certain Birds and its Cause. Prepared under direction of Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture.

We notice that there is a general protest by our brother editors of the press against the barbarous and cruel practice of shooting turtle-doves as game, and we often see quoted our favorite lines from "The Ancient Mariner":

> "He prayeth best who loveth best,
> Both man and bird and beast."

This support by the press is one of the things which encourages us in our fight for moderation and for proper sentiment, and we agree with our brother editors that the legalizing of the destruction of the doves is a step in the wrong direction, and that such a law is vicious and corrupting in its tendency. We think that very few men who call themselves sportsmen will object to having so beautiful and gentle a bird as the turtle-dove removed from a list of game birds where it never belonged. Of course, it is good to eat; so, also, are most live things, and, if we are to trust the opinion of some wild people, a fat human baby is also a delicacy; but it ill accords with advanced civilization to kill everything which our stomachs can digest.

The Punxsutawaney Spirit says that the streams of the commonwealth are its natural sewers, and that the industries are worth vastly more to our people than the fish. This is a misleading statement, the first part of which is true only in so far that the streams are the natural drainage of the country, and they become sewers only when they are polluted, like the disgusting Passaic river; but pollution is not necessary. The second part of the statement is too vague for discussion. It is quoted merely to show how purposely misleading are such phrases. It is made to appear that the only reason for uncontaminated water supply is to preserve the fish.

In the first place, it is not necessary for factories to drain their refuse in the streams, and the reason they do is because labor follows the line of the least resistance and the easiest and cheapest way to dispose of waste is by dumping it into an adjoining stream. When they do this they utterly disregard the rights of a patient and long-suffering public, and do it in defiance of the fact that *the health and life of the public is dependent upon a supply of pure water.* The same paper adds the interesting item that a small chemical factory on the headwaters of First Fork, one of the prettiest mountain streams in the world, makes that little river look a combination of ink and soapsuds, and has totally ruined it as a fishing stream. A few years ago it was the Mecca of fishermen from all parts of the state. Now it is so nasty that the people living along the banks cannot eat the eggs of the poultry that drink from it. This is only one of the numerous instances of its kind. Then the editor wakes up and says some important things, as follows:

"The rights and pleasures of millions of people are thus sacrificed to the avarice of a few.

"This matter ought to be thoroughly investigated by a commission of competent persons, and if it be found that the waters can not be kept clean without crippling our industries, the fish laws should be repealed absolutely. And if it be found that the various manufacturing industries could provide methods of disposing of the poisonous chemicals used in their business at reasonable cost, then they should be liable for all damage such industry might do to the streams."

The American people are not fools, and if it is true, as Abraham Lincoln said, that you can not fool all the people all the time, then it is time that we united in a strenuous protest against this outrageous use of our streams for common sewers. As well argue that all wells and springs are natural cesspools as that all streams are natural sewers.

The Cooperstown Sentinel says that considerable excitement was caused in Valley City last Monday morning by the discovery of a countless number of dead fish which were floating on the surface of the Sheyenne river below the mill dam. The dead fish are all below where the city sewers empty into the river, and are nearly all suckers; the suckers are the only fish that feed on the mouth of the sewers, and the evidence strongly points to the supposition that something that passed through the city sewers killed the fish, and that it is perhaps a case for the city authorities and the health officers. There is no perhaps about a matter of this nature; substance which is deadly enough to kill as tough a fish as a sucker is too deadly to be allowed to run into a river.

The Bellington, W. Va., Republican says that recently the Tygarts Valley river has been polluted to such an extent that the water there was black. It is said that the Elkins tannery empties its vats into the river; and one of the Ohio papers states that a brewery has recently killed all the fish in an adjoining stream and speaks of it as a *joke!* It would be well for that paper to remember that dead fish means impure water, and impure water means *dead men.* Pure water means healthy people and fish will thrive best in pure water. Let us have both—we have a natural and a legal right to pure water and healthy fish.

From what has been previously said it may plainly be seen that the indefinite preservation of game and forests and the purity of our streams rests with the people themselves. Legislators will enact such laws as the people shall demand; and the courts will interpret those laws in accordance with the demands of the people. The trouble lies in the fact that, when we have delegated our power to a group and that group has delegated it to a smaller group, it is easy for an organized band of corruptionists to use their tainted money effectively on these few people for the benefit of themselves, and have the will of the public treated with contempt; but they can only do this when the people, by their negligence and inattention allow it. We have a recent example of how quickly even prominent politicians become virtuous and honest when the limelight is turned full upon them, and we can keep the limelight blazing only by keeping up a universal interest in these subjects so dear to our hearts, and educating the masses to the importance of preserving the animal and vegetable life of our continent.

Apropos of the silly talk of a would-be editor, which was quoted in the last number of this magazine, I would say that there is a pamphlet issued by the government conclusively showing the great benefit the game laws are to the farmers, and there is a liberal education in these reports. It would be well if all our farmers insisted upon their representatives having their names placed upon the mailing lists of all reports regarding the animal and vegetable life and agricultural subjects printed by our government especially for the farmers. The government spends a great amount of money in making the necessary investigations, printing and mailing it.

Not only should all the farmers receive them and read them, but all nature lovers, sportsmen and foresters should demand that they be put upon the list so that they may also receive these reports, which are printed especially for their education and printed by the expenditure of the money collected from them in the form of taxes.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

RECREATION is delighted with the success of the photographic competition. The results have been most interesting and show a great deal of careful judgment and artistic sentiment. But the judges have been worked hard, and they want to say right here that, while they expect a number of protests to come in through the mail as a special favor the judges ask the "kickers" to be easy on them. The judges have done their best, and if their judgment is not satisfactory in all cases, it is due to the inability of our staff to appreciate all the circumstances under which the photographs were taken and not through any biased or opinionated ideas of their own. They have discussed the photographs, looked at them hung on the wall, looked at them spread on the floor, assorted them in bunches and then taken what they considered the best, placed them together and voted on them, gone over and over them, and they sincerely hope that they will be treated with kindness by the ones who have failed to win.

Of course, there must be many losers and few winners in all competitions; but the judges would feel very badly if they were thought to be unjust.

Come now, boys, brace up and prove yourselves to be good losers, and here's to you!

"NEWSPAPER"—NATURAL HISTORY.

[SPECIAL CABLE TO NEW YORK AMERICAN AND JOURNAL]

London, May 17.—Major-General Baden-Powel, as Inspector-General of Cavalry, has begun his active spring work by putting the "Blues" through some very stiff jumping work in Windsor Great Park.

It has been suggested that "B.-P.'s" unrivalled skill as a cavalry scout forms quite a remarkable instance of heredity, seeing that he is descended trom Pocahontas, the American Indian Princess, who has given her name to "La Belle Sauvage" Yard, on Ludgate Hill, and lies buried at Deptford.

Pocahontas and her fellow tribesmen must have ridden on deer, for there were no horses in America until the white men imported them.

MY COMRADES THREE.

BY FRANK LEO PINET.

I.

The blackbird is the parson,
And he preacheth all the day;
The blackbird is the parson,
But I never heard him pray!

II.

The bluebird is the poet,
I know it by his song;
The bluebird is the poet,
And he pipeth all day long.

III.

The redbird is the soldier,
For his is a bugle call;
The redbird is the soldier,
And I love him best of all.

DAN BEARD AND THE BOYS

A HUNTER'S DRESS.

Daniel Boone wore moccasins, and so did all the pioneers; and, in fact, the farmers not only wore moccasins but the hunting shirt as late as the time of William Henry Harrison, for I have before me a picture of William Henry Harrison, made at that time, showing him on his farm, wearing a

WAMUS.

This garment is really a long hunting shirt of tunic form and is a modification of the Indian Deerskin "Cote," of which we read in the early annals of our country.

I have, as late as 1868, seen men in full buckskin suits, wamus, fringed leggings, moccasins and coon-skin caps in the streets of Cincinnati. They were rare enough, however, to excite a great deal of attention, and were men who probably came in from the "Nobs" of Kentucky.

In the last number of Recreation we gave you patterns and told you how to make a buckskin hunting shirt. In the next number Mr. Tappan Adney, the artist, back-woodsman, hunter and naturalist, will tell you how to make your own moccasins. I am very anxious to have all the Sons of Daniel Boone try their hands at these things, because a real woodsman should be able not only to feed himself but to clothe himself from the material he finds in the woods, and, although the Sons of Daniel Boone may not be in the wilderness, still we are studying to learn real woodcraft and to emulate our ancestors, the stalwart buckskin heroes, in their ability to take care of themselves.

After we have learned how to make a shirt and moccasins we will try our hand at the leggings, and then at camp building, study the art of making the proper sort of camp fire, camp cooking and all those delightful occupations which appeal to the heart of any real boy, and arouse the best and most wholesome feelings in the breast of any real man; but now I must ask you boys to do some work and to work for the cause.

If we are going to be the great national association of the United States and Canada, we have got to "put our shoulder to the wheel" and work with enthusiasm.

There are two notches for the tally gun of the fort having the largest number of members by the 1st of November. There is one notch for the tally gun of the fort having the next largest number of members, and there is space in the magazine for the photograph of the best-looking group of Sons of Daniel Boone. Of course, the Founder will not undertake to decide which is the best-looking crowd of boys. Personally, he knows that all the boys who have the taste and desire to belong to our association are manly, handsome fellows; but, just for the fun of the thing, so that we can have a little lark, he proposes to submit these photographs to a large jury, composed of the girls of Recreation's staff; and will let these girls chip in and send some memento to the best-looking crowd of the Sons of Daniel Boone with all the names of the jury signed. Remember that Recreation will pay the photographer's bill.

I have some more good news for you. The author of those delightful and excruciatingly comical pictures called the "Woozle Beasts" has promised the Founder to write a Daniel Boone song to be sung in the forts when Simon Kenton carries in the tally gun.

The lecture to go with the stereopticon views is now being prepared. The delay is caused by the difficulty we find in securing the right sort of pictures for the illustrations. Of course, we could slam together a lot of pictures that would do, but we want to get as many authentic ones as is possible, and we have already secured a photograph of Daniel Boone's axe, which he carried in his belt, also one of the traps used by this famous pioneer, and we hope soon to secure photographs of a lot more of his personal effects, including a photograph of the tree, on Boone Creek, Tenn., bearing Daniel Boone's autograph and words to this effect: "D. Boone cilled A Bar in this tree, 1760."

We know all the Sons of Daniel Boone can spell better and make a better use of their capitals than our old namesake, but the man who carved this inscription on the tree, away back in 1760, had so many sterling qualities of manhood, courage, common sense and, withal such a gentle, lovable nature, that it makes little difference to us whether he knew how to spell his own name or not, for, after all, what is admirable is not one's accomplishments, but character.

Boone had the boyish fancy of carving his name upon trees, and these inscriptions have served to a great extent as a means of tracing his wanderings.

I remember once when I was a small boy, of receiving as a present a carpenter's gouge, and no instrument every furnished more delight to a lad than did this gouge to me. I made a scabbard for it and carried it in my belt and traveled miles and miles back in the Kentucky woods, inscribing my name on every smooth-bark beech tree which I could discover. Many years afterward, after I had cast my first vote and grown a mustache, I went fishing in Kentucky and sat down to eat my lunch under a spreading beech tree. Happening to glance up I was astonished to find, cut in neat letters, my own name. I had then and have now no recollection of carving my name upon that tree; but it was undoubtedly done years before, when I was the proud possessor of a carpenter's gouge.

By the way, I still have a little crescent scar on my body which is also the mark of this gouge, but which, it is not necessary for me to say, was not intentionally put there.

It is not intended that the Sons of Daniel Boone shall follow literally the example of the old Kentucky pioneer in carving their names upon the trees; but we hope and believe that these boys will carve their names in the minds and hearts of the communities in which they dwell; and for that purpose they need neither jack-knife nor a gouge, but they do need honesty, manliness, courage, and faithfulness to high aims and ideals. These qualities they all possess, else they would not belong to our society, so it is only necessary for them to live up to their own ideas to make enviable records, not only for the society, but for themselves as individuals.

MY FIRST DEER HUNT.

Dear Founder:

I do not believe a boy's first deer hunt will ever be forgotten, or at least, I do not think I shall ever forget mine. I made it last summer with my father and Mr. Barger, his hunting companion.

They had planned a hunt of a few days in Cow Creek cañons, to take place as soon as the season opened for deer, which was on the 15th of July, and I had been wanting to take a hunt, and had had the promise for some time of going out "as soon as the deer were ripe," as Casey (Mr. Barger) said. For two weeks before the time came I could hardly wait for the day. We were to start on the 14th, so as to be there to open with the season on the morning of the 15th. We were to leave Roseburg on the early train in the morning, and travel forty-five miles south to Union Creek, then walk back in the mountains about three miles to Whiskey camp, on the main divide between Union and Slip Creeks—where the men thought we could find plenty of deer.

After leaving the station, we went up the creek about half a mile to where an old cabin had stood a few years before, but was now burned down, nothing remaining but the ashes and tins, pots, a burned up stove, and an old piece of a rock fireplace. Here we left all our luggage as we were at the foot of a hard climb. We left our gun cases and all extra clothing, as it was rather warm, and all we had was two knapsacks containing our grub, one small frying pan, one small coffee pot, cups, knives, forks, and spoons. These the men carried, as I had about all I could carry to get myself and gun over the hills.

Here Mr. Barger asked me if I could shoot a gnat's eye out at fifty yards. He said if I could not, I would have to return home alone—but he cut it down some by putting up a piece of paper about the size of a silver dollar and told me if I hit it I might go, and, by accident or luck, I almost hit the center of the paper at about twenty steps. So we started for the long climb.

After about three hours' hard, hot climbing it began to rain, cooling off the air, but making the brush very wet and disagreeable to travel through as there were no open trails. But we arrived at our camping place about the middle of the afternoon, and I was about the best man in the camp, as the two men had the load to carry and all I had was a light .22 Winchester rifle. But my, how hungry I was! So we built up a fire and fried some bacon, also some Vienna sausage, warmed some canned beans, made some hot coffee, toasted some bread, and I never ate anything in all my life that tasted quite so good as that first hunting dinner in the mountains.

After dinner we gathered wood for camp fire and prepared for the night. All the shelter we had was the clouds for a roof and a thick fir tree for our blanket, which kept much of the rain off us.

It did not rain very hard, but kept sprinkling all night. I had an empty knapsack under me for a mattress, and a floursack over my head to keep the rain off my face. We kept up a good fire all night, so we did not fare so bad after all; and the two old-time hunters that were with me said the rain was just what we needed to make hunting good, and their ideas proved to be right.

We had an early breakfast and at the break of day all started for large bucks. Had not gone three hundred yards from camp when we saw a bunch of four deer, but they were all does, so we let them go their way. About two hundred yards further we saw a nice buck starting to run across the ridge about eighty yards ahead of us, and Casey and I let go at him at the same time, and down he went, but when we went to him we failed to find anything but a .32 special bullet hole in his hide. So I missed my first deer, but felt proud to get a shot at one. After going a short distance we jumped another buck, and papa gave him a shot from the .39-.30, but did not kill him though he wounded him badly, and he got into some brush and logs. I was told to finish him; he could not possibly get away with two good shots near, with their large guns. So I crawled on a log and there, just over the log and in the bush, he stood looking at me. I put a .22 bullet between his eyes and over he tumbled to stay. And had I been as big as I felt, I could have carried that deer out of there myself (but I didn't).

After dressing the deer and hanging him up, we went a short distance, and saw plenty more deer, but they were mostly does and fawns ,which of course we did not want. We had seen in all fifteen deer.

We then returned to camp, ate our dinner, and as we had all the venison we needed, our hunt was spoiled, and I was very sorry as we had gone prepared to stay three or four days, but had better luck than we expected. The sun was now shining, so we started for home and had a downhill pull at it, and the deer being cut up and put in the knapsacks, made traveling much easier than going in. So we stored away under an old log all of our cooking utensils for some future time.

Just before we reached the railroad station Mr. Barger killed a nice spike buck, so we had a deer each. After arriving at the station we got our second dinner. We had but about one hour to wait for the train which carried us home. I arrived at home early in the evening, rather tired, but feeling proud of my first hunt.

This was but last summer, when I was but twelve years old, and I think I shall get to try my luck again this year and see if I can't do better.

Glenn Patrick,
Roseburg, Ore.

WHITTLE A NOTCH.

Dear Founder:

The "badges" came all right and we thank you for them. We have two new members, viz.: Thomas Meehan and Elmer Anderson.

We have been on a camping trip at Hampton Beach.

We camped on a point with Hampton River on one side and the Ocean on the other. We caught flounders, tom-cod, cunners and perch. We dug clams and bought lobsters. We had a jolly time and were sorry when the week was done. We made chowders; in fact, did all our cooking over a fire.

We did odd jobs for the money we used. We sold old junk, cleaned a cellar, did errands, etc., and sold lemonade.

At Hampton Beach we found one morning a little duck swimming on the water in the well, so we made a chain of boys, putting the lightest on the end, and rescued it. The well was quite shallow; if it had been otherwise, boys instead of ducks would have been in the well. Our tent was only a dozen feet or so from the river, and when the tide came up we were afraid we would get wet.

With kind regards, I am,

Yours truly,
C. H. Batchelder.
(Davy Crockett for Dan Beard Fort, S. O. D. B.)

MY BRIARWOOD PIPE.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

My briarwood pipe is my warmest of friends;
Its heart is aglow, and its excellence lends
A solace and joy to my innermost soul,
As the incense floats off from its ash-tinctured bowl.

And through the thin weft of vapory blue
Which so gracefully curls and fades from my view,
Bright visions of life seem to come and to go,
Like wavelets that break in the tide's ebb and flow.

In camp, when the firelight gleams fitfully out;
In the field, or at sea, as I travel about,
Fond mem'ries of home grow warm in my soul,
As kindles the spark in my briarwood bowl.

Good briarwood! Briarwood, cheering my heart!
In all phases of life sustaining thy part;
The "weeds" which you burn ever help me to bear
With surcease of grief the *weeds* that I wear.

So I bless thee, good pipe, for thy service to man!
The bridge of our lifetime so helpful to span;
The comfort afforded, the joy it inspires,
And the spark kept alive at our home altar fires.

Let others delight in the Powhattan pipe;
The corncob so sweet when the harvest is ripe;
Or meerschaum, conceived by the foam of the sea;
My briarwood pipe is the pipe, boys, for me!

THE WINDS OF VENTURE

By JEANNETTE HELM

I.

Sad is my heart to go, and yet,
  When last farewells are softly said,
And round the keel the quick waves fret,
  And filling sails are outward spread;
I must go on though joy or fear
  Await me, in my pulse's stir
Is venture, on the breeze I hear
  The Song of the First Voyager.

"Great birds on lazy wing drift by,
  Around my prow the seaweed trails,
At night from out a starless sky
  A foggy moon her wan face veils;
For light or shadow what care I
  While Winds of Venture fill my sails?"

II.

Loath are my hands to lose their hold
  Of clinging ones that bid me stay,
But when the pointing fingers gold
  Of sunset beckon me away;
Into its glory I must go,
  Into the Sea of the Unknown,
Led by the song the breezes blow
  Of him who sailed and sought alone.

"Amid the clouds with angry eye
  The sun glares down, a sad wind wails
Through corded ropes, in these do lie
  The sombre hint of coming gales;
For storm or sunshine what care I
  While Winds of Venture fill my sails?"

THE HUNTING DOG

THE BEST DOG IN THE LITTER.

BY WILLIAM TALLMAN.

It often happens that the "bad boy" of a family turns out to be the only one that is really good for anything. The runaway, wild and uncontrollable, always where he should not be, never where he should, putting his foot through the commandments one by one, as the opportunity affords — possessing a growing disregard and disrespect for all things seen and unseen; one day begins to learn control—takes a new view of his purpose in life, and with a deeper knowledge of right and wrong, surpassing his brother in vim and hustle, makes a brilliant success. It is an old story, but one that is too often forgotten, and I suppose I expect almost too much of the young dog owner, when I ask him to apply it to his kennel. I say kennel, because the chance of possessing many "brilliantly bad" ones is good, unless a man owns two or three setters or pointers and buys or breeds with a purpose in view. There is, however, one man besides the kennel owner whose chances are better than the average—he who cannot afford to buy good ones, but is willing to accept as a present the pup discarded by his friend as "wild."

There is in my mind a case which very aptly illustrates the truth of the preceding remarks, and though the application can be made only in a general way, if by relating the story one or two "bad" dogs are converted. I shall consider it worth the telling. A friend of mine, a dog man all his life, who bred more than one show-winning pointer, found himself, through the changes of a business life, located in an excellent quail country. Having disposed of the bulk of his kennel, he was at this time very short on shooting dogs. In fact, about all he had to depend upon was a litter of three pups, about six months old, which by reason of their breeding and by all outward signs gave promise of great things for the following season. They were all dog pups, sired by a pointer which had attracted some attention at one or two state trials. The field qualities transmitted from their sire were already quite noticeable. My friend was highly enthusiastic and wrote letters to his numerous acquaintances dilating on the advantages of a judicious out-cross of field trial blood. Never before had his pups shown such a desire to hunt. Sparrow, pigeons and chickens were hunted and driven from one end of the yard to the other, and even a lonely buzzard, soaring at a great height across a distant field was made the object of more than one dashing high-headed cast. There is always a best one in every litter, however, and as these pups grew day by day the handsomest one confirmed his master's opinion that he was worth a bit more than both of the others put together. They were heavily marked with black, while he was a beautiful liver-and-white. They paid little attention to a toad which hopped in one corner of the yard, but their handsome brother drew up and pointed with a style that delighted his master's heart. And one morning, while their brother stanchly held a point on a stray chicken, they pounced in and murdered it. On another occasion, when they were released from the kennel yard, the "pick of the litter" showed good sense by keeping a safe distance from a scrappy old game cock, while the others tackled him—the worst of the pair sticking to the battle until he was cut from head to tail and had ended that rooster's fighting days.

Before the shooting season opened, my friend took the trio of the field for their introduction to Mr. Bob White. On being put down in a big stubble field the blackest pup, still scarred from contact with the rooster's spurs, set out like a streak for a distant hillside, closely followed by the others. After the first fence, he went on alone, out of sight, while the other two, circling back to their master, ran slamb bang into a big covey of quail. The handsome pup flinched slightly, but as the birds rushed whirring away, stiffened into a beautiful point. His brother gave a few frenzied yelps, and chased madly after the covey, disappearing into the woods, his master rushing after, with the "pick of the litter" following at heel, reached the deep woods just in time to see the black pup dashing from one brush pile to another, punching the singles into the air with joyous yelps. Clearing these woods and looking about for the first black pup, he discovered him on the distant hill putting a few scattered birds in the air for their third flight.

Of course my friend did not condemn the black pups on this first trial; but when, after half a dozen other trips extending over a period of about a month, the liver-and-white pup demonstrated his ability to find birds and point them and the black-and-white pups showed a pronounced determination to flush, chase, give tongue and hunt out the adjoining country, he decided to give the worst one away—break the other even if he had to kill him and to get some real pleasurable shooting over his favorite. The first thing that he did was to present the discarded pup to a young man to whom he owed many a kind favor. Then he started out to break the black pup which he had reserved for himself.

He wisely left his gun at home the first few times, and by using a check cord, soon had the pup so that he would point and drop at command when the birds flushed. The first trip to the field with his gun, however, proved disheartening. With the long cord dangling to him the dog found birds and pointed them, but when the report of the gun accompanied the flushing of the birds, the pup broke and chased. He was then caught and flogged. Then he sulked from the pounding which he had received and refused to hunt until the check cord was removed. This done, he worked all right, except that he continued to break shot unless his master was where he could fall on him and hold him until the birds were out of sight. My friend, however, was pleased with the bird-finding qualities of his puppies and overlooked a little shot breaking, to the extent of inviting me to join him in one hunt over the pair. By this time he spoke of his black pup as a confirmed shot breaker, and a bad runaway unless he was closely watched.

I won't attempt to describe the trip which I had with him. The disgust of it hangs over me yet. Suffice to say that the black pup was a bit rank when put down, and like a mischievous child which receives unreasonable and badly miscalculated punishment instead of careful handling, went from bad to worse —broke shot, flushed, chased, was peppered with a charge of hot, caught and whipped. Then he broke away again, and later in the day, when sneaking through the underbrush to escape punishment, received an accidental charge of shot in his shoulder, which about finished him. The liver-and-white pup did good work that day, but was at the height of his career. Lacking in vim and snap, inside of a month he developed into a typical plug shooting dog, and before the season was over became the worst kind of a "duffer"—pottering, false pointing, dodging the thickets and lying down to drink in every mud hole.

A detailed account of the education of the third pup would amount to a treatise on breaking which would require many pages. But a brief account of his development, as given to me by his owner, may prove enlightening. For about a week after arriving at his new home, he was given just enough yard breaking to make him acquainted with the new master, but not enough to put the least damper on his spirits, for his owner was quick to discover that the dog possessed a quality which, instead of being destroyed, should be carefully nursed and controlled. For the next two weeks he was allowed to hunt in his own independent way. No check cord was used at first and no gun carried. Gradually, though, the dog began to feel the companionship of his master. He learned that the man was as game as he was. There was no frantic yelling nor whistling. If he was out of sight for five minutes, his master had sense enough to know, judging from his course, about where he would turn up. And then, when instead of a recall, he received a wave of the hand, indicating a big stubble farther on, he went merrily to work, hunted it and swung back toward the man, ready for his next order. From that time on he began to pay more attention to the whistle. It became a means of communication which he appreciated, when he learned that it was not the forerunner of a whipping. Punishment came to him in due season, but only when he understood the reason for it. His education on birds was carried along on the same lines. In this, the check cord taught him that it was not his business to chase the covey out of sight, and his master's vigilance was not relaxed until long after the habit of holding his points was firmly fixed. I might almost say that the vigilance was never relaxed, for the best dogs, like the best horses, must always be kept in hand. If you drive a gamey horse with the reins hanging on the dashboard and your mind on other things, you deserve all the trouble that comes to you, and the same is true in the field, if you handle your good dog carelessly.

This pup for a long time when the scattered birds dropped in bad places was not asked to do any work on singles. His first work was on coveys, and after a covey was flushed, he was ordered on to find another. This called for less checking on the part of his handler, and gradually as he became steadier he was allowed to pick up the singles when they scattered along the edge of the woods. Later on, going deeper into the woods and into bad thickets, the singles sometimes flushed wild on all sides of him, and it was then that his master's judgment in going slow was fully repaid. A half broken pup would surely go to pieces, and an old one is sometimes badly broken up by that unexpected whir of wings to the right, left, and all about him. But with his careful and thorough schooling this discarded pup became as reliable on singles as on coveys, and outclassed the ordinary "single-bird dog" by about fifty to one. It is a great mistake to think that a dog must have the edge taken off of him and his pace restricted in order to become a single--bird dog. It is simply a matter of control; and let me add that this control is a nice thing. You can control a high-strung dog by clubbing him, just about as you can control an unruly vessel by staving a hole in her bottom.

AMERICAN TENNIS

Official Organ of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association

A VALEDICTORY.

All Hail Beals C. Wright, the new American champion. If ever a player deserved success it was Beals Wright. Playing through a preliminary season when the propriety of taking him abroad even as a member of the doubles team was seriously questioned and showing then the best tennis of any of the men who were talked of to go; continuing through a preparatory engagement in which he outclassed all the others; going to England and playing tennis far superior to any one of the other three men and yet given no opportunity to play in the singles the real stellar places on the team; and coming home and again beating all comers, including the national champion on the courts at Newport, he has won his spurs in a manner that must awaken the admiration of every lover of the game throughout the country.

And the calibre of tennis that he played! His steadiness was equal to that of the great Doherty, and his brilliancy when called into play, as great as Larned's. He played sterling tennis of the highest class throughout. Meeting Clothier, Larned, Hobart and Ward in succession and defeating them all in clean cut, convincing style, could more be asked to prove the mettle of any man. He lost one set in the tournament—to Larned—and this the first of the series he followed by three easy wins. Clothier, in the first set, gave him a hard battle for another, and Ward in the final set, made a fearful fight for a win. In this Wright played magnificently and even Ward's fine sensational rally only served to delay the moment when Wright's greater steadiness would win.

Coupled with this he played with Ward in the challenge round of the doubles and they toyed with Hackett and Alexander, who had previously won the right to compete for the championship in a match with Collins and Waidner, the Western champions. In these games Wright played by far the best tennis of the four men on the field. The champion pair were not forced to exert themselves, but they had some opportunity for brilliancy, and it was almost invariably Wright who shone.

It is useless to speculate on what might have been had Wright represented America in the singles against England in the Davis International match. Ward gave Doherty a hard fight and Wright on form would have done even more. Whether or not he would have won none can say, but all may fairly regret that he had not the chance. Next year another international match is contemplated and the Americans will again go to England. Then Wright will have his chance if he continues the calibre of game he is playing now. With Ward back at the top of his game America ought not to fear the outcome of these men playing singles against any other two, while in the doubles they have a fair opportunity to at last defeat the Dohertys.

The Newport tournament brought out a record entry, 105 starters. The first round occupied a solid day. The doubles were played off at once, while the singles continued through three rounds with small interest attaching to them.

The first three rounds gradually eliminated the weaker players, the first contest of importance coming in the fourth. Here Ray Little, Harry Allen and Louis Waidner went down to defeat. R. N. Dana also made his exit, after putting up a surprisingly good game against Clarence Hobart, and having a chance to retire him. Two sets had been won by Hobart, when he slumped, and Dana, by the cleverest kind of a rally took the third and then the fourth sets. In the fourth Hobart began to find himself again, and he had entirely recovered form and won easily in the final set.

Outside of this the Clothier-Waidner game was the most interesting. It looked at one time as though the international player would go out. Waidner won the first two sets playing superbly, but tired in the third and although he made a game fight, lost the last three. The scores were 7-9, 4-6, 6-2, 6-4. 6-4.

In defeating Ray Little, Larned had some trouble that at one time looked dangerous to him. Little lost the first two sets, scarcely costing the champion an effort, but in the third the men showed a complete reversal of form, and Little won almost as handily. The fourth and deciding set was terrifically hard fought, and several times Little looked to be the winner, but Larned finally got his measure and he went down, 7-5.

Wright had no trouble at all with Allen, who, in winning four games in the final set, merely took advantage of a let-up on Wright's part. The scores were, 6-2, 6-0, 6-4.

This brought together important players in two more matches in the fifth round. Collins and Larned were conceded winners over Jones and Behr, but there was keen interest in the meeting of Stevens and Hobart and in the match between Wright and Clothier. Stevens started out well and took the opening set, but Hobart then played everything safe and watched carefully for his opening. When it came he played with swiftness and sureness, surpassing Stevens at his own game. These won the second set 6-4, the third set 6-2, and the fourth 6-4.

Clothier gave Wright an awful battle for the first set, and after having it seemingly won, lost through the Bostonian's wonderful rally. The second and third sets were Wright's easily, his game improving markedly as he progressed, and Clothier seeming to have spent his bolt. Nevertheless both were interesting. It took 16 games to decide the first. Wright won the first, but Clothier's reach and ability to cover court gave him three in succession. Wright then had recourse to placing the ball on Clothier's left hand and low, and his deadly accuracy brought the Philadelphian to the net. Wright evened the score at 3 all, but Clothier took the next two by superior volleying. Wright lobbed and drove him from the net again, evening the score at five all, when Clothier seemingly had the set in hand. They interchanged services, Wright always in the lead, until in the sixteenth game, Wright broke through and won easily. The point score on the three sets showed:

	FIRST SET.	
Beals C. Wright,	4 0 3 0 4 4 3 4 4 4 6 2 4 2 7 4	55-9
William J. Clothier,	1 4 5 4 1 1 5 6 2 2 4 4 2 4 5 1	51-7
	SECOND SET.	
Beals C. Wright,	4 2 4 0 5 5 4 4	28-6
William J. Clothier,	0 4 1 4 3 3 2 2	19-2
	THIRD SET.	
Beals C. Wright	4 3 4 4 6 4 4 4	33-6
William J. Clothier,	1 5 1 6 4 0 1 2	20-2

With Collins and Hobart matched in the semi-final, and Wright and Larned, there was bound to be stellar tennis. Hobart was favored over Collins, because the Westerner seemed spent, having had trouble defeating Jones. Wright was favored over Larned for the double reason that he had been steadily playing fine tennis while Larned had been erratic, and because he could be depended on to do his best in a pinch, while Larned could not. And so it turned out.

Larned took the first set by some sensational play, appearing at his best. He took the first, second, fifth, sixth, and eighth games, bringing the score 5-3. Wright took the next but could not stave off the defeat. Each won his own service in the second set, then each broke through again, coming even. Then Wright forged ahead with two games, and after dropping the seventh game went on and won, 6-4.

Larned lost his second service in the third set, and gave Wright the lead at the end of six games, 4-2. Again he broke through and then won on his own serve, 6-2. The fourth set was a practical repetition of the third, Larned making only the semblance of a fight. The points fell thus:

	FIRST SET.	
Beals C. Wright,	2 2 4 4 2 1 4 2 5 1	27-4
William A. Larned,	4 4 2 2 4 4 2 4 3 4	33-6
	SECOND SET.	
Beals C. Wright,	4 0 0 5 4 5 5 5 4	32-6
William A. Larned,	1 4 4 3 1 3 7 3 0	26-3
	THIRD SET.	
Beals C. Wright,	1 8 5 4 2 4 5 4	33-6
William A. Larned,	4 6 3 2 4 2 3 1	25-2
	FOURTH SET.	
Beals C. Wright,	3 4 4 4 2 4 4 5	30-6
William A. Larned,	5 1 1 2 4 2 1 3	19-2

Collins gave Hobart a much harder fight. He took the first game, 6-4, and lost the second by the same score, although he missed two chances to win it by hard luck. The third set required sixteen games to decide, Collins winning out finally by the pluckiest kind of clever play. But Hobart came back strong, and though Collins fought hard and gained the lead only to lose out on Hobart's fine rallies. In the final set the Westerner appeared worn and Hobart won by his superior strength and more seasoned headwork.

The meeting of Wright and Hobart in the finals developed splendid play. Just a shade below his form against Larned, Wright still played magnificently. His headiness in the first and second set, combined with his skillful placing and his steadiness, won certain victories. In the first, however, Hobart gave him quite a run for honors. In the third set, both men cut loose and played the game to the limit of their ability. Wright was all over the court from baseline to net and changing pace with telling precision. Hobart was way beyond any form he showed in any game in the tournament, throwing caution to the winds and depending on reckless brilliancy that was consistently accurate notwithstanding to win. The rallies were splendid to watch, but Wright steadily forged ahead, always holding the upper hand, and won 6-3. The point score only partially tells the closeness and the cleverness of the exhibition of both men. It follows:

	FIRST SET.	
Beals C. Wright,	4 4 3 4 1 1 10 1 7 4	39-6
Clarence A. Hobart,	1 1 5 2 4 4 8 4 5 2	36-4
	SECOND SET.	
Beals C. Wright,	4 1 4 4 5 4 4	26-6
Clarence A. Hobart,	2 4 2 0 3 1 1	13-1
	THIRD SET.	
Beals C. Wright,	3 5 4 1 7 4 1 4 7	37-6
Clarence A. Hobart,	2 3 2 4 5 1 4 6 5	32-3

In the championship match, Wright was favored over Ward, on account of the consistently high-class game he has played all year, especially abroad. In the tournament his work was distinctly on championship calibre. Ward, on the other hand, had played erratically before he went abroad, during his foreign trip, and after his return. To be sure the fact that Wright had had so hard a struggle to reach the finals, particularly in the closing days, would militate against him, but Ward's lack of tournament play ought as well to tell against him. In a measure the two considerations neutralized each other.

But few expected that the Boston man would so markedly outplay the champion. Until the third set was in hand Ward never had a look in. Then it was only by one of the sensational rallies for which he is famous that the little champion made a hard fight, only to succumb at the finish. With games four to two against him, it looked to be all over. When each added a game, and Wright needed but one game more there was little doubt of it, but Ward not only won two games and brought the set to deuce, but added a third, getting advantage. Wright saved the next, and the match shifted from deuce to Ward's advantage and back until the nineteenth game, when Wright won advantage, and followed it by taking game, set and match.

It was a sensational finish and called forth tennis worthy of the championship. The point score was:

FIRST SET.

Beals C. Wright,	4 4 4 0 5 4 8	29-6
Holcombe Ward,	0 2 1 4 3 1 6	19-1

SECOND SET.

Beals C. Wright,	6 4 4 6 4 4 1 4 . . .	33-6
Holcombe Ward,	4 6 2 4 1 2 4 1 . . .	24-2

THIRD SET.

Beals C. Wright,	1 4 4 4 1 10 3 4 2 2 1 4 2 4 1 6 0 5 5 4	67-11
Holcombe Ward,	4 1 0 2 4 8 5 1 4 4 4 2 4 2 4 4 4 3 3 2	65- 9

At the start of the tournament the doubles aroused even keener interest than the singles. In the latter in the earlier rounds there were no upsets and every match being decided according to form, there was nothing to hold attention. When on Monday the Eastern and Western champions faced each other, there was a general movement of the gallery to the court on which they played. The Western pair being the older combination, and having some reputation for high-class skill, was generally the favorite. There was no great alarm among their supporters, even when they lost the first set, 6-4. The game had been close enough to turn on one or two critical plays, and it was generally believed that the visitors would rally and come into their own in the remaining sets. When in even closer play the second set went to Alexander and Hackett there was deep concern in the Collins-Waidner camp, a concern that changed to dismay when the Easterners broke through their opponents' service in the seventh game and made the score 5-3. It was too late then to retrieve their fortunes, and Collins and Waidner went down to defeat for the third time by the 6-4 score. The points were made in the three sets thus:

FIRST SET.

Alexander and Hackett,	4 3 4 3 5 2 4 0 4 8	37-6
Collins and Waidner,	2 5 1 5 3 4 2 4 1 6	33-4

SECOND SET.

Alexander and Hackett,	5 1 4 1 6 4 3 4 6 4	38-6
Collins and Waidner,	3 4 1 8 8 1 5 1 4 0	35-4

THIRD SET.

Alexander and Hackett,	3 7 4 6 7 1 4 4 4 8	48-6
Collins and Waidner,	5 5 6 4 5 4 1 1 6 6	43-4

This brought Alexander and Hackett up to the challenge round, but none expected to see them make much of a fight against Ward and Wright. Nor did they. The six games that fell to their lot in the match were due after the first rather to carelessness on the part of the champions than to the superior quality of the challengers' play. The story is best told in the summary:

FIRST SET.

Ward and Wright,	5 4 2 4 6 4 5 4 .	34-6
Alexander and Hackett,	4 1 3 4 0 4 2 1 4	23-3

SECOND SET.

Ward and Wright,	7 4 4 4 4 3 4 . .	30-6
Alexander and Hackett,	5 2 1 1 1 5 1 . .	16-1

THIRD SET.

Ward and Wright,	2 4 5 0 4 0 4 4 6	29-6
Alexander and Hackett,	7 1 4 2 4 0 3 2 .	23-2

Limited space forbids the criticism at length of the Longwood and Southampton tournaments. The winners in the singles were Richard Stevens at Southampton, and Clarence Hobart at Longwood, Larned later beating him for the Longwood Cup. In the doubles Alexander and Hackett of course won at Longwood, and Harry Torrence and Theodore Roosevelt Pell at Southampton. Harry F. Allen and Miss Alice Kobbe won the mixed doubles at Southampton.

COLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

NOW FOR FOOTBALL.

Once more we are on the eve of ringing cheers about the college gridiron

Harvard and Pennsylvania are in the best position of the leading colleges as they line up for the start.

Princeton comes third in point of material, with fewer veterans and better new material, with Yale a poor fourth, have no old men of consequence and many new. The Tigers may be counted on to make the most of their chances, but Yale must demonstrate in just how far she owed her determined spirit and her ability to come to time to Mike Murphy. When this is decided it will be more evident what Yale can do.

Take first Pennsylvania. The loss of Smith and Piekarkski, the two mainstays of last year's team is serious. But Penn. ought to find men in her squad to replace these, and she has left Weede and Sinkler, Rooke and Lawson, Ziegler, Torrey, Reynolds, Greene, Sheble Foleyall, Hollenbeck, Bennis and Stevenson. In that last name lies her main hope.

Those who best know football know that the one indispensable factor in success is a capable quarter-back. Any other lack may be remedied, but without an able quarter-back a team is helpless. Increase the efficiency of the quarter-back 50 per cent., and the team efficiency increases 200. And on it goes in geometrical progression. So in having Stevenson, than whom no better all-around performer has appeared in years, Pennsylvania has the greatest factor well provided for.

In Reynolds she has an extraordinary kicker, and in Lawson a man to gain ground quite as well as either Smith or Piekarkski. It remains to find two men to work beside him and to find a man to bear the brunt of the secondary defense as Smith did. Given these things and the tactical possibilities of Stevenson open up an invincible combination. With the influences governing the team as last year and the added strength of Murphy's personality, there seems no reason to believe that Pennsylvania will not be first of the colleges this year.

As for Harvard there is material there every year for a first-class team, but it is rare that proper use is made of it. This year there is more and better than usual, owing to the thorough system of inquiry instituted by Coach Reid. According to present indications there will be over two hundred men out for Harvard's team, half of whom would be gratefully welcomed at any other college in the country.

What will be made of them? Judged by the results achieved during Reid's last service as coach, much should be accomplished. There is only one thing to prevent him doing as well this year—then he knew his men personally, and they knew him through close daily association. It is doubtful if he knows any so well now. But this is not an insurmountable obstacle. His personal force and untiring zeal are sufficient to overcome most any objection, and all things being equal Harvard should have the best chance she has had in years to humble Yale.

For Eli is in a bad way. It is rare that so many men are rendered ineligible by graduation in a single year. The whole line is gone, and what is worse the second line also, leaving new forwards to be broken in and nothing from which to select them except absolutely green men. This is a task that might well appall any coach. In a situation such as this the loss of Murphy is little less than a calamity. The combination of untoward conditions leaves little room for any expectation at Yale of victory over either Princeton or Harvard.

Behind the line the material is of high quality—as good as the line is poor. There are two or three men for every place. It will probably be possible to use two of the men at end and given forwards to hold for them. These men would readily advance the ball against almost any team. So the chances here as well revert to the question of what the forwards can do. If Yale develops a line for next year, while meeting defeat, she will do well. If she wins, it will show remarkable pluck and power.

As to Princeton there is good material among the old men and good material among the new, while the coaching ought to be as efficient as ever. Were the Tigers to meet either Harvard or Pennsylvania interesting contests would result. It appears as though they ought to win readily enough from Yale. if any Yale team is ever beaten readily.

As for the conditions at the smaller colleges they shape themselves so late and depend so largely on the individual that it is impossibile to tell ought of them until they appear in actual competition. To a degree this is also true of Cornell and Columbia. Both of these teams are preparing—Cornell with fair material, Columbia with poor. Soon some of their possibilities will be revealed

MOTORING

By WILLARD NIXON

THE AUTOMOBILE BECOMES MORE VALUABLE.

For some years past engineers, contractors, physicians, telephone company representatives, fire chiefs, and others have been using automobiles in their daily work as a reliable and convenient means of transportation. Not a month passes but some new field for the automobile is opened up, and its value becomes most strikingly evident. This season has witnessed a very considerable use of automobiles by rural mail carriers, who find they can save much time by the use of the automobile, and as they employ for the purpose inexpensive runabouts, sometimes bought second-hand, the expense of operation is not much and the increased amount of work which can be done fully justifies any increased expense.

The very latest employment of the pleasure type of automobile for business purposes is the use of a machine of standard make by a New York East Side peddler, who finds that a second-hand car purchased cheaply enables him to make at least twice as many trips during the day, thus multiplying the amount of business which can be transacted in a day, and making the investment highly profitable.

AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES.

There seems to be no end to the extra appliances suitable for automobilists, for inventive genius has apparently run riot along these lines, and every month brings forth some new article. One of the latest contrivances is a lock fitted in the gasolene supply pipe between the tank and the engine, so that the owner may cut off the gasolene when he leaves the car, thus making it absolutely impossible for anyone to use the machine in his absence, and this ought to be a pretty effectual means of stopping a frequent source of trouble.

One of this season's novelties is the Gabriel Horn, designed to take the place of the hand or foot-operated horn, and it consists of little pipes similar to those used on an organ, the chord being obtained by blowing a blast through the pipes, the pressure being obtained from the exhaust of the engine. This forms a definite warning decidedly musical in character, and much more pleasing than the raucous bark of the usual horn.

Automobilists are now using a neat little dial on the dash-board, which not only tells you how far you have gone, but how fast you are traveling at any time, so that when an automobilist is stopped by a police officer, he can swear by witnesses present with him that he has not exceeded a certain speed—a good thing is these days of police traps

Dash-board clocks; swinging search-lights for use on long night rides; pumps connected with the machinery so that no manual labor need be exerted in pumping up the tires; cleverly designed tanks for carrying acetylene gas, lubricating oil and extra gasolene are now on the market, together with a hundred and one other little inventions and accessories calculated to add to the pleasure and convenience of the automobile driver. A man owning an expensive automobile can easily add $1,000 to the cost of it by purchasing various fixings.

AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS.

There have been a great many more accidents this season than ever before, resulting very naturally from the increased number of cars in use throughout the country. Owing to the comparative novelty of the automobile, the newspapers make a great deal of these automobile accidents, presenting them to the public in a sensational manner, the facts being much distorted, owing to the unfamiliarity of the average reporter with modern motor cars; while on the other hand, severe accidents resulting from the use of horse-drawn vehicles receive no attention, owing to the fact that these are uninteresting to the public. And so the automobile suffers somewhat more than it should.

Most accidents are caused by driving too fast, for every car has a certain critical speed, beyond which safety is impossible, and as it is extremely fascinating to run a car rapidly, most owners run their machines right up to the limit, with such results as might be expected.

In connection with this matter of accidents due to high speed, a parallel may be pointed out in the case of steam railroads, for only very recently two of our large trunk lines put on fast trains to Chicago, but the service had to be discontinued because of disasters caused by the great velocity of the express trains.

A large proportion of the very serious automobile accidents have resulted from the use of high powered machines, which although having a higher critical speed than lower powered cars, cannot be driven fast with safety—grade crossings are not yet entirely eliminated, and some of the worst accidents have been collisions with railway trains, and of course, there is always a possibility of an unseen vehicle emerging from a cross road at the same time a car is driven rapidly along the main highway.

Automobile accidents are deplorable, but they will continue to be featured in the newspapers just as long as owners drive their cars recklessly and at dangerous rates of speed on our highways.

TRACK RACING IS DOOMED.

Barney Oldfield, the famous professional automobile racer, has crashed into the race track fence no less than seven times, and owes his escape from death to marvelous good luck. Only recently Earl Kiser, famous in the bicycle days, lost a leg as the result of an accident while driving the old Winton Bullet in a track competition, and other similar accidents has made the season of 1905 memorable in the annals of automobile track racing.

The last severe accident seems to have brought matters to a head, for the shocking injuries sustained by Webb Jay at a recent race meet near Buffalo made it clear that track racing must cease until such a time as track owners will permit the tracks to be properly oiled, thus preventing the raising of huge dust clouds which make it impossible for drivers to see where they are going.

Track racing has never been valuable as a means of improving automobiles, and it is declared by several manufacturers this season that the game is not worth the candle Following the accident to Webb Jay, most of the big manufacturers have announced their intention of withdrawing all racing cars of their make from track competitions. Prominent among these are the Peerless and Pope Company, and the Winton Company, whose cars have been successful in track racing in the past year, and who withdrew entirely from this branch of the sport early this last season.

The big road races held abroad have been of much value to the manufacturers, and there is no doubt that automobiles have been greatly bettered by these road competitions. The day is coming now when road racing cannot be considered to have any other value than that of a strictly sporting proposition. At the present time there seems to be a good deal of commotion in Nassau County, N. Y., among property owners, and there is a great possibility that the big Vanderbilt contest will not be held this year. It is trusted the race may be held, as it will be a fine event from the spectacular point of view, and as far as the Nassau County farmers are concerned, it need only be said that if they make as much money this year as they did last, they will have no cause for complaint.

NATURE'S PLAYGROUND

By LOUIS J. STELLMANN.

In the hills—in the little toy mountains—
'Midst miniature valley and plain,
One may play in the nursery of Nature,
Like a child—free and happy again.

The high peaks loom, somber and distant;
An awesome, impregnable screen,
Like Life's limitations, obscuring
The mysteries of the Unseen.

But, here, in the hills, all is gladness;
The air's full of comfort and rest;
The flowers give us of their fragrance;
The bird of the song in his breast.

Peace reigns in this fairyland country,
For all with God's music is filled,
And, feeling the rhythm of Nature,
Men's passions and turmoils are stilled.

FISHING

BASS THAT ARE COY.

Editor Recreation:

There is a pond near here that was stocked with bass in 1890 and from all appearances the bass are quite plentiful, but as I am a novice at bass fishing, I have had very poor luck at catching any.

In fact very few persons have caught any to speak of, except a gentleman from San Francisco who has fished the pond every Sunday this year since the season opened, June 1.

The pond was formed by throwing a dam across a small cañon about a mile from San Pablo Bay.

The pond is about 200 yards wide and 400 yards long, and is quite shallow, about 4 feet deep, except along the face of the dam, where it is 8 or 10 feet deep. It is entirely open except for a live oak tree on one side near the dam and a few bunches of cattails scattered around the pond, and the bottom is sediment washed in from the surrounding hills. There is no question but what the bass have all and more than they want to feed on, as the pond is also stocked with a small fish that the fish commissioners call white fish. They are called chub or splittails around here, and there are thousands of them in the pond.

I have caught two bass with live minnows by still fishing, and a few have been caught with earth worms and young tree toads and wart toads. The bullfrog, or red leg frog, is scarce in this section of the country. Of artificial baits I have used a spoon, Shakespeare revolution spinner No. 2; Shakespeare Worden bricktail spinner, Coäxer bait No. 2, and an imitation frog cut out of a piece of lemon rind. I don't think artificial minnows or flies have been tried, except a red hackle fly. A few have been caught on the fly. The first time I tried the bacon-rind frog I got two bass and had several strikes in less than an hour one evening, but since that they have hardly ever even rise to it.

The spoon seems to be the best bait so far. I caught two with a spoon this season, and the gentleman from San Francisco that I referred to above uses a spoon exclusively. He uses a spoon of the Wilson type, and about the size of a twenty-five-cent piece. They don't seem to prefer any particualr color of spoon.

There is a knack in using the spoon that I can't get on to. This gentleman uses a brick shot on his leader about a foot above the spoon, and a red buckle fly above the sinker. He fishes entirely from the shore, reels off twenty or thirty feet of line, casts out and draws the line in slowly with the fingers of his left hand. The spoon works very near the bottom.

The largest one that I have caught was seventeen inches long, but I understand that some larger ones have been caught. In the evening or early morning the bass may be seen breaking water all over the pond, evidently after minnows.

We have cool weather most of the time during the summer and fall, as we get the west trade winds and fog from the ocean.

Do you think flies would work, and can you suggest a few patterns and size of hook? Any information on the subject will be very thankfully received.

Claude A. Cummings, Prindle, Cal.

There is really no use in our trying to answer the letter from Mr. Cummings. He has already displayed what amounts to genius, inventing ways coaxing those bashful bass. Nothing that we can say can possibly offer suggestions which he has not already tried.

"The gentleman from San Francisco" who seems to fish constantly and with such indifferent luck, ought to be an object lesson to him as to the futility of trying to pull fish out of a pond where they are already gorged with natural food.—Editor.

FROM SODUS POINT, N. Y.

Editor Recreation:

The pickerel fishing is just commencing; several small catches are reported (from 3 to 8 fish) a day. Black bass fishing is excellent.

E. C. Morley,

MANY MASCALONGE.

Editor Recreation:

Many perch being caught about Strawberry Island, Niagara River, the writer enjoyed a fish dinner from a mascalonge weighing 19½ pounds. Seven caught by Mr. Felix David at the head of Strawberry Island. One mascalonge of 27 pounds was caught in the same neighborhood by Mr. Thomas Smith. Known of three others caught in the same neighborhood by Mr. Thomas Smith. Know of three others—12-15, 7, 19 pounds—caught this month, all caught by trolling with spoon and feather. C. E. Sterling, Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTES FROM TAMPA.

Editor RECREATION:

I take great pleasure in writing you to let you know that I have been away for over a month and a half, on a fishing and hunting trip. That is the reason why I did not send you my report before this. I will send you the details of this trip, with numerous photos for your publications after I have settled down for a week.

I wish to say that any person wishing to catch any good-sized fish can rent any size sail boat with or without skipper for $2.00 up, and sail out to the coast near Egmont Key or further out, and catch any of these fishes:

Pompano, catfish, Spanish mackerel, mackerels, king fisher, bass, congers, eels, mullet, saw fish sharks, stone crabs, green turtles, etc. Any person not desiring to go out so far can go near any wharf or wreck and catch sheepshead and smaller fish.

There are a great many lakes near Tampa, as well as the Hillsborough River, which runs through this city, where a man may catch as many fish as he can carry, such as trout, perch, crabs and soft shell crabs, etc.

The baits that are much used by anglers are as follows: Fiddler crabs, fish, lean meat, worms.

I will send you the details of this fishing trip as well as some information about this part of the country in and out. I will close this letter for the present until I have settled down, then you may hear from me.

I beg to remain

Y. G. Suarez.

Tampa, Fla.

FROM PALATKA.

Editor RECREATION:

The St. Johns River is about one mile wide at this point and is the head of deep-water navigation. Black-bass fishing is most excellent at all seasons of the year. One fisherman, with a hook and line, has averaged during the past six weeks, four or five days in the week, a catch of thirty to forty black bass, weighing from two to twelve pounds each, using fresh shrimp for bait.

There are several creeks tributary to the St. Johns in the immediate vicinity of Palatka, with very excellent fishing grounds for bass and other kinds of fresh water fish. Shrimp are being caught in large quantities at present.

Hotel accommodations are excellent and all necessary facilities for reaching the fishing grounds such as naphtna launches, row, and sail boats, can be had at very reasonable prices.

Palatka is quite a winter resort and yachtsmen will find this an excellent point to make their headquarters.

We will be pleased to report conditions to you, and any other information you would want from time to time.

H. Mac Montmollin.

SPORT AT MATTITUCK.

Editor RECREATION:

On the rocks off Duck Pond Point black fish are biting well, also at the breakwater at the mouth of Mattituck Creek. On the reef bass and blackfish are being caught—not as many bass as some years. Some blue fish are being caught off the mouth of Mattituck Creek by trolling. Some snappers are being caught at the Old Mill. Not as many crabs in Mattituck Creek as usual; creeks running into Great Peconic Bay have very few or none.

P. Harvey Duryea.

MANISTEE ANGLERS IN LUCK.

Editor RECREATION:

Bass fishing in our lakes is good now and will continue up to the last of September. They are readily taking the Buctail line and artificial frogs, wooden minnows and spoon with bait attached. Two fishermen brought in several fine bass from Pine Lake near here —a two days' catch. They used small spoon and live frog. A few mascalonge have been taken in Portage Lake the past week.

Brook trout fishing has been fairly good.

C. R. Harris.

FISHING AT ST. CLAIR.

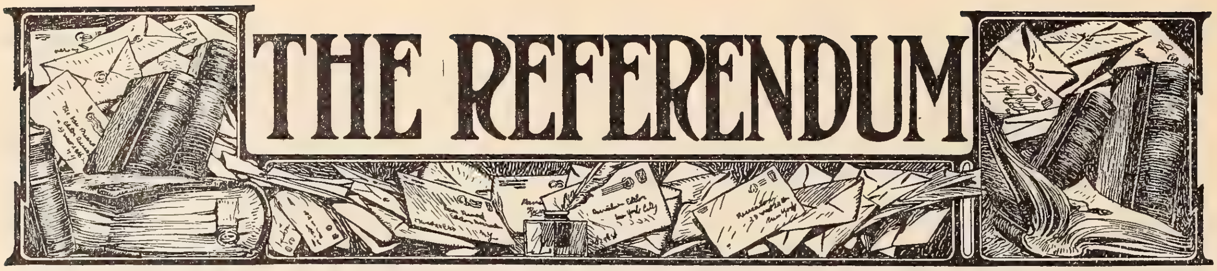
Editor RECREATION:

Fishing at the St. Clair Flats will soon be at its best, and anglers from all parts of the country are arriving for the Fall fishing. The black bass came into the channels about September 1st, and then big strings are in order. Perch fishing is very good just now, 60 or 70 fish being taken in one morning with two men fishing from a launch. Pike are also very plentiful and run from six to seven pounds each.

Many make the mistake of going fishing in July and August. Later the sport is better.

Harry C. McKee.

THE REFERENDUM



MY FIRST TWO PARTRIDGES.

Editor Recreation:

When I was a boy I lived with my parents on a small rocky and hilly farm, near the little town of Phillipsport, within one hundred miles of New York City. Ever since I was a very small boy I had looked forward to my sixteenth year, when, I considered, I should be old enough to handle a gun and go hunting. My father had, at that time, an old muzzle-loading, double-barreled shotgun, of about nine pounds' weight, which I was allowed to use. It was a good enough shooting gun, when properly loaded—the medium load of three drachms of powder would fill its requirements—but twice the ordinary wad was needed, and after a long day's hunt a horse would be wanted to carry the weapon.

In the fall of the year following my sixteenth birthday, I thought I would try my luck, and I waited impatiently for the first day of open season for partridge, when I determined to make my first attempt in search of the coveted game. My father's consent having been obtained, I began my preparations on the evening before the much-longed-for day, by taking the old fowling-piece down from its hooks on the wall and giving it such a vigorous cleaning and polishing as restored some of the glory of its early days, while my mother experienced a series of nervous shocks during the operation.

I required no maternal persuasions to rout me out of bed the next morning. I was up before dawn, without being called, and hurried through my morning chores with eager haste. Even my breakfast—which to a healthy boy of sixteen is an important item in the day's program—was quite forgotten in my desire to be off to the woods.

The haunts of the partridge were not unknown to me. Although hitherto not privileged to disturb them, I had often watched them with interest and had taken notes of their habits and hiding places. Following, therefore, the course of a little brook that ran below the house, I found myself in a shady hemlock swamp, where I knew I was likely to find a covey. I proceeded cautiously, carrying my gun before me, both hammers up, ready to pull the trigger at the first flutter of wings. If I recalled, at the time, the advice my mother had given me, not to carry my gun with the hammers up, it was only to reason to myself, from the heights of my superior boyish knowledge, that "Mother didn't know how to shoot." And, let me say here, to any boys that read this, that it's better, in most cases, to take your parents' advice.

I had not gone far into the swamp, when suddenly I heard, close to me, a clapping of wings, a whirr in the bushes, and up rose three partridges. One of the birds flew in a direct line through an opening in front of me. It was a fine shot, and I fired, almost before I got the gun to my shoulder. The smoke which filled the opening prevented my seeing the bird fall, but it did not seem possible that I could have missed it, as I was sure I had made a straight aim. I started to look carefully over the ground, when up flew another bird through the same opening. This time I took care to raise the gun to my shoulder before taking aim. As the weapon was loaded, this movement was somewhat slow, a circumstance which was decidedly in my favor, as I succeeded in getting the partridge. Thrilling with excitement, I ran to the spot to assure myself that the bird was really dead, and then began to reload my gun. On account of my unhandy apparatus, this took me about ten minutes, and I was just in the act of re-capping the gun when I heard a faint fluttering in the direction of the opening. Looking up, I saw a bird that I had evidently wounded by my first shot, and as I now realize, accidentally. This goes to show how easy it is to lose a bird when you have no dog to assist you.

By the time I saw my second bird, I had come to think that partridge shooting was a cinch. I rose so high in my estimation that I certainly felt an inch had been added to my stature. Success had come to me so easily that I now believed I could take down all the birds I was able to carry; there would be enough for dinner; and what a surprise it would be for the folks at home!

But, I grieve to say, that with those two shots my luck seemed to have left me; for although I saw about a dozen fine fellows, I did not get another bird, and as the hours passed, I began to realize that I had eaten no breakfast. I started for home, my spirits somewhat subdued by the thought that I might have done better.

If I had only killed those two birds with my last two shots instead of my first two, I think I should have felt something more of the sportsman's glee. However, I got a word of encouragement from my father.

Strange to relate, although I hunted a great deal that season, I did not bring down another partridge, notwithstanding that I did my very best. I never could understand why I should have killed the only two birds I succeeded in getting with the first two shots I fired. R. G. Budd.

MORE FAKE NATURAL HISTORY.

Editor RECREATION:

The month of April brought out an article published in a popular magazine which will doubtless be taken for authority and believed by a great number of its readers. The article I refer to is "The Fan-tail Deer." The writer, he of "The Vanishing Beaver," a "trained woodsman and naturalist," doubtless more of a woodsman than naturalist, says that this "American gazelle" was formerly quite plentiful along certain streams of the Northwest, but at the present day only occasionally a specimen is found. It is a singular fact that of all the naturalists and hunters roaming the great Northwest in quest of knowledge and game, that this gentleman is the first who ever gave an account of the only "gazelle" ever found in North America. The article is accompanied by three illustrations from photographs of the "Fan-tail," two of which were probably taken of live deer, but there is one entitled "The Windmill Fighter," which shows a buck in the act of trying to push over a small tree. In setting up a dead, stiff deer for a photograph which is supposed to fool the people, it seems to me that a trained woodsman (?) would know that a buck would never attempt to fight or uproot a forest with his forelegs spread at an angle of about 45 degrees, but would have them close together and a trifle back, so that he could put some strength into the operation. The picture of the buck shows no strength whatever and is a very poor imitation. The writer ought to have one of his "Fan-tails" attached to an electric fan and placed in a position where it would prevent such an imaginative brain from being over heated while contriving his numerous fake articles. May we hear more from the gentleman from Montana and some more of his recent discoveries. C. L. Dewey.

THEN AND NOW.

Editor RECREATION:

When John Brown tried to establish a settlement on township No. 4, in the heart of the Adirondacks, far back from any inhabitants, my father was one of the first to move into the wilderness. This was in 1826. And I was born three years after. A few other settlers followed. But the climate was cold and land unproductive, and settlers soon became discouraged, and most of them returned to civilization, leaving my father with one or two other families here.

I think that fondness for hunting and fishing kept my father from following the other settlers' example. I had some older brothers, who, like all boys, liked to hunt and fish. Deer and trout were abundant. There was no money to be had, and venison was the only commodity that we had to export, coupled with furs, for which we could get any money. Venison buyers would come round as early as June and July to contract for venison to be killed in the fall and up to January 1st, which, at that time, was the commencement of the close season. So you see we had to hunt or starve.

Although we had to sell the venison at starvation prices, buyers would only take the saddles or hind quarters, for which they paid us 3 cents per pound, and in later years 3½, 4, and the last years I hunted, 5 cents per pound. We would commence hunting as soon as it got cold enough to keep the saddles, say November 1st. Sixty-two deer from that time to January 1st was my biggest record. About 2,000 deer is my total record. Myself and brothers were the best hunters here. From 10 to 20 deer in one fall would be the full average of others.

But times changed, and I long since ceased to kill venison for sale, but have given much away. For the last 25 years I have labored hard for the protection of the deer, and have spent many hundred dollars in the cause. Especially did I abhor hounding of deer, and to protect the deer around me I rented 50,000 acres and put thereon two protectors, with instructions to catch any hounds found running on the premises, bring them to me, where I would keep them, and return to owner on proof that they did not come onto the grounds to put out their hounds or to watch for the deer on the premises. I thereby saved thousands of deer.

In 1870 I started a hotel on the site of my father's house which now has a capacity of 200 guests. I finally thought I was too old to run it, so I gave it to my daughter, and retired from business, but not from hunting. I have so far killed my legal number of deer. Have a game preserve of my own, and a little log house, the same as you have, where I spend much of my time in summer. It is located on a small lake, which supports more trout than any other lake in the Adirondacks of its size. This preserve is distinct from the Fenton Game Preserve Association, which, by the way, now offers the best opportunity for sportsmen to obtain an opportunity to get an interest in the best game preserve in the Adirondacks.

The Fenton Game Preserve Association has 43,000 acres of the best deer and trout country to be found in the Adirondacks. Deer are very plentiful on every part of it. The membership fee is ten dollars annually. It looks to me like the last good chance to procure an interest in a good game preserve at so little expense.

Now, dear Dan, when I commenced I did not intend to write a biography, and I have to beg your pardon for this intrusion.

With best wishes for your success with Recreation, I am most sincerely yours,

Charles Fenton.

DUCKS IN THE NORTHWEST.

In front stretched a wide expanse of rank slough grass, an immense sea of green, rippling in every breeze; behind was the level prairie. I was fresh from the crowded, dusty thoroughfares of a large eastern city and everything was strange and delightful to me. Gophers that stood motionless on the little mounds of sun-baked earth in front of their burrows, into which they shot head foremost, if I approached too close; curious, flat-looking badgers, sneaking coyotes, prairie chickens, ducks and geese; all these I had read and dreamed of often, and now I was seeing them for the first time.

I waded into the slough, which was waist deep in most places, but as the bottom was hard and the water warm, it did not cause very much discomfort. It was late in the afternoon and I had promised to bring home a duck for each member of the family where I was staying. At first it seemed too easy. Mallard and shoveller were getting up on all sides. Every time I took a step there would be a succession of quacks and a swish of wings. I stopped several mallard, but could not find them in the long grass. As I did not want to waste any more ducks, I pushed on through the tangled grass for another two or three hundred yards, where all the ducks that I put up seemed to be pitching. I found a long narrow piece of open water black with ducks. At my sudden appearance they got up with a roar of wings that almost deafened me. I was so interested in watching them that I forgot to shoot.

I crouched down behind a bunch of grass and waited, with the warm slough water within an inch of my cartridge belt. In a few minutes the ducks started to come back, in pairs, singles and small flocks. Every time they passed over the pond I sent an ounce and an eighth of No. 7 chilled after them, and they generally stopped short. It must have been a laughable sight to see me floundering out into the dirty water that splashed in my eyes, my ears, and my hair to secure a fluttering duck. It was not a very long time before six were floating in the water beside me. Mallard, shoveller, pintail and blue bill; they made a heavy pile to carry five miles across the rough prairie.

I knotted their legs together with slough grass and started to work back through the slough. With the load of ducks it was much harder work than I had bargained for. The long, tough grass was knotted and laced together like a hammock, and often I had to drop the ducks and kick a passage through. When at last I did reach terra firma I sat down by the edge of the slough and had a long rest.

The sun, a great orange ball, was sinking below the fringe of ragged purple clouds on the horizon. The wet grass was glistening as each blade caught the last gleam of sunlight. I sat watching three ghostly white sandhill cranes standing motionless by the slough until the pink reflection on the western horizon had turned to a deep orange and the purple clouds to black.

Fighting hordes of hungry "Jersey" mosquitoes with both hands occupied is no cinch, as I found out before I reached the house. During supper the farmer remarked that I was a d—— long time getting those ducks!

In the part of Assinaboia where I was staying the ducks are seldom disturbed. Occasionally a farmer would walk down to the slough and discharge his old Snider musket, loaded with B. B., into a flock on the water, pick up the dead birds and leave the wounded to struggle into the grass. That is the extent of the shooting done. The regular flight of geese had not started when I was there, but I often saw a small flock pitch into one of the ponds in the slough. Yellow leg and other sandpipers are there in thousands, coot and rail infest the slough in myriads, and in the winter antelope are often seen. It is truly a sportsman's Eden.

J. A. M.

BUFFALO IN THE "FIFTIES."

Editor Recreation:

I read with a great deal of interest Captain Dixon's paper in the July number, having had something to do with these buffalo myself.

I first began to hunt them when a boy of 16, on the plains north of Fort Laramie. I was a tenderfoot then, just out from the East, but I had a good teacher in a Teton Sioux boy of my own age. He taught me to hunt buffaloes. This was in 1855, when there were still plenty of them to hunt. I saw a single herd of them that year that our men estimated to contain 275,000, and the man making this estimate was capable of doing it. He was a civil engineer from the East.

For several winters just before we killed the last of our buffalo, I did my hunting for them in company with the Comanche Indians on the Texas Panhandle.

Captain Dixon seems to think, although he does not exactly say so, that the same herds of buffaloes ranged clear from the Rio Grande to the far North, at certain seasons each year. Others think that they don't, but I have always held to the opinion that there were two distinct herds of them, the Southern herd only going as far north as Nebraska, while the Northern herd never came south of that. How is it? Will some one who may know more about them than I claim to know give us his opinion on this? I am aware that all buffaloes looked alike, whether we found them North or South. I have hunted them as far North as the Sweet Grass Hills, and as far South as I could go, and not invade Mexico. I would not have found any of them down there had I invaded it, and I have held many arguments with men who had hunted them nearly as far through the country as I had, but the question is still an open one, with me, at least. The last buffalo that I ever saw running wild, I and an old Comanche chief killed near the head of the Canadian River in November, 1899, and I believe that he was the last one that was ever killed in that country, Western Texas. In May, 1882, a party of miners, who had been prospecting south of Fort Union, New Mexico, brought in a report to El Paso of having seen a small herd of buffalo in among the mountains near Fort Union. A party was got up at Deming, New Mexico, to go out and hunt them. They hunted the whole country closely, but saw no buffalo, nor the signs of any—one of them, an old buffalo hunter afterwards told me that none had been there in the past four years. What Captain Dixon says of the horses' fear of the buffalo is very true. Some horses never could be trained to run them, while others in a short time lost all fear of them, and would carry their riders right up to a running herd.

I have had several good buffalo hunters among the cavalry horses I have ridden. I rode cavalry horses for 20 years. I would take a green horse that had just been bought, and in a short time make a good hunter out of him. A great deal would depend on how the horse was handled while doing it. The Comanches had many good buffalo ponies—one of the best hunters that I ever mounted was a short heavy milk-white Comanche pony that, when I first met him, was five years old, but had never been ridden. The Indians could do nothing with him. I took him and broke him in; then made a buffalo hunter out of him. That pony would carry his rider right up on top of the buffaloes. He seemed to know what was wanted of him, and would run until he dropped, if I would let him. The chief gave him to me, and I made a pet of him, as I did of any horse I ever rode.

When it comes to eating large quantities of buffalo meat, I have had Comanches that I would back against "Chief Pretty Bird," or any one else. Fourteen pounds would only be a light lunch for one of them, if he were hungry.

John A. Brooks,
Erie, Pa.

THE MIDNIGHT DRUM.

Editor Recreation:

In the July number I saw a piece about grouse drumming at midnight.

I agree with Mr. J. E. Keyer, of Lincoln, N. H.

I have camped on streams in Oceana and Emmet Counties, Michigan, in the spring; mostly in May, and on still moonlight nights, I have heard grouse drum all times of the night.

And there are lots of grouse in Emmet County; also a few in Oceana County.

I have seen lots of grouse drum on logs, but I never saw one on a branch.

I think the foxes and owls catch a good many of these birds, as I have found feathers of them in the woods where they were caught and eaten. I have also seen where owls have picked up cotton tails; saw their wing marks on the snow, a few feathers and some hair, and no more rabbit tracks.

Chas. F. Mundt,
Brutus, Mich.

NOCTURNAL DRUMMING.

Editor Recreation:

The discussion as to whether grouse drum at night, in the July issue, recalled an experience of mine which agrees with the statement of Mr. J. E. Kezar, of Lincoln, N. H. Several years ago, in company with a friend, I was deer hunting one bright moonlight night late in the fall. We started about eight o'clock and until half-past one, when we went home, could hear the grouse drumming at intervals all through the night. I remember watching for deer in a clearing near a deserted farmhouse for about two hours, and the drumming was very noticeable. I have also heard the birds when coming home from long gunning trips after dark. Foxes, while not extremely aboundant in this section, are still seen and shot quite often near the place to which I refer.

Indications point to a good year for fall shooting, and the brook trouting has been a great source of sport this spring and summer.

Hoping that Recreation has a long era of prosperity in store, I am

Carleton Doak,
Belfast Me.

A SAVAGE ELK.

Editor Recreation:

A great many of Recreation's readers will remember the killing of Gen. Bull by a bull elk. Gen. Bull used to live at what was then Bull City, Kansas, but is now Alton. He had at the time of his death, several pet elk, and one morning one of the bulls became enraged and not only killed Gen. Bull, but two or three other men besides. I send you a copy of the account taken from the Osborne (Kansas) Farmer, which is copied from the Bull City paper of October 12, 1879:

"At about half-past 8 or 9 o'clock yesterday morning Gen. Bull's hired man, Robert Brickell, entered the park for the purpose of caring for the elk. He immediately discovered that there was something unusual about the appearance of the animal, which showed hostile signs compelling him to retire from the park. Brickell hastened to inform the General of the fact, and arming themselves with heavy clubs, both again went to the park, the General remarking that he could subdue the animal. Without a sign of warning the now infuriated beast made a charge on the men, striking General Bull and knocking him down with great force. The elk then drew back and made a second attack on General Bull, this time with increased force, piercing the prostrate body of the General through the breast until the prong protruded, then tossing his form high into the air and throwing him over his head. The elk then resumed his attack on Brickell, inflicting terrible injuries. While doing this George Nicholas, who had witnessed the occurrence, ran to the rescue with a heavy club of hardwood four and one-half feet long and about two inches in diameter with which he expected to so disable the enraged animal that he would desist. With redoubled fury and madness the elk caught the club in its antlers, making indentures in it and rolling it upon the ground with great force. At this time there were two bodies lying prostrate, and with equal heroism and courage William Sherman hastened to the combat. The elk served Sherman the same as the other men, catching him in his immense antlers and throwing him over the fence. Mrs. Bull was meanwhile a horrified spectator of the terrible tragedy, and wild with grief and terror she ran to the village for help. A number of men made haste to reach the scene of the disaster, but arrived too late to be of any service. They found General Bull in a terribly disfigured condition and life quite extinct. Two doctors did all in their power for the injured men, but there was no hope for Brickell, the hired man, who was likewise terribly mangled. After great trouble and in the midst of much additional danger the elk was finally secured and was tied in the center of a stout rope cable between the house and a tree. He could not be secured until he was induced to enter a small inclosure, where ropes were wound around his antlers. In captivity he still stamped and pawed the ground with unabated fury."

Albert Whitney.

DISCLAIMS CREDIT.

Editor Recreation:

In your issue for July you give me credit for the method of restoring dried tissues by soaking in diluted caustic potash solution. This method is not original with me, for I learned of it through a paper in the American Anthropologist for January-March, 1904, by H. H. Wilder, who, I understand, originated the process and is entitled to the credit of its publication.

Mr. Wilder has used his method not only for restoring dried-up frogs, turtles, etc., to their normal size and shape, but he has applied it also to mummies of the ancient Peruvians, and of the prehistoric cliff-dwellers and Basket People of our own southwest. The results were remarkable. The features were expanded to almost their natural form, and the bodily tissues were softened so that dissections could be made and the internal organs studied.

It may be of interest to naturalists to know that when collecting in out-of-the-way places it is not always necessary to carry the usual array of jars bottles, etc., but much of their material may be simply dried in the sun and packed away in boxes. On returning home the specimens are soaked in a solution of caustic soda, 1 to 3 per cent. strong, according to the size and delicacy of the specimen, until it is expanded and softened. The process takes from 12 to 48 hours, and care should be taken not to soak so long as to destroy delicate tissues. Then immerse for some time in water, which still farther expands the specimen. The action of the alkali may be checked at any point by soaking the specimen in a 3 per cent. solution of formalin, in which it may remain indefinitely for preservation.

I trust you will give Mr. Wilder the credit he deserves for his most interesting and useful process.

Frederick K. Vreeland,
Montclair, N. J.

Here is an honest man and a good sportsman. We take pleasure in printing his letter, as it displays a manly and generous spirit.—Editor.

DO BIRDS TRAIN THEIR YOUNG?

Editor Recreation:

While all this controversy in regard to sham natural history and as to whether parent birds and mammals teach their offspring the best way to battle with its life problems, is before the eyes of the nature-loving public, it may not be out of place to relate an incident of which I was a much interested spectator.

Returning from a fishing trip one June afternoon, in 1902, I was leisurely following the course of a small stream which flowed across a large meadow and disappeared in a neighboring piece of heavy timber when my attention was arrested by the far-off cry of a hawk.

Instantly dropping to the ground and seeking the cover of some elder brush near by where I could observe and not be observed, I had little difficulty in soon espying two red-tailed hawks—commonly called chicken hawk—which were cutting, what seemed to me unnecessary small circles out of the atmosphere.

At short intervals of perhaps ten seconds I could hear a cry, but it seemed to come from a greater distance than the hawks, which were within my range of vision. While intent upon finding the source of all the commotion I was rather startled by seeing a small dark object shoot downward toward the circling hawks, and when a short distance under them, one of the hawks, seemingly, stood on his head, gave two distinct beats of his wings and closing them close to his body, darted like the speed of a whistle-wing coming down wind on a March day, toward the swiftly falling object.

The hawk overtook the thing when about thirty-five or forty feet from the ground, and when he opened his wings and started skyward, he carried it in his talons. When he regained his former position I saw four hawks where there were two before. The hawk possessing the stick—which it proved to be—immediately dropped it, whereupon one of the larger hawks seized it and started for a higher altitude.

The other large hawk joined this one, and with my eyes I followed them until they were about twice the distance from the earth that the two smaller ones were. They circled a few times, calling repeatedly the while, and then the one carrying the stick let it fall, whereupon one of the smaller hawks captured the stick again as the one had done before.

This was repeated fourteen or fifteen times, and finally in an unsuccessful try at the game, one of them missed it and immediately each one of them set up a great crying—each apparently trying to outdo the other, and they all started for the woods at a great rate, with the unsuccessful one in the lead. He succeeded in reaching the timber before the others, so I never learned whether he received a just chastisement or not. Of course I, being an ordinary mortal, had no means of knowing whether that was the plan on foot—or on wing, rather.

The only conclusion at which I could arrive was that the two larger hawks were parent birds which were training their offspring to shift for themselves, and to enable them to catch a bird on the wing.

When one of the hawks would come up to the stick—or down, rather—he would apparently pounce on top of it, the action at that point being so rapid that I could not follow it with the naked eye. Of course, I could not tell whether the young hawks took turns at doing their "stunt," nor whether the old birds each took a turn at giving a lesson, but it certainly was a training, pure and simple. I secured the stick, which was a piece of a rotten dry oak branch eleven inches long, one and one-half inches in diameter at one end and about seven-eighths inch at the other end. It weighed about eight or ten ounces.

In regard to the manners in which a hawk strikes his victim, I will relate another incident. A friend of mine owned a pair of March hawks, which were quite tame, and after coming in from a hunt, he would throw small dead birds in the air to them and they would always turn over, taking the bird from the under side. Whether this is natural to the species or the result of not being trained by a parent bird, of course, I am unable to say, but the birds that he had were taken from the nest before they were able to fly.

This article may be condemned as a fake, as some of the others are—and a number of them justly condemned so—but I have stated the incident just as I saw it, and if any one else in any of their observations have seen such a thing, doubtless RECREATION would be willing to put it before the reading public, as their aim seems to be to give the people their money's worth and a little more.

C. L. Dewey.

THE MARKS OF A GRILSE.

Editor RECREATION:

Some of RECREATION's sporting contemporaries have published letters of correspondents who desire to know the marks by which a grilse may be distinguished from a salmon. To an old fisherman the problem presents no difficulty. The grilse has a deeply cleft tail, while that of the salmon, even when the fish is small, is more nearly square. In the case of an aged fish, the tail is actually convex. Again, the scales of the grilse are detached with great facility; you cannot handle a grilse without the scales becoming detached in quantities, while with an adult salmon the scales are comparatively firmly attached. Then there is an indescribable something about the shape of the grilse that distinguishes it at once to an experienced eye. It is slighter, with a smaller, sharper head. The body is less flexible. Size is no guide to the grilse, as on some rivers grilse are fully as heavy as the small salmon, though this is contrary to the general rule in Canadian streams.

J. Perley, Annapolis, N. S.

TOOK TOO MANY.

Editor RECREATION:

The following is a copy of a notice written on a post in front of Stevens Camp, on the Fence River, Iron County, Michigan:

SPECIAL NOTICE.
Beat this, Doc. McPherson.
July, 9............................226
" 10............................482

July,	11	207
"	12	389
"	13	142
"	14	239
Trout and Bullhead,		1,685

P. G. Lawrence,
J. Grolo,
Christ. Regan,
John Carey,
July 9, 1905.
Address, Iron Mt., Mich.,
126 West Hight Street.

Having fished in these waters for the last four years, I want to say that my acquaintance with Dr. McPherson shows me that he is too much of a sportsman to wish to beat such a slaughter. The doctor has camped at this place for years. He is a disciple of Wells, fishes with a single fly on a No. 10 sproat hook. I met him this year just as he was pitching his camp. His friend, Mr. Rose, another ardent sportsman, was with him. They showed me a Japanese fly wound on a No. 16 hook which they intended to try this season. That does not look like a fish-hog. This notice is a libel on Dr. McPherson's character, a reputable physician of Chicago. It would be well for the game warden at Iron Mountain to look after his fellow-townsmen who have inscribed their names so conspicuously that all passers-by may read, and the world at large may know of their proclivities. How long will a stream stand many such strains! This same party took home 800 trout pickled, and informed the train hands that "they had them in the leg." Questions: 1. Did they catch them all with hook and line? Were they all full length? Michigan has good laws, but they evidently do not protect the trout.

Samuel W. French, M. D.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

IN THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

Editor RECREATION:

In the remote upper ranges of these mountains that divide North Carolina and Tennessee, a few of the old Creeks and Cherokees still linger amid their ancestral wilds. Naturally they hunt, trap and fish a good deal. Beeswax, wild honey, ginseng, or "sang," also form side issues in their wild wood rovings.

Around the edges of the "Dismal," as it was locally called, a terribly rough, semi-swampy wilderness, somewhere in the lap of those remote Appalachians, they would trap for otter, mink, musk rat, and even beaver, long supposed to be extinct in all these Eastern regions.

I never saw any fresh beaver hides in their hands, but was offered a chance to be piloted to an old beaver dam somewhere in the Nantahalas, if I rightly remember. This was in ninety-four-five of the last century, while I was on a hunting trip near the headwaters of Tellico, on the line dividing North Carolina from Tennessee.

"Four Wheels," one "bush' corn," was, if I recall aright, the price to be paid to the half-breed who was my especial "Barkis" in the wilds of at that time. They were not wagon wheels he wanted, but silver dollars; nor was the corn to be delivered to him in a dry state; but the distilled essence thereof, to the measurement of one gallon in a sound, though unlicensed and unstamped jug, well and truly unwatered by the crossing of too many mountain streams under the light of the moon.

These Indians were great in home-made contrivances. Aside from hunting with dog, torch and gun, their ingenuity in apparently making something out of nothing was scarcely less wonderful than effectual, to my civilization-tutored eyes.

Only once did I see one of them fairly started out of his aboriginal calm. It was in the time of the old-style Waterbury watch, with a mainspring several yards long. In course of some local bartering with the ubiquitous paleface, an old fellow had become the owner of one which failed to "talk time" properly, through being wound up too tightly.

Seating himself by the roadside, he shook the watch, grunted, shook with increasing vigor, holding it meanwhile, by the chain only, until something parted. Down went the watch, on a stray pebble, the case fell apart and out sprang the uncoiling mainspring, with a rattle and force that was entirely too suggestive of snakes in dog days. He leaped backward, his heels striking the log from which he had risen, and disappeared among some woods and rubbish on the other side.

The uncoiled spring fell clattering across the log, giving him the impression, doubtless, of being bitten by an unknown monster, which rattled again as he scrambled out from under it, uttering a succession of gasps, grunts and other signs of terror verging on real hysteria.

But he had the remedy. His hand shook as he held a pint flask to his mouth, but grew steadier when he had drained the contents. Then he grinned, increasingly, as he ascertained that he was not bitten; kicked the "talk-time snake-box" from his path, and a little later was trying to have his flask refilled at a local fruit distillery, by trading the remains of the Waterbury to the man who ran the still.

In those years, old-timers among the mountaineers of Swain and Cherokee counties in North Carolina, adjoining Polk and Monroe counties in Tennessee, said that Indian hunters about Cheeowah and the lower Bald range used to bring in occasional beaver pelts, long after living dam builders had vanished from the white man's ken. But to outside inquiry the usual reply was apt to be: "White father take land; Injun hide beaver."

Considering the general grab-all policy followed in the days of the "Intrusion" (never was promiscuous white squatting on Indian land more accurately placarded), I do not think our red friends wrong in hiding anything from the white man's insatiable eye and grasp.

As late as twenty years back a good, winter-killed black-bear hide, dressed as only an Indian squaw can dress it, worth, perhaps, from ten dollars up—especially "up"—at Asheville or Chattanooga, would go at the crude, remote, little mountain stores for a supposable third of that sum; but really for a worthless bundle of mock jewelry, and sweet "store tobac." The cold, hungry-looking squaw would then depart in high glee, if the storekeeper had thrown in a box of stale snuff, or a can of embalmed or over-ripe tinned stuff.

But times are less Arcadian now. Since the Land of the Sky has become a half-way house on the road to the "piney woods" and beyond, the Indian, like his white competitor, has profited by experience. As guides they are simply at home; even in the roughest laurel, the most bewildering labyrinth of those remote rgions, where the mighty mother says to her wild children, sick, weary, hunted, wounded:

"Here will I shelter you until you are rested, or well, or dead; therefore, come hither."

In time, however, your Indian guide will find them, wherever they are; and pilot you and yours, with whatever you have creeled, bagged, or he can shoulder; that is—ahem! as long as he will stay sober.

Generally, he will; but instances are known when the rare exception seems to over-prove the rule. And then—then——.

For a time the camera held him in awe, as a possible boomerang in the line of explosives; but he has learned the value of the "talk picture," as well as the once mysterious "talk-time box," even to the extent of sending his own photo to the unwary, as that of some local aboriginal celebrity other than himself.

William Perry Brown.

SHOES.

Editor RECREATION:

It happened, three years ago, that I determined to take a walk. For a time I was uncertain as to my destination, but at last settled on "Tennessee" as at a reasonable distance. So with Tennessee in mind, I made up my pack for camping. It weighed just fifty-five pounds when all was in it. I had tent, camera, food, change of clothes, etc., etc. and I prided myself on the completeness of my outfit.

At first I was in some doubt as to whether I should wear a pair of old, comfortable, light shoes or a pair of new heavy ones. After trying the heavy ones they seemed best, so they were chosen.

I left Utica, N. Y., in early October. My course was a bit west of south by compass. The roads which led toward Tennessee were the ones I followed. Sometimes, when the trails wound around to the east or west I left them and went across hills and valleys until I came to a road going my way.

At first the shoulder straps of my Adirondack elm splint basket bothered me most. They cut sharply into my collar bone region, and there were sharp pains in the back of my neck from holding the same position so long. After the first week, however, it was blistered soles that troubled me.

Nearly 225 pounds was coming down on each foot at every step, sixty of which was dead weight. A tiny wrinkle in one stocking raised a blister on top of one foot that felt like a saw log. There were blisters the size of quarters on the balls of both feet. Sundry other smarts and pains developed until my gait was like that of a rheumatic old man.

I had carried packs over woods, trails and roads. A day's hard pushing up an ordinary Adirondack grade would not have worried me very much, I was used to week-long trips into the woods—trips taken at frequent intervals. This journey, however, was not a mere "vacation" sort of expedition. After the first week came a second, and in succession came others.

My shoulders hardened, my blistered feet ceased to be like water cushions. The muscles, which will tire no matter how well trained or how frequently exercised, ceased to ache the aches of soft tissues.

Just as I was congratulating myself on being in trim, a new and foreign pain manifested itself. I had been traveling for more than three weeks, and was well into Pennsylvania. At first it was a mere irritation in the instep. As the days wore along, the irritation passed through the stages of mild hurt, sting, pain, and finally agony. Both feet were affected equally, and every step I felt as though I had put my foot on a knife blade point and the point was splitting the cords of the foot.

There are pains and refinements of pain. Day by day my insteps increased in their protests against the walking. The time came when I couldn't stand without a succession of keen darts of concentrated agony from my ankles down. A slight swelling of the feet was the only visible effect.

I kept on thinking that I would toughen the seat of the trouble as easily as I had caloused my shoulders and soles. The time came, however, when, in addition to the thrusts there was a dull, constant ache which prevented sleep. This showed that the trouble was not to be walked out by any amount of endurance; so one day, almost discouraged, I sat down in a little hotel in a cross-roads hamlet. The proprietor, a heavy-featured, course-tongued man, was semi-drunk. He had the appearance of a pugilist who had been reformed in the ring, and had then taken to the road as a tramp. Probably he had been a pedestrian.

"Hello!" he said, "*sore*-footed, eh? Tell you what to do. Double tap them shoes of yours—that'll fix you up all right."

I had about given up my dreams of Tennessee. Middle Pennsylvania seemed far enough South. But I grasped at the idea of thick soles. It was five miles to a cobbler—five miles further South. Somehow I made them. Had there been any tears left in my eyes startable with pain, I'd certainly have shed them making that five miles after two nights' "rest."

The cobbler was a gaunt little old man. He put on a pair of soles more than three-quarter's of an inch thick. Then I tramped on out of town, and found that a change had come. The next day the pain was not half as bad, and three days later, in spite of daily tramps of eight or ten miles, I was forgetting my pedal woes.

Since that time I have watched pack peddlars limping along twisting their faces because of their pains. To such as listen I preach the doctrine of good, thick soles for shoes—soles that will not bend under the foot. I've tried moccasins, "old, comfortable" shoes and moderately heavy soles, but for long-distance steady walking there is nothing like an unyielding sole.

Raymond S. Spears.

THE KENAI PENINSULA.

Editor Recreation:

With all its other features of interest Alaska is certainly a country remarkable for its magnificent mountain ranges and great glaciers. Its mountains are the highest in North America, and the beauty and extent of its glaciers are world famed. Whoever has been so fortunate as to travel Icy Straits, winding in and out among the heavy fields of ice that break away from the Muir and neighboring glaciers, or following the coast to the westward, past the Fairweather and St. Elias mountain ranges, through the beautiful Prince William Sound, studded with mountain islands, and along the the southern coast of the Kenai Peninsula will never forget the marvelous grandeur of the scene, though it is rare that the clouds lift from this grand panorama of high and rugged mountains and vast moving fields of ice.

Thousands of people from the eastern states and from Europe have toured the Alexander Archipelago, and described its scenery as the most beautiful and enchanting in all the world, but these people were never carried west of Icy Straits. Had they visited the coast to the westward just described, they would have felt the beauties of the Alexander Archipelago sadly lacking by contrast, and beyond Icy Straits and Muir Glacier the scenes that would forever remain prominent in their memories would be Fairweather and St. Elias mountain ranges, the Malaspina and La Perouse Glaciers, Prince William Sound and the magnificent mountain range of the Kenai Peninsula and its innumerable glistening fields of ice. The Fairweather and the St. Elias ranges and the mountains of the Kenai may be said to rise directly from the coast, sending down their solid rivers of ice, often many miles in width, to break into and dissolve in the waters of the salt seas. So frequently do these occur along the coast of the Kenai that as the steamer follows it one is never out of sight of one or more of them.

The beautiful College glaciers, so named by the Harriman Expedition, are at the eastern extremity of this range, and following the southern coast of the Peninsula, westward to Cape Elizabeth extends one grand series of living glaciers, many of which are much larger than the College glaciers.

There is a magnificent broad belt of ice extending from Port Dick on the south, completely over the mountains to Tutka Bay on the north. (Port Dick connects with the waters of the Pacific and Tutka Bay with the waters of Kachemak Bay.)

On the north side of the mountains the twin glaciers, Dooroshon and Wossnessenske, descend to Chugachik Bay, and a few miles further up the bay comes down the magnificent Crewingk. Everywhere throughout this grand mountain range the summits are snow-capped the entire year, and from every point from which one may view them they present the same majestic, imposing and rugged outlines.

Andrew J. Stone.

A WORD FROM MOOSEHEAD.

Editor Recreation:

Let me take this opportunity of saying, for the benefit of your friends who may be going on a fishing trip, that fishing in Moosehead Lake has not been so good for years as this spring. There have been an unusual number of "salmon" taken. We are having beautiful weather, and you who are confined to the city for business have our heartfelt sympathy.

A. A. Carter,
Greenfield Junction, Me.

TEACHES "TAILING."

Editor Recreation:

A few days ago I read in your magazine instructions on breaking or educating a bird dog puppy, and one of the recommendations needs correcting, or some sportsman may spoil a really valuable puppy. I refer to the statement that a puppy should be taught to range by being placed with an old dog and allowed to see how it is done. Theoretically this will work admirably, but practically it ruins the puppy. I have never yet seen a puppy treated in this manner that did not become a confirmed "tailer." That is, he will follow the old dog all over the field, and never think of hunting for himself. And when the old dog is put up, the puppy will not hunt. Instead he will wait for the old dog. If the old dog is not allowed to lead the puppy further, the pupil has to learn to range independently, which takes him just as long as though the old dog had not been used. Following his education further, after he has learned to hunt independently and becomes a good dog when worked alone, if he is by purpose or accident dropped in the field with his old leader, he will immediately assume a secondary attitude and allow the old dog to do all the work. I believe that the worst, and certainly the most aggravating, habit a dog can acquire is that of "tailing." When you go out with a friend and his dog, and find your dog following the other dog all over the field, you want to do something desperate. Nine times out of ten this fault is acquired by allowing a puppy to follow an old dog. The favorite way of teaching a puppy to range is to take him to a field and allow him to find for himself that he can find game by simply going out and looking for it. It will not take long. At first the puppy will stay close by you, but a lark or ground bird will soon be flushed, and the puppy will give chase. Let him go. After running it a little way he will probably flush another, and sometimes in a single evening a puppy will be ranging all over his field. Then check him, and you will have a hunter that will go all the time, and never wait for another dog. Many dogs have been spoiled by being hunted with an older dog. Even such a famous dog as old Champion Gath was broken with Champion Sue, and never so long as he lived could be induced to show his best against Sue. She practically taught him how to hunt, and he always remembered her as his superior. Although he could easily defeat dogs that in turn could easily defeat Sue, he seldom failed to accord her the honors of the day. His winning over her was a rare piece of luck and strategy. I would not take the time to notice this little error, but I once spent a year each on two dogs to get them over the habit of "tailing" that I got them into by allowing them to hunt with an old dog, and my words may save some one a similar experience.

John Franklin.

AN ALLEGORICAL INTERLOCUTION.

Editor Recreation:

There were two men talking earnestly together the other day in a hotel corridor. They seemed to much in earnest that they attracted my attention. I did not intrude upon them, or disturb their colloquy, but being near by I merely happened to overhear them.

One of them said he had met, a year or two ago, a very eccentric character in an African province, where there were a few Europeans, to which group the eccentric person belonged. The individual in question seemed sane and exceptionally intelligent, and he lived, under much difficulty, in a distinctly civilized way. The place was near dense forests, and away from any large village even, and was subject to some invasion by an occasional Lion or Tiger.

"What did he do about this?" asked the other.

"Why, that is the funny part of the story. He always headed off the Lion and never suffered from him. But when the Tiger was seen coming he simply did nothing."

"Well, why didn't he drive him off, too?"

"It seems that where he lived no one had ever thought of that. His father lived there a little while, at an earlier day, and his father's father also before his father did. But neither of them disturbed the Tiger. Each drove away the Lion whenever that wild beast came, but neither ever thought it was possible to drive away the Tiger. I was even told that others who were scattered about in that province did in just this way. Having got used to the custom, it went on. And no one of the newer comers tried to change it."

"But didn't the Tiger damage the stock on the place and sometimes injure the family?"

"Always. As often as he came there was either loss of property, personal injury, or loss of life."

"And they knew he would prove such a scourge without fail?"

"They knew that."

"And still used no stratagem or defence against him?"

"That is precisely true. It happened that the particular devices which drove the Lion off successfully could not for some reason be applied to the Tiger."

"And were the persons owning the houses and farms attacked never able to invent some way to get rid of this beast also?"

"So far as any record is shown they were not; and, what was worse, they sat supinely down and did not even try. For generations it had been accepted as a foregone conclusion that the Tiger must rage and have his way, and he invariably did."

"Perhaps I am wrong, though, in calling the person I met, who represents this class, eccentric—for humanity in all countries, civilized or barbarous, seems just as eccentric—though in a different way.

"How so?"

"If you have lived through the recent heated terms, I should suppose you could guess."

"Perhaps that's the reason I am unable to guess, for I confess the answer does not occur to me. You know, excessive heat weakens the mind and often preciptates insanity. Perhaps it has reduced my mental force, as extreme heat is equivalent to a fit of illness with me. So I must pass your conundrum."

"Let me tell you what I refer to, then. We have two meteorological enemies, and they are veritable wild beasts. I mean, of course, Cold and Heat. From Adam's time the former has been easily exorcised. But the latter no one tries to expel. We simply wave a fan at him, and are still further in his clutches when we get through; for the fan is scarcely more effective against Heat than the masks and made-up faces of the Chinese are when employed against an eclipse."

"But what better thing would you suggest?"

"If I were an Edison or a Tesla, I would tell you very soon, in detail. But speaking broadly, it is this: I would put some contrivance on the market that would do for a house in summer just what the stove and register do for it in winter. In other words, I would bring the temperature of the rooms to 70 degrees. How long ago was it that the Madison Square Theatre was cooled by some chemical process of making extreme cold and then passing it around in the interior of the building?"

"Not going to that theatre very much, I cannot answer."

"Well, perhaps it is done there now. I do not remember what the device was, but since it was put in operation a new and stronger force for cold has been developed, bringing with it endless possibilities. The truth is, if liquid air can send the mercury in the thermometer—as it is said to—to 400 degrees below zero, it ought to be easily harnessed so as to effect its depression to the 70-degree point. Do this and do it at a figure so reasonable that the cottage and the tenement can secure it as well as the Fifth avenue residence, and the greatest, and what should seem the easiest invention of the age, will be announced."

"This scheme seems to have in it the essence of reason, but somehow I never thought of it before. I have been like your eccentric African residents. I have always kept off the Lion, Cold, by clothing and fire, and to the Tiger, Heat, I have simply succumbed."

"That is equally true of all of us. But just think of the saving of life, the suppression of torture and the promotion of human comfort it would affect. This, however, is asking you to do what no thinking can do. The benefits of such a cooling process are too large to think around, as the mind cannot contain in any single thought, or succession of thoughts, their magnitude. Why, if you even cooled the lodging-rooms in a house, and made only the nights cool, and sacred to rest, there could be no such great disasters from Heat as now occur—no cumulative weakening of vitality—no protracted horrors."

"That is exactly so. And just think of this: If there had been a battle going on by our army in which the hundreds were killed, day by day, and the thousands were wounded and disabled (many to subsequent death), that have been sacrificed in one Heat holocaust only, our entire population would bow down with lamentations of vocal grief. But they accept it all now was inevitable, and an act of Providence."

"True enough. And this series of calamities I am certain we can do away with. The remedy for such needless sacrifice has long been a hobby with me. It is sure to come. But why so few think of it, when Fame and Fortune unexampled are waiting to endow the Heat conqueror with something greater than any of his inventing predecessors, or than any previous benefactors have ever received, puzzles me deeply. In a time not distant, when this deliverer comes, how strange it will seem that humanity has had so little wit, and has quietly and stupidly suffered so many generations from what need not have happened."

When this was said the two gentlemen left the hotel and walked out of my hearing—having turned to another topic. And so I got to thinking a little myself upon this confessed curious situation. The more I thought of it the more certainly it seemed to me that Heat, in its ferocious form, should be and can be driven from human habitations and from audience-rooms where people assemble. An experiment with liquid air on this behalf in some theatre, casino or church would at once be widely advertised, and after the success of that, well-to-do people would not consent to have their homes burning ovens. As soon as their wants in respect to coolness received satisfaction, the devices for defying Heat would cheapen, from a universal demand for them, until one terrific source of human misery and destruction would no longer exist. Professor Bell says it should be as easy to cool rooms as it is to heat them.

It must be remembered that once we were more at the mercy of Cold than we are now, I have heard that there are persons still living who remember when their grandfathers first put up a Franklin stove. This stove was never a great thing in itself, for it was merely the fireplace, made of iron, and pushed a little way into the room. But when it had a perpendicular pipe four and a half or five feet high, which turned at right angles into the chimney, it was a marvelous improvement on the old fireplace that it put into desuetude: and even when its horizontal short pipe led straight through the fireboard behind, it was a really improved heater. And it excited in either case, when first tried, exclamations of admiration and surprise. The era of its first appearance was one when even Cold had not been so subdued as it is now. In churches at that time stoves and fireplaces were not known—except the little tin foot-stove carried there by old women and invalids. To put them there was deemed a sacrilege by our good ancestors.

We laugh at them for this, and at their ancestors for arresting and hanging witches. But neither of these things is as ridiculous as a coming generation will some day (some very early day, I think,) consider us who have long ago conquered the Lion, but who surrender still in abject helplessness to the raging Tiger Joel Benton.

LAND BIRDS ON THE SEASHORE.

Editor RECREATION:

While walking on the beach at Southampton, L. I., in the early part of July, my attention was attracted by what I at first thought a most peculiar looking snipe. The bird was busily engaged following close after each receding wave, picking the sand-fleas from the wet sand in exactly the manner of the sandpiper or teeter. As I came closer I saw that the bird was a robin, but his motions as he skirted the foaming margins of the waves were so close an imitation of the snipe, that I scarcely felt sure of him until I got close to him, and he rose on the wing and flew back over the sand-dunes to the lawns and hedges of the upland. On several following days I saw a robin similarly engaged, but it was evidently the same bird. I never saw but one on the beach at a time, although on the lawns they were very plentiful. I saw about the same times several English sparrows also engaged in following the waves and picking up the sand-fleas. It seems to me an interesting instance of birds modifying their habits to conform to their environments.

Joseph Fitch, New York.

ON THE EAST COAST.

Editor RECREATION:

I am going to tell you of a little trip I made up one of Florida's famous streams. A friend who was doing some dredging for the Florida East Coast Railway away up the north fork of the St. Louis, had repeatedly asked me to make him a visit, saying he had a comfortable houseboat, a good cook and a man hard to lose in Florida's primeval forest. These things presented too many temptations for me to longer pass up. So I made a date and in due time arrived at headquarters.

A prettier spot I never saw. The north fork at this point is only about thirty yards wide, its waters are dark and rather sluggish, but full of bass. On either side of the stream stand huge live oaks, probably hundreds of years old; hanging from the limbs are yards of Spanish moss closely resembling the beards of the patriarchs; cabbage palms also form no inconsiderable part of the forest, making together an ideal resting-place, a place for speculation and dreams. What was left of the first day was given up to listening to my friend's recital of the prospects for game and fishing, getting out the tackle, etc. Unfortunately the next morning my friend was taken with a severe bilious attack, but he insisted upon my taking his man, who is an Ethiopian Knight, the launch, and a skiff, for a trip up the river. So early the next morning we started. As we were preparing to let go a water moccasin was seen slowly crawling upon the bank. A 22 fixed him for all time. We could only use the launch a short distance on account of snags, so we took to the skiff, which the coon slowly poled up the stream, while I went after the bass. A bass fly was not to be had at Palm Beach, so I had to rely upon a No. 8 trout fly which I happened to have a stock of left over from my last year's trout fishing in Colorado. A trout rod and a No. 8 fly isn't exactly a 13-inch gun with which to go after 2 to 5-pound bass, but if you don't want a boatload of fish that you can't dispose of, I assure you there is a heap of fun to be had with so light a tackle. The first one I hooked with a grey hackle; weighed about three pounds. I was having all kinds of trouble with him, with a good deal of satisfaction to myself and a corresponding amount of trouble to the yellow boy. He could not understand my play. Finally he could endure the uncertainty no longer, so he called out to me: "For de good Lor', doctah, bring de line up; hea' so I can get him in de bottom of de boat. I'se tale you all 'long you couldn't lif one of dose trout wit' dat jim-crock of a stick!" Well, we had this repeated until I tired of it. I returned many of the beauties to the water with a promise to come for them another winter. Every now and then I saw places which would be ideal spots for a hunting lodge or a camp; in fact, the woods are full of those places.

Game! There is a squirrel up every tree. I chased turkeys just to see them run; heard the Bob White on every side of me; sat on the banks and watched the bass scooting up stream; ate grape fruit and oranges until I dropped over flat on my back for sheer contentment; smoked the old corncob pipe until my tongue was sore; ate and ate and ate. Sighed when the time came to go until I was ashamed, and then promised myself to do it all over again next year, and you bet, brother, I will. J. E. Miller.

BAD CROW; GOOD HAWK.

Editor RECREATION:

I have read with interest the correspondence in the September RECREATION with regard to the crows and hawks. I heartily agree with Mr. Wheeler in what he says in regard to the crow. I have known him long for an extensive nest robber and crop despoiler. In a locality where the gulls, terns and ducks breed this pest destroys thousands of their eggs annually. Although in this locality these species are not found to any extent, I have frequently known of crows robbing nests of our birds, such as the grouse, herons and smaller birds.

The crow is getting altogether too numerous, as well as the despicable English sparrow, and were a bounty offered on each of these I daresay game and bird protectionists would gain an advantage. This cannot be done by written opinions; something more strenuous must be done. But I notice one writer mentions the hawks with disfavor. I say no farmer has a better bird friend than the common hawks, and the good they do far overbalances their shortcomings.

R. T. Fuller.

BEAUTIFUL NEWFOUNDLAND.

Editor Recreation:

In looking over your magazine I was surprised to find how little mention is made of Newfoundland, with almost unlimited game, both fish and fowl, deer and bear, for those that go far enough.

And scenery so beautiful that parts of it vie with famed Killarney. The rugged grandeur of Pete Harbor, or the beautiful bay of Outer Cove, and the rocky hills near Logy Bay. I may be prejudiced, but I have not seen anything pictured to come near them.

Oh, Newfoundland, with your beautiful bayous and shining creeks, wherein salmon and that pet of good anglers, speckled trout, with its firm, pink flesh, abound. I often wonder that more lovers of fine sport don't visit you. Topsail is an ideal place to spend a summer; its beautiful scenery, the old-fashioned hospitality of its people leave nothing to be desired. And then, in September, when the partridge or ptarmigan comes in, what sport to go up to Pettigrew's and out to Toad's Cove, when the ship, a point out on the barrens, usually finishes the trip. Then the lovely ride back amidst such scenes as can only be found among people that both fish and farm for a living.

Bessie Bogan Cowman, Chicago, Ill.

THE CONNECTICUT.

Editor Recreation:

I have done considerable canoeing, both in Maine and Canada, but I hardly think I have derived more pleasure than upon the Connecticut river. Starting from Saybrook, Conn., which is the mouth of the river, it is smooth, easy paddling to Hartford, Conn. The river above Hartford shoals gently, and at Windsor, Conn., the river rushes over a very rocky bed. Many canoeists take a carry here (two feet or so) and go by way of the canal to Windsor Locks. Above Windsor Locks, it is but a short paddle to Thompsonville, Conn., where a 300-foot portage is required to go around the dam.

From Thompsonville, it is good paddling to Springfield, Mass. From Springfield to Holyoke, Mass., is but a few miles, and here is the largest carry on the trip—about half a mile. From Holyoke to Northampton, Mass., is an easy run, and here another carry is made to avoid the "ox-bow" dam. The paddling is good from Northampton to Bellows Falls, Vt., where a short carry is necessary to go around the falls. The next carry is another falls—Turner's Falls—and from here upwards the state the paddling is of the ordinary.

C. S. T.

WILD GAME IN VICINITY OF OSHKOSH*

Editor Recreation:

Oshkosh is very fortunate in being situated on a fine system of lakes and rivers. On these lakes and rivers, ducks, geese and brant find good feeding grounds, and a place where they can rest on their long flight to the North.

The woods, though not very thick, form a home for hundreds of rabbits, squirrels, and, maybe, a sly old fox or two.

There are many species of ducks; the principal ones are the mallard, pintail, blue-bill, widgeon, canvas-back, blue-wing teal, red head, red eye, whistle wing, black duck or dusky mallard, wood duck and butter ball.

The mallards and canvas-backs are the largest, and are noted for their fine table qualities.

The blue-wing teal are small, but very good eating. They fly at the rate of from ten to one hundred miles an hour. There are very few of these ducks here in the spring, and the law prohibits the hunter from hunting, killing or pursuing either these or the wood duck or mallard.

The blue-bill is so called from its short flat bill, which is of a gray-blue color. He is the one most commonly shot in the spring.

The whistle wing derives its name from the peculiar whistling noise which its wings make as it flies.

The Canada goose is the principal goose found here. Last spring the rivers and lakes near Butte des Morts were black with them, and the noise they made at night was similar to the barking of several hundred small and restless puppies. In the fall the geese are found in cornfields, and a favorite time to hunt them is at night when the moon is bright.

Rabbits and squirrels abound in the woods and in the open. The law allows them to be killed from September 1st to May 1st, and any number may be killed at one time. In November, most of the squirrels migrate to the city.

There are very few grouse, quail, prairie chicken or partridge here, although a flock of quail is sometimes seen. The grouse and partridge are often taken for the same bird, though there is a difference in size. The grouse has a black ruff around his neck, which gives him his name of ruffed grouse

Forty years ago there was three times as

This paper was written by a boy of fourteen.

much game as there is now, and all that was killed was shot with a muzzle-loader. But to-day people are not content with a few ducks, and in the fall some kill fifty or sixty at one time. The game is fast disappearing, and unless the government takes stringent measures, the lakes and rivers that were once made beautiful by hundreds of wild fowl, will harbor only a few miserable mud hens. Already, the bill prohibiting spring shooting has been passed, and it is to be hoped that many more good laws will also be made.

Besides protecting the ducks, fish ought also to be protected, and if instead of paying salaries to game wardens, the government would clean the lakes and rivers of all useless fish, the waters would soon be stocked with better game fish.

Some prominent sportsmen of Oshkosh think that if all the carp, sheepshead, pickerel and dog fish were taken from the lake, the game fish would multiply.

Arbor Day is a day on which we plant trees and protect the plants, but we should also protect the fish, not only from the sportsmen, but from the larger and more destructive ones of their own kind.

L. W. Hall.

IN THE BOSTON MOUNTAINS.

Editor RECREATION:

To those not familiar with the geography of Arkansas, we may volunteer the gratuitous information that the state is divided into nearly equal parts, from Northeast to Southwest, forming what is commonly called the highlands and lowlands. The main line of the Iron Mountain road, very accurately marks the dividing line. But this Northwestern part is by no means all of the same character. South of the Arkansas River, the country consists of long East and West ridges, clear to and into the Indian Territory. North of the Arkansas it is a set of plateaus, that rise like steps above each other, the highest forming the watershed between the Arkansas and the White Rivers. These plateaus are what the natives call the Boston Mountains, and what Northern people call the Ozarks. Easterly in this region, there are few ravines, but in Newton County, of which I write, there are numerous ravines, coves, dells, and springs, so combined as to form many beautiful and picturesque scenes.

The best means of reaching this paradise of the hunter and tourist, is via the Frisco System. We left Kansas City on the above line, traversing the entire Eastern tier of counties in Kansas, south of Kansas City, except one, thence to Pettigrew, in Johnson County, the nearest railway point to the region we sought.

There were four of us who at the same time had felt the need of recreation. We had been drinking bad water in Kansas for several months, and now for a while we should drink from the finest mountain springs to be found anywhere in America; as pure as are those of Eureka Springs.

From Pettigrew we traveled by horseback into Newton County, the supreme height of the Boston Mountains. An accommodating native transferred our tenting outfit to a beautiful spring, that formed the source of a small tributary of White River.

We got into camp too late in the evening to get out and secure game for supper or breakfast. We breakfasted early next morning, all being anxious to get out and view the surroundings, and try for game. We had agreed the evening before that we would not hunt too far from camp, looking for squirrels, and a possibility of the sight of turkeys. But the unexpected is sure to happen. One of our party had not gone half a mile from camp when a two-year-old buck got up and raced away.

Two loads of squirrel shot were sent after him, and at the very short range it was fired, hit him hard. Following him slowly, and giving him time to lie down, his slayer soon came up to and dispatched him. We now had venison in camp, and everybody felt sure of getting a deer as a reward of our trip. And none were left to feel themselves unfortunate, for besides a deer falling to each man's gun, we got two beautiful heads for mounting. Turkeys we found real plentiful, but it was the grey squirrels that continually furnished the cream of our sport.

The forests here were mostly untouched by the woodsman's axe, the timber very tall and valuable, with all the limbs well up from the ground. So that when the familiar barking was heard, and we took up the course by sound, our game was usually high in some giant oak. Besides, the timber was so dense that the squirrels would often travel from tree top to tree top, starting at sight of us, and just out of gun shot. It was hurry-up sport to halt him before reaching a den tree. And most of the shots were on the run, and high up among the intervening branches, and the sight we got of them was little more than by the eye of faith.

It was fast, continuous sport, with plenty of misses, and often our game reaching a place of safety. Sometimes we four did team work, when our victim's chances were very materially decreased.

When our hunt was ended, it was unanimously voted that nowhere we had ever hunted had we ever enjoyed better sport than in the Boston Mountains. And then, the hunting ground—incomparable!

The writer often wandered for hours looking at the perfection of the hardwood forest, and the beauty of the landscape. Timber so perfect that it looks as if grown to order.

The natives are hospitable, and obliging, many of them without any education; and, having grown up for several generations with no acquaintance with the world, except within a radius of twenty or thirty miles near where they were born, naturally, all their notions. convictions, and ideas, are provincial. But each of them seemed to me to possess a charming individuality. There is less of sham, duplicity, or pretense among them than is common among men. Slightly reticent with strangers, they soon warm up, and thaw out, and are withal, very companionable. Living easy lives, strongly tinctured with idleness, they always have plenty of time to enjoy life; as their Northern brother. when at home, has not, being too busy with money-making.

N. R. Piper, Kenton, O.

GAME IN NEW MEXICO.

Editor Recreation:

I see in your December number of Recreation that you desire to communicate with sportsmen in the West where wolves and coyotes are plentiful. Being a professional hunter and trapper, I could give considerable information in regard to these and other varmints in West Texas and New Mexico.

I have been an interested reader of your valuable magazine from the time I first saw a copy of it, a little over a year ago, but I have been knocked about so much as a wolfer must, that I have only seen a few copies of it, but I think I will locate for a while before long, and just as quickly as I do you will get a subscription from me.

Recreation contains so much that is true to life and nature, and I guess I ought to know, for I have been an ardent student of nature all my life, and have mostly made my living with my gun and steel traps, but I am no pothunter—never was, and never will be, neither am I much of a poor trapper. It always looked too cruel to me to kill some poor harmless "critter" off a trap for its hide—it puts me in mind of killing a man for his overcoat—but I hunt and trap lobo wolves, coyotes, bear, mountain lion, etc., all varmints that kill stock that there is a bounty on. Here in Sierra County, New Mexico, where I am thinking of locating for a while, there are all kinds of game. Several kinds of deer, antelope, turkey and other smaller species of that class of game, and as for varmints, mountain lions are very plentiful. There are also a good many bear, bob-cats, lobo wolves and some coyotes down off the mountains. I could find a reasonable amount of game in a reasonable time for parties desirous to hunt in the southwest.

We have game laws here, but no protection even in the forest reserves, where wardens are supposed to look after such matters. They do not do so. They usually send word to any camp before visiting it on purpose, for the campers to hide any venison they may have. I wish I could get a wardman's position on this Gila forest reserve that is right at me, and I bet I would make it hot for some of them, but I have no pull, and do not know even who to see about such a position. I don't suppose you have a pull in that direction. If I could get such a position I would certainly do all in my power towards game protection, for in that particular you have my full sympathy. I have sometimes done something towards game protection on my own hook; anyway, a few months ago I whipped the "stuffer" out of a fellow for claiming that he liked to get out and kill these little white tail deer in the snow, just to see them kick.

I hope I am not using too much of your valuable time with this long letter, but I am so much in sympathy with you on some matters, and like your magazine so well that I have been aiming to write to you for some time. On several occasions I came near doing so, when I saw questions asked or information desired in your magazine that I could have answered, but as you see, I am rather a poor writer; but anything I did write would be perfectly true to life and nature.

Well, good-bye, for the present,

W. F. Mills, Hillsboro, N. M.

GOOD WORK AT LIVE OAK RANCH.

Editor Recreation:

Dear Sir: I enclose copy of a letter just received from Mr. Robert Real, manager of the Live Oak Ranches, belonging to the well-known banker, Charles Scheince, of Kerrville. I will warrant any man who gets leave to follow that pack as exciting a time as he ever had in his life, if he can stay with them. I shall be glad to give any information on the subject to anybody enclosing stamp. Yours sincerely,

Edward K. Ball, Kerrville, Tex.

Live Oak Ranch, Jan. 6, 1905.

Mr. E. K. Carr, Kerrville, Texas.

Dear Sir and Friend.—I have been asked to write you how many wolves we had caught with the hounds we bought. We bought these hounds last September and have caught twenty (20) wolves up to date.

Had a great deal of dry weather not suitable for wolf catching with hounds. When the ground has moisture enough for hounds to trail without much trouble, and the dogs are in good shape, we catch nearly every wolf we start. Sometimes we lose a wolf after he is entirely run down, but not often.

It takes the Stuart Scott hounds about 2¼ hours on an average to catch a wolf; have caught some in one hour, and have run some as long as 4 hours before catching them. The right brand of hounds, kept in first-class shape, will catch very near every wolf that they jump.

Dogs for wolf catching have to be fed just right and have to be worked hard—the harder you work the dogs, the more wolves you catch.

Yours very truly,

Rob't Real.

ON THE MUNOSKONG.

Editor RECREATION:

It has been my greatest pleasure in life to use the gun or fishing rod, and I am safe in saying a good half of my 40 odd years have been spent among the haunts of the game, or on the stream. All hunters know that a great part of the sport is in the anticipation, and what a pleasure we all take in cleaning the trusty 12-gauge, or rifle in anticipation of the next season's shoot.

The most important question debated around the fireside on those winter evenings is "Where shall we go next season?" Of course, one question to decide is what species of game is to be sought, and it is exceedingly hard to find a spot where one may combine the pleasures of hunting larger game, and at the same time have good duck and bird shooting.

After spending many seasons in different parts of the country from Hudson's Bay to the Colorado River, I can say, unreservedly, that the best ground I have ever found for all round shooting is to be found in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

In October and November of last year, 1904, I spent two weeks in this country, and bagged more game and of greater variety than I have done, in the same time, in 10 years. The place I chose is known as "Munoskong Bay," and it is in the eastern end of the Upper Peninsula. It is a deep bay, very shallow, and has hundreds of acres of marsh and plenty of wild rice. The country surrounding is practically unsettled, there being, I am told, upwards of 200 square miles of country without a settler. I took a few decoy ducks with me, and the first evening bagged some beautiful duck, all mallards but two. In the mornings we always had good blue bill and red head shooting, with a few teal and whistlers, intermixed, but in the evening we shot mallard—and such mallard! They spent the days among the barley fields some miles away and became so fat they could scarcely fly.

We soon learned their favorite haunts, and, hiding in the rushes, shot them as they came in from the fields. We never tried to make any record shooting, just killing what we could eat in camp, and during our outing wasted not a bird. The woods there are infested with the Great Northern Hare, and as the snow was late in coming, we had great sport shooting these big fellows by moonlight. They were pure white, and as a decoy we felled a few small white birch trees. They eagerly eat the birch tops, and we simply lay in wait and rolled them over as they came to feed. Other days we spent among the partridges. We found them most plentiful along the dry birch ridges, and here we found many flocks. There was an agreement that they must be shot on the wing only, but in this way we could easily bag all the birds we needed in an afternoon's hunt. We found their flesh particularly fine, and almost invariably served them roasted.

I remained until the deer season, and had the pleasure of killing one of the largest bucks I have ever killed. A light snow had fallen the night before, and I found his track just back of the hunting camp. I followed for some time, and after jumping him from his bed, left the track and began making semicircles around his course. After doing this a few times, I saw him in the distance, head erect, and listening for my footsteps. I took deliberate aim and killed him on the spot. He was a magnificent specimen, and weighed 240 pounds. I shot him within 80 rods of camp, and we had him hung up before dinner.

I spent two weeks in that country and will go again this fall.

Chas. E. Stephenson.

WHAT WOODS TO USE IN BUILDING.

Editor RECREATION:

In the Northeastern states and in Canada, woodsmen prefer the dry white cedar to any other wood. It is wood that will support a great weight, as its own specific gravity is about the lightest of any timber tree, and it dries out until it floats as lightly as cork. Moreover, it grows along the banks of streams, and around the margins of lakes, thus being found in situations that are handy for the purpose. Another wood that is most excellent is dry pine, but in the East dry pines are so few and far between, that a man might hunt for a considerable time in most places ere he found sufficient timber to make a raft.

Almost any wood if dried well will do for rafting purposes, but as far as the East is concerned, all trees are inferior to those mentioned.

West of the Rocky Mountains the Giant cedar takes the place of white cedar, and this is possibly the best wood in the world for rafting. The trees are so large that two or three logs are sufficiently buoyant to float quite a large dwelling or boat house. The Douglass fir, the various spruces, and the bull pine also serve admirably as floaters.

Three cedar logs 20 feet long and 2 feet in diameter at the butt will make a raft that should carry a couple of men and a reasonable amount of dunnage in safety. It is better to erect a frame in the middle of the raft a couple of feet above the logs, upon which to place the camping stuff, out of the reach of any water that may be taken on board either through wave or rapid.

In the wilderness the logs are generally pinned together by two or three cross pieces, held by hardwood pegs, driven into the logs, but if ropes be available, it is easier to lash the cross pieces to the logs and it is also more secure, but a man will frequently find himself short of ropes, whereas, unless in great straits, he will certainly have an axe with him.

Woodsmen generally speak of a small raft, such as has been described, as a catamaran, reserving the term raft for a large collection of lumber logs. St. Croix.

A DEER HUNT IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Editor Recreation:

Having been asked by a great many people about the hunting in our new possessions, and thinking that the readers of Recreation might be interested in the story of one day's shooting on the island of Luzon, I have decided to write it for them.

My father, who was in command of the troops in Batangas Province, had been urged by the natives to accept an invitation to shoot deer on the Roax Hacienda, at Calatagan. Calatagan is the name of a small town on the western coast of Luzon, about sixty miles south of Manila. The centre in years gone by of a magnificent sugar plantation, now, owing to the ravages of war and the death of many of the domesticated animals, it is no longer cultivated, but is grown over with tropical jungle, an ideal home for deer and boar.

On May 4th, last, all arrangements having been made for a day's sport, ten of us sailed from Batangas for Calatagan, where we arrived at early dawn, after a most delightful trip, with a full moon and the Southern Cross shining brightly overhead.

After a hurriedly eaten breakfast, we were rowed to the landing, where we found Sr. Mariano Martinez, the master of ceremonies, waiting for us, with saddle ponies and a cart for our luggage. He was most courteous and polite, assigning an attendant to each one of us.

We rode the diminutive ponies, our attendants walking in front carrying our canteens, ammunition, etc., up to the plantation house, which, by the way, is quite pretentious. The walls are built of a kind of volcanic stone, which, when cut out of the earth is soft, but after exposure to the air becomes hard. The woodwork was of hard wood, some of which was beautifully carved. The living rooms were all on the second floor, the ground floor being used as a granary.

We proceeded from the house to the drive. One hundred and fifty men with dogs and contrivances for making a noise had been sent out before daylight, to drive the deer, and white lines made from the leaves of the tuba palm, about two inches wide, and as thick as a piece of heavy wrapping paper, were stretched in the shape of a V, the sides of which were about two miles long. At the point of the V our stands were situated. The drivers and dogs being in the opening of the V to drive the deer towards our stands.

Every Fillipino carries a bolo, in the use of which he is very skillful. They use the bolo for everything imaginable, building houses, fences, carving wood, etc., in fact, it is their one tool.

Upon arriving at your stand, the attendant puts a small camp stool down, builds a blind of green brush in front of it, and, if necessary, raises a sun shade overhead. For my part, I took a Winchester shotgun, and a 45-70 Springfield carbine. On my first hunt I was advised to take only a shotgun. I followed this advice, and from my stand I had a clear view of a bare hill about one hundred and fifty yards distant, on which during the drive I counted ten deer. I could not approach this hill because of interfering with some other stands.

After getting seated in my blind I waited for a couple of hours without seeing anything, then some wild jungle fowl flew down into a little open glade in front of me. The Filipino jungle fowl is one of the most beautiful birds in the world. It is about the size of our bantam, and the cocks are beautifully colored.

After another half hour's wait I saw a deer facing me about eighty yards' distant. I fired and made an inexcusable miss. Shortly after this the men who had been occupying the stand next to mine came by on their way home. I decided to try my luck in their stand, and had not been seated ten minutes when I saw a deer, but it saw me first, so I did not get a shot. After about ten minutes more, a third deer came running noiselessly through the jungle. When it got to the line it stopped, and I "blazed away,' hitting it in the head. The instant it dropped, my Filipino ran out and cut its throat, and then dragged it in behind the blind.

About noon our attendants brought the ponies, and we went back to the "Casa," where out host served us a delicious oriental dinner.

Counting up the bag we found that we had seven deer. After dinner we all took a "siesta" for a couple of hours, then went out for another drive. We succeeded in bagging three more deer, and a wild boar, making a deer for each one of the party.

It is a peculiar fact that the deer would not jump nor break the lines, when thev were not more than two or three feet high, and very little stronger than a piece of cotton twine.

Upon our return to Batangas the deer were put in cold storage. Three of them were reserved for our homeward journey on the U. S. A. T. "Thomas," many of whose passengers will remember with pleasure the venison captured on our Calatagan Hunt.

Geo. McClellan Chase,
Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

With the foregoing, came the following letter:

I am a boy fifteen years old; I have just returned from the Philippine Islands, where I have been for a period of about two years, during part of which time I acted as interpreter for my father, who is Lieut. Col. G. F. Chase of the Twelfth Cavalry.

Having been asked by a great many sportsmen about the hunting in the Philippine Islands, I have determined to write the story of one of the deer hunts I went on while in the Orient, and, if you wish them, I can send you articles on "Mindoro," one of the least known of the Philippines; this would be based on personal observation and the official records of the first party of white men to cross this wild tropical island, on which live a species of water buffalo not found in any other part of the world.

I accompanied the troops of the Twelfth Cavalry on nearly every "hike" they went on.

Yours truly,
Geo. McClellan Chase.

STRIVING FOR IDEAL LAWS.

The United States Department of Agriculture, Division of the Biological Survey, has issued a very instructive bulletin—its No. is 47 and its title is "Recommendations of State Game Commissioners and Wardens of 1905."

In the introduction it is stated that the general interest in game protection, etc., is responsible for an immense volume of game legislation in the United States. Probably in no other country in the world are more game laws enacted or more frequent changes proposed. It is not uncommon for more than 100 game laws to be passed in a single year, and sometimes 25 or 50 will be enacted by a single State where local laws are the rule. In 1905 thirty-seven State legislatures convened during the month of January; those of Hawaii and Porto Rico met in February; and those of Florida and Georgia will meet in April and June, respectively. In nearly all of these States and Territories amendments to the game laws have been or will be under consideration. Some of these amendments will become laws, others will not, but all are more or less important in showing the progress of game legislation, those that fail no less than those that pass. Although compilations of game laws are common, no attempt has apparently ever been made to compile or digest the immense number of game bills introduced or to determine the number which are of merely local or individual importance; nor has there been any attempt to ascertain to what extent the bills considered were based on recommendations of game officials.

Among the recommendations are several contemplating the shortening of the open season, or the making of a closed season for several years, or a reduction in the bag. The States making such proposals are Arizona, New Mexico, California, Maine, and Tennessee.

Evidently, in each of these States there is an urgent necessity for extra protection. Oregon proposes to go even further than these other States, and may protect her elk for ten years by a rigorous closed season.

It is felt by many of the States that shore birds are inadequately protected. Delaware and New Jersey are agitating the prohibition of summer woodcock shooting—a relic of the dark ages that should never have survived into the twentieth century.

Waterfowl need protection in the spring, when they are about to rear their young And there is a very healthy feeling in most States regarding a prohibitive law of this nature.

Bag Limits.—Arizona proposes to limit the number of doves which may be killed to 50 in one day; California to reduce the bag limit on doves and ducks from 50 to 25 per day; California, Michigan, and Minnesota agree in recommending that the number of deer allowed each hunter be reduced from 3 to 2 in a season. Montana wishes to reduce the number of deer from 6 to 3 and the number of mountain goats from 6 to 1. Colorado proposes a limit of one each for elk, antelope, and mountain sheep; Delaware urges the establishment of bag limits on game, Idaho a reduction in the number of game birds from 18 to 12 per day; Minnesota a change in the bag limit, and North Dakota a change in the number of prairie chickens and grouse from 25 of each to 25 of both.

Sale.—Extension of present restrictions to cover sale of all game are made by Arizona, Nebraska, New Jersey, North Dakota, Oklahoma, and Utah. California proposes to stop the sale of doves, rail, and snipe; New Mexico sale of big game, pheasants, doves, quail, and waterfowl; and Oregon sale of upland birds for five years. Pennsylvania suggests changes to meet evasions of the present laws.

Licenses.—More attention is given to licenses than to any other one feature, recommendations concerning them being made by 18 different States. Arizona proposes a $10 non-resident license for hunting deer and turkey; Maine a $5 non-resident license for hunting plover in August and all birds in September, a $15 license for hunting all game in October and November, and a license for residents; Delaware and Montana a license for unnaturalized foreigners; Massachusetts a $10 license for unnaturalized foreigners with photograph of licensee; Oklahoma resident and non-resident licenses; Oregon a $20 non-resident and a $1 resident license; Rhode Island a $5 license for residents and non-residents alike; and Wyoming a $10 non-resident license for taking birds and fish and a $2.50 resident license. Repeal of exemptions under present license laws are proposed by Colorado, Illinois, and Nebraska; Michigan suggests an extension of the license system to cover both hunting and fishing; and New Hampshire an extension of the non-resident license to cover all game. Provisions permitting hunters to carry home a reasonable amount of game under license are recommended by Maine, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia. Delaware recommends an increase in the non-resident license fee to $10, North Dakota an increase in the resident fee from 75 cents to $1, and Illinois a slight reduction in the resident fee.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE.

Editor RECREATION:

Being a constant reader of your valued magazine for the past three years, I take the liberty to address a few lines, which I believe may interest some, if not quite a few of your readers. I will not go to rewriting it, but will give it as printed in the Milwaukee Journal.

The Journal:

"In the light of recent events, the many drownings on our inland lakes is getting to be a matter of no small concern, and very little, if anything, has been done to prevent the many sad deaths which are continually being recorded. Many lives have been saved on our lakes, but no organized effort in this direction has been made. As a means of safeguarding as much as possible against such accidents, let me suggest one: Let all hunting, fishing and yachting clubs be called together for one meeting and federated into one body of lifesavers, and each club provide itself with at least one life preserver or buoy, which could be carried at all times under the seat of a rowboat, and as the members of these clubs are usually at the lakes on Sundays, when most drownings take place, they would always be on hand and within reach.

To put interest into it, offer a medal for each life saved, which could be paid for easily by the subscriptions of, we'll say, 25 cents per member. A medal of this merit would be certainly a medal of honor. If all the clubs of Waukesha, Milwaukee and Racine counties were thus federated, we could do a great deal toward preventing many a sad death. A button or other pin could be adopted, which would show the wearer to be a member of this life-saving organization, and which would also be an honor to him. With hopes that we may hear from others likewise inclined, I am."

Three years of constant perusal of RECREATION is my best testimonial as to its worth. Hoping the idea regarding accidents may be food for thought, I am

George J. Ulrich.

GAME PROTECTION IN ONTARIO.

An association has been formed for the protection of fish and game in the province of Ontario, with headquarters in Toronto. Branches are to be established in other cities, towns and villages throughout the province.

OBJECTS AND PURPOSES OF THE ASSOCIATION.

The objects and purposes of this Association shall be:—

(1) To act as a voluntary auxiliary force to aid the constituted authorities in the prosecution of offences against the regulations on this subject.

(2) The organized observation of the habits, propagation and seasons of all fish, game and birds, and from the knowledge so obtained, the suggestion to the authorities of the best regulations for their preservation and increase.

(3) To encourage the protection of the song, insectivorous, and other birds not classed as game birds, and to educate the children, especially boys, accordingly.

(4) To oppose the sale or export of game and game fishes at all times and under all circumstances.

(5) To take steps to endeavor to prove to residents along our lakes, rivers and streams, and in our forests, that their financial interests are best served by the protection of fish and game.

(6) To cultivate more friendly relations afield among sportsmen and the residents of the districts where sport exists.

(7) To produce a widespread sentiment looking towards the continued preservation of those large districts already set aside as public game domains, and where possible, the still further extension of this system.

The fees are $1 admission and an annual contribution of a similar amount.

Further information will be furnished by Mr. A. Kelly Evans, 25 Front street, East, Toronto.

OFF THE MAINE COAST.

Editor RECREATION:

Only twelve miles from the mainland off the coast of Maine, the Island of Monhegan has for the larger part of the year almost the remoteness and separation from the great world at large of a thousand miles of blue water. To many I dare say even the location of this great rocky menace to coast-wise navigation is unknown. My notion of it, gathered from vague recollections of some story of a shipwreck there, was of a place aloof, a wild, rocky, nearly inaccessible wilderness, the home of a few hardy fishermen and the broods of wandering sea-birds. On the map it shows but a little spot of color.

Among the few hundred regular dwellers on the island to-day may be found some who have never been to the main shore. Their daily round of life has been bounded by the sparkle of the waters, the beating of the surf on the rocks, and the darkest nights starred by the blinking eye of the lighthouse that stands sentinel on the shoulder of the highest hill.

The way to Monhegan is one that offers allurement to the lover of the sea, and if there is anything of a blow on it it will thoroughly test his seaworthiness. Starting from the beautiful harbor of Boothbay the smart and staunch sailing packet, schooner-rigged, and once a member of Cape Cod's famous fishing fleet, makes her way on the open sea to Monhegan. Rain or shine, blow high—blow low—she goes, and rare indeed is the weather that can keep her hardy skipper in port. She carries freight and Uncle Sam's mail all the year round and a few passengers, chiefly during the summer months, and is the link that binds the island to the distant shore and brings to the fishermen news of what is happening in the world beyond. In summer seas the packet offers a pleasant journey enough, but with the coming of the winter gales, blinding snows and harbor ice it puts to the test the best of seamanship.

There is at times a delightful uncertainty about her goings and comings that lends an element of speculative interest to the journey. It is not an uncommon experience to have the wind drop out with the going down of the sun and the boat spend the large part of the night drifting about on the oily seas. With a fair wind it is but a few hours' travel and with all sails set it gives one a taste of the exhilarating and inspiring seamanship associated with the famed racers of Gloucester and Provincetown. The entire coast inland from Monhegan is broken up into a perfect maze of narrow channels, rocky islands, and bold headlands, and requires the utmost vigilance in navigation as well as a long familiarity with local waters.

On a clear day Monhegan looms up far ahead, trembling in the brilliant sunlight and reflections from the water. Within hailing distance you get a fine view of the rocky heights of Manana—a smaller sister isle separated from Monhegan by a pretty little bay—and the outlying ledges of the southern end of Monhegan itself. On the high shoulder of Manana is the queer-looking big steam horn whose hoarse bass note bleats out at regular intervals in foggy weather to warn mariners from a too near approach.

The shores of the small harbor are bordered with weather-stained and ramshackle old fish houses, many of them festooned with brown nets drying in the sun, and all about are the evidences of the only occupation possible on the island, the pursuit of the festive lobster and fish. Back a little way from the shores, on the hillside, lies the settlement, houses set at haphazard along the winding stony roads, most of them trim and neat in white paint and green blinds. Among them, conspicuous by their size, are several big, square boxes divided into many compartments for the accommodation of the visiting summer folks.

The spiles of the picturesque little wharf where the boats land are covered with barnacles and winkles, and the rocks beneath are festooned and cushioned with a most wonderful growth of seaweed. Floating here and there in the water at the will of the tide are a number of great sea-weeds with daintily fluted edges, the texture of which resembles nothing so much as a fine quality of oiled silk. The stems of some of these lie on the surface, now and then in a series of curves that suggest the wriggling motion of a much-attenuated sea serpent. These stems are hollow, and by the natives may be put to curious practical uses in an emergency. An ingenious skipper of a small boat propelled by a gasoline "kicker," a most appropriate name, by the way, used a section of one of these stems as a feed-pipe for his engine!

Life at Monhegan is mostly made up of fishing. Right on the ground they have only to go off shore a little way in their staunch dories to capture the supply of lobsters, cod, haddock, and hake. All are off for the catch in the dim hours before dawn, when the sea is usually at peace, and to the uninitiated oppressive in its vast loneliness.

From the number of lobster traps on the shore in all stages of decay and picturesque confusion you naturally get the impression that here must be the land of plenty, where the lover of the flesh of the queer crustacean might eat his fill. The lobster business has been overdone, however, all along the Maine coast, and the wise fishers of Monhegan have declared by mutual agreement a closed season for the summers. When one considers that some 75,000 lobsters turned from the color of the starboard light to that of the port light in one season the wonder is that there are any left to navigate the waters at all.

The northern and eastern shores of Monhegan fairly thrill you with their rugged heights of sheer rock. Rising in great headlands as high as 150 feet, with no footing at their base, going down without a break into the deeps of the water that laps their feet, they stand in silent grandeur. Woe to the ship that runs ashore here. Near the southern end is the huge outlying mass of Gull Rock, seamed and shattered by the beating of the seas and beyond that the famous Washerwomen and accompanying ledges.

It was on the extreme southern end of the island that the recent wreck of the schooner E. M. Sawyer occurred. I heard the story from the skipper only a day or two after he went ashore. He had been drifting about in the fog for eighteen hours, laying his course for the harbor of Rockland. His first warning was the sound of the surf on the rocks dead ahead, and before he could swing about he was driven high up on the rocks. Fortunately there was hardly any wind and little sea. The men simply climbed out on the bowsprit and jumped ashore. A curious part of the captain's story was that he could not hear the sound of the horn on Manana, only a few hundred yards away. This is said to be a common experience of the fishermen, and was thought to be due to the fact of the high position of the horn that sent the sound over the heads of vessels when near shore. The Sawyer was a complete loss, the whole bottom being stove in and her masts, anchors, chains, and iron were sold at auction. Her timbers will supply fuel for the fires of the Monhegan fisher folk. The captain had sailed these waters for thirty years, but fog is an enemy that no human judgment can cope with.

After a storm is when you realize to the full the power and cruelty of the sea and the majesty of the resistance offered to its ravages by these iron shores. The waves hurl themselves with terrific force against the walls, only to be lashed into foam and spray that the wind carries even over the highest points. It is an impressive and never to be forgotten experience to listen to the impact of the waters and realize the tremendous power of their mass. The noise is like the constant booming of a battery of great modern rifles, while the waves rebound upon themselves to gather new impulse for repeated assaults. The scars of the battle are there in the deep seams and fissures and the occasional great hollow caves.

On Monhegan, if anywhere, you can realize to the full the glamour and the loneliness of the ocean; its changing moods of peace and war; its wonderful lights and shadows, its exuberant and sparkling joy, and its profound and fathomless melancholy and mystery.

High up near the centre of the island is the lighthouse whose intermittent beam gleams out over the surrounding waters with the going down of the sun. Just below it on the line of a narrow footpath that leads in a winding way to the shore is the peaceful little graveyard, its size and silent inhabitants proportioned to the number of people of the island. In here one may learn of some of the tragedies that attend the lives of those who live at the mercy of the sea.

There is a pervading atmosphere of content and comfortable living about the little homes, and a cheerful friendliness of manner about the people that make a visit to Monhegan a period of delightful rest. No strenuousness here, instead a deliberateness, a seeming certainty of work and purpose in keeping with the inevitableness of the sea itself.

Much of the land is covered with a thick growth of stunted spruce trees, while the bypaths are bordered with wild rose bushes and the low-growing blue berries.

There are *three* horses on the island. Two are new arrivals—for a long time there was but one, and his chief duty was to graze placidly on the uplands, eyeing a chance passer with mild and genial curiosity.

The visitor here is impressed with a sense of being set apart from the world and its keen struggle, its selfishness and greed appear away off there in the hazy distance. Here men seem to live their lives as they will, the fight is mainly with the elements, and these they need meet only in their more peaceful moods. It is a very far cry from the city's turmoil, and to a fresh eye and mind tired with the tire of the crowd, offers a brief session of engaging contrast and a loosening of the taut nerves.

In very few places is there a stronger appeal made to the sense of the picturesque. It is an ideal hunting ground for the man or woman who is looking for things to paint. The rocks, the sea, the changing skies, and boats offer a constant succession of varied subjects, while the fisher folk, with their souwesters and great boots, afford an always pleasant and genial human interest.

James B. Carrington.

A WHIRL WITH GROUSE.

Editor RECREATION:

On the evening before Thanksgiving, in 1901, I dismissed my scholars with a short "good-bye till Monday," and hurriedly locking my schoolroom door, set off with a whoop of joy for home. What was the cause of my joy? Enough to stir any sportsman's heart a-working at the double roll. I was to try to kill my first ruffed grouse in two years. I say try, advisedly, because they do not always drop, as some people tell us.

A three-mile walk took me home to Dad and Bun, impatiently awaiting me for a start. I soon squeezed into some heavier clothing to keep out the November wind, and we were off.

We supped and fed our horses in Washington, Pa., some seventeen miles from home, and then hit the road again for Dave W—'s, where we arrived at 3.45 on Thanksgiving morning.

Horses stabled and dogs housed, Dad and Bun soon heeded the call of Morpheus. Not for me! I must at least see one of the "game bird kings" first—i.e., the ruffed grouse at home. Dave and I sat by the wood fireplace and burned some tobacco while awaiting daylight.

After a delicious breakfast of fried chicken, corn cakes and sorghum, we started for the woods. Rock oaks, poplars, and beeches were there in abundance, seeming to vie with each other in straightness and girth of trunk, while the underbrush was plentifully spotted with the red of the dogwood berries and the purple of the wild grapes and gum berries. These fruits promised us fat grouse hidden, somewhere. I drew first blood. Nell roaded some fifty yards away, and I, thinking it a rabbit, was about to mount a stirrup, when between me and Nell—whir-r-r! went a grouse. I took a quick shot at him at about fifty yards and saw him dive sidewise into the brush. Knowing him to be winged, I ran toward him a few steps. When I came in sight of the spot where he had hit, there stood good old Nell pointing the old fellow. I started toward Dave, who had shot twice in quick succession. On the way to him I jumped a rabbit, and my gun tore two of as pretty holes in the ground, just where he had left, as you ever saw.

When I had reached Dave he was bleeding his second rabbit, but was kicking himself because he had missed his first grouse that day. He had marked it down in a swampy creek bottom among some dead willows, and we went down to look for him. When we were twenty yards away he rose with a roar and went straight across Wheeling Creek. I stood in Washington County and killed that bird in Greene County! (The creek is the county line.) It was the longest shot I ever made.

By this time it was noon, and we climbed the point to Uncle Dave's.

After dinner we went over to a ridge across from the house, and chased three grouse around all afternoon. We climbed over grapevines, thrashed through tree-tops, shot and missed and shot and "feathered" birds, till finally Dave said, "I'll kill the next one or quit." Not a minute later one went booming to Dave's left down a steep bank. Bang! — feathers—Bang! — more feathers—see him wince? He begins to sail. "He's gone to the woods at the log sheep-shed," said Dave. "D—"! "No, he isn't either. He dropped beside that white oak at the fence." "Aw! You're crazy, man. He is gone. I'll kill him next year," replied Dave.

"I tell you he's there! I saw him fall!"

"Come on home. You did not sleep any last night. You will tell me next that you killed that one at the black haw bush."

No use to argue with Dave. He *was* at the white oak, though. Dave found him next morning. As we trudged homeward, Dave berated me for missing so many fine chances. Now, you all know how hard it was for me to kill those extremely difficult birds of mine, but Dave's birds, "Why, Dave, you ought to have killed them with a popgun." Everyone's chances are easy but ours, are they not?

We cleaned our guns that evening in meditative silence, mentally vowing that we would kill more grouse to-morrow or—the alternative was too awful to think about. Two busy days, with a forty-mile ride all night between them, sent me to bed very soon after supper. I was about worn to a fringe. A peep out to see how busy the weather man had been, showed us a world of large, feathery snowflakes being whirled along by a half gale of wind the next morning.

"Pretty blue outlook for hunting," growled Dad.

"I think we're being treated pretty *white*," said Bun.

An old boot followed a cleaning rod in his direction, but he had vanished. After breakfast, as Dave and I picked up our guns, Dad said. "Are you going, boy?" "Sure, I'm going! That's what I came for. Are you?"

"Well, you are a durned foolish boy, but I guess I was like you about thirty-five years ago." Down the hill we went in the flying snow till we had crossed "Boyd's" bridge and reached the "Long" woods. Then our guns were dosed with some Repeater shells containing 40 grs. L. & R. smokeless and 1⅛ oz. chilled No. 7½'s, and with the injunction, "Don't forget to shoot," we plunged into the brush.

Just as we started in, a grouse rose at some distance in front of us and we heard the sound of his wings die away in the distance. "Feeding in the dogwoods," commented Dave. Soon I saw a grouse track on a log. "You were fooled, Dave; here is where he was." I walked up to the log and looked over. Whiz-z-z! he went up almost in my very face, scaring me until I stood entirely on my heels. I threw my gun to my face and tried to break off a sapling three inches in diameter in trying to get in line with that bird. Have you been there? Would you swear? (Dave laughed like a fool.)

Dave soon flushed and killed a bird on a very difficult chance to his right in heavy brush. We proceeded along a little ravine, each one taking a side, in the direction of the first two birds. We stopped to rest near a fallen hickory tree, and while standing talking a grouse flushed at the hickory stump at Dave's feet and started down that hollow with the wind helping to push him along when it could catch up.

Dave felt twice for him, but did not reach him. Then I tried, leading him fully the length of my gun barrel, and he dropped like lead. "You must learn to look at your game when you shoot, Davie," said I.

"Blind luck!" responded Dave in disgust. In the next hundred yards, one raised and dipped to the left down the hill, and I overshot him a foot. The report of my gun started a second one, which went to the right toward the tree-tops, and I undershot him. Then three nice clear shots, and me with an empty gun! Dave got two. "You must learn to aim at them, Mikey," said Dave. I did not say one word.

We expected to find a ruffed beauty in a tree top near the edge of the woods, as it was in a favorite feeding ground. Reaching the tree-top, Dave said, "I'll rout him. You shoot him." He sent a heavy limb crashing into the tree-top. No response. "I guess he ain't." B-r-r-r-r! Out he went like a skyrocket. My first shot made one leg drop limp, and as he crossed a clear spot in good light I followed it with the left, held dead on.

Still going? Yes, feebly, but surely going. See, he slowly settles. "He is in the red brush there at the fence, I think." "He had plenty," said Dave. He was not there, nor anywhere else apparently. After hunting for him for half an hour, I found him sitting in the open woods near a stump, fifty yards from the red brush. He was almost "all in," but gamely tried to peck my hand when I reached for him. The effort was too much for him, and he collapsed, stone dead. He was the largest, finest cock grouse I ever killed, and I never felt prouder than when I gently smoothed his feathers and stowed him away in my old corduroy coat.

Our watches said noon just then, and we left birds in the cover and went home to tell the others how easy it is to miss some of the birds you shoot at. We went home that afternoon, and on the following Sunday my wife agreed with me that the grouse is the finest table bird in Pennsylvania.

G. M. Philips.

FROM BELMORE BROWNE.

Editor Recreation :

I am having a fine cool trip and have a few notes that may be of interest to you. I am glad to say that the duck crop looks promising, except in Ontario, where duck are scarce. In all the marshy lakes to the north of Lake Superior I did not see one brood, but in Assiniboia and Manitoba their name is legion. Antelope are reported as fairly plentiful in Western Manitoba and Assiniboia, and the settlers are fairly respectful of the game laws, though they kill occasionally for meat.

A bunch of fifty were seen once or twice last winter from the C. P. This is, of course, a good bunch for breeders—but it is a sorry showing compared to the noble winter herds of fifteen and twenty years ago that numbered many hundred. The ever-present coyote is still here, and somehow, with all his sins, his voice mellowed by distance, has a beauty when heard on the great plains. The sharp tail grouse are increasing as plains are turned into wheat fields.

I get a steamer to-morrow that will take me seven days to the westward and then my fun commences. Goat are reported plentiful one day's travel from here, and deer are very numerous on the islands. I hear complaints concerning the law on wild fowl; the residents say it does not last long enough. Deer meat is being eaten in the hotels here, and I do not think the season has opened. This is not right, as the visitor is made to respect the laws, and the settlers should do the same. Bear—black, brown and grizzly—are reported as fairly plentiful on Admiralty Island. I tried to get a stone-pipe for Mr. Annis, but in the breadth of the continent I saw nothing worth buying.

The run of Typhee salmon in Puget sound has not been large, and the sportsmen have not made good catches with their polling tackle. The sock-eye run has been very large, and the canneries are *wasting thousands* of fine fish. The salmon canneries are a curse. I saw one cannery with thousands of putrid salmon lying on the beach nearby, because they had too many to can. A dam has been made on Ketchickan creek at Ketchickan, Alaska; no salmon ladder has been put in, with the result that the salmon cannot ascend to their old breeding grounds. Some of the water, however, is used as drinking water, so that may account for it.

Belmore Browne,
Fort Wrangell, Alaska.

Mr. Belmore Browne is a shrewd observer. He will find, upon inquiry, however, that the scarcity of ducks in Ontario is a permanent condition.—Editor.

A FOUL MURDER.

Mr. Guy M. Bradley, the heroic and devoted game warden of the thinly settled wilderness district known as Monroe, Florida, was foully murdered on July 8 while making the arrest of a plume hunter at Oyster Key, Florida.

He began his duties in May, 1902, and since that time he has guarded faithfully the rookeries of the egrets and other of the Florida birds.

It was the well-known writer, Mr. Kirke Monroe, one of the vice-presidents of the Florida Audubon Society, who recommended Mr. Bradley as being a courageous and energetic man, with a comprehensive knowledge of both the country and its bird inhabitants, and Mr. Bradley lived up to the high recommendation of Mr. Kirke Monroe, and not only guarded the birds well, but took a great pride in his work and was jubilant whenever he could report an increase in the number of birds.

He was conscious of the fact that while he was on his cruises among the keys or toiling through the swamps he was the target of any plume hunter who should see him first; because it was an open secret that many of these desperate men had sworn to take his life; but Mr. Bradley proved faithful to his trust and died in the performance of his duty.

But what we wish to call attention to, and impress upon the readers of Recreation, is the fact that this gentle, retiring, pure-minded man, working to preserve the laws of his country and to protect the birds from extermination was MURDERED BY THE HIRED ASSASSINS OF THE WOMEN OF THIS COUNTRY.

The plume hunters only hunt plumes because of the demand which our women make for the aigrette to stick on to their silly and thoughtless heads. It cannot be possible that any one of the most unlettered of these women is ignorant of the fact that it is illegal to kill these birds, and that every time she decorates herself with the plumage of the white egret she is openly defying the law and paying the plume hunters a premium for conducting their nefarious occupation.

The desolate household, where a young wife is left to mourn the terrible death of her husband, and two little children left fatherless should be a picture to haunt every woman in this land who goes around with an aigrette nodding on her head.

Recreation wants to indelibly stamp on their minds the fact that the blood of this man is on their heads, and that the aigrette they wear, hereafter, will be in open acknowledgment that they stand for this horrible crime; but, to those who were thoughtless and who are repentant we will say that the least they can do is to contribute their pin money for the support of the young widow and the education of the fatherless children, and that Dr. Wm. Dutcher, No. 525 Manhattan avenue, New York City, will receive such donations as may be sent for this purpose, and see that they reach their proper destination.

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THE Gorham Company desires to direct attention to its extremely novel and original collection of Loving Cups and Tankards, offered under the name of "Old English Blackjacks."

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Frank Ford's Page

THIS MONTH, INSTEAD OF DWELLING UPON THE "SNAPS" I HAVE TO OFFER, I AM GOING TO MENTION A FEW THINGS SOME OF MY SUBSCRIBERS ARE HANKERING AFTER. I EXPECT, WHEN THIS LIST COMES OUT THEY WILL BE SUPPLIED IN REMARKABLY SHORT ORDER.

MR. DUDLEY BERWICK needs an Irish Setter Bitch.

MR. STANLEY W. CROSBY is willing to give $10 for a Round-headed Bull Terrier, between four and eight months old.

MR. THOMAS JACKSON is willing to buy a couple of Parker Hammerless Guns: One 12-gauge, and one 16-gauge if he can get them at bargain-counter prices.

MR. GEORGE E. DODS is in the market for a three-year old Beagle. Broken upon rabbits, and one that will stick to the trail until something happens.

MR. H. B. THOMPSON desires the company of a King Charles Spaniel Puppy.

MR. H. M. BECK has vacancies on his walls for Elk Antlers, with 16 pts. or more, on the naked skull. He might also buy Deer Antlers if exceptionally good.

MR. REIMER is quite ready to exchange some legal tender for a .25-20 Winchester or a .22 cal. Savage.

MR. GEO. E. PFIEL has immediate need of a Setter. Thoroughly broken on ruffed grouse. He is not particular as to pedigree and will not pay without a trial.

MR. EDWARD OTTO would purchase a 5 x 7 Century Camera, or a Grand Century or Long Focus Pony Premo, or a Korona Long Focus, provided the seller will ship to him C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

MR. THOMAS J. JACKSON wishes to hear of a First-rate White Bull Terrier about 8 months old; clean in house, and companionable; offers a good home, but will not pay more than $15.

ONE OF THE BEST SPORTING GOODS BUSINESSES in Michigan is offered for sale. It was established in 186, and the books show a handsome yearly profit. The business is retail, jobbing and mail order. The owner wishes to retire, having made a competency. Frank Ford, Information Bureau, No. 23 West 24th St., New York City.

TWENTY-THREE THOUSAND ACRES of cut-over timberland, in the state of Michigan, containing quantities of game, and will be sold in whole or in part. Fine site for big club. The present owner is E. L. Crull, well known in Michigan. Frank Ford, Information Dept., RECREATION, No. 23 West 24th St., New York City.

At the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour, or, in other words, just as I am going to press, I have had placed in my hands, by a widow, a SAUER GUN. *It is brand new and has never been fired.* This superb weapon has a heavy doll's head extension rib, nicely engraved locks of the genuine Anson and Deely system, the stock is of selected Italian walnut, the barrels are of Krupp's genuine fluid steel, twelve gauge and 30-inch barrels. The gun is full choked and has a drop of about 2¼ inches, but I can arrange to have the choke turned into a modified choke, or cylinder, and I can have the drop increased up to 3 inches if necessary.

I want $60 for this Gun; first come, first served

FRANK FORD, Information Dept., RECREATION, 23 West 24th Street, New York.

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Canada goose shooting affords the supreme test of a shot-gun, for the Canada goose is the strongest and hardiest of all our waterfowl and it requires more hard-driven shot to stop one of these birds than any other feathered game except the swan.

The ***Marlin*** 12-gauge is especially adapted to all forms of wild-fowl shooting where the gun is exposed to many hardships, yet must remain in perfect working order and be able to reach the strong flying ducks and geese at long range. It combines the balance and ease in handling of the best double guns—with the superior sighting and shooting of the single barrel. Made for both black and smokeless powder.

The ***Marlin*** has 1/3 less parts than any repeating shot-gun made, therefore, weighs less and is assembled in half the time. The ***Marlin*** is the original solid top and side ejector, there is a solid shield of metal between you and the cartridge at all times. *The empties can't throw in your face.* The ***Marlin*** breechbolt shuts out the rain or snow, sand, twigs or leaves. *It keeps the shells dry.* This is a ***Marlin*** feature. No other gun has it. Accuracy in ***Marlin*** repeaters is absolute; they are always to be depended upon.

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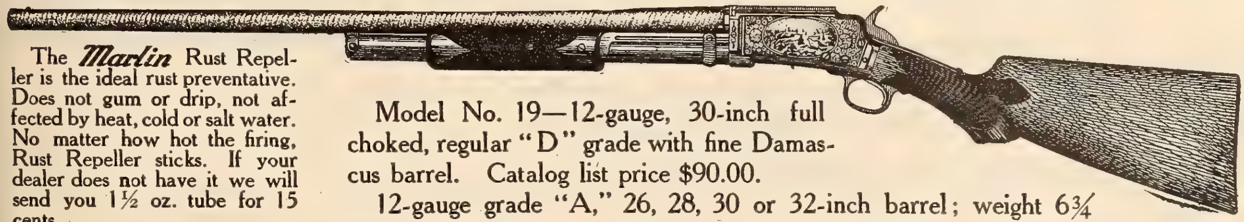

The ***Marlin*** Rust Repeller is the ideal rust preventative. Does not gum or drip, not affected by heat, cold or salt water. No matter how hot the firing, Rust Repeller sticks. If your dealer does not have it we will send you 1½ oz. tube for 15 cents.

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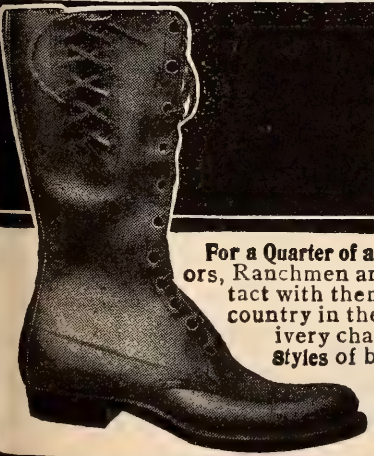

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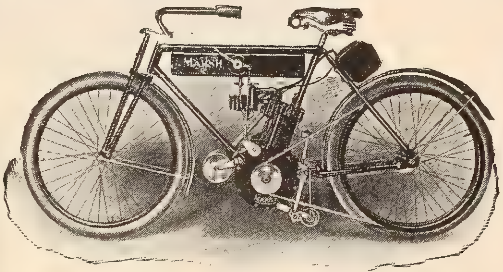

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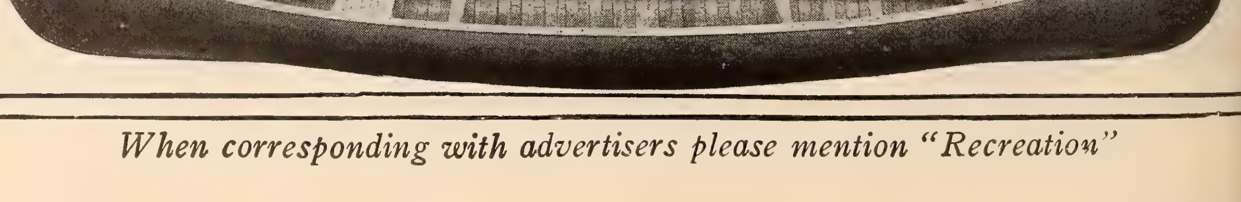

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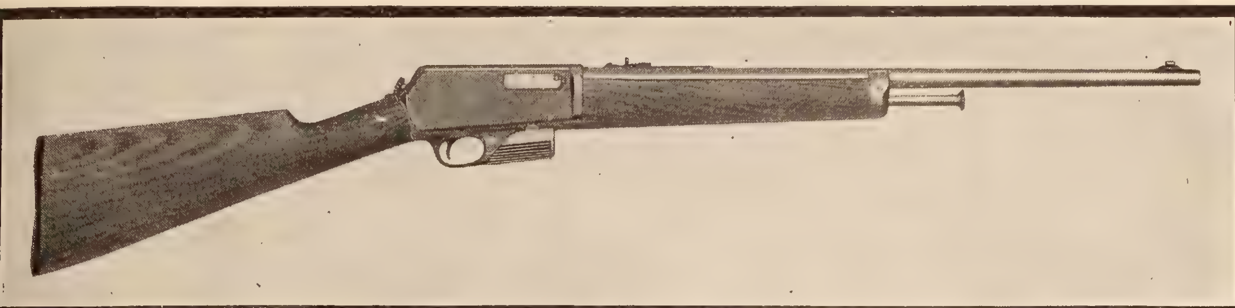

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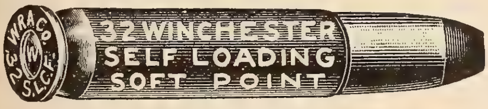

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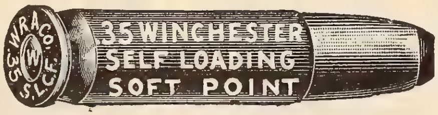

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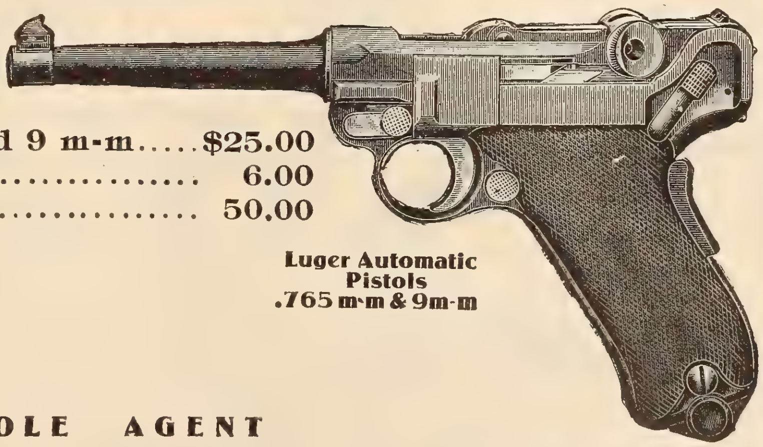

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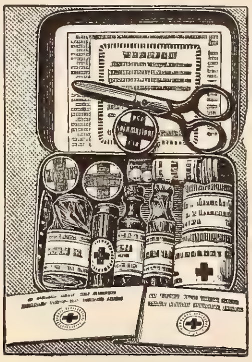

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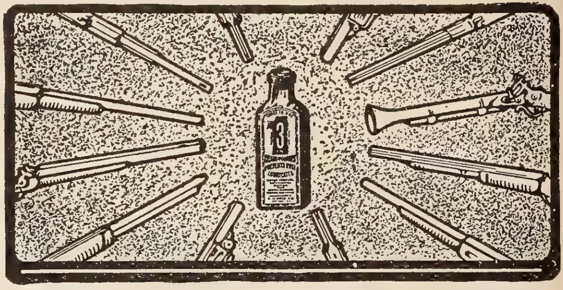

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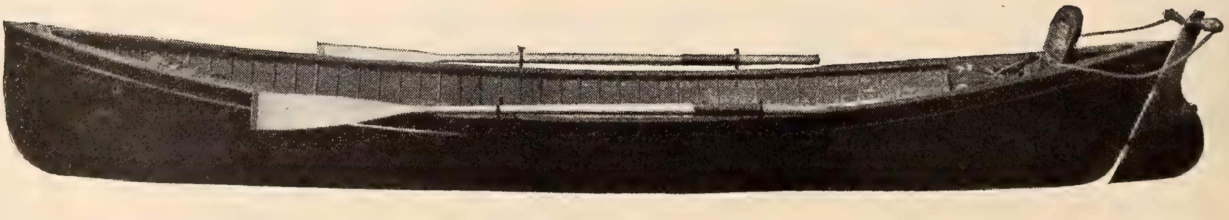

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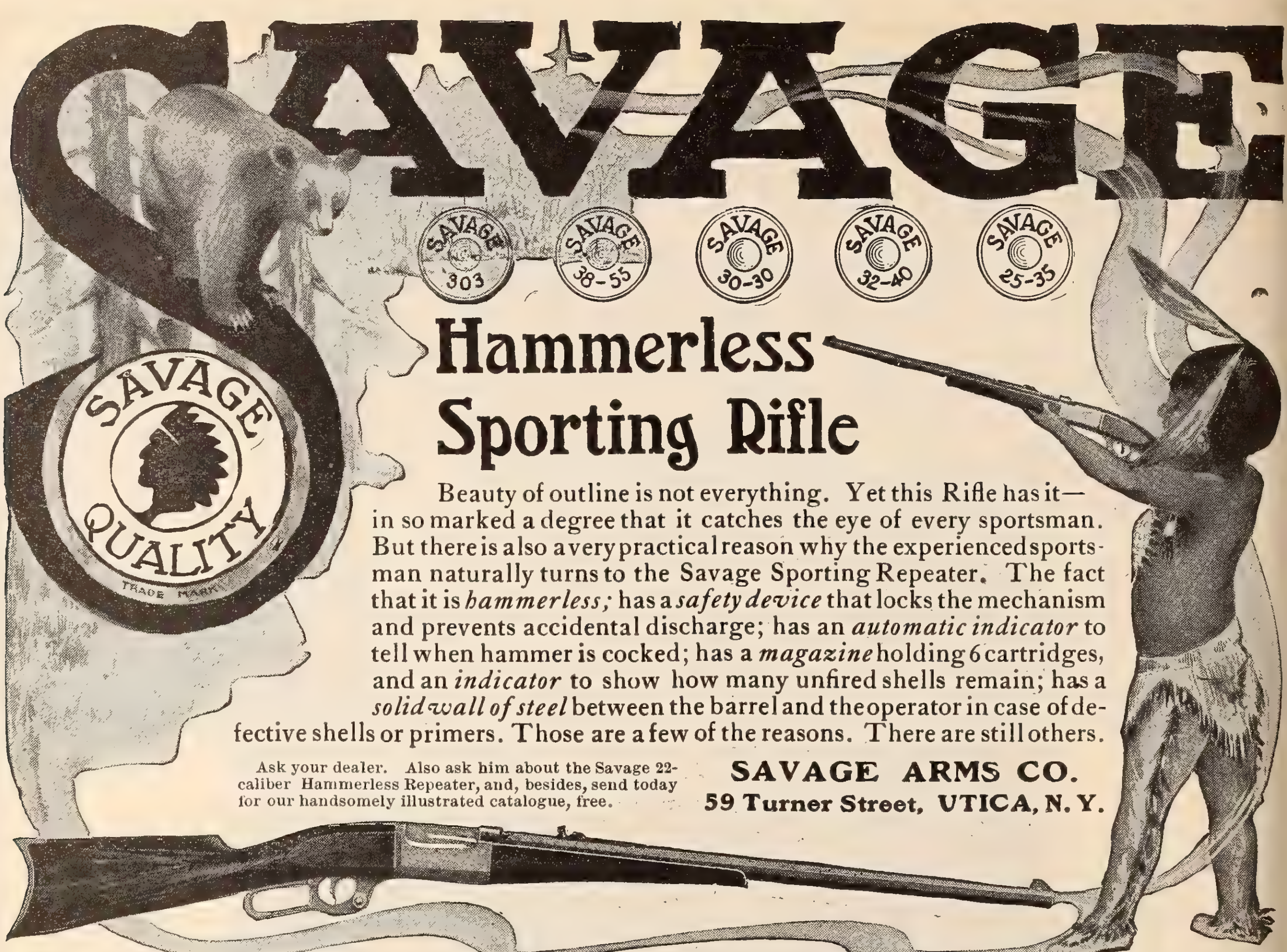

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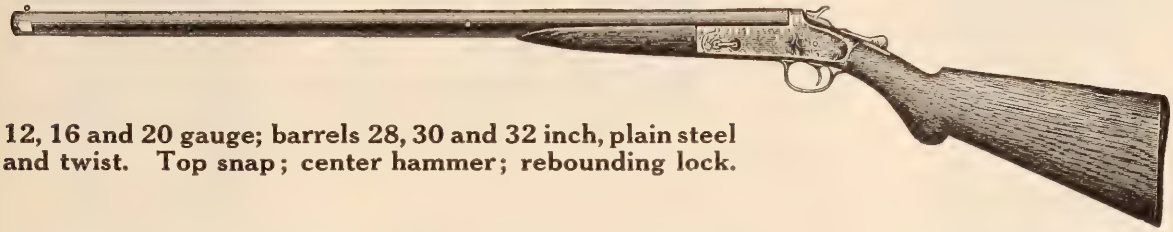

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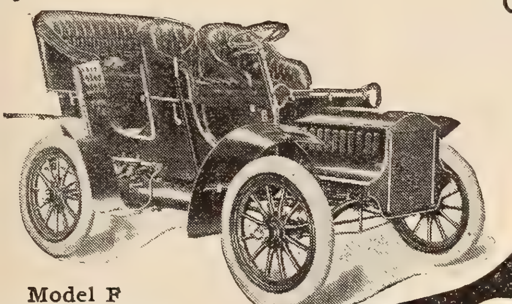

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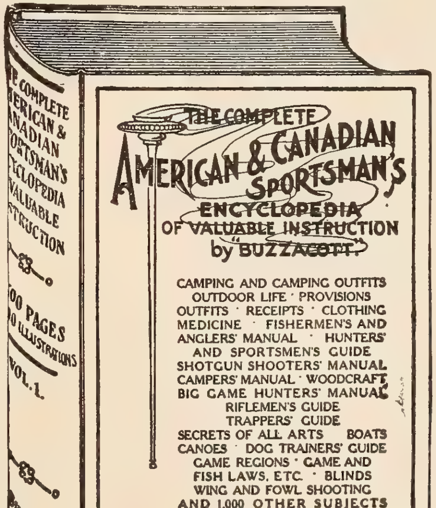
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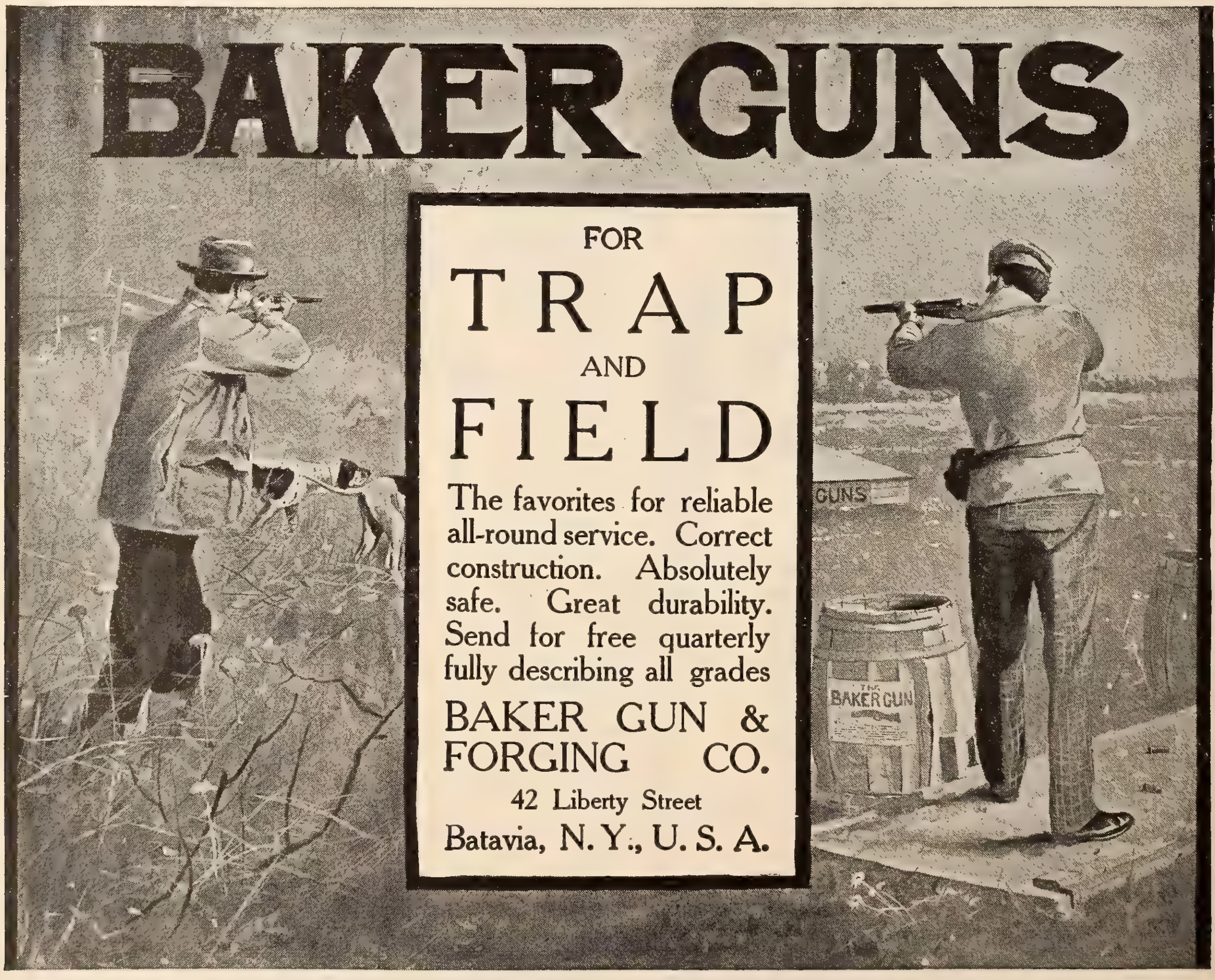
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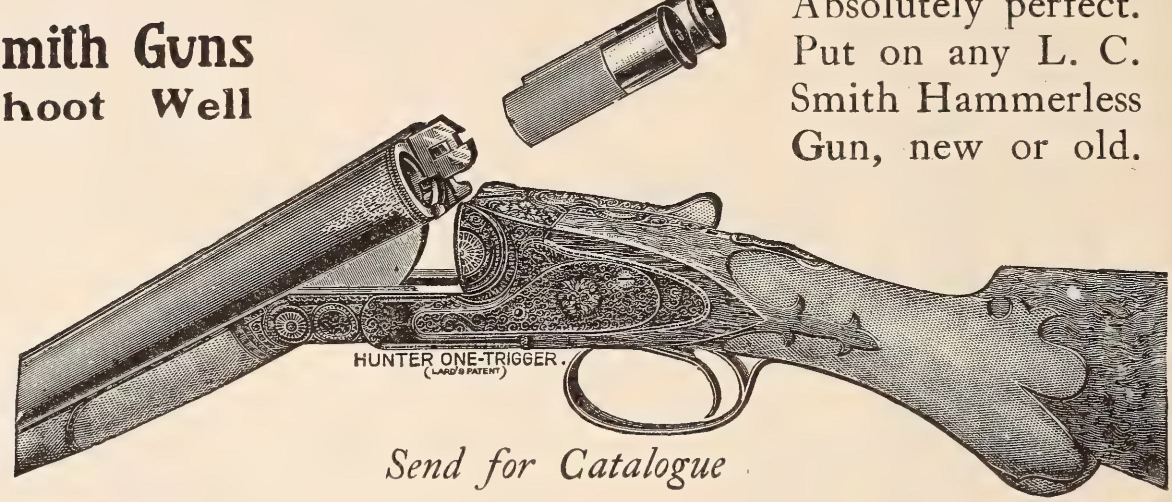

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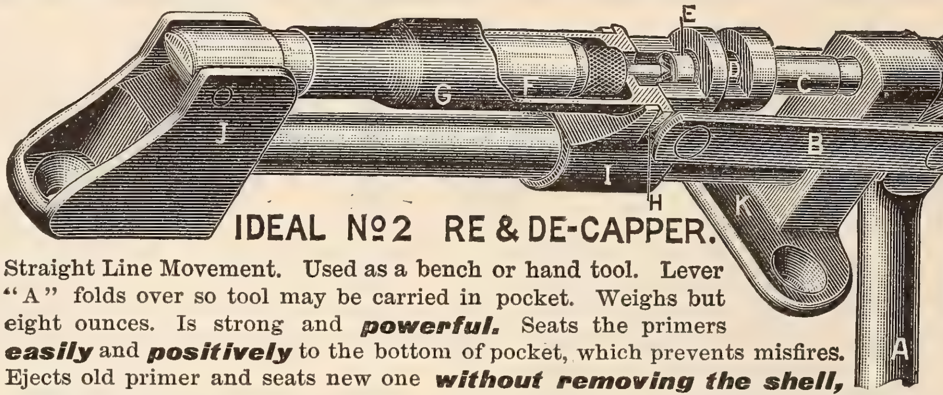

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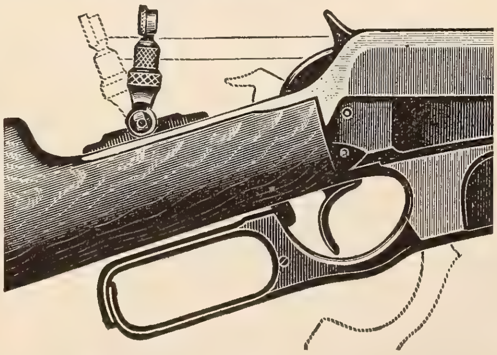

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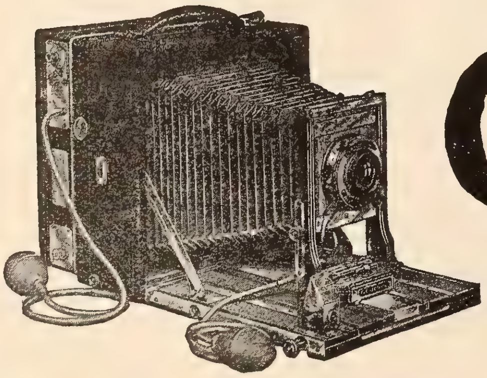

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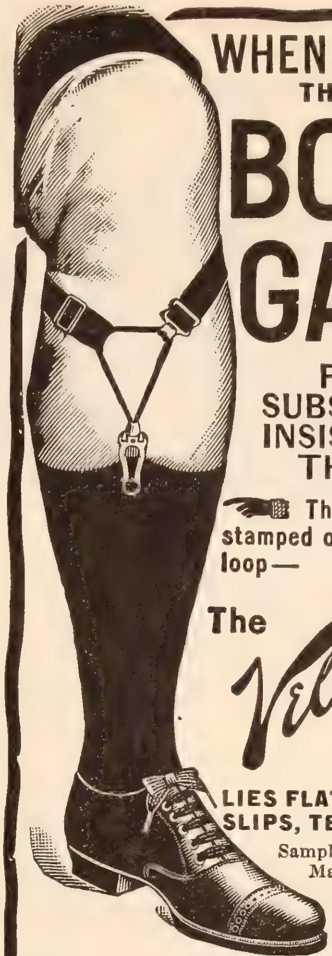

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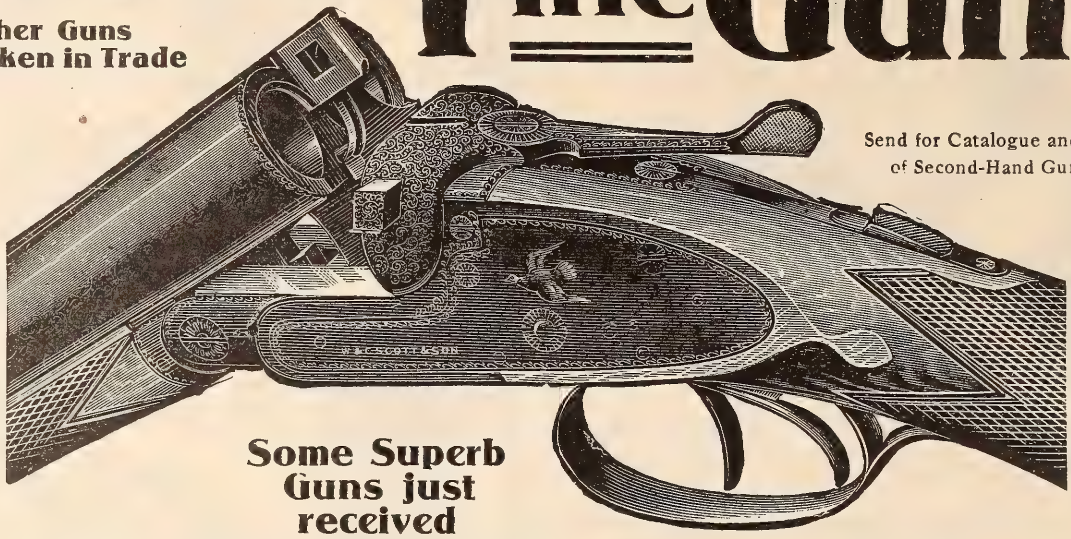

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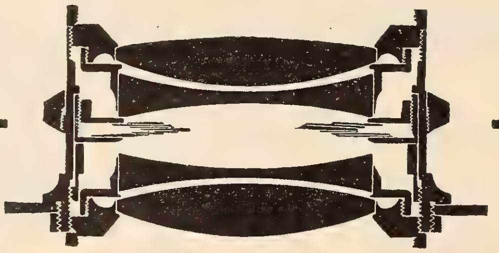

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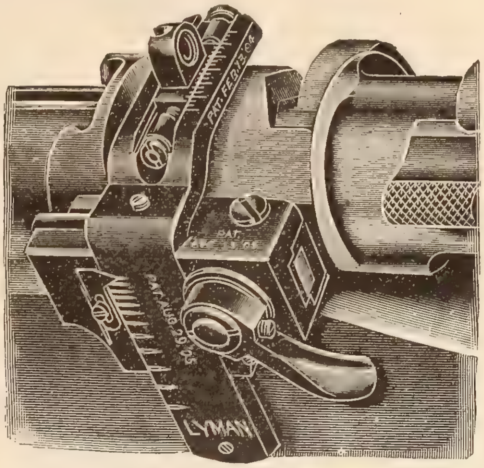
(PATENTED)



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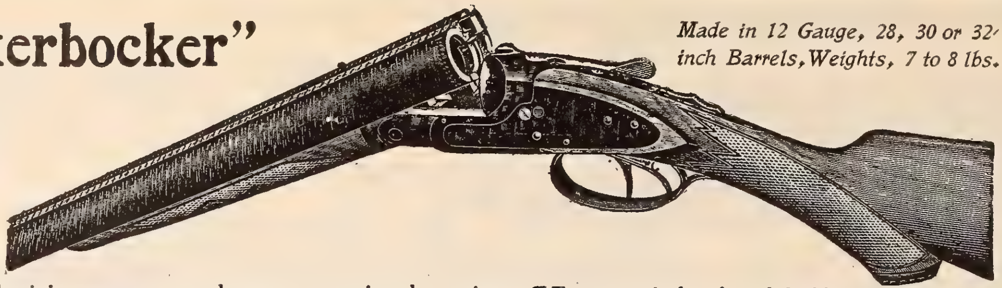
The "Knickerbocker"



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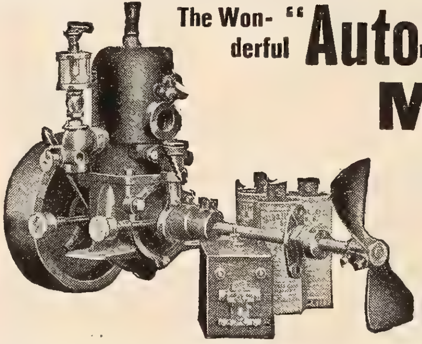

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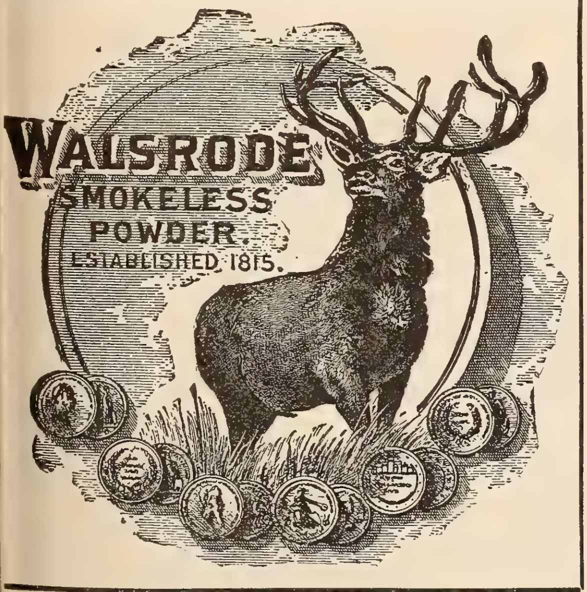

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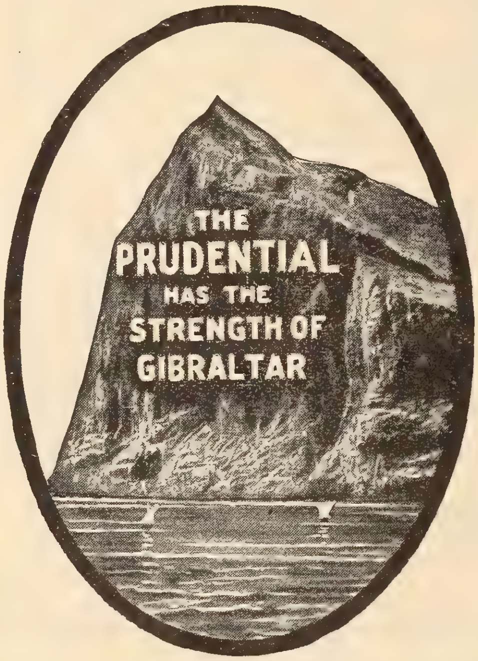

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DEPT. 92

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815 Eleventh Street, Washington, D. C."

Around Our Camp Fire

I leave this rule for others when I'm dead,
Be always sure you're right—then go ahead.
—DAVID CROCKETT.

Anent the Blues

May be that it was in Shakespeare, or may be it was in Locke's hymns that we ran across the following lines, but wherever it was, or from whatever source the verse emanated, the man who wrote "When You're Blue" knew what he was talking about when he said:

The world looks "bummy"
When you're blue.
The dearest friends dummy.
When you're blue.
There's nothing good nor true,
Every one's doing you,
All creation's askew
When you're blue.

But as we sit around Recreation's crackling camp fire we can scarcely appreciate the feelings of a man when he is blue. That is why we are smiling, that is why we are optimistic. Each spark which goes dancing up among the tall dark tree tops carries with it a message to the timid fowl roosting there, to the effect that Recreation will see that they have a fair show, and each leaping flame from the birch logs is a beacon of light and promise to all true-hearted sportsmen and a token of the hospitality which awaits them at our camp.

One of those wise old ancients, a fellow bearing the name of Stoboeus, said that happiness means vigorous and successful activity in all our undertakings. This being true, we are both happy and successful, and the reason is that we try to be on the "dead level" in everything we say and do. So when we call attention to the illegal fishing of American fishermen on the lakes we do so because we believe in fair play, and if our nation and our brothers in Canada have mutually decided upon a line, even if it be an imaginary one, which separates U. S. from Dominion waters, that line should be respected by both sides, and the Americans who try to steal Canadian fish and embroil us in international difficulties should be condemned by all patriotic Americans, and the trespassers looked upon as a set of lawless pirates and filibusters.

November Camp Fire

Already the voice of the South is heard calling. That big bull we killed upon the Miramichi last month is to be supplemented by a tarpon or two this winter. More and more are we coming to see the wisdom of the annual migration habit. When little feathered creatures are willing to cover sixteen or twenty thousand miles every year, it is, after all, a very small thing for a six-footer to journey a couple of thousand in a comfortable Pullman.

For the next four months the ring of the breech-loader will be heard throughout the South, and the bonnie little bob white, the "partridge" of our southern sportsmen, will be the object of pursuit from one end to the other of Dixie's broad fields. Yet, the winter of our discontent—(what a fib!)—is hardly yet upon us. In many of the northern tier of states and in parts of the Dominion of Canada, the best game hunting of the year is to be had in the month of November—only you have got to be sound of wind and limb for the northwest breeze cuts like a razor oftentimes these November days.

THE MYSTIC FIRE.

RECREATION'S PLATFORM

An uncompromising fight for the protection, preservation and propagation of all game; placing a sane limit on the bag that can be taken in a day or season; the prevention of the shipment or transportation of game, except in limited quantities, and then only when accompanied by the party who killed it; the prohibition of the sale of game. These are "Recreation's" slogans now and forever.

About those Buffalo

We have all met the man who knew it all the time. Mr. I-Told-You-So is a gentleman of wide acquaintance. He has different aliases and pseudonyms. The latest we have heard of is "Pawnee Bill," he of ranch 101. We read with intense interest his article in the October Cosmopolitan. In it he advocates government protection for our vanishing bison. Bully for you, old man! That is our idea exactly. Just what we have been fighting for. Now, then, you other fellows, get into line and let us see what we can do to protect a real American sorely needing our aid.

A Treat in Store

Many of our friends accepted the invitation contained in our October issue and have sent in some capital stories. We have kept the pick of them and the readers of Recreation have a rare treat in store. Have you ever remarked, by the bye, what an extraordinarily high-grade of poetry we are publishing? Now, there is a great difference in poetry. Mere rhyme should not be so called. You must have the poetic fire before you can write poetry, and, perhaps, you must have just a little spark or two from the same blaze ere you can enjoy it properly. There are two things that we certainly congratulate ourselves upon: one is the unusual excellence of the verses we are publishing, and the other is the wonderful success of

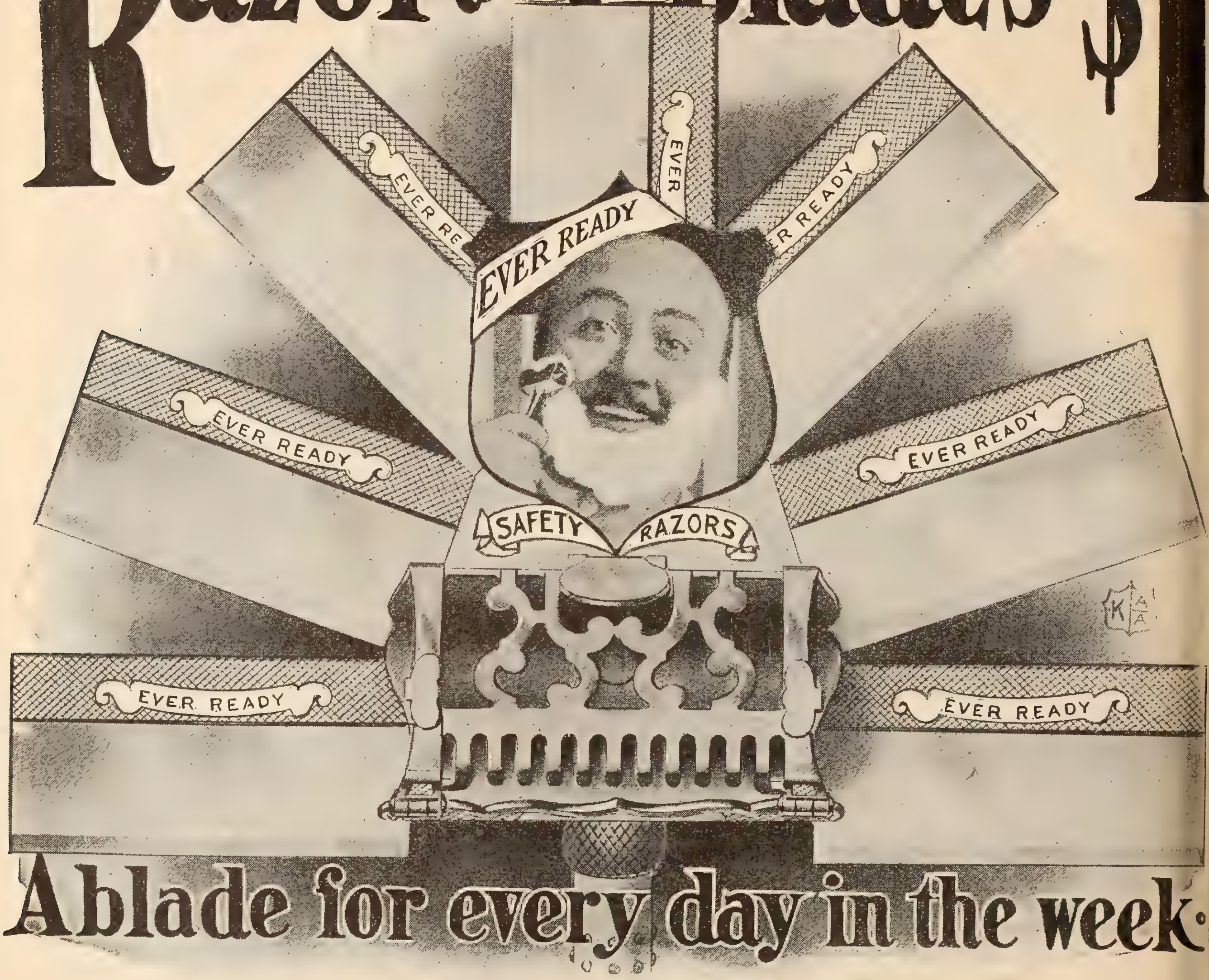
Frank Ford's Deparment

Recently it has appeared as though he would turn the office of Recreation into a menagerie. At all hours of the day and night gentlemen with dogs to sell, and gentlemen looking for dogs of more or less high degree, have invaded the editorial sanctum in the most ruthless manner. We are fond of dogs and appreciate Frank Ford's work, but sometimes, when a noble collie will persist in getting on our desk, a Boston terrier takes possession of our best chair, and a tremendously underhung bulldog sniffs suspiciously at our heels, we would that it were otherwise. Joking apart, Recreation will be found the best possible medium for the sale of guns, rifles, pistols, dogs and sporting implements generally.

Our Cover

Our cover this month is by a sister of Mr. Roy Martell Mason, who painted the cover for October. Truly, a talented family!

Razor and 7 blades $1



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Sold with an unconditional guarantee of your satisfaction or your money back.

Valuable booklet and "Ever-Ready" facts FREE to those writing at once.

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Vol. XXIII Number 5

RECREATION

A Monthly Devoted to Everything the Name Implies

Dan Beard, Editor

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR TEN CENTS A COPY

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WM. E. ANNIS, Publisher, 23 West Twenty-fourth Street, New York

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Frank Ford's Page

ALL high-class brokers collect testimonials by the barrelful. I am no exception. The clerk who attends solely to my testimonial filing has now filled three large drawers of my Vilas-Diven Company file cabinet — with several hundred thousand of the human race yet to be heard from. ¶Modesty forbids that I should blow my own Gabriel horn. Still, I cannot refrain from printing one or two of these letters:

YONKERS, NEW YORK, October 13th, 1905.
The bull terrier you sold me is a corker! We haven't a chicken left on the place, and even tramps are scarce in the neighborhood. Enclosed please find Post Office order for $275, for which please send me six (6) more, exactly like Ned.
PATSY BARLEYCORN.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, September 10th, 1905.
I can never thank you sufficiently. That ——— motor launch you sent me is the wonder and delight of all the descendants of Rameses the First, surviving in this neighborhood. Whenever I go for a spin in her the whole native population turns out *en masse*. May your shadow never grow less.
RALPH TRELAWNEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., September 15th, 1905.
I cannot refrain from writing to you, and letting you know that the bandolin mixture you recommended for preventing my hair from getting out of curl has been a godsend to me. You know that the sea mist that comes in of an afternoon, through the Golden Gate, is hard on a girl's bang; but since you took the matter in hand I have had no further trouble.
LUCY BOSCOWITZ.

THE FINEST PROPERTY ON LAKE GEORGE FOR SALE

CROWN ISLAND, LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

Situated near the west shore of the lake, ten miles from Lake George village; near the great Sagamore Hotel. One mile from Bolton Landing. Island is seven (7) acres in extent and is heavily wooded with good soil. Fine tennis courts; good croquet grounds.

House has fourteen (14) rooms, including bath room, servant's room, butler's pantry. There is a separate laundry building, ice house, billiard rooms, power house, containing electric plant, and a shop containing all necessary tools.

There are: boat house, docks, three good rowboats, 17 ft. launch and the 60 ft. steam yacht *Crusader*.

This island and all that goes with it is the property of a wealthy man who desires to sell for a mere fraction of what he paid for the property.

Price, if taken at once, through FRANK FORD, $60,000.

I HAVE a fine L. C. Smith gun that I can sell for a good deal less than cost. The manufacturers of this gun won a gold medal at the Lewis & Clark Exposition with just such a weapon as I am offering. Now, when a company can take gold medals against the keenest kind of competition, it shows they have something away above the average. Opportunity knocks once at every man's door.
FRANK FORD, INFORMATION BUREAU.

MR. H. PRICE wants a bloodhound dog pup. Is willing to pay as high as $15 for first-rate pup. He has for sale registered bull pups cheap.
FRANK FORD, RECREATION INFORMATION BUREAU.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS seems a big price for a beagle; but Mr. Edmund Jenner says he has one that is worth every cent of the money, and would be glad of a chance of convincing any beagle lover to that effect.

COCKER SPANIELS are coming to the front nicely. A most intelligent, sprightly and interesting breed. Mr. W. A. Sutherland has a large kennel and many dogs for sale.

DOGS BOARDED and handled by Mr. C. C. Townsend. I know this handler and can recommend him.

PARTLY BROKEN SETTER, seven months old, to be sold cheap. Mention Mr. Asa P. Trees' name when you write.

MR. DAVID LOUGHLIN has an Irish Setter for sale. Puppy. Price, $15.

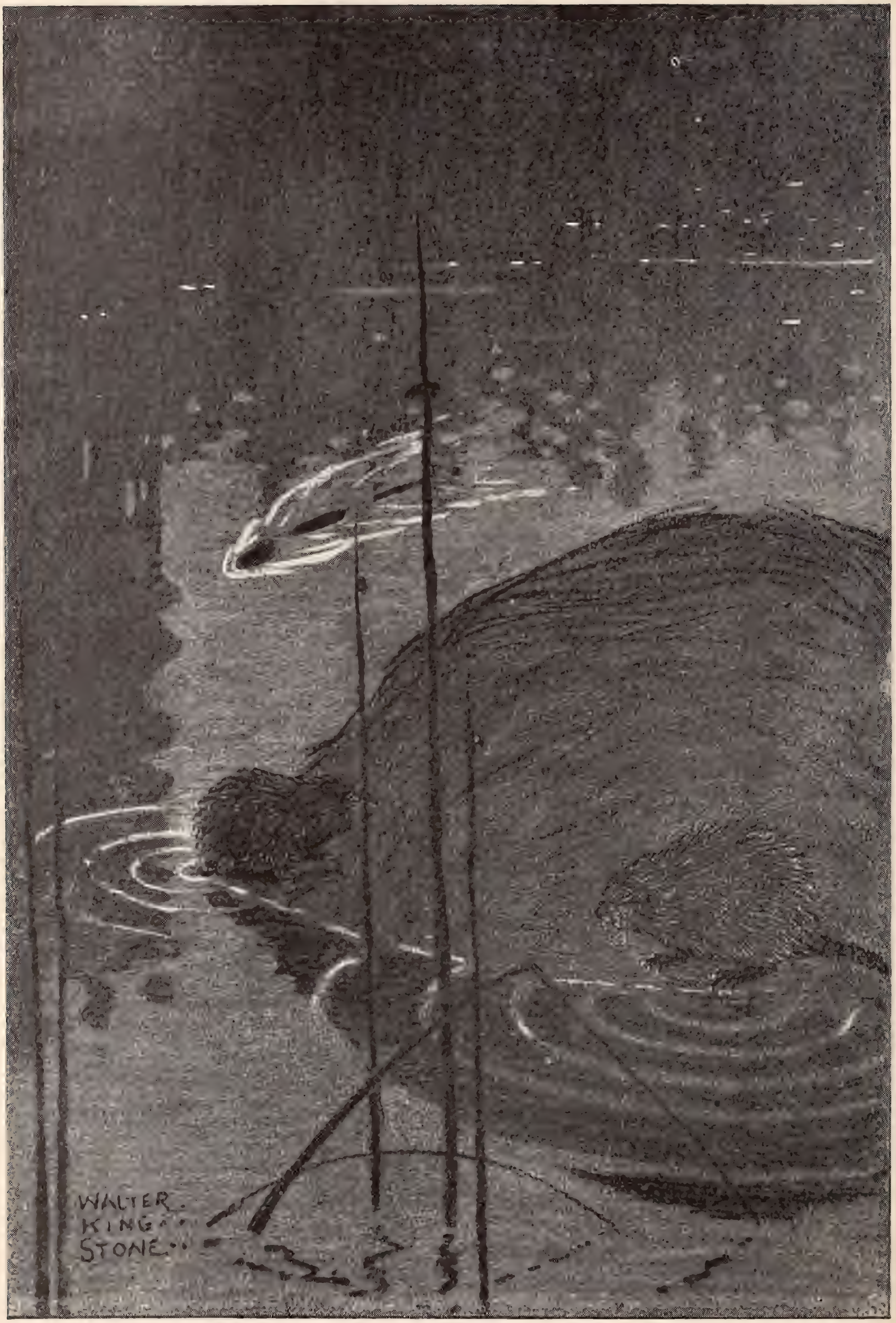
GLEN FEN, A. K. C., No. 78689, Red Irish Setter dog. Thoroughly broken. Price, $65.

DO YOU WANT FURS, either for your wife, sister or best girl? If so, let me know, and I think I can save you money.
FRANK FORD, INFORMATION BUREAU.

I WANT A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH of quail feeding.
FRANK FORD, INFORMATION BUREAU,
Recreation, City.

MR. W. C. BONHAM desires to sell a 4x5 camera, with plate holders, tripod, good as new for $10.00. Cost him $15. Who wants it?

FRANK FORD, Information Dept., Recreation, 23 West 24th Street, N. Y.


WALTER KING STONE

. . . *two lines of ripples furrow the surface* *Drawn by* WALTER KING STONE

RECREATION

VOL. XXIII. NOVEMBER 1905 No. 5

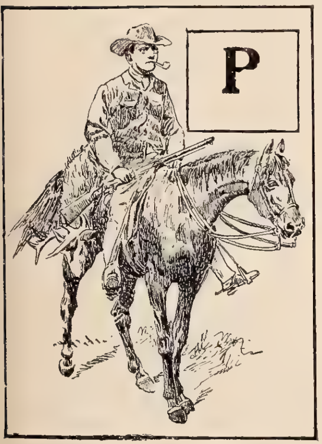
THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE GOOSE

By DAN BEARD

CHAPTER III

THE WILD HUNTER WITH GOLDEN BULLETS

(*Continued*)



POSSIBLY an unconscious poetical sentiment, a love of the sound of the babbling brook, the rushing river, or the thunder of a waterfall, combined with a practical idea of a handy water supply for the various necessities of man and beast, makes the ordinary man turn naturally to the waterside for a place to pitch his tent, build his house, or lay out a city.

But the whole enjoyment of a camping expedition may be marred and even destroyed by the selection of bad locations; not only that, but the good health we have a right to expect on such occasions may be seriously impaired or utterly ruined by the miasmatic vapors rising from damp grounds or the unhealthy odors of decaying vegetable matter surrounding the camp. Big Pete Darlinkle always claimed that to know how to choose the best possible site for a camp is of as much importance in the education of a hunter as to know how to shoot a gun.

"When you're moseying with your tails rolled up, when you're pulling out the shack 'cause Injuns is after you, of course you must camp where ye kin and are least likely to be coralled; but even then keep your eyes peeled fur good spots, and it may save your scalps. If you have horses and no fodder, camp where the grass is good, even if you have to sleep on your thirst for the night. Better have your horses well fed than yourself well watered. Horses need water as well as grass, but any cow-puncher will tell you that a cayuse that can't go at least a day and a night without suffering for a drink is a dod-rotted poor beast. Never fail to fill all your bottles and canteens at every stream you pass, and you can stand a long march in great shape. But if a body hain't in a hustle, it's a blamed poor country where a hunter can't find a good camp," said Pete to me while conversing on this subject.

Big Pete had chosen an ideal spot for our present camp, located on a grassy shelf on a hillside, with just sufficient grade for perfect drainage. Near by a spring of ice-cold water burst from the rocky foundation of the slope where our campfire blazed. The water of the spring fell upon some broken stone a few feet below, then ran gurgling over a pebbly bed until it reached a swail quite a distance from our camp, and from which we were sheltered by a dense and miasma-proof screen of forest trees.

"Moseyed, by gum! I'll be tarnally tarnashuned if that spook hain't pulled out!" was the exclamation that awakened me the morning after the bear-hunt.

Lazily opening my eyes, I gazed a moment at the sun, just rising over the mountain, then closed them again to enjoy that most alluring of all rests, the short morning sleep stolen from the early hours of the day, when you think a little, then dream a little, until something arouses you to the consciousness that your dreams were but illustrations of your previous reveries, and without effort you continue the same line of thought until imperceptibly and gradually it crystallizes, taking form and color and action, and you are once more in dreamland.

I attempted to change my position, and a sharp pain in my ankle thoroughly awakened me; but still I lay quiet because it was some time before I could collect my scattered senses, and separate in my mind the real incidents and the dream phantasms.

The pain in my ankle, the swelled and irritated condition of my nose, plainly demonstrated to me that there was no dream about my injuries. Upon rising to a sitting posture, I discovered that my head and leg were neatly and skilfully bandaged with strips of fine linen. I sat for a while busily collecting the incidents of the past twenty-four hours, arranging and assorting them in my mind in their proper order and place. I eliminated the dream portion from the realities with comparatively little trouble until I reached the part where I had awakened in the night, and had seen the wolves, the eagle, and the wild hunter. This incident was yet unlabeled on account of the doubt in my mind as to its reality, when Big Pete, chancing to look my way, caught a glimpse of my face, threw back his head, and burst forth into a peal of uproarious laughter.

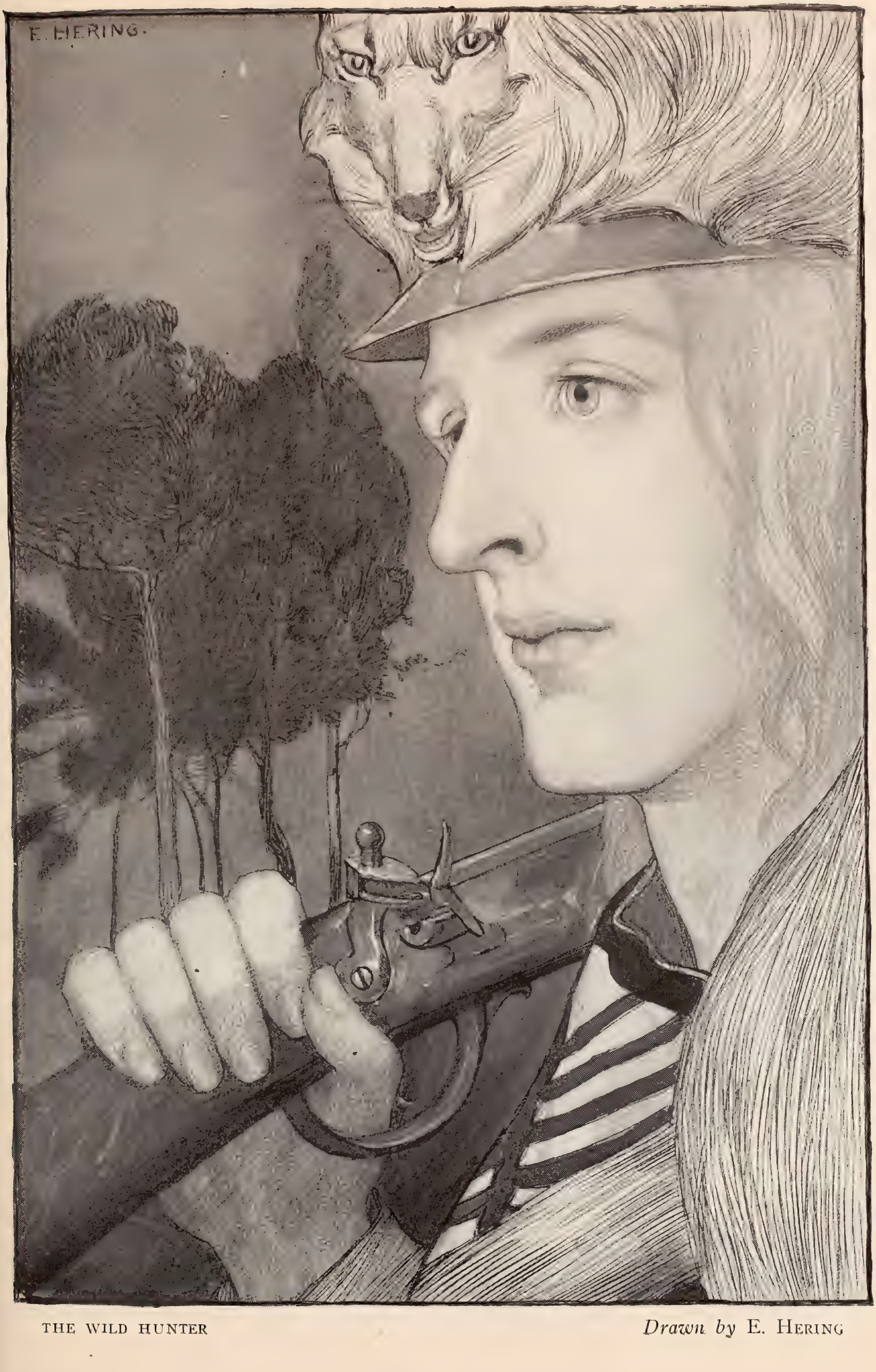
"Slick and sa'tin! Tenderfoot," he exclaimed, "if you ain't got the worst head on I've seed in many a day! And oh! oh! what a James Dandy pair of black eyes! And what a nose! You look as if you'd been gander-plucked by the grizzly!" And off he went again, laughing until the tears ran down his cheeks.

I must confess I felt grieved at my friend's merriment. I thought it was my hurry to assist him that caused my mishap. Of course, it did not then occur to me that it was my own blundering. We are so little in the habit of blaming ourselves when mishaps are encountered; but when I tried to show my grieved feelings by a reproachful look Pete shouted:

"Don't! Don't! If you look at me that way again it will kill me!" And he rolled over on the sod in an ecstasy of uncontrollable mirth.

I resigned myself to the position, and waited patiently for him to control his merriment; when he at last tired of kicking his long legs in the air, and sobered up a bit, he asked me if I wanted a slip of cottonwood bark to put my hat on with. I thanked him, and told him I needed no shoe-horn for that purpose. He then went to the saddle-bags and brought a small hand-mirror from my scanty toilet-set, which he presented to me. I took one look at my scratched face, and forgave Pete, especially as just then the morning breeze coming my way, filled my damaged nostrils with the fragrance of toasting meat.

Ah, you overfed inhabitant of the



THE WILD HUNTER *Drawn by* E. HERING

city, whose dainty stomach rebels at aught but the most delicate of food, served and garnished in the most enticing manner; you whose over-burdened stomach refuses to demand nutriment until the torpid mucous membrane is stimulated by a cocktail, what do you know about enjoying food? You experts in dinners, you gourmands and epicures, what do you know of the delights of feeding? All your skill is spent in coaxing up an artificial appetite. Of the real exquisite pleasure of eating you know nothing, absolutely nothing. Nature knows her business, and munificently rewards her followers. When Mother Nature sees that more fuel is needed to run her engines, she sends a messenger called Hunger to the engineer; and so importunate is this messenger that the engineer makes all haste to comply with his demands. Raw meat is disgusting, looks bloody and red; yet, my dainty young man, trifling with your dinner and complaining of dyspepsia, if exercise and exposure had kept your machinery running until the furnace really needed more fuel—in other words, if you were really suffering the pangs of hunger, that disgusting lump of raw meat would change in appearance. You would admire the color, gloat over the texture, devour it, and experience the delightful sensation while so doing with which Nature rewards all who obey her laws.

The meat I smelled was being cooked; but I had not reached the raw meat stage yet. It was bear-meat, grizzly bear meat, and I am afraid you would say it was worse than very coarse pork. But Pete and I thought it better than broiled pompano, stewed terrapin, or any fancy dish with mushroom shirt-studs and a French name you may suggest. We used a little gunpowder for salt, but, my! how the juice did run down the corners of our mouths! How the burned edges added flavor to the rare middle pieces! Of course, you can't appreciate our enjoyment in the mere act of satisfying our physical nature after a fast of nearly twenty-four hours any more than you can understand, as you puff your imported cigar, how soothing, how sweet, and how good our plug tobacco tasted in our briar-wood pipes. "Civilization, in its modern sense of luxury, may be all right for old people and invalids; but for the young and healthy, the less they have to do with it, the better they will enjoy life." So Big Pete said, and so I believed. Even my battered face and lame ankle, which would have been considered quite serious at home, were only a joke here. Under the broad heavens, with the bracing mountain air filling my lungs and my healthy blood dancing through my veins, each corpuscle like a little red fairy, was busy while I rested, repairing the damage done to my anatomy, replacing with new, good building material the injured and wasted tissues.

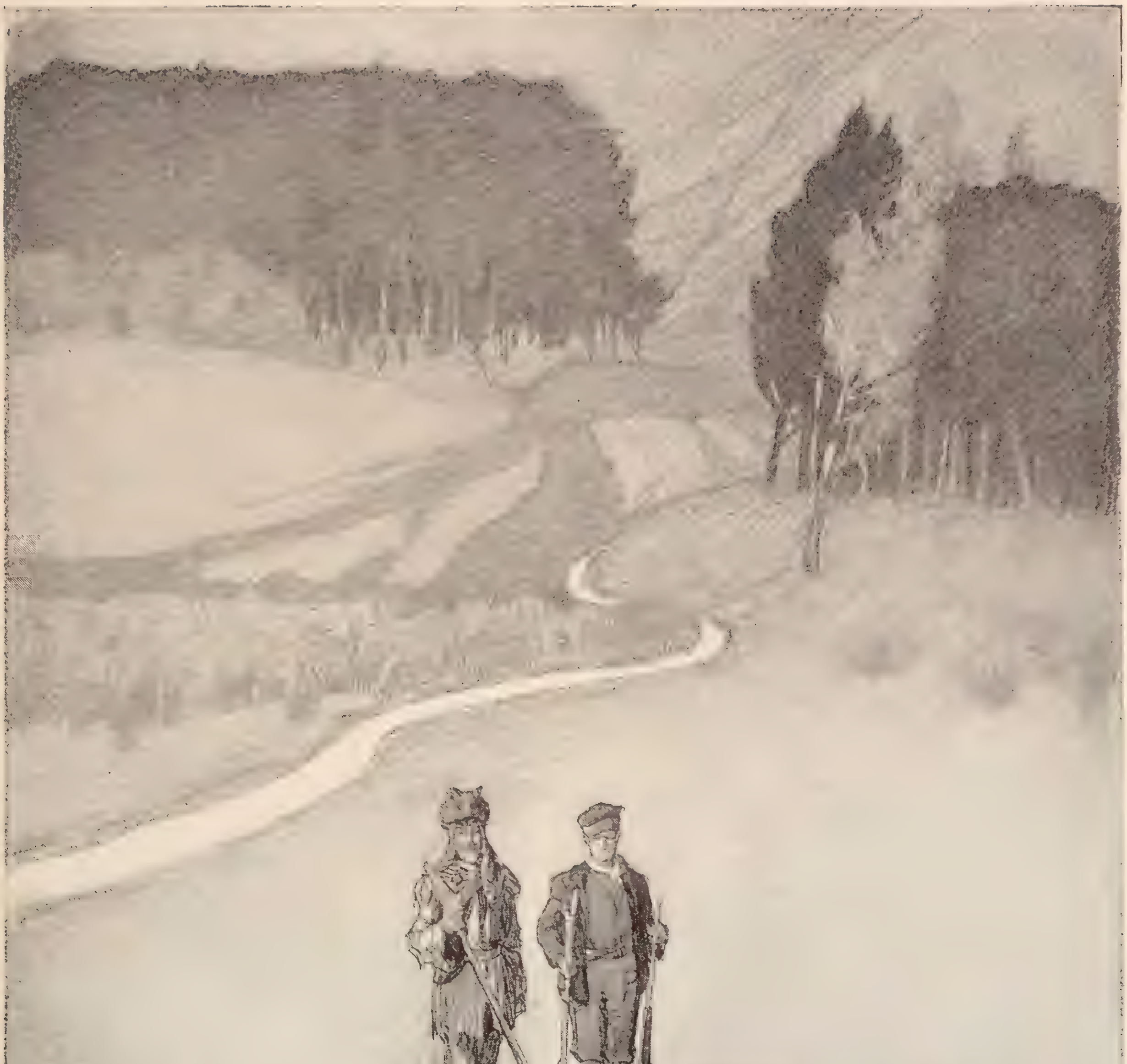
"Pete, old fellow," I presently said, "who fixed me up like this? Who brought me to camp? Who killed that bear? Who saved our lives?"

"The wild hunter," replied Pete gravely. "He bathed my head with some sort of good-smelling stuff, gave me a drink of the finest liquor I ever tasted, and, though I am as heavy as a dead priest, toted me to camp; he 'lowed that I was all sort of shuk up and a little hazy; he fixed my blanket; then he fotched you in on his shoulders, just as if you was a dead antelope, fixed you up with bandages torn from the handkerchiefs in your pocket, gave you a drink, which you didn't seem to appreciate, but just swallowed like you were asleep, then he laid you out. I had my eye peeled on him, but he never said a word; and when we was both all comfortable, he pulled out a long cigar, sot down by the fire, and was smoking thar, with his bird and his wolves around him, when I went to sleep.

"He cut his bullets out, as he allus does," muttered Pete a little while later.

"Who cut what bullets?" I asked.

"Whomsoever cud I mean but the wild hunter, and wha's tha' been any bullets lately but in tha' b'ar?" queried



. . . *the moccasin prints ceased* *Drawn by* E. Hering my companion. "Yes, of course," I admitted; "but why do you suppose he cut out the bullets?"

"Wal' I reckon they be right scarce and he haster be sparing with them. I calculate you'd like to have a hat full of them balls, leastwise most folks would; 'cause the wild hunter don't use no common, low-flung lead for his bullets, no-sir-ree-bob-horse-fly! 'Tain't good 'nuff. He shoots balls of Virgin Gold!"

I was not at all surprised at this statement, for I was rapidly becoming as credulous as my stalwart companion. Before the discovery of gold in California, the trappers at what is known as "Peg-leg Smith's" mine used the yellow metal for bullets, at least that is what the legend says; and I remembered many other similar stories. When old Hank Ellison, of Jefferson county, New York, was in the West, it is said, he fired half a fortune of gold into a party of redskins before he escaped from them. All these stories came up in my mind and I did not doubt that Pete's statement was true, but if it was, here was a man who for a hundred and odd years had used nothing but gold for bullets! But I was more interested in knowing what had become of our weird friend than in the sort of projectiles he used in his gun and so dismissed the subject with a request for further information about our rescuer.

"This morning when I woke up," Pete continued, "I thought maybe the wild hunter had only gone off for a tramp; but he's done cleared out for good, and tuk his wolves and bird with him; and *they do say that he is a wolf himself and head of the pack.*"

"What's that, Pete? Steady, old man. Now let's go slow."

"All right; tha's what I mean ter do, 'cause it ain't a varmint's natur' to help men folks, and he helped us, and no mistake, and left us the bulk of the b'ar, too,—only took the claws, teeth and a tenderloin or two for hisself and pack; that is, if he is a wolf. But we will settle that if your fut will let you walk a bit."

"How far?" I asked.

"Only over yan way to the first piece of moist ground, and the trail leads down to the spring thar, and thar is quite a right smart bit of muddy swail beyond."

"All right, I'll try it," I exclaimed.

But I could not touch my foot to the ground, and it was not 'till my guide had made me a crutch of a forked branch, padded with a piece of fur, that I was able to go limping along after Big Pete.

We followed the trail left by the wild hunter to the spring. The trail after that was plain, even to my inexperienced eyes; and when we reached the muddy spot the prints of the moccasined feet and the dog-like tracks of the wolves were distinctly visible—but look at Big Pete!

As motionless as a statue, with a solemn face, he stoops, with a rigid finger pointing to the trail! I hastened to his side, and saw that the moccasin prints ceased in the middle of an open, bare, muddy space; and beyond were nothing but the doglike tracks of the wolves.

I looked up, and all around, there were no overhanging branches that a man could swing himself upon, no stones that he could leap upon—nothing but straggling bunches of ferns; but here, in this open spot, the wild hunter had vanished.

We walked back in silence, for I had nothing to say, and Pete did not volunteer any further information.

(*To be continued.*)

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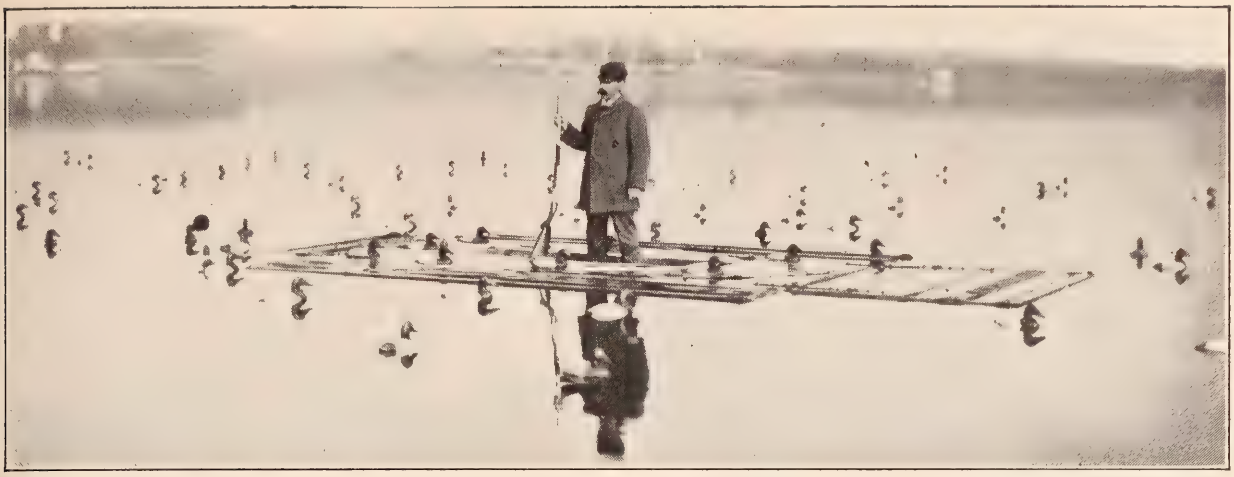


FOWLING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA

By ALLEN WILEY

THERE is still a "happy hunting ground" at least for the duck hunter who seeks this fowl along the Atlantic coast. Sportsmen call it the Susquehanna Flats, but it includes the upper part of Chesapeake Bay, as well as several miles of the lower Susquehanna River, where the wild celery, growing in such an abundance, forms a tempting dish for nearly every variety of the American duck, from the teal to the royal canvasback.

With the beginning of the November days, many a man in khaki boards the trains bound for the little town of Havre de Grace — the Mecca of the duck hunter. In addition to the hundreds of gunners who come by train, are many jolly parties who reach the Flats in steam and sailing yachts, so that the opening of the shooting season may find blinds and sink boats scattered over an area of fully twenty-five square miles. When the birds begin to fly in the early morn, the crack-crack of the shotguns brings to mind the skirmish firing of a regiment, so numerous are the marksmen. Blazing away at the game are the old-time muzzle-loader of the native market-gunner and the $200 breech-loader of the millionaire. For the time all are on a common level in the enjoyment of the sport. From dawn to dusk the firing continues with but little interruption. Then the boatmen go after the sink and blind hunters to take them to the clubs and hotels, while the yacht-hunters return to their craft for a steaming hot supper and an after-dinner pipe while swapping stories of the luck of the day.

Besides the sneak boat, or "sink" boat as it is dubbed on the Susquehanna, there is some "point" shooting and every bit of vantage ground on Spesutia island, or the mainland, is fixed up with its blind of brush. Spesutia island may be called the heart of this happy hunting ground, and if the wind is in the right direction, the fellow who is fortunate enough to get a lodging place here will be within range of more birds than those further out on the grounds. The best bags are usually brought in from Spesutia.

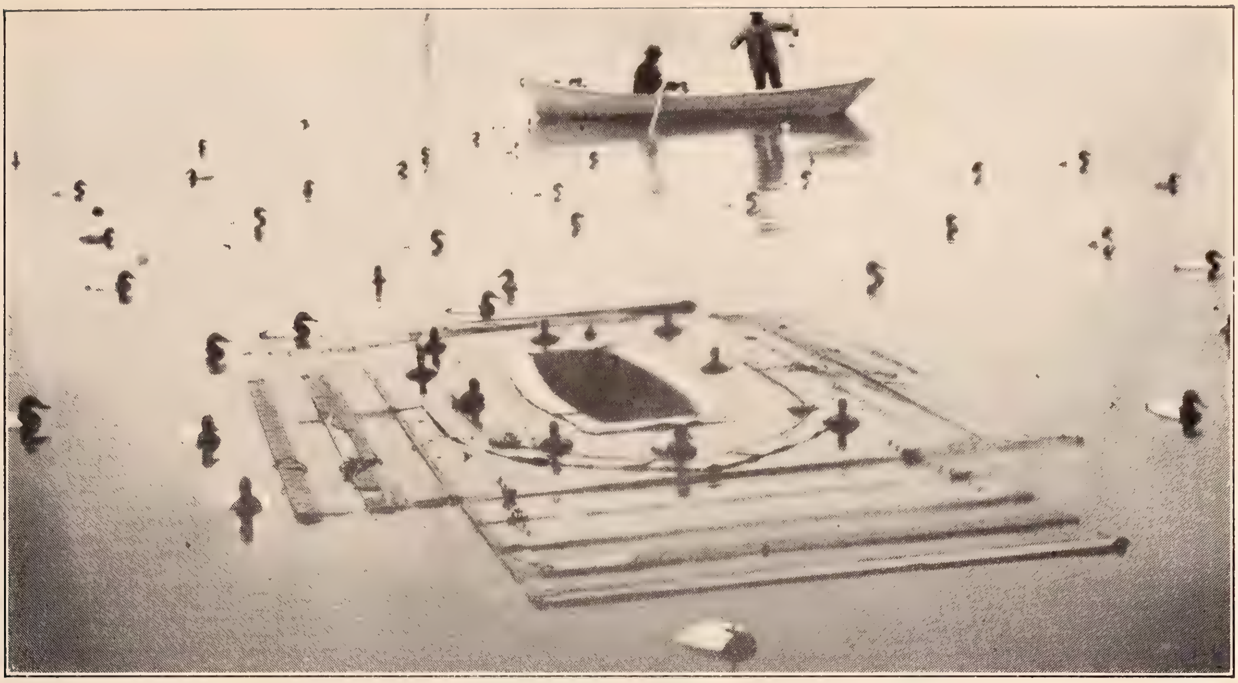
You can run across the sink boat in ducking time wherever there is a hole in the marsh big enough to admit it and offer concealment, but sink boat shooting with decoys in open water is one of the favorite methods. The Susquehanna craft is little more than a

"HERE YOU ARE"

raft with a coffin-shaped hole in the center. A wooden gunwale. as the sailor would say, is put around the edges of the hole just high enough to keep the ripple on the water from flowing into the "box." As soon as it is light enough to see, the hunter and decoys are rowed to the sink boat. The wooden birds are set in the water, making a block reaching from fifty to sixty feet about the boat. Then the gunner gets into the box and the boatman pulls away. Sometimes he stays in the box throughout the day managing to exist on a cold bite, and an occasional pull at the flask. For this kind of sport plenty of cartridges are needed, and the old hand at the pastime generally has two breechloaders with him so that he can put in at least four shots before the birds flying over are out of range.

This kind of shooting on the Flats is no child's play, but as many as a score of birds have been brought down by an expert marksman in a day, and when you get one or two canvas backs you can call them equal to a dozen redheads. Some of the millionaire duckers have had yachts built especially for the sport and do their shooting directly from the decks, but as a rule make more noise than they do "kills."

Long past the time when the snow begins to fly, the marshes echo to the reports of the fowling-pieces. Possibly winter duck shooting is carried on to a greater extent here than elsewhere in America, but the man who is willing to face the cutting northeast wind with its snow and sleet, is frequently rewarded with a bag which is well worth preserving and mounting. It has been noticed that the ducks fly in larger flocks as the season advances than during Novem-



SETTING OUT THE DECOYS

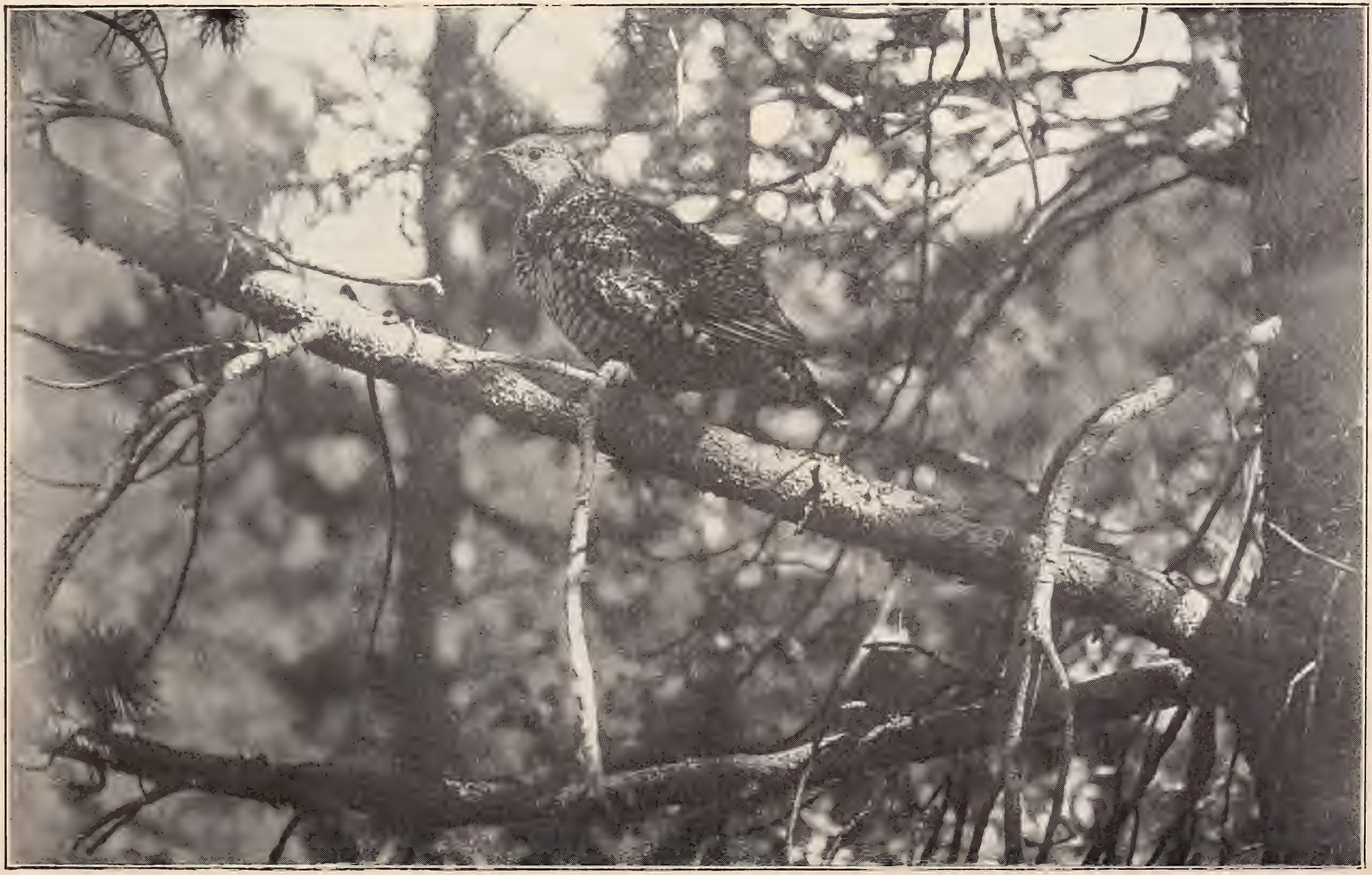
ber. This is partly because they are not so frightened as during the earlier weeks of the season, when it is necessary to stop the sport for one or two days in each week, otherwise the ducks would probably be scared away from the feeding grounds, tempting as they are, and not return. Years back some legislative sportsman was wise enough to have a law passed in Maryland, which gives the ducks at least one Sunday out of the week, and the gunner who dares to take a shot at them runs the chances of being arrested by the game wardens and paying a heavy fine.

The Flats are not only among the greatest ducking grounds in America, but have been the scene of this sport for over a half century. The pioneer hunters were Southerners from Maryland and Virginia who made up little coteries, and in the days before the war came up for a week or a month, bringing their dogs and servants with them. Forming themselves into clubs, they built homes here and there on the shores of the bay, which were known far and wide for their hospitality and good cheer. It is only necessary to mention such names as St. Domingo, Grace's Quarter, Bowly's and Biddison's to the veteran Susquehanna hunter to see a smile spread over his features and his eyes twinkle. Many a time has he killed the evening hours at one of these resorts with pipe and glass of something hot, while he told or listened to tales of past achievements in these waters.

A FISHERMAN

Photograph by Mrs. H. H. Miller

PTARMIGAN *Photograph by* H. NATION



FRANKLIN'S GROUSE

Photograph by B. S. Brown

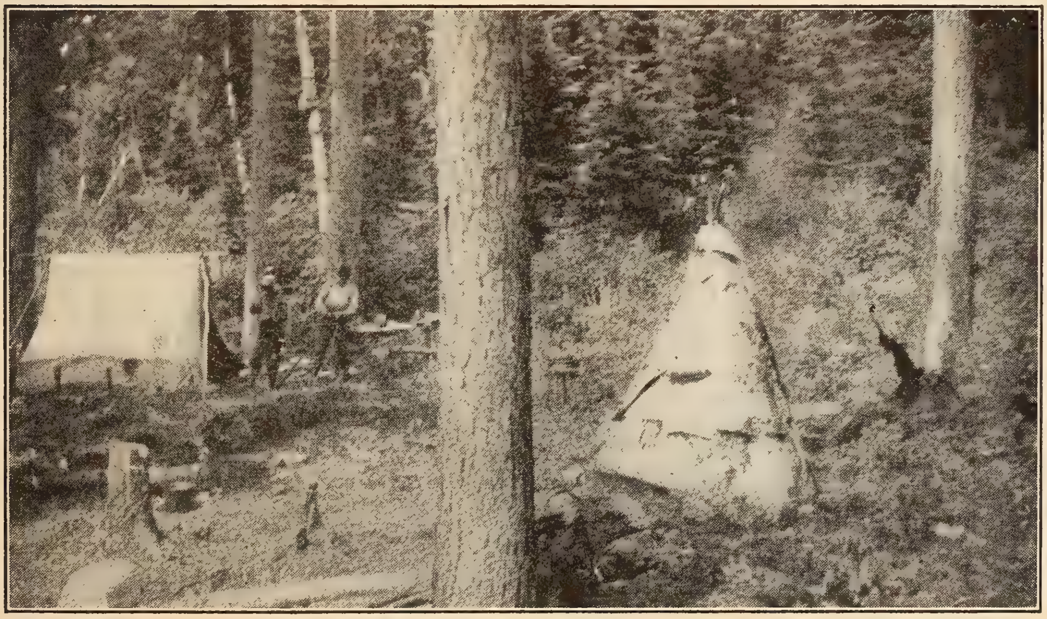
BREAKFAST IN THE SAWTOOTH RANGE

Photograph by B. S. Brown

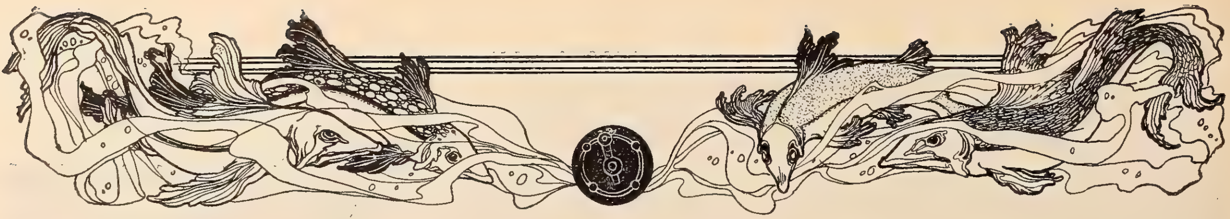
NATURE'S MIRROR

Photograph by JOHN STUEHRK

A CAPFUL OF WIND *Photograph by* JOSEPH R. IGLICK



CONTENTMENT *Photograph by* H. N. DART



IN THE SIERRA NEVADA

By COLVIN B. BROWN

A few years ago Yosemite Valley, Mt. Shasta and Lake Tahoe were about the only scenic wonders of the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California one ever heard mentioned. Now we hear of the Mt. Lyell glacier, Mt. Dana, Mt. Gibbs, and, more frequently, of the Grand Cañon of the Kings and Tuolumne Rivers. The people of California are beginning to understand that the grandest scenery in the state is to be found in what, heretofore, has been considered the inaccessible places; that there are thousands of lakes, cliffs, rivers and waterfalls as beautiful as any known to fame, and that some of the most stupendous views on the continent can be obtained from those great snow-clad peaks which rise along the main ridge more than 10,000 feet above sea level.

Of course, one cannot get into these places on a Pullman car or an automobile. Even wagon roads do not exist. But there are trails which lead almost to the heart of the highest mountain country, and when trails fail, a way can be found over the snow and the granite. And an interesting feature is that such a trip can be made at a much lower cost than board and room at the average summer-resort hotel.

In outfitting for a trip into the high Sierra, the following provisions will be found sufficient for four people on a trip of three weeks, and at the same time will furnish ample variety in the cuisine: Twenty-five pounds of beans, 25 pounds of white flour, 4 pounds of coffee, 20 pounds of sugar, 1 gallon of syrup, 15 pounds of ham, 10 pounds of bacon, 6 pounds of dry, salt pork, 5 pounds of butter, packed in a milk can, 10 pounds of rice, 60 pounds of potatoes, 20 pounds of onions, 5 pounds of dried apricots, 5 pounds of prunes, 6 cans of tomatoes, 6 cans of corn, 12 cans of condensed milk, 6 cans of chipped beef, 6 cans of beef hash, 12 cans of bouillon, 1 can black pepper, 1 can cayenne pepper, 1 can of baking powder and 1 package of yeast cakes.

The necessary camp utensils are 2

frying pans, one-half gallon coffee pot, 1 Dutch oven, 2 saucepans, 4 large galvanized iron spoons, 1 butcher knife, 1 water bucket, 1 axe, irons for campfire, porcelain iron cups, saucers and plates.

ON THE TRAIL

Each man should take two pairs of heavy blankets, a quilt and a heavy piece of sewed canvas six by eight feet in size. This canvas is used, primarily, to roll the bedding up in preliminary to placing it on the pack animal.

It is also laid upon the ground under the bedding at night. Again, it can be made into a shelter tent in case of rain.

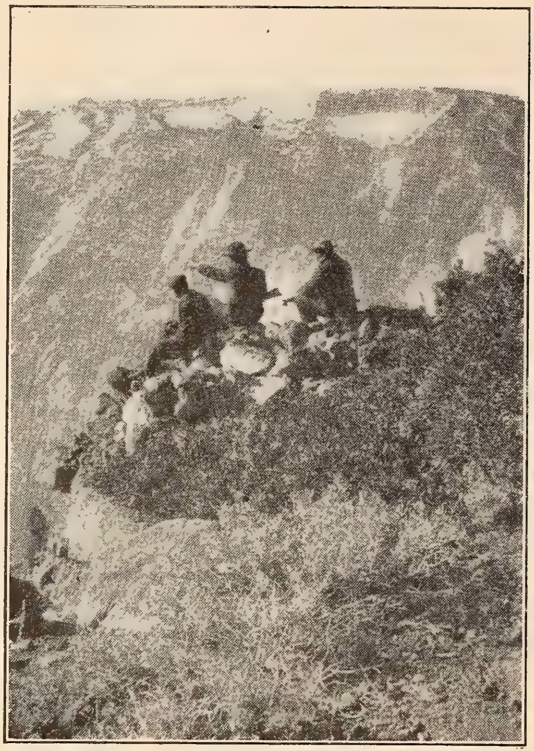
Provisions, bedding, cooking utensils and table ware, such as has been enumerated, will weigh about 300 pounds, and can easily be carried by two pack horses, 150 pounds to the horse being a fair load even on a bad trail; then, again, the load gets lighter each day.

The very best saddle and pack animals can be obtained for $1 a day each, and a guide, furnishing his own horse, can be had for $1.50 a day. In choosing a guide care should be had in selecting one who not only knows how to pack a horse, but who can and will cook and wash dishes. Very much better service will be had, and the outing prove much more enjoyable if the campers will aid in all work about camp; for it is too much to expect one man to care for six horses, saddle and unsaddle, pack and unpack, cook and wash dishes. The campers should be willing to make up their own bed rolls on breaking camp, arrange the beds at night, help carry wood and water, and even wipe dishes at times. It is highly essential to keep the guide in good humor; and nothing is so potent to effect this as a disposition to aid in the work.

Three people, outfitted as described, can make a three weeks' trip into the High Sierra at a cost of about $70 each. This includes everything but bedding, which, it is assumed, the camper possesses. It does not include railroad and stage fare into the mountains, as these vary according to the distance and route.

A TORRENT OF SNOW WATER

Last summer three of us climbed the



LOOKING INTO TUOLUMNE CANYON

FALLS IN ROCKY CANYON

west slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains near Mt. Dana and followed down the main ridge to Mt. Lyell. We went in over the old Tioga trail and came out by way of the Sunset trail and the Yosemite Valley. The total distance covered by the horses was slightly in excess of 200 miles. The time consumed was three weeks; but more than half this time was spent in camp.

The guide whom we selected has been accompanying one or more members of our party into the mountains for the past ten years. He was first employed because he had been born and raised in the mountains and knew them thoroughly. He was retained for subsequent trips because of his all-around efficiency.

A half a day on the railroad, one night at a mountain hostelry, and one day on the stage, brought us to Sequoia Station on the Big Oak Flat, Yosemite Road, where we met our guide and found the provisions which we had packed and shipped ahead.

Your proper guide will exercise great care in the selection of trail animals. They must be born and bred to the mountains, accustomed to clambering over rocks in search of feed, and capable of fattening on a country that would appear scarcely able to sustain a goat. They must be strong and gentle, surefooted on the most difficult trails and trained to stand whenever the bridle rein is drawn over the head and dropped to the ground. The horses we found awaiting us proved to be such as these. Any one of them would follow a dismounted rider for miles without the aid of lead rope. The pack animals would often drop to the rear, but would never get off the track of those in the lead, and, when we would stop for a minute or two, we would look back and see them toiling steadily along behind us. At night we would strip the horses and turn them loose. They never wandered far from camp, and were easily caught in the morning.

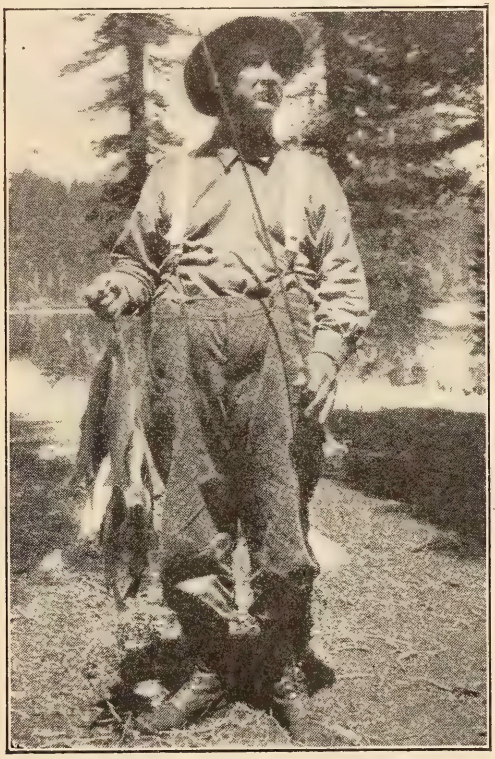
On the evening before leaving Sequoia we unpacked our provisions and cooking utensils and arranged them in saddlebags. As we were going to sleep under roof that night we rolled and roped our bedding into shape for the pack animals. We then piled everything in order for morning and retired, leaving orders to be called for breakfast at 4 o'clock.

It was not yet sun-up when we had finished breakfast, got our horses in readiness, and took the trail out of Sequoia. During the forenoon we rode through tall timber. The slope was gentle and there was scarcely a hundred yards of the trail over which we could not have trotted our horses. Numerous streams crossed our path, and these were heavily bordered with flowering shrubs. The dogwood blossom appeared in great profusion. In the low flat places were meadows, the grass upon which was so tall that it brushed our feet. We stopped for lunch in a very pretty little meadow known as Aspen Valley. It derives its name from a thicket of aspen trees at the upper end.

There was scarcely any perceptible change in the country until late in the afternoon, when we began to approach the granite. We camped that night at a point known to mountaineers as White Wolf. As there is not, and never was, a human habitation here, it seems hard to understand why there should have been any necessity for naming it. Our guide, however, explained that the mountaineers had given names to different localities without any seeming rhyme or reason. The distance covered this day was 21 miles.

On the following day we traveled through granite mountains, reaching Lake Tenaya, a beautiful body of water out of which flows the stream which enters Yosemite Valley at the west end through the impassable Tenaya Cañon. This lake is entirely surrounded by great mountains of granite. On the

BREAKFAST IN WHITE CANYON



A 20-POUND STRING

north side is a perfectly level meadow about a mile long and 200 yards wide. The lake is known to be full of fish, but as it is shallow along the edges and no boat is to be had, fishing here is not very satisfactory.

From Lake Tenaya we followed a precipitous, rocky cañon, down which foamed a torrent of snow water. As we climbed upward, the trail became increasingly difficult and snow began to appear. In places the snow was banked so deep upon the trail that it was necessary to make wide detours to get around it. Since leaving Sequoia we had traveled upward more than 6,000 feet. Our trail led to the base of Mt. Gibbs, and at this point we crossed the main ridge of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, making very slow progress through the snow banks. At night we camped on a dry piece of ground a hundred feet from a beautiful lake. The last hour of the trip from the crest of the mountains to this lake had been through a glacial moraine. The trail wound in and out among the boulders, the smooth, round surfaces of which showed out of the snow. Referring to the map which we had with us we found our altitude to be 10,000 feet.

It was not yet sunset when we made camp, and we determined that while the guide was unpacking we would try the lake for fish. Rigging our poles, we walked around to the lower end. A slight breeze was blowing off shore rippling the surface of the water. The first cast caused a strike, and the fish when landed measured a full 14 inches. Three of us fished steadily for one hour, securing 20 fish, ranging from 10 to 16 inches.

We remained at this lake for three days, and have no hesitancy in saying that none of us had ever found better fishing than we obtained both in the lake and in the stream which serves as its outlet. Tioga Lake, which is where we were camped; Rondale Lake, two miles southeast, and Lee Vining Creek, which connects them, makes a combination which for the fisherman would seem to be impossible to surpass. Owing to the great altitude and the intense cold of the early mornings, the fish will not rise to a fly until about 11 o'clock. At any time from then until sunset, provided there is a ripple on the water, the most ordinary fisherman can be assured of six or eight large fish an hour. At any time between 11 o'clock and sunset he can do equally as well in Lee Vining creek, whether the wind is blowing or not.

NEAR MT. LYELL

The level of Silver Lake is very little below that of Tioga Lake, and the stream which connects them meanders through a comparatively level meadow. Its banks are almost entirely free from brush and it can be waded at any point.

The surrounding country is very rugged, abounding in mountain peaks of great height and numerous precipitous cañons. Tioga Lake occupies a depression scooped out by glaciers which came down from the tops of Mt. Gibbs and Mt. Dana. The moraine of these glaciers is distinctly traceable through the little Lee Vining Valley and down almost to the border of Mono Lake, 20 miles away.

Having become surfeited with fish at the end of three days, and being seized with a desire to get into a wilder and more inaccessible country, we broke camp one morning and struck south around the base of Mt. Gibbs, up on to the main ridge. There were no trails here and traveling was very difficult. Late in the afternoon we found our way barred by a rocky cañon. A short investigation showed that its sides were too precipitous for the horses. We determined to follow on up its north bank and around it. This was one of the hardest trips we had ever attempted, but the grandeur of the scenery was ample reward for our efforts. We camped at a little stream that night, and the next morning we explored the cañon on foot, floundering through snow many feet deep in places. On the way back to camp we killed a deer which promised a welcome change from salt meat and fish.

For three days we traveled southward along the backbone of the continent, the country presenting a magnificent panorama of snow-clad peaks, glaciers, lakes and cañons. From some of the high points we could look far over into Nevada, and away to the northwest was a little depression which we knew from the dim outline of Half Dome to be Yosemite Valley. During these three days we had many opportunities to kill deer, but the going was so bad that we feared to burden our pack animals with any extra load. Bear signs were frequent, but we did not succeed in getting a shot.

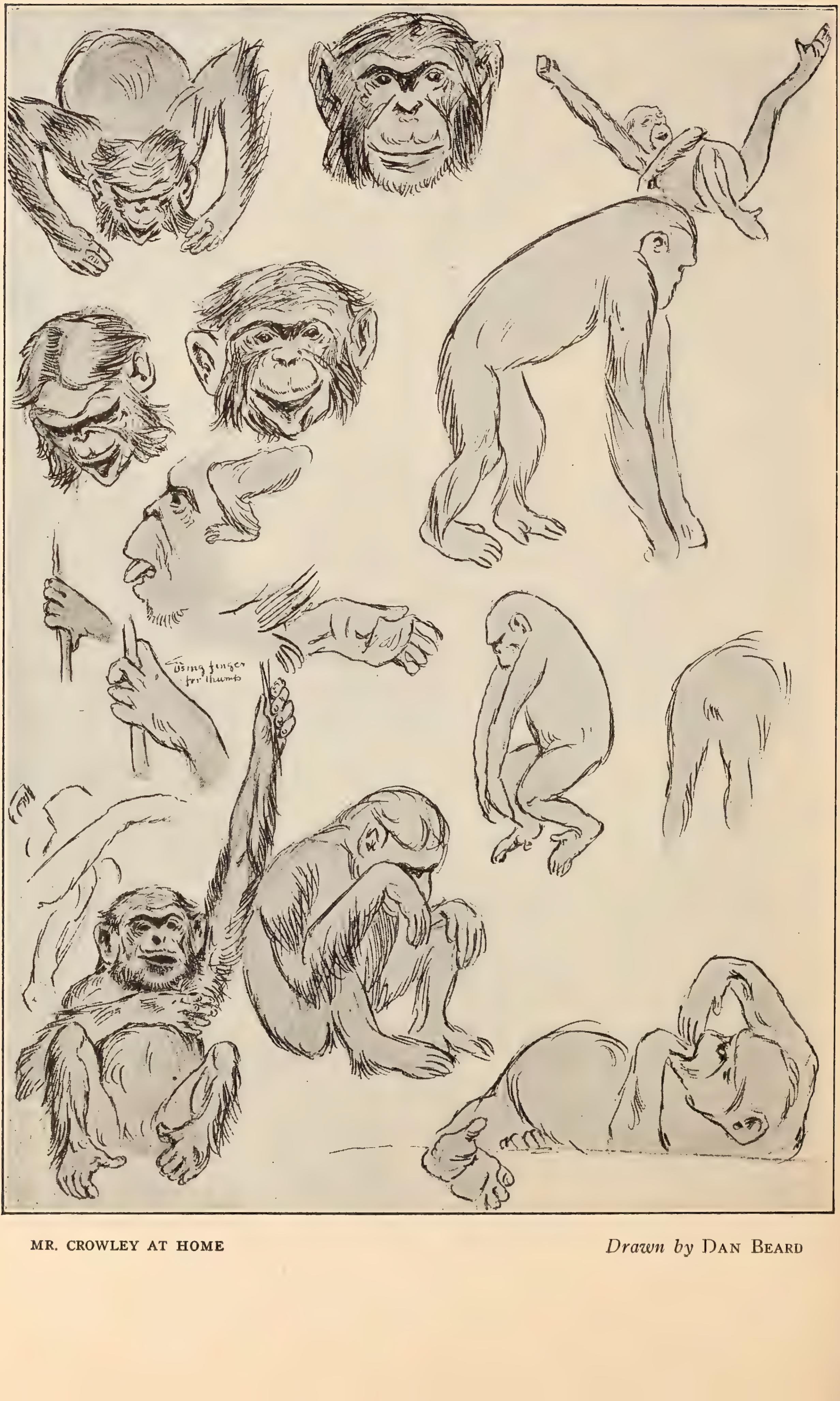
At Mt. Lyell we doubled back toward the north, striking the Sunset Trail at Tuolumne meadows. This we followed down into the Yosemite Valley and thence home.

During the ten days spent between Tioga Lake and Mt. Lyell we had fished streams which probably had never been fished before, and we had explored cañons down which probably no white man had ever previously climbed.

In the high mountains the thermometer dropped so low at night that every little rivulet of water coming out from under the snow banks was frozen solid, and on these nights it was necessary for us to keep a fire going until daylight.

Coming down from the High Sierra into the Yosemite Valley one passes from almost Arctic cold to the warmth of late spring, and the difference in temperature is easily traceable by the character of the foliage. On the nigh peaks no green thing flourishes. Gradually stunted pines and tamaracks appear, and still lower the maple and laurel are just beginning to unfold their leaves, and then in a half a day's journey the wild flowers come. Hundreds and hundreds of them of all shapes and colors are found here, and as you approach the rim of the wonderful Yosemite, the air is heavy-laden with the scent of the azaleas, and the trail is lined with wild lilac, wild cherry and dogwood—a perfect riot of flowering shrubbery.

Owing to the size and strength of the fish caught in the lakes of the high Sierra, one should be well outfitted in the way of tackle. It is well to have at least a dozen good, strong leaders, and at least ten dozen flies. The first bug abroad in the high altitudes is black in color, and those of us who did not have black flies met with indifferent success, whereas those who did have flies of the color were amply rewarded. The flies which should be carried are brown, gray and black hackle, royal coachman, professor, and the Reuben Wood. A half dozen spinners should be taken along, as these will often succeed where the fly fails. The size of the hooks should be 8 and 10.


Using finger for thumb

MR. CROWLEY AT HOME *Drawn by* DAN BEARD

A LEAF FROM MY SKETCH BOOK

By DAN BEARD

LOOKING over my sketch book to find a leaf for this number of Recreation, I discovered sketches made a number of years ago, from the celebrated Mr. Crowley, the chimpanzee who was such a favorite at the Arsenal at Central Park.

A glance at this page from my sketch book will disclose to even the most casual observer the fact that Mr. Crowley was not only a gymnast, but that he did not remain in any one position for any length of time. I have drawn all sorts of animals from life; but I never spent a more strenuous hour than I did with this human-like ape, and, I might say, that I do not remember any more profitable time, spent with strange creatures with whom I have been associated as an "animal artist."

Crowley was the first one to impress upon me the characteristics of an untrained mind. He was an affectionate brute; but, at the slightest offense or imagined insult, he flew into a violent rage, and, could he have reached me, would have murdered me on the spot without the slightest compunctions of conscience, though the next instant he was ready to fawningly shake hands and even kiss me had I allowed it.

I have noticed the same trait in untrained low-minded people and savages, and ever since that time, whenever I see a human being fly into an ungovernable fit of anger I think that the mental relationship between this human being and the human-like ape is indeed very close.

With playful creatures, I have found, as a rule, that the best way for an artist to do is to play with them until they get tired, then, while they are resting, he has a good opportunity to make his sketches. But, in attempting to follow this policy with Mr. Crowley, I soon discovered that I had over-estimated my own capabilities and under-estimated his.

I was locked in the room where Mr. Crowley's cage extended from one end to the other, and, as there was no audience to embarrass us we had high jinks there for quite a while. I would rush to one end of the room and knock on the floor with my knuckles. Mr. Crowley would tear around on his knuckles and hind feet to that end of the room, availing himself of the flying trapeze, which hung in his cage, to make a giant leap which sent him bang up against the other end of the cage, and then get down on his hands and knees to look and see where I had knocked, and listen and pretend to examine the place very carefully. Then looking at me with his comical eyes, his face would assume an expression in which there was discernible an undeniable grin, which is depicted by the sketch underneath the one in the northwest corner where he has got his face down between his hands; the next instant he would scramble over to the opposite end of the cage and reach out and knock on the floor with his knuckles. Then I would run and examine the place in the same manner. This and other boisterous sports and games we kept up until I had to strip off my coat and vest and at last fell exhausted against the steam heater, much to the amusement of the ape.

I sat for some time fanning myself with my hat, only to discover that Mr. Crowley had just begun to get warmed up to the fun; but there was no more play left in me, so I picked up my sketch pad and walked demurely around, catching attitudes as I could, and the accompanying illustrations are the results of my work.

In the northeast corner of the page you will see where Mr. Crowley made himself into a hammock.

In the southwest corner you can see him as he was addressing me in ape language upon some subject, the meaning of which it took me a long time to discover; but I at length found out, by unmistakable signs, he wanted to borrow my watch. I knew the delicacy and skill with which he could handle the watch; but I also knew the unreliability of his temper; so I declined to loan it to him for fear he might get mad and smash it on the bars of his prison. At this he flew into a violent rage, slammed the trapeze against the ceiling, dashed himself violently upon the bars of his cage, made horrible faces, threw sawdust at me, and, at length, retired to a corner, where he lay down in the impossible position shown in the southeast corner of the drawing; there he sucked his fingers for quite a while, and resisted all my efforts to coax him out in the open.

Just above the last figure described, in direct, vertical line with the one on the hammock, is a sketch showing Mr. Crowley in the pose he assumed in jumping—which he did when angry. In this way, he would jump up and down, up and down, until he would shake the whole building; but, after his rage was over, he was as gentle as a kitten and as winning as a girl of sixteen.

Another peculiarly interesting thing I noticed about this ape was the manner in which he used his index finger for a thumb. You will see by the sketch, that the thumbs of his hands are very small, so, in grasping the bar, he used the forefinger for a thumb.

A little way back, I spoke of his walking on his feet and knuckles, and the sketch under the hammock figure shows him in this pose.

I receive many letters and personal visits from young people who want to study animal drawing, and for several years I taught a class in animal drawing at the School of Applied Design, on Twenty-third Street, New York; but, for the benefit of the art students who are thinking of following this as a serious pursuit I would suggest that they do not try to begin their studies upon a husky, live, chimpanzee, for, fragmentary as my sketches may appear, I will assure the beginner that his first results will look more like the shorthand notes of my stenographer than any animal known to naturalists.

If you want to have a good time, and laugh until your sides are sore, get the keeper to lock the door and leave you alone in the room where one of these great apes is confined in his cage; but, for the first adventure of this kind you will probably get as good results if you leave your sketch book on the outside of the locked door.

* * *

MUSKRATS

By C. WILLIAM BEEBE

LONG before man began to inherit the earth, giant beavers built their dams and swam in the streams of long ago. For ages they have been extinct. Our forefathers found the smaller historical beavers abundant, and trapped them with such zeal that the race is now well nigh vanished. Nothing is left to us but the humble muskrat—which in name and in facile adaptation to the encroachments of civilization has little in common with his more noble predecessor. Yet in many ways his habits of life bring to mind the beaver.

Let us make the most of our heritage and watch at the edge of a stream, some evening in late fall. If the muskrats have but partly completed their mound of sticks and mud, which is to serve them for a winter home, we may be sure of seeing some of them at work. Two lines of ripples furrow the surface outward from the farther bank, and a small dark form clambers upon the pile of rubbish. Suddenly a spat sounds at our very feet and a second muskrat dives headlong into the water, followed by the one on the mound. Another spat and splash comes from farther down the stream and so the danger signal of the muskrat clan is passed along—a single slap upon the water with the flat of the tail.

If we wait patiently the work will be taken up anew, and in the pale moonlight of this and other nights, the little laborers will fashion their "house," lining the upper chamber with soft grass, and shaping the steep passageway which will lead to the ever-frozen stream bed. Either here or in the snug tunnel-nest deep in the bank the young muskrats are born, and here they are weaned upon toothsome mussels and succulent lily roots.

Safe from all but mink and owl and trap, these sturdy creatures spend the summer in and about the streams, and when winter shuts down hard and fast they live more interesting lives than any of our other animals. The frost freezes their underground tunnels into tubes of iron—the ice seals the water past all gnawing out, and yet, amid the quietly flowing water where snow and wind never penetrate, these warm-blooded, air-breathing muskrats live the winter through, with only the trout and eels for company. Their food is the soft bark and pith of certain plants; their air is what leaks through the house of sticks or what may collect at the meeting place of ice and shore.

Stretched full length on the smooth ice, let us look through into that strange nether world where stress of storm is unknown. Sinuous black forms undulate through the water far beneath us, from tunnel to house and back again. As we gaze down through the crystalline mass, the many fractures and air-bubbles play strange optical pranks with the objects below. The animate shapes seem to take to themselves greater bulk; their tails broaden, their bodies become many times longer. For a moment the illusion is perfect. Thousands of centuries have slipped back and we are looking at the giant beavers of old.

Let us give thanks that even the lowly muskrat still holds his own. A century or two hence and posterity may look with wonder at his stuffed skin behind the glass of a museum case.

WHERE SQUIRRELS PLAY

Photograph by JOHN BOYD

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW

By JOHN BOYD

WHEN the falling snow drops in light airy flakes on the pines and spruces, and drapes with its clustering tracery the oaks and maples—when the still air seems to fix everything out of doors in a solid mass of crystal, then we can hie to the woods, knowing that there it is always comfortable. In the shelter of the trees the frost seems to lose its fierceness, and should a spiteful wind sweep over the naked hills and fields, and rage amongst the tree tops, we find in the depths of the forest that the blast is only a murmur to our ears, and a solace which enhances the charm about us.

To the lover of nature, the woods in winter present unlimited opportunities for observing the habits of the creatures of the field, the forest, and even some of our avian friends.

Each morning we can view the excursions and feeding rambles of the past night, noting here and there some catastrophe, for in Nature it is always the survival of the fittest.

The squirrel, field mouse, cottontail rabbit, fox, horned lark, robin, etc., and even the house dog and cat, leave an unmistakable record of their travels, which if read correctly is at once an insight into the inner promptings of these creatures when unwatched by human eyes.

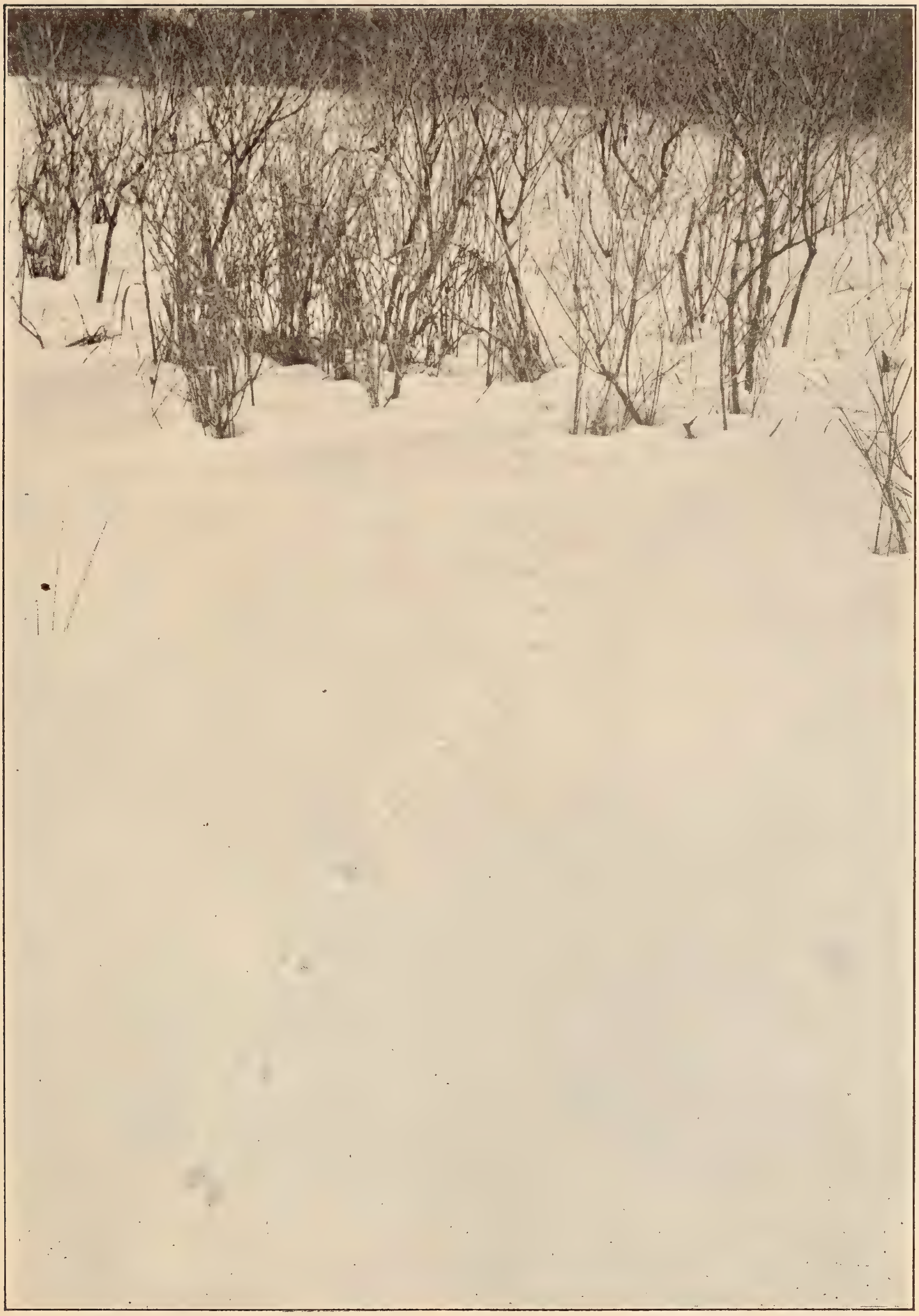
Before we start dealing with tracks in detail, we wish to suggest to the student who would read these signs aright, that the feet of all animals should be closely examined, either in life or in specimen, then by visits to the Zoos or Museums, he can note their customary gait while walking and running. Much preliminary study should be done in this way, and it will certainly be time well spent. It will prove an equipment for the observer which will qualify him for his more mature investigation into the habits of the wild and free animals themselves, for only occasionally can one actually see the track-makers on their daily rounds, and it were far better that we pass over many of the signs on the snow, than that one of them should be erroneously identified.

The two commonest tracks are that of the field mouse and the cottontail rabbit. The little row of twin footprints of the field mouse are often taken by a novice for some sort of a bird's. I suppose because its tracks begin at a place where it is unlikely any animal could emerge unless it dropped from the skies, and, when it has had its outing, disappears in an equally mysterious way.

They have, however, a starting point, and it is usually near a tuft of grass or bush, where a small hole permits our dainty traveler to crawl out and write his name on the white and even page of winter. Follow him along, in and out amongst the trees, curving and twisting, tunneling and climbing like a miniature railroad, and you will find another small hole where he entered to hide himself from the gaze of the upper world. These little fellows are inveterate ramblers, and it is a very severe storm which will keep them under cover more than a day at a time. Their tracks in the hard snow are clear and distinct, but when it is soft and deep their little legs and tail leave a trail which resembles more than anything else a chain with links joined together.

Beneath these tracks lies hidden a whole realm of activity, which only the

FOOTPRINTS OF HORNED LARK *Photograph by* JOHN BOYD



TRACK OF FIELD MOUSE *Photograph by* JOHN BOYD

COTTONTAIL AND HOUND

Photograph by JOHN BOYD

melting snows will reveal. The makers of the prints above are the burrowers who push their ramifications in the depths beneath. Everywhere are countless toothmarks on the bark of the smaller trees. The alder, sumac, sassafras, and raspberry are some of those which show the voracious appetites of these miniature beavers. Diminutive beavers they really are, for they cut down shrubs half an inch thick, and cut them up into lengths of two or three inches, as if about to build a dam, as perhaps their successors will in some future age.

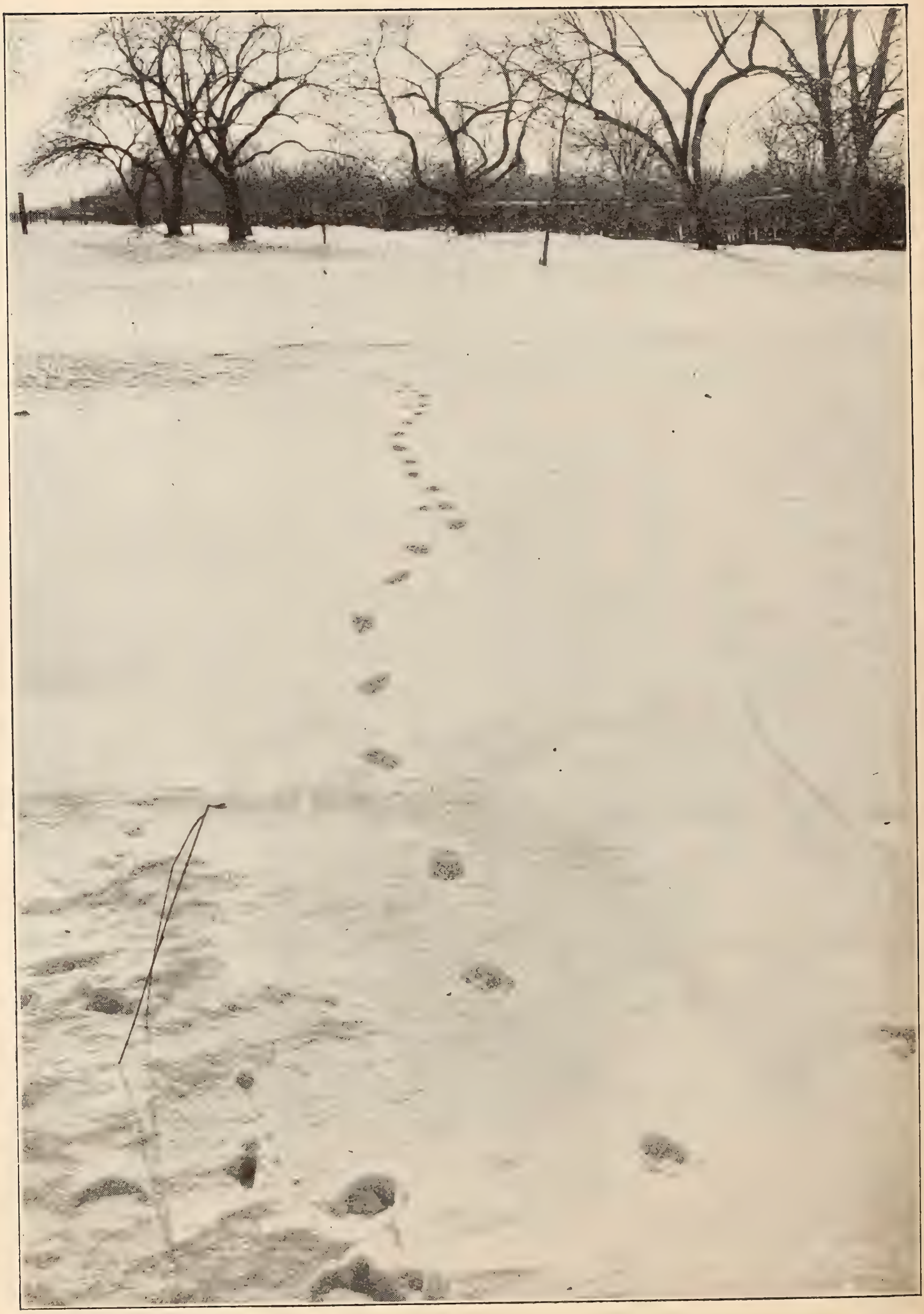
Like everything in Nature the mouse has his enemies, and often the trail tells of a tragedy as plainly as if it were enacted before our eyes. One day while following tracks through a swampy piece of ground I came upon the track of a mouse. At first it dodged in and out in the usual way, and then led out into an open spot some couple of hundreds of yards across. There was ice beneath the snow over this stretch and I wondered why our little traveller had decided to cross it, seeing that they usually evade these bare places by going around under cover of the shrubbery. The thought flashed upon me, wouldn't this be a likely spot for an owl to do his hunting? Following along, I soon saw that the track lengthened out; the footprints became less distinct, and a few yards further they suddenly vanished. There on either side of the last footprints were the deep marks of a pair of wings, in fact, the shape of the primaries were plainly visible. About six feet further on a few tiny drops of red on the white snow showed that the mouse had met its death by being pounced on by an owl, and lifted off its feet by the winged murderer.

The same day, a hound and a cottontail rabbit furnished the principal objects in a scene which depicts the tracks left by these sporty animals on the page of winter. I did not see either of the principals, but the story was as complete as if I had witnessed it from start to finish. When I first came upon this particular track, I noted that the leaps of the rabbit were short, but on coming to where a couple of men had crossed it at right angles, it was plain that they had also observed the trail of the cottontail, as they had stopped, and one had tried the freshness of the footprint, by touching it with his finger. A dog was with them, its big pads being visible along with that of the men. The dog needed no urging to take the trail of Molly Cottontail, the branching off being regular, and without any preliminary marking up of the snow, as would have been the case had the scent been uncertain, or the hound unduly urged to follow it by his master. The rabbit I could see had preceded the dog only a short time, as the latter cut corners, when the former circled—a thing no well-trained hound would have done had the scent not been fresh, or he was anyway uncertain about being able to pick it up again.

I have pictured one of these cut offs, and it plainly tells how fresh the scent, and how certain the dog was in following his quarry. The chase was a long one, and while it kept to the same section of bush, it circled round and round in a manner well known to all rabbit hunters. I wished little bunny well, and am hoping that had I followed it to a finish, I should have found where Molly had "holed up," and thus escaped the hound and hunters.

The tracks of the cottontail are a study in themselves. The two prints in front are made by the hind feet, while the hind ones are set there by the front feet. This is due to overreaching, a feature one will not wonder at when he sees the "doubling up" a rabbit makes in the air with every bound he takes.

While everybody nearly knows that a rabbit's hind foot is larger than its fore foot, there are few who can correctly tell the direction the animal is travelling by looking at its tracks. A reference to the two illustrations will impress this better on the reader than a long use of words. In the picture



DOMESTIC CAT TRACKS

Photograph by JOHN BOYD

showing a single rabbit's prints, the animal is travelling towards the foreground, having come from the tree, and stopped near the weed on the right, where its droppings alongside the bunch of tracks can be seen on the top of the snow. In the other photograph, the rabbit is making for the grassy cover in the background; over and alongside its track is seen the big pads of the pursuing hound.

The squirrel makes his tracks in the same manner as the rabbit, that is, his hind feet are slightly in advance of his forefeet when they touch the ground. He does not travel any greater distance in the woods than he can help while the snow is on the ground, but when he takes a notion to a spot, and he can get one or more companions to join him in a game of tag, or whatever it is known as in squirrel language, there you will find his tracks in plenty. There is a spot in a piece of woods I frequently visit, that is a rendezvous for many of these frisky creatures, and any bright day in winter, one may be always certain of finding a pair playing over and under the fallen tree. I have named it on their account, "The Squirrels' Playground," and it certainly has earned the title during the past four years.

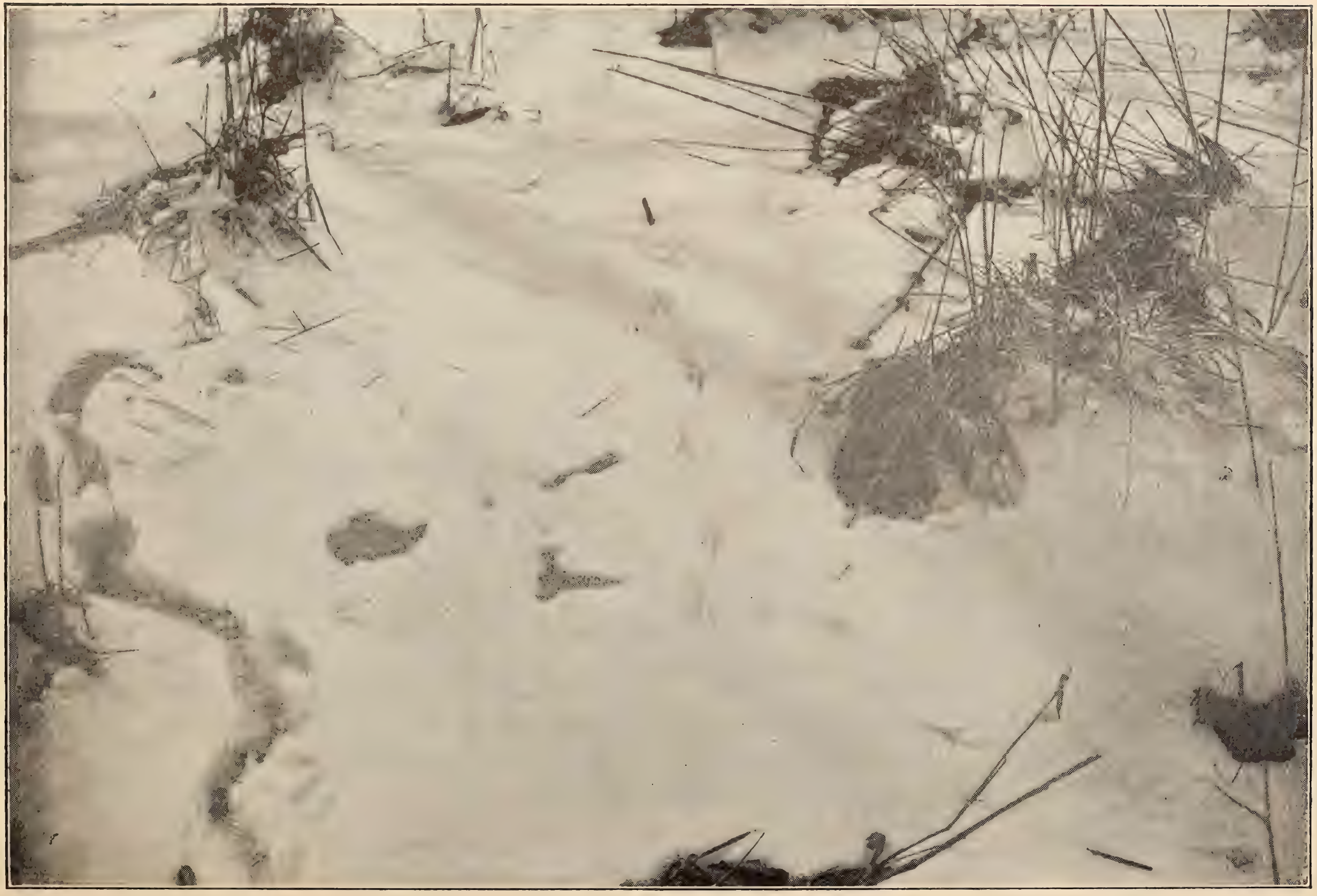
While certain members of the squirrel tribe store their winter's supply of food in hollow trees, I think most of them hide it on the ground, under old roots, brush piles, and even beneath heaps of dead leaves. Their tracks in the winter woods seem to bear this out. While it may be that this frequency of the tracks indicate a scarcity of food, and the travelling about a desire to find a supply, I believe in the main, that these outings of the squirrels have a definite destination, because when you see them skip across the snow, stop short, and scratch a hole down to the ground, bringing up a supply of nuts or cones placed there in the months of plenty, you are apt to attribute their luck more to a good memory than to any haphazard speculation.

Of the squirrel family, the most prominent in winter are the blacks. He seems to be flowing over all the time with pent up energy, which keeps him in constant motion, and you sometimes feel that you would like him to be able to talk and tell you how pleasant it is to have the joy which flows from a glad heart. Now watch him jump from limb to limb, rush headlong down the trunk, and course across the snow in long graceful bounds, with no apparent purpose but to exhibit the happiness within him.

His red cousin once in a while may be seen at the entrance to his home in the heights of some tree, but in him is no sign of exultation. He looks around as if he were looking and wishing for spring to come, and clear away the snow, and no amount of coaxing will cause him to utter a note of scolding or alarm. Not all the red squirrels, however, keep to the trees. Many of them, through want of food have to take to the earth, and their track in the deep snow is a heavy floundering of labored bounds as they go from tree to tree in search of the scanty provisions hidden beneath the surface. Here and there we find the gummy scales of the pine cones, the shells of the acorn, the seed cones of the birch and cedar scattered about on the snow, showing the food on which they subsist. In greater contrast to the delicacies just named, often one will find during long and severe winters that the squirrels have attacked the hemlock trees by stripping them of their bitter seeds. When one finds this, it is evidence of great want, and a merciful act would be to bring some food and scatter it about to assuage the pangs of hunger which these little fellows are enduring.

In the greatest solitude lives the chipmunk. Very seldom seen in winter, he sleeps snug and secure in his burrow, and waits until the snow is gone before he makes his appearance.

A fox track is like that of a dog's, only if anything it is straighter in its course. The footprints are about a



TRACKS OF THE ROBIN

Photograph by JOHN BOYD

foot apart under normal conditions, but these vary according to the state of the snow. If it is deep and soft, the step will be irregular, indicating that his progress was by jumps.

The house cat makes a very deliberate track, every foot print clear and distinct, and evidently put down with extreme caution. Cat prints are easily identified, when once seen, but there is no uniformity as to how they lay their course. One may be in a straight line, as direct as a surveyor's line; another will meander like a meadow brooklet; still another will side course and double track in a puzzling fashion, until you wonder if the feline who made it was not under the influence of intoxicants.

Of the birds that visit the snowy places, we find the horned lark, lapland longspur, snowflake, robin and crows the most numerous.

The horned lark leaves a dragging trail. Its methodical crouching walk, and long spurs will sometimes cut two parallel lines, from which you can hardly find where the feet have rested, and again, it will leave a trail as distinct as one could wish for. It is an uncertain ranger, but this is due to its continued search for food, and although it must suffer severely in winter for the necessities of life, it is as cheerful in its song as if the cares of the world belonged to some other bird. Along the railroad tracks, and on the bare spots in the open fields, one can always hear its musical song, though at times it cuts this short and melts the notes into a piteous appeal, which to me is always interpreted as a cry for food.

The crows are ever with us. In summer they track the newly plowed land, and pull the sprouting grain, and in winter they visit the same fields, and renew the walks they previously took under more congenial skies. Their track is a dodging one, but withal distinct. The impressions of the warts on the toe joints, and the tapering cuts made by the claws are visible under favorable conditions.

The robin is not a bird of winter, but it sometimes gets up into the zone of snow, before the latter has melted away. If the snow is not deep, and it seldom is at the time the robins arrive, it leaves a running track, plainly indented with its three toes. It is zigzag in shape, and follows the course made when seeking ground fare such as frozen fruit, and early insect life.

We might go on for pages, and give personal experiences and details, rather than generalities, but we believe this article will have accomplished its object if it stirs up in the student of Nature a desire to see the stories of life in winter for himself, as told by the tracks of the creatures that live with us the entire year. If one will but get out and see with his own eyes he will learn more of the ways of animals in a few days of winter tracking, than he could in many years of summer study.

LITTLE MOUNTAINEERS

By J. CARTER BEARD

I.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A RODENT.

TO begin with I must confess that before I had a conversation with my friend, Doctor Frank Lawrence, on the subject, my idea of what a rodent really is, was somewhat indefinite. The occasion of the conversation to which I refer happened in this way. My friend and I were in the pinyon belt of the Rockies last year,hunting, loafing and enjoying ourselves generally. Among other ways of occupying our time, we took advantage of the rare opportunities offered of studying and of photographing the wild life of the range, east of the Cascade heights in the state of Washington—especially the peculiar rodents to be found there, authentic representations of which are by no means common.

As the doctor was unpacking his kit upon arriving at our new camping ground, he suddenly paused and uttered an exclamation of mingled astonishment and vexation.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, "I thought it was my field glasses."

What he thought were his field glasses turned out to be the skull of some small animal done up carefully in a copy of the New York *Herald*.

"It is that cranium and lower jaw of a muskrat that I picked up on the banks of Big Tink Lake, as we were walking there together.

"Beautiful specimen!" he exclaimed, looking at it admiringly, "the ants have cleaned it of every particle of fleshy fiber.

"I had no intention of bringing it with me."

He seemed to be quite interested in his find, and sat down on a boulder to examine it more conveniently. He fitted the condyloid processes of the lower jaw into their proper places and brought the adze-shaped front teeth together.

"Fits perfectly," he said, nodding his head. "Pretty evident that the beast was a rodent," I ventured, tentatively; I must confess that I am more of a sportsman than a naturalist; I had an impression that ordinary rats and mice were rodents but was by no means sure that muskrats belonged among them.

"Rodent? Certainly," said the Doctor, "typical case, my son. Trade mark of the order as seen from the front: two big upper teeth curving down to meet two big lower teeth curving upward—and a great toothless gap extending back from them on each side of the jaws until you come to the back teeth, the grinders, the molars."

"Why do you say, 'seen from the front?' "

"Because it is the only way to look at a rodent's dentition so as to make out

ROCKY MOUNTAIN PACK OR WOOD RAT
(Neotoma cineria)

the trade mark, or to so word the rule that it will apply to all cases. Hares, for instance, classed as rodents, are inconsiderate enough in some of their species to grow no less than six upper teeth. Of these one pair is shed when the animals arrive at years of discretion, but another entirely useless pair is retained hidden behind the two large front serviceable ones.

"Seen from the front the two superfluous teeth do not appear, and so the rule seems to hold good.

"There is no such bother about the other incisors; no living rodent has more than one pair of front, lower teeth. I am interested in teeth (the doctor is a dentist) and among all the teeth that I know anything about a muskrat's teeth are the most interesting. One curious fact about them is that they keep on growing as long as the animal which possesses them lives."

"In that case," I said, "the oldest muskrats ought to have the longest teeth."

"No," replied Doctor Lawrence, "the rodents keep them worn down to their proper length by constant use. They are the finest tools possible for the work that a muskrat has to do—never wear out, and are always sharp. You can see what an edge the bevelled ends of these incisors carry. The front surface of these teeth is armored with the hardest of animal substances, an enamel that rivals steel itself, while the other parts, the sides and the back are softer being composed of ordinary tooth substance, dentine, or at best in some instances, faced with a very thin veneer of enamel.

"Each tooth serves as a whetstone to sharpen the one opposite to it, and it follows of course, that the enamel wearing off more slowly when the tooth encounters attrition, than the rest of the parts subject to friction, preserves this sharp bevelled edge.

"Each incisor keeps the opposite one from becoming overgrown; it is curious to see how the incisors continually tend to become curved tusks."

"What happens when one of the front teeth is broken off?" I asked, "and fails to check the growth of the tooth opposed to it?"

"In that case," replied the doctor,

PIKA, LITTLE CHIEF HARE
(*Lagomys princeps*)

"the unbroken incisor meeting with no opposition, keeps right along in the same line of growth in which it started until curving inward it pierces the flesh, or re-enters the skull, or so interferes with the action of the jaws that the animal can no longer use them."

"Starves to death," I suggested.

"Results in a case of lockjaw which no one but a competent dentist could treat successfully," said the Doctor, "and a valuable specimen skull for a collection. I have one at home in which the left upper incisor has formed almost a complete circle, perforating the roof of the mouth just before the back teeth and presents the problem of how the animal could have lived long enough to perfect such a beautiful example of incisorial incurvation.

"In the tendency of the front teeth to become tusks, in the absence of canine teeth, which no rodent possesses, as well as in the structure and growth of the back teeth the dentition of a muskrat, or of a field mouse for that matter, is very much the same as an elephant's or a mammoth's."

"Extremes meet in mice and mammoths," I murmured.

"Yes," assented the Doctor, "and do you know, it is rather curious, that old idea of the Chinese and Siberians that the mammoth was nothing else than a sort of gigantic burrowing animal of the mouse kind!"

Pack Rats.

"Doc," said I, "I have a proposition to make. We are going to the Cascade Range, west of us, for big game, as soon as Billy McGovern and Luke Lopez, the guide, show up here; let's devote our time to small game until we break camp. You seem to have made something of a specialty of rodents. I move that we hunt rodents while we are waiting for the rest of the party."

"There are tribes of little four-footed mountaineers here that I would like to become better acquainted with," replied the Doctor. "You can take their *cartes de visites* with your camera. I will promise to furnish sitters."

This arrangement, I am happy to say, resulted not only in a very busy and a very pleasant time, but a valued collection of animals peculiar to the Rockies. I must confess, too, that I found the pursuit of knowledge respecting the habits of rodents in the piñon belt quite as interesting and at times almost, if not quite as exciting, as stalking mountain goats or shooting at big horns.

For instance, take the packrat episode, the packrat being a little joker of whose existence and peculiarities I had little, if any, previous knowledge. As may be seen in the illustration he looks like an ordinary rat (which he is not by a long chalk) with a rather bushy tail.

We had been out on a two days' excursion and had returned to our dugout camp early in the morning. Doc Lawrence was outside cleaning some trout we had caught, and I was indoors looking for a box of pilot bread that we had brought with us. Presently I saw reason to pause and call out:

"Doc!"

"Well!" replied the Doctor.

"They've been here while we were down in the Divide, playing hob with our goods and chattels. I thought we were altogether too far away from civilization and hoodlums to be made the butt of such practical jokes—no, you need not laugh, Doc, I'm mad all the way through; I'd just like to capture the smart alecks who put up this job on us. I wouldn't do a thing to them, wouldn't I?"

"What's amiss?" asked Doctor Lawrence.

"Everything," I answered, shortly, being rather out of patience with my friend for taking the matter so lightly.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN WOOD CHUCK
(*Arctomys flavientris*)

"Here, for instance, is your pinc nez, a paper of cigarettes, and a pair of unwashed socks smothered in cold grease in the frying pan and, Great Scott! a lot of sticky pine cones. Heaven only knows where they came from, there are none about here; a box of double-pointed tacks, and a paper of pins mixed in the salt and the whole outfit dumped into the coffee pot——"

"Hold on!" cried the Doctor, still laughing, "come out here and I will show you one of the mischief makers."

You may be sure that I did not linger.

"Where is he?" I asked in an eager whisper.

"There," replied Doc Lawrence, pointing to a big rat calmly surveying us from a niche in the rock, about twenty feet distant.

"Rats!" I exclaimed, contemptuously.

"Yes, my son, rats," replied my companion, "trade rats, pack rats, wood rats—genus *Neotoma*, species *cineria*. See what a bushy tail the rascal sports. Most remarkable beast—piles up bushels of brush wood and keeps house in it, while white-footed mice live in the sides and the top. As you see, he has an extraordinary habit of changing things around—will bring acorns a mile or more, dump them down in your camp, and carry off a pair of suspenders or some article equally useful to rats; that's the reason that he is called a trade rat. He has a cousin down in Florida, the name of whose species is *Floridana*. I have often seen the Florida branch of the family, but never met the Cineria before."

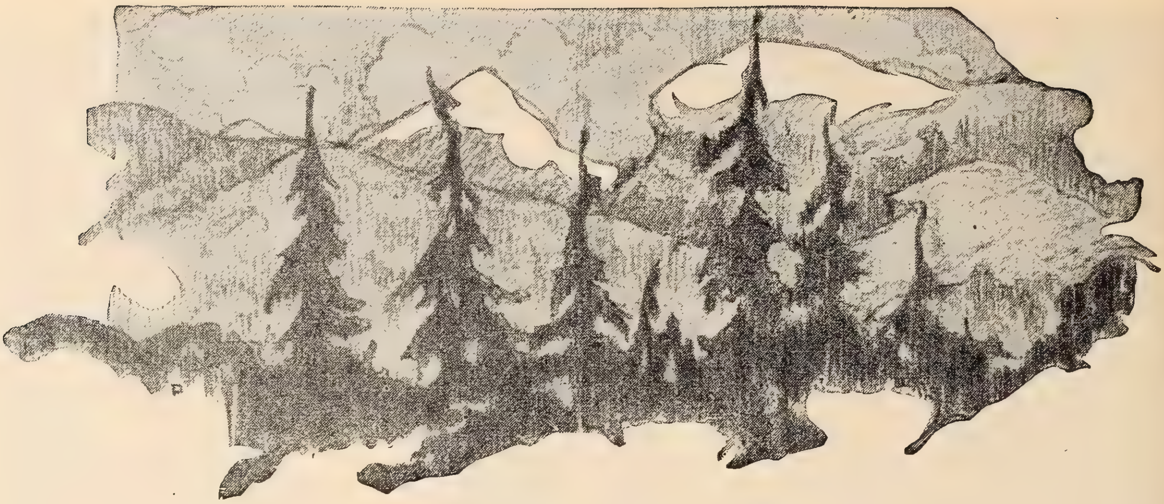
"I certainly never want to meet him again," I said. Whether the animals took offense at my remark or had business elsewhere, I cannot pretend to say, but Mr. Trade rat disappeared together with his comrades, so completely that Doctor Lawrence had some trouble to get me a specimen to photograph. A week afterwards, however, the Doctor shot several and ate them, I myself declined to touch or to taste. The doctor declared that they beat rabbit or squirrel, or the muskrat which, with terrapin, is considered such a dainty by Marylanders.

"Some day," he averred, "when appetite conquers prejudice one of America's choicest dishes will consist of woodrats on toast."

(To be continued.)

MUSKRAT
(*Fiber zibethecus*)

MENDING THE NET



CHATI, THE BLACKTAIL

By J. CLINTON BRODIE

CHATI, as the Supai Indians called him, had the first view of his world in the dawn of an Arizona summer morning, high up in the Picacho range. His mother, a large blacktail doe, beside him, uttering short bleats as she caressed him. He was hardly able to stand on his slender legs, much too long for his frail body. His coat, a brownish gray, flecked with lighter spots half as large as one's palm; his large, long ears lay flat on his neck, and he was almost half as tall as a man and was much taller than he was long. His hoofs, small pinkish affairs, which hardly made an imprint in the soft turf when he walked. With his small muzzle, eyes much too large for his head and elongated ears, he resembled nothing so much as a large jack-rabbit, and but for his spotted coat might easily have been mistaken for one.

It was an interesting world that Chati looked out upon. Far to the south rolled the barren foothills of the Picachos until they melted into the blue haze of the distant Colorado desert. To the north towered high summits clad in the green of pine and cedar forest, flecked with snow. Above the brilliant southwest sun shone in a turquoise sky. On every side a silent wilderness. No, not a wilderness, for it was inhabited by forest-dwellers of many types whose numbers could only be guessed at from the many trails leading to watering places and through the brushy thickets.

Chati, however, was interested mainly in appeasing his constant appetite for milk, and in a few days was browsing on the buds of the oaks and the berries of the juniper and grass seeds. He discovered the uses of his eyes, legs and ears. Very timid he was, too, and the scamper of a porcupine or badger near him would send him to his mother's side wild with fear. Soon, though, he grew accustomed to the harmless wild creatures of the woods and thereafter regarded them with the greatest curiosity.

Safely hidden in an alder thicket they lay by day, and at night went forth under the stars to drink at the pools of clear mountain water, browse, nibble at the grass seeds and mingle with their kind. The young fawn grew rapidly. In the little glades amid the pines he romped and played with other fawns in the moonlight while their mothers browsed about and kept a sharp lookout for prowling enemies. With the first gray light of the dawn each stole away with its dam to their respective hiding places.

The dry summer wore on to August. The rains were delayed and the grasses became dead and dry. Higher and higher up the Picachos retreated the snow banks, and then vanished altogether. The pools of water dried up and the few springs became mere trickles of water, which soon sunk into the hot dry rocks of the cañons. Every third evening Chati's mother would hide him in the brush and go to slake her thirst at a spring ten miles away. In her absence he lay flat upon the ground, his legs under him, his ears alert to every sound. He heard the soft "pit pat" of the prowling coyote, the crumpling of the dry leaves under the wildcat's tread, and the distant howl of the gray wolf. Yet nothing molested him, and when his mother returned in the dark hours of early morning he knew her approaching footsteps as she cautiously made her way to his hiding place.

Under the tutelage of the forest his senses became very keen. To his ears the faintest sound was audible, his sight became marvelously quick and keen, and his nostrils scented the faintest odor. Once a prowling coyote had sprung at him from behind, to be in turn sprung upon by his mother and struck down with her sharp hoofs, sending him yelping off up the cañon. Also he narrowly escaped the fangs of a rattlesnake coiled in the trail. His mother killed the buzzing reptile, cutting him to pieces with her sharp hoofs. A cowboy had surprised them in an arroyo, had ridden almost upon them ere they were aware of his presence. Quickly they sprang away, and at the second leap his mother had dropped to the ground. Amid the tall grass he hid instantly while she had as quickly bounded on with the cowboy in wild pursuit, the rider whirling his riata in the vain hope of getting near enough for a throw. Watching her climb the hill with graceful leaps the cowboy reined his pony, and then resumed his quest for mavericks. He had not seen Chati, else the Three I Bar Ranch might have had a pet fawn. Late in the evening his mother returned and together by the starlight they sought their feeding ground, high up on the mountain's spur, and the cowboy saw them no more.

The summer rains came. The mountains were clothed again in green. Again the cañons ran water, and soon the October frosts turned the green of the oaks and poplars to all shades of crimson, brown and gold. Far up among the summits of the Picachos they wandered, browsing on the tender shoots and berries of the juniper and eating their fill of the fallen acorns carpeting the ground under the oaks. Then there came a November night, when the wind blew chill. Great masses of clouds rolled out of the southwest, and the patter of the hail and rain drops was heard on the pine needles. With many other deer they took their way to the south over the Picachos and through the passes of the Granite range. Daylight found them many leagues away in the foothills of the Harqua Hala mountains, browsing on the sparse growth of mesquite. A misty rain was falling. Away to the north rolled the Picachos, white to their bases, the summits hidden in the swirling snowclouds.

All the short winter they remained in the Harqua Halas, finding plenty of browse in the groves of pinon, cedar and mesquite, and water in abundance in the tanks formed by the winter storms. Chati doffed his spotted coat and took on a dress of gray-brown. Two horny protuberances grew on his head above his eyes, showing where his antlers were to be. Spring came and they wended their way back by easy stages over the Granite range to their old haunt in the Picachos. How well he remembered every arroyo and trail they had traveled, every pool they had drank at. He instinctively shied around the place in the trail where the rattlesnake had been, and would not browse near where the coyote had tried to drag him down. One night he missed his mother from the band and when she returned a month later another fawn trotted by her side and played with him in the moonlight.

All the summer season they slaked their thirst in the same old pools, traversed the same familiar trails. Each day the forest taught Chati a new lesson, each day he learned it thoroughly In the fall they sought the same high summits in search of acorn and juniper berries, and again with the patter of the hail and rain on the pine needles they wended their way to the south to reappear with the coming of the new springtime at their old range in the Picachos.

Chati, now a "spike" buck, shed his antlers for the first time. An inch from his head a crack appeared, encircling each antler, which in a few days fell off, and the stumps were covered with a growth of tissue and blood vessels. As the bony substance of the new antlers formed it was covered with the growth of the tissue. In three weeks they were in the velvet and in five after much polishing had hardened with an extra point. He was now a forked buck and found companionship with a band of bucks, many of them boasting more points than he. With the does and fawns they would not mingle, instead ranging far above them following the retreating snow banks. Every fall saw him discard his gray summer dress for a thick, warm, bluish winter coating. Each spring he grew a new set of antlers with an added point. He became a goodly deer with many an antler mark on flank and shoulder, tokens of many combats with his fellows. Lithe, grace in every outline, deep--chested, he was a forest monarch, counting full ten prongs on his antlers of thirty inches spread. The cowboys who caught occasional glimpses of him came to call him Pronghorn. Timid he was no longer. He had learned to avoid the clumsy bear and the soft-footed cougar, but greeted the lynx and coyote with a snort of contempt. With another buck, a sixpointer, he sought the deepest recesses of the forest, and together they took their way to the other side of the Picachos and selected a new range high up on the rugged shoulder of a mountain overlooking the Colorado desert. Finding browse in plenty, they made their beds of dry leaves and pine needles under a gnarled juniper and were careful to have a clear view in all directions, while they themselves were hidden in the tree's drooping foliage.

The dull boom of a hunter's gun sounded far down the ridge and the faint odor of powder smoke came to them from where a city sportsman and his Indian guide were out at the first day of the season. Alert, they lay low in their beds, and presently down the wind from above came the faint sound of moccasined feet treading on dry pine needles, and the queer, strange scent that Chati had smelt the day the cow-pony had chased his mother in the arroyo. Noiselessly they arose and stole softly down the nearby cañon, crossed it and mounted to the opposite ridge, stopped in an alder thicket, and cautiously looked back to see the figure of the Indian with his rifle, stealing to the juniper tree. Probably to express his contempt for the Indian's maneuver, Pronghorn gave vent to two low snorts. This was near his undoing, for how was he to know that the khaki-clad city sportsman was posted by the Indian in that very alder thicket, and that the Indian suspected he would cross this cañon and stop there. The report of a heavy gun sounded from a dozen rods away, and Pronghorn feeling a stinging sensation in his hindquarters and frightened beyond measure, dashed clear of the thicket and ran, following six-pointer through the scrubby growth of pines. Three more shots followed them, all missed; but, if possible, the deer ran faster. Up the mountain they fled, through a pass near the summit and down on the other side, where Pronghorn lay down to lick his wound. Luckily, it was only a flesh wound, though it pained him much. Soon the Indian appeared running low on their trail, for the sportsman had offered him much money—as much as five adobe dollars—for Pronghorn's antlers. On they fled, again doubling, twisting through the defiles and over the ridges, and after them trailed the Indian. Yet he only caught occasional glimpses of them, and at night when twenty miles away gave up pursuit. Pronghorn nursed his wound and soon was well. He had learned of a new enemy even more terrible than the cougars, the rattlesnakes or the wolves.

Winter again came and the snow heaped high, forced them to seek the lower slopes for food, and they took their accustomed way down through the snowy moonlit forest. Far back on their trail sounded the howling of a pack of gray wolves. They quickened their pace to a trot, yet the sound of the howling grew louder and presently the pack appeared behind, skulking shadows gliding over the crusted snow. Breaking into a run away down the long slope went the deer with the speed of an arrow. Their antlers thrown far back on their shoulders offered no resistance to their progress through the brushy thickets, their course led down to the valley, across it and far into the hills to the east, the howls of their pursuers grew fainter and fainter until lost in the distance. Then they doubled on their trail and trotted off at right angles through the hills. But there was no eluding the pack of ferocious pursuers, mad with their winter hunger. Again they came in full cry and the tired deer turned and sought a refuge in the mountains to the east. Mile after mile they covered, the pack ever drawing nearer. In the gray light of dawn, the foremost wolf snapping at their heels they turned at bay. Whirling Pronghorn struck him savagely with his antlers and flung him far into the snow. Savage now was the pack's attack met with a defense as fierce. Braced back against a ledge of rocks the deer gave thrust of hoof and antler for gash of fang. A great gaunt wolf seized Pronghorn by the flank. With a mighty sweep of his antlers he caught vulpes and flung him far away. A second wolf gashed his exposed shoulder only to encounter the forward sweep of the antlers, which cut him from flank to shoulder and flung him dying among his snarling fellows. Suddenly a monster black-maned wolf dashed in and hamstrung Sixpointer. The snow reddened from the many wounds of antlers, hoofs and fangs. Sixpointer, now down, uttered a last despairing bleat, and Pronghorn leaped backward over the rock ledge, whirled and ran, leaving the pack busy with his unfortunate comrade. Far to the east he pursued his way with a great fear in his heart, and in a cedar thicket in Tonto Basin he found a refuge and lay down and licked his wounds. The cedars hung thick with purple berries, and on these he browsed. In a month his wounds had healed, and with the sure instinct of his species he sought and found his kind. Again he was the leader of a band of ten deer, leader by right of conquest, for he had vanquished them each in turn and they acknowledged his supremacy.

All winter long they ranged the hills. Down in a deep cañon the smoke of a trapper's camp fire curled lazily above the tree tops. They heard the sound of the trapper's axe and the barking of his dogs, and sometimes in the distance the boom of his gun. Occasionally they caught a glimpse of him climbing the trail with his clumsy burro loaded with traps. They did not know he was setting these traps for their enemies, the cougars and the wolves. They were suspicious of this trapper and avoided the trails he traveled and ceased to slake their thirst at the spring near his camp, and found a new feeding ground on the other side of a high ridge. Then Pronghorn had another adventure.

He was leading his band to a spring. The old scent of a cougar was in the air and he was watching the brushy thickets, else he should have certainly seen or scented the prints in the trail of the hob-nailed boots and the clumsy burro. A stick lay carelessly thrown across the trail. Pronghorn stepped over it and on the pan of the buried steel trap. Instantly the toothed jaws closed on his fetlocks. Snorting, he sprang away, dragging the trap from its setting. The heavy clog attached to the chain caught in the brush. Another bound and he had wrenched himself free, yet left half his hoof in the trap. Again he sought the cedar thicket and lay down and licked his maimed hoof and browsed on the purple berries. In a few weeks his hoof had grown out again, but twisted much like the upper half of a letter "f."

Spring came and the snow banks retreated to the high peaks of the Mogollon mountains, and with them went Pronghorn and his band. There they browsed with the cattle and invaded their salt grounds for a lick at the great pieces of salt the cowboys had packed from the distant railway station. The cowboys came to know his trail by the crooked hoof print and its large size. "Crooked Toe," they named him. Yet they had seen him but once, on Cañon Diablo, when they had kicked up the dust all about him with their .45's. In the snow of early winter Pronghorn, his band now scattered, took his lonely way to the Tonto Basin range. The snow lay heavy on the foothills when he arrived at the old familiar cedar thicket, and the smoke from the trapper's campfire again rose lazily above the treetops.

He ate his fill of the purple berries and then took his way to the nearby spring to slake his thirst, for he had traveled far and long. He did not see a large cougar crouched on a great boulder by which he must pass, nor did the light wind from the opposite direction bring any warning to his keen nose. He came past the boulder, and like a flash the cougar sprang. Quick as was the cougar the deer was even quicker, and turning he caught the big cat squarely on the great antlers.

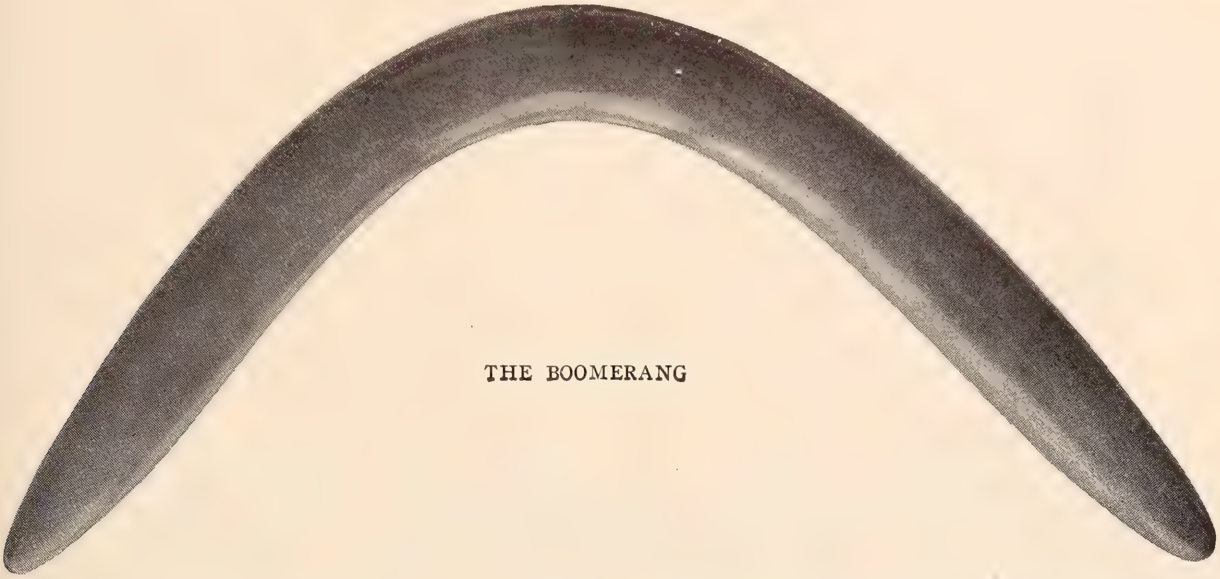
It had been a battle royal, so the trapper said when an hour later he came and read the story in the reddened trampled snow, flecked with tufts of bloody cougar fur and shreds of deer skin. The cougar, pierced to his vitals, had dragged himself behind the boulder and died. At the spring lay Pronghorn, his antlers bathed in his enemy's blood and his eyes glazed in death.

Once more the bleat of a new-born fawn was heard in the Picachos, which began learning its daily lesson from the forest and its dwellers. Such is the way of the woods.

DAN BEARD AND THE BOYS

SONS OF DANIEL BOONE.

We are rather apt to flatter ourselves that we civilized people are very much more clever than Indians, bushmen and other savages. But the more we look into the matter the more likely we are to discover that the real, wild men are quite smart fellows in their own way. If any of the Sons of Daniel Boone should be fortunate enough to take a long canoe trip with real Indians, he will, no doubt, find that, though the Indian is a very humble and submissive personage just as long as he is in the white man's country, a few hours after plunging into the wilderness he seems somehow to have changed his relationship towards his employer. In the settlement the white man was the "big boss" and Mr. Indian kept very much in the background. But ere the first camp shall have been made, the Indian seems to have grown vastly in importance and his white friends have begun to realize—and the more experienced they are the more likely they are to thoroughly realize this—that they have found their master. The Indian can shoot a rapid, carry a load, make camp, in fact do any "stunt" in woodcraft, in a way that makes emulation on the part of the white man absolutely hopeless.



THE BOOMERANG

He will find food to support life where a civilized man would inevitably starve to death; and travelers tell us that these traits are not confined to North American Indians, but are found highly developed wherever the wild man exists.

It has been claimed that there are three inventions that may not be improved upon: the birch-bark canoe, the snowshoe and the violin; and of these three, two owe their birth to the ingenuity of the Indian brain.

We should be inclined to add a fourth invention to this list of non-perfectable inventions.

Supposing that you, instead of being a Son of Daniel Boone, and living under the American flag in the twentieth century, had been born beneath the Southern Cross, on the great island continent of Australia, a couple of hundred years ago, and had been confronted with the following problem:

All around you were to be seen great herds of kangaroo and wallaby. The lagoons fringing the great Murray river were swarming with black-headed swans and that queer, half-animal, half-birdlike creature, known as the duck-billed platypus. You had no butcher store to call upon for meat, no baker to go to for bread, no grocer for canned goods of any kind; but you had the fine, keen appetite of a wild man, and a very strong desire to secure some of these animals and birds for the pot. Yet, iron you had none, powder was to you unknown, a club would not reach them and your people had not invented the bow because there was no wood suitable for such weapons in the part of the world where you lived.

Now is the time to show your mettle; let us see if you are a smart fellow, or merely the poor, ignorant, half-apish creature the civilized world believes you to be.

Let me tell you, now, how you solved this problem. You had noticed that when you threw a branch having a particular curve, like the bend of an elbow, it sailed through the air for a surprising distance. Not only so, but you found that, with a little practice, you could make it go about where you wished.

One day, in practicing with one of these crooked branches you had picked up in the wood, you came across one that had been riven asunder. This you threw into the air almost horizontally, and, to your surprise, when it had reached the extremity of its flight, it circled gracefuly about and returned almost to your feet. This had set you a-thinking, and now that you sorely needed a weapon to kill a few of these fat beasts and birds, you bethought yourself of that crooked, riven branch. So you broke off another of the same kind from a small tree growing in the bush, and trimmed this with a sharp flint, until it was flat on one side, slightly rounded on the other, and pointed at either end. Your first efforts were not very successful; but just as you feared that you would have to lay yourself down in the shade and die, you came on a noble, black-headed swan in a small pond, and, by a lucky shot, threw your weapon so that it hit his long neck fairly in the middle, and the great bird floated, dead, within a few feet of the rushy shore. Now, the food question seemed in a fair way to be solved, and so it was.

You and your fellow-tribesmen worked on the invention, perfected it somewhat and the result was the *boomerang*.

The other day as I was strolling on Twenty-third street, which, as you know, is one of the busiest streets of this great cosmopolitan city, my eye lit upon a boomerang. It immediately occurred to me that this was just one of those things my boys were looking for, and so I went in and bought it, and shall now attempt to describe it to you, so that any intelligent lad can make one for himself without much fear of failure.

The particular boomerang I am describing was made in London, and is, consequently, not an Australian boomerang at all; but it is a very fair imitation of the real thing, and quite good enough to begin with.

Its total length, measured along the curve, is 27 inches. On one side it is perfectly flat. On the other side it curves gently from side to side, the thickness in the centre being half an inch. For seventeen inches its width is exactly 1⅞ inches, namely, for 9 inches on either side of the centre of the bend. From these points to the extremities it diminishes slowly and gracefully, the ends being slightly rounded.

The weight of the boomerang is 6 ounces.

The weapon I am describing is made of European ash that has evidently been steamed and bent while hot. Our American ash or elm would be likely to be good materials—the elm especially, as it is heavier and more durable.

The instructions that accompany this imported boomerang state, "This is the native weapon of the aborigines of Australia, just as the tomahawk was the weapon of the American Indians and the assegai of the Zulu. In the hands of the expert it can be made to strike any given object or return to the hand of the thrower at will."

You will not be able, at first, however, to do just as you like with the boomerang. It will take practice, and lots of practice, to give you complete control of it.

As a starter, go to some level field, free from stones, if possible, otherwise your boomerang may be broken when it hits the earth. Hold the boomerang firmly by the end, keeping the bent side outwards, and then throw, at first gently, and, as you acquire experience, with more vigor. If you throw it slightly upwards, so that the flat surface slides, as it were, upon a cushion of air, the boomerang will describe a circle and return to the place from which it was thrown.

The Australian black boy can do the most wonderful tricks with his boomerang. But you will find it rather a tricky weapon; though one that is capable of affording an immense amount of amusement.

Do not forget, however, that you must be careful not to throw it at a companion, or at any animal or bird that you do not wish to hurt, because, owing to its shape and the velocity with which it flies it is quite capable of inflicting a severe and even dangerous wound.

The sons of Daniel Boone should make a point of reading the article on moccasins, by Mr. Tappan Adney. It will be found in the Referendum, and as it is well illustrated, there should be no difficulty in anyone not being "shod with silence."

RESULTS OF THE ROUND-UP

HABITS OF ANTELOPE.

BY ALEX. M'DONALD

Here, in the heart of the antelope country of the great Northwest, we see these animals almost every day, and can always make sure of seeing them if we care to, an hour or two after leaving the ranch house.

I have always thought I should hate to be an antelope, as their only salvation is continual watchfulness. They are always on the lookout for danger, and it takes mighty little to start them on a dead run.

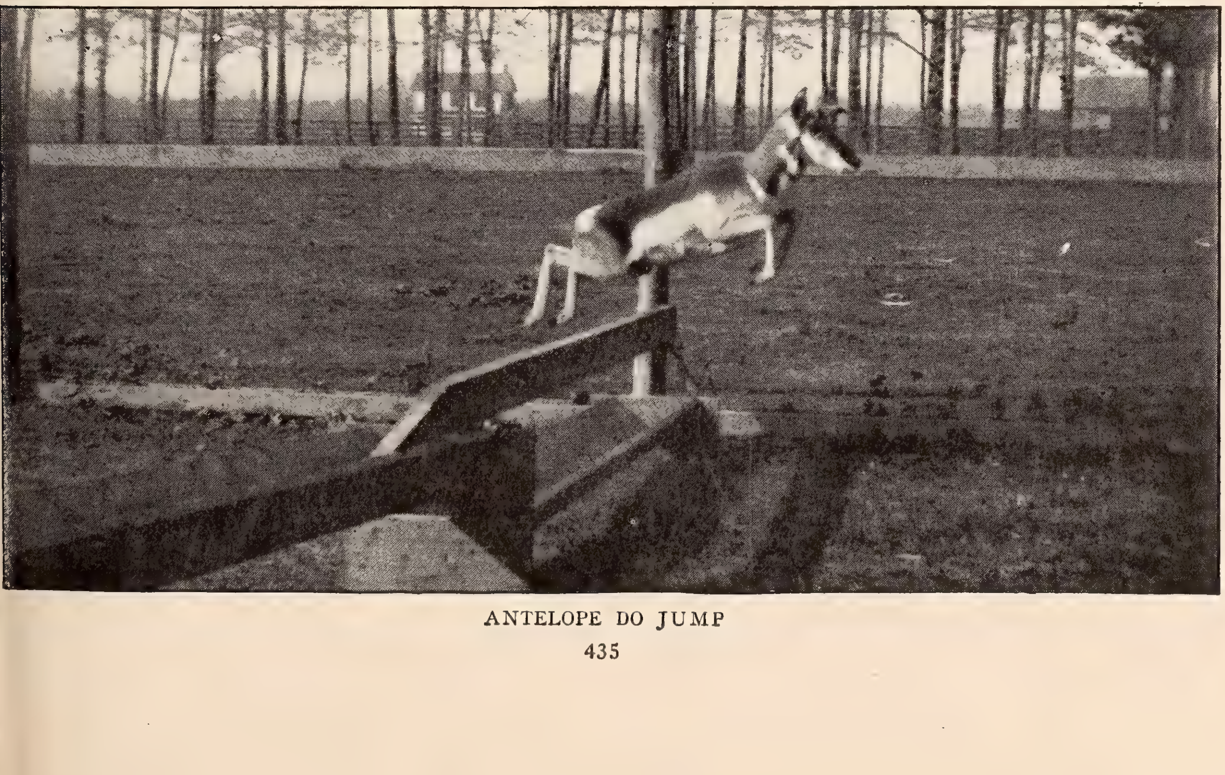
They can outrun anything that lives, excepting a good deerhound or greyhound. Some of our best dogs are half Scotch deerhound and half greyhound; but a dog of the pure Glengarry breed, though not quite so fast as the greyhound cross, is a more useful hound, as he is not afraid to tackle a timber wolf, should one be put up, and he is death to the coyote.

In the late spring all our antelope work their way into the sand hill country along the South Saskatchewan. This land is utterly valueless for farming purposes, but seems to suit the antelope, and in this great stretch of uninhabited country they rear their young undisturbed. In the late fall they are back in numbers. But all do not leave us in the summer, a few staying round the ranch all the year.

Our pastures are wired, and are generally three or four miles square. When a band of antelope gets into one of these pastures they cannot get out again, unless we leave a gate open. There have been three antelope in one pasture for nearly a year. I have never seen them try to jump the wired fence, which in places is only three feet high. I have heard and read of antelope jumping all kinds of obstruction, but it is the general belief here that an antelope will not jump over anything a foot high.

There will be plenty of antelope in this country for many a long year to come.

But sometimes even the old hunters are mistaken about the habits of game. Here is a photograph of an antelope making a huge jump.—EDITOR.



ANTELOPE DO JUMP

COLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

THE VARSITY TEAMS.

The tendency of the college man, particularly the undergraduate, to exaggerate, is so pronounced that it is hard before the start of any season to get an adequate idea of the possibilities ahead from any estimate made by an interested party. It is equally difficult before the gathering of the candidates, and not easy then, to judge the material on which the teams must build. It is impossible to say how the system to be employed will be suited to the material at hand or to what extent the coaches, swayed by changing conditions, will adapt their system to their material. All these things go to make or mar the success of every one of the elevens that appears on the college gridiron, and for any one to accurately attempt to forecast a month before the outcome of the big games is to court ridicule. At this time it is only practicable to indicate the possibilities of the teams as they appear from the elements that will go to make up the results and leave these results for time to develop.

Two weeks before the gathering of candidates at the larger universities there was a pronounced tendency to assume that Harvard and Pennsylvania would have the strongest teams of the year and would find no difficulty in defeating Yale or Princeton, were they to play the Tigers; that Yale was in sore straits, and the Tigers almost as badly off; that Cornell had excellent possibilities and might defeat Princeton; that Columbia was likely to prove the butt of all the larger teams, and that West Point, Carlisle, and Dartmouth would be strong enough to worry any opponent. In the main these statements were true, but they were so grossly exaggerated as to be worthless.

Take first of all, Harvard. That the crimson has this year the largest lot of experienced material of any of the colleges is true, but no one should overlook the character of that material. Had Harvard last year on her team more than one man who played first-class football in every sense? And if given the same men even against inferior Yale or Pennsylvania teams would they be likely to develop into first-class players? Viewed from that standpoint, even though the Cambridge team will have experience, it is not the sort of experienced material that any coach would care to pin much faith upon unless there can be infused into it a very different spirit from that it has shown in any previous season. That Reid has this inspiring faculty is true, but it is likely that the final eleven when it appears on the field in the Yale game will contain comparatively few of the men who played last year.

It is well known that Harvard has run to brawn rather than to activity. The big 300 pounder has received consideration, whereas at any of the other three big colleges he would have been found in the discard almost from the first. The rangy type that marked every other team has with few exceptions been woefully absent from Harvard's since 1893, and without that type success is almost impossible unless one has the aid of exceptional backs of Dibblee or Daly type.

Harvard has not this year Dalys or Dibblees. She has a first-class lot of material for a back field, but it will take a line of first-class men to enable her to beat Pennsylvania and to be sure of victory over Yale. Reid is very likely to discard many of the big fat men of last year's Harvard team, and to find in the student body at Harvard new men to take their places who will fill the bill, but there is really no certainty that she will be victorious and there is a big chance, especially against Pennsylvania, that she will not.

So, too, Pennsylvania's strength has been exaggerated. She has many old men of last year's team who are playing again, and some good men in the places of those who are absent. The loss, however, of Piekarksi and Smith in the offense, and Smith in defense is a mighty hard blow to counteract. The loss of a tackle and an end will be difficult to replace, and the necessity of building around different men from those who were the foundation of last year's attack and defense is a serious weakness. Nevertheless the chances of the Quakers appear better than Harvard's, all things considered, and it is more likely that she will realize what is expected of her than that the Crimson will.

The main strength of Pennsylvania lies in little Stevenson, whose abilities are truly phenomenal. They are sure of a centre and quarter-back working satisfactorily together, and three backs behind the quarter who have played with him. These are important in attack, but to fill up the holes in the line is more important, and to find reliable bucking runners of the Smith and Piekarkski type essential. Lamson can take the work of Piekarkski and do it quite as well, Draper and Rooke or Horr look good enough to fill the vacant places in the line, and Weede at end is superior to Drake, who is gone. Folwell at full-back is a bully player, though below Smith's standard, so that with added experience it looks as though Pennsylvania would solve her problems very nicely.

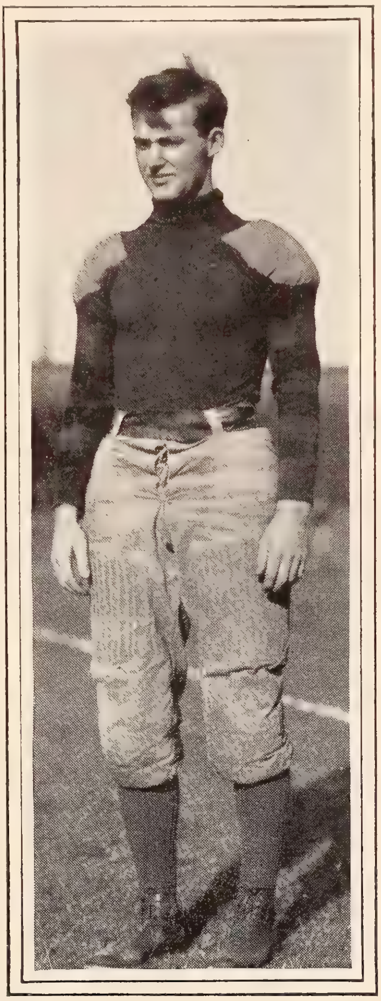
Now as to Princeton. It has been said that the Tigers are badly off because of the loss of so many men of last year's team. As a matter of fact, with one or two exceptions, those men will never be missed. She has substitutes from last year for every place who are almost if not quite up to the standard of the men who are gone. Where she will feel their loss, and probably seriously, is in the absence of satisfactory substitutes to replace men who will have to retire because of injuries or weakness.

To build one side of a line with material at hand like Rafferty, Waller, and O'Brien is not difficult. To replace a quarterback like Burke, when Tenney is probably his superior, is not a hardship, and it is likely McCormick, Daub and Moore will prove as satisfactory a back field as Princeton will need, barring accidents. If the team has any weakness it will probably prove the back field, however, for there are not as many capable men as the Tiger usually has to carry the ball forward. Of course the absence of men like Ritter and Stannard will be felt, but there is nothing in the outlook of the team to cause the loud lamentations the Nassau supporters have already set up.

At New Haven there is more real cause to complain. The absence of Hogan and Bloomer would cripple any team, no matter how strong the substitutes. These two men have carried the brunt of attack and defence ever since they have been factors in Yale football. The loss of Kinney is scarcely less serious, and Neal at end is not easy to replace. The back field vacancies do not amount to a picayune. There is enough good back field material at Yale this year to supply three good teams and the loss of any man would not be felt.

The New Haven team will have a line that will not be a weak one by any means. It is true that she has lost not only three of the best men out of her last year's forwards, but several of the best of her substitutes as well, but she can to-day put in the field seven forwards every one of whom is a veteran and every one fine specimens of physical manhood. Andrews, who was ineligible last year, is a first-class tackle. Forbes, who played at Wesleyan, is a star in the position, and Cates, Giles and Erwin are all ends who should develop into mighty strong players. If necessary, Shevlin could be shifted to tackle and a new end placed in his stead who would be as strong as most teams can boast.

Yale would truly be in a bad way, however, if she should find it necessary to replace any of these men with substitutes later in the season, and she must lack something in steadiness on account of that fear of injury. If all of them are able to play the season through, she will make a credible showing against both Princeton and Harvard, even though she should be beaten by both.


CAPT. REYNOLDS, U. OF P.

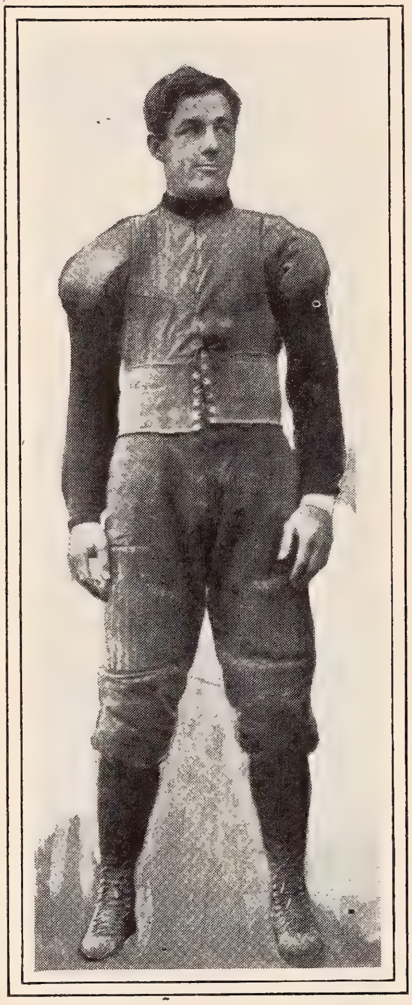
Really there is no team in the field that is the equal of Cornell in the point of material. She has heavy men in plenty, and they appear to be the kind of heavy men who combine with their weight, activity and intelligence. Her weakness is that these men are in the main new men, playing for the first time on a big college team. It is doubtful if there is the same spirit of helping in the Cornell team that would make them valuable elsewhere. Then, too, there is a strong probability that they will either be coddled too much or be overconfident, and either fault, appearing more than once at Cornell, would spell failure.

Coupled with a strong, active line, Cornell has good backfield material. Properly handled, they should be welded together in a team that will be mighty hard for both Pennsylvania and Princeton to beat.

At Columbia there is the usual boom that starts every season, but from the appearance of the men who have reported thus far for practice, there is nothing to indicate particular strength or possibilities even equal to those shown last year. The New Yorkers are further handicapped by the fact that they have by far the hardest schedule of any of the elevens playing, and certainly the poorest arranged of any. It will tax the Columbia eleven quite a bit to defeat in succession the three New England teams she plays in October without having Yale, Princeton, Cornell, and Pennsylvania follow on without a respite. None but the very best team could hope to succeed in the face of such a schedule, and Columbia will not have the very best team by a long shot.

When it comes to the smaller colleges, it looks as though West Point and the Carlisle Indians would be unusually strong. The army boys have nearly all their old men back and many new ones who look like strong candidates for the vacancies. They play three of the big teams and should worry every one of the three. But this is nothing new for West Point. If they fail to score victory in one of the three games it will be a matter of surprise to those who have watched the army boys at practice.

Harvard is the first of the big elevens to tackle them. Harvard should by that time have their eleven in such shape that they will be able to save defeat in all probability, but if they fancy they will have an easy time in doing it, they will find themselves grossly mistaken. The others follow two weeks later, and both Yale and Princeton will have to work to the limit of their possibility to win.



HURLEY, H. U. HALF-BACK

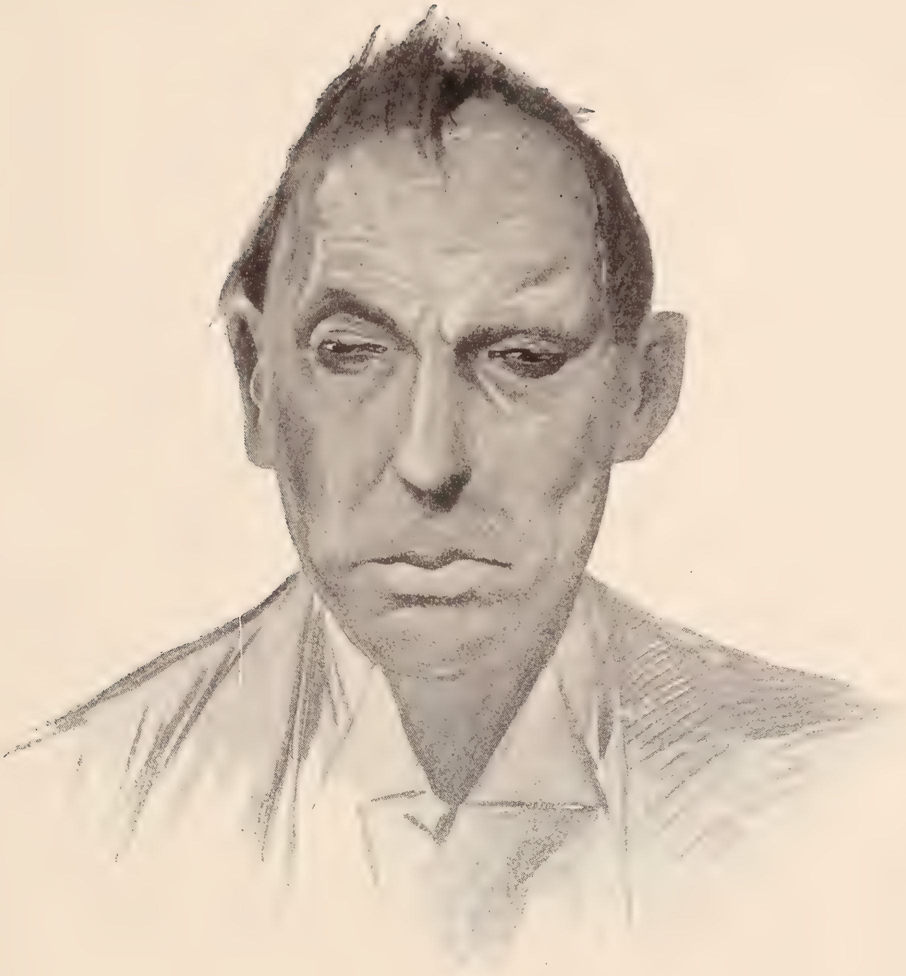
The Carlisle Indians are more uncertain. They have the material to make any team hustle to win. They are coached by the brightest inventive mind in football today. There is no man who can develop more ingenius plays than George Woodruff, and, uninterfered with, he would have his team capable of putting them into effect. The one weakness he has as a coach is a tendency to neglect elementary training, and this is in a measure discounted by the natural aptitude of the Indian for the elements of play. On the other hand, the low mentality of his subjects is against him and this may interfere with his success. Then, too, the teams invariably show a tendency to rattle, and a tendency to let up in their play. These are traits that spell defeat whenever practiced, so that the team can be counted on with no certainty. In other words, the Indians are likely to prove dangerous opponents to both Harvard and Pennsylvania, and if they don't win, will give a good account of themselves in both games.

The Dartmouth team is another that will prove no easy mark. It plays Harvard in November, and is likely to push the Crimson to the limit for the third consecutive year. It is likely to win its games against its other opponents and to make a record that it will be well proud of at the end of the year.

So much for the East. In the West, the Michigan team looks to be weaker than last year, but still strong enough to win in all its games. Chicago ought to again give them a hard tussle, and Wisconsin to have a better chance against them than last year. Most critics look to Chicago to win from Wisconsin. Illinois, Northwestern and Minnesota look to have the nucleus of good elevens.

The season East and West will be an unusually active one. Football has taken a hold on the American public that even baseball does not supersede. With the advances made steadily in the science of the game at the smaller colleges, they are giving the larger teams harder and harder battles for supremacy. They can never reach the high standard that the big four maintain, for they have not the men, but every year some new candidate appears with an exceptional lot of players to give trouble to the best. These teams are liable to spring up anywhere. Where will they appear in 1905?

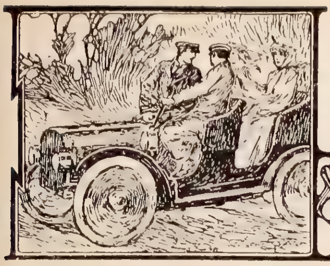
But after all, it is the very uncertainty of the game that attracts. When there happens to be an exceptionally strong team pitted against a lot of weak ones, interest is almost at the vanishing point. The present season promises well. Even the seventh son of a seventh son would hardly venture to name the winner, and any team in the field has grounds for confidence and hope.



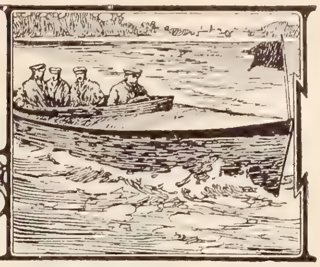
THE MAN WHO "NEVER CARED FOR SPORT."

Drawn by ROY MARTELL MASON

MOTORING IN THE ROCKIES



MOTORING



By WILLARD NIXON

AUTOMOBILE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE ALWAYS WELCOMED BY THE EDITOR OF THIS DEPARTMENT. THEY SHOULD BE SENT ON APPROVAL TO WILLARD NIXON.

AUTOMOBILE AND GUN.

An evidence of the growing appreciation of the automobile by sportsmen is indicated by a novel plan of a quartette of Boston enthusiasts. The regular body of a 40 h. p. touring car was removed, and a new and larger body substituted, equipped with four folding berths with pneumatic mattresses, giving sleeping accommodations for the entire party. The car is supplied with a ten-foot, water-proof canvas; is lighted by incandescent lamps, current being furnished from storage batteries; and is also heated by an electric radiator, which is also put in commission as a cook stove. The car is now at Sebago Lake, where the sportsmen are enjoying it with a degree of satisfaction which may easily be guessed. Naturally all automobilists do not have such large cars and cannot transfer them into movable camps, but any reader of RECREATION will appreciate the value of an automobile for a shooting trip, as it permits him to go long distances from railroads, and to be entirely independent of having to hire teams.

Did you ever stop to realize that the gasolene in the tank might prove very useful on such a trip? Imagine a camp at the side of rain-soaked woods where no tinder can be found! A little bunch of waste soaked with gasolene from the tank, and the foundation for a camp-fire is ready. Truly the automobile has many possibilities for lovers of outdoors.

THE APPEARANCE OF A CAR.

Although most owners are careful to keep the machinery of their automobiles in good order, the bearings well greased, the electrical equipment in good working shape, and all nuts and bolts tight and brakes well adjusted, yet at the same time too little attention is paid to the appearance of the car, and the body is permitted to go unwashed inside and out, the engine and machinery to collect dirt and grease, and rust to form on certain parts of the car which ought to be clean and bright. Such neglect does not interfere with the best running of the car, but it detracts greatly from its appearance on the road.

Many an owner who has made no special effort to have his car well groomed at all times has experienced a change of heart and regretted his indifference when he came to sell his machine. It is a common practice now among automobilists to get a new car every year, if they can afford it, for the reason that every season's experience brings new ideas to the automobilist, and when the new models are ready for the market, more power, greater seating capacity or improved mechanical features form an irresistible appeal. Consequently he looks about for a purchaser for his old car, and although he may claim, and justly so, that it is in perfect working order, if it be dingy, rusty, and battered up in appearance, he cannot expect to get even a reasonable price for it. It may be seen, therefore, that it is highly important to maintain the appearance of the car as well as to maintain the machinery.

HOW TO KEEP A CAR BRIGHT.

In washing a car, the mud should be soaked off and not wiped off, and if a sponge is used, it should be applied very gently so as not to scratch the varnish. In using a hose, be careful not to spatter water over the machinery. Nothing is better than chamois for wiping down the panels to a bright finish. The inside of the body needs attention, too, as the leather upholstery should be kept clean, especially if it is of the tufted variety so apt to collect dust in the creases and around the buttons. Linoleum is to be preferred on the floor of the tonneau and front seats, as it can be cleaned absolutely with gasolene, whereas carpet is difficult to clean and rubber is affected by gasolene and oil. Brass polish should be used regularly on the lamps and other brass work. Aluminum paint has been used to a very considerable extent on motors, but to the mind of the writer it is not nearly so satisfactory as black paint so composed as not to be affected by heat—Venetian black is an excellent preparation, and better than aluminum paint on account of the way it sticks to the metal and doesn't show finger marks. Aluminum paint soils very readily, and does not wear so well as Venetian black.

An excellent preparation for the steps, brake rods, and such metal parts of the car as are finished in black, is asphaltum paint, which costs approximately $1.00 a gallon, and may be applied by anyone. This paint adheres very closely to iron wears well, and is thoroughly satisfactory.

When a car begins to look dingy, even though it has been well cared for, a coat of varnish and free use of the asphaltum paint referred to above, will work wonders. The cost of varnishing a small car is from $12 to $15, this price including re-enameling of the mud guards and thorough cleaning preparatory to applying the varnish. Similar treatment of a large car costs from $30 to $35, and in both cases the expense is well justified. A very considerable proportion of the cost of re-varnishing lies in the thorough cleaning, and any owner can do this. Grease spots may be removed by gasolene, and plenty of soap and water on the body, and possibly a little paint here and there will prepare the car for the varnish very nicely, and so the total cost to the owner of varnishing may be very considerably reduced. It is inadvisable for a novice to attempt to re-varnish a car, as he will be almost certain to make a botch of it. Better do the cleaning thoroughly and the touching-up, if you can, and then turn it over to the carriage builder or painter. The rapid deterioration of an automobile in appearance is in part due to the fact that oil is used on it from one end to another, and mud and dirt collect on it because it is used more than a horse-drawn vehicle, runs farther and faster in a day, and the only way to keep it looking well is to be vigilant constantly.

When an owner tries to sell his car, he will find that every hour and every dollar spent in keeping the car looking well will be paid for two or three times over.

MOTOR CYCLING.

The popularity of the motor bicycle is more real than evident, owing to the large amount of talk and printed statements about automobiles. There are certainly some very hot enthusiasts, and one motor cyclist is now on his way across the Continent—namely Captain Chadeayne, of the Buffalo Motor Cycle Club—a trip which seemingly should be a lonely and uncomfortable one, but which will undoubtedly be heartily enjoyed by the rider.

A new motor cycle has been brought out in Germany which seems to me to be about the best thing of the kind ever produced. It is equipped with a little four-cylinder air-cooled engine, power being communicated to the rear wheel by a propeller shaft drive. The current for the ignition is supplied by a small magneto driven from the engine. The vehicle is very light and neat in appearance, and runs almost noiselessly. A Boston firm has secured the American agency, and expects to import a large number during the coming season, and it is reported that one of the largest automobile manufacturers has obtained the patents.

PRICES NOT LOWER.

Unless every sign fails, the prices of automobiles for 1906 products of the well-known and reputable makers will not be any lower. On the other hand, if anything, somewhat higher, owing to the fact that everything is going to cost more in 1906. No part of the automobile can be purchased as cheaply as it was this season, and as the American makers are proceeding on the right lines, and improving their product all the time, it doesn't seem reasonable and proper to suppose that the coming year should disclose any remarkable bargains in the catalogues of really reliable makers. One prominent maker of low-priced cars (Olds) has formally announced that the price of their well-known runabout will remain unchanged, the conditions not warranting any cheapening of their product, either in quality or in price.

CONTESTS.

The New York Motor Club has proposed to hold a six-day economy contest, and the idea is an excellent one. Briefly, the plan is to start each morning at New York and make a day's run from 100 to 150 miles, the cars being stored each night in New York, and thus adding greatly to the interest, permitting spectators to see more of the cars and study their performances much better than on one single long run—say from New York to Chicago.

This event is scheduled for the latter part of October, so that by the time this issue of Recreation is printed, the event will be held, if it is to be held at all, but in the opinion of the writer the Motor Club promoted this event too late in the season to give enough time to work up the proper amount of enthusiasm among the makers or owners.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION

ABOUT TELESCOPES.

We certainly have lived in a groove as far as telescopic sights go. For years they have been looked upon as a sort of underhand advantage, and riflemen of rigidly correct ideas would not condescend to use them.

Yet, in target shooting we have allowed palm rests, Schutzen butts, hair triggers, abnormally heavy barrels, spirit levels, wind gauges and vernier sights, though we turned balky immediately the telescope was proposed as an additional fitting.

LONG RANGE SHOOTING

It looks as though the telescope were to emerge from its long night. Last spring the Zettler rifle club permitted the use of the sight at its indoor championship. And this famous club has followed up its initial action by permitting the use of the telescope at its thirty-first annual festival and tournament recently held at Union Hill, N. J.

In a few years it may possibly be difficult to find a target rifle unprovided with a telescope. It is true that the telescope is not such an enormous advantage for young eyes, as the uninitiated believe; but it is a vast advantage as soon as the eye begins to lose its power of compensation, and even in the case of men with perfect eyes and under twenty-five years of age, the telescope is an advantage.

Of course, it takes a certain amount of practice to teach how it should be used, and this very practice has hitherto been denied the American riflemen through the barring of telescopes in all-important competitions.

One of the signs of the times is the interest that manufacturers are now showing in the telescope. As we all know, that most enterprising firm, the Stevens Arms Company, went into the manufacture of telescopes on a large scale a couple of years ago, and they are experiencing quite a boom as a result of their foresight. Other American makers are also doing well.

Messrs. C. P. Goerz & Co., the eminent opticians, whose branch houses in London, Paris and New York are almost as well known as the parent establishment, are introducing a new telescope of exquisite workmanship, that will be placed on sale in this country in a few weeks. No doubt others will follow these leads, especially if the use of telescopes be permitted in target competitions. It will be well, however, before our riflemen undertake to use telescopes, for them to study up the construction of these useful little instruments.

They will find that the perfect telescope does not exist. High magnification, good definition, a large, bright field and a small, handy telescope are qualities that can hardly be combined. The whole art of shooting and the implements used therein are compromises, and the rifle telescope is no exception. For hunting, a large, bright field is essential, and, as the shooting is usually done in a strictly off-hand position, generally with the left arm well extended, a certain amount of movement in the barrel must be anticipated, and so a power of about four diameters is found best for the average man. If you increase the power you diminish the field, and the image becomes fainter. Moreover, the movement of the cross hairs, or whatever sighting device you prefer, becomes exaggerated, in fact, the tyro almost has an attack of vertigo when he looks through his 'scope. Everything seems to be dancing about, and he gains the impression that his holding is very unsteady. It does not, of course, follow that he is right, and were he aiming with open sights he would flatter himself that he was dead on to the mark.

These troubles are not met with to the same extent when a low power is used, and if we select, say, a four power, a mark at 200 yards appears to be 50 yards away, and an 8-in. bull's eye at apparently 50 yards has a very encouraging appearance. Or, if we are shooting at a deer and that deer be 100 yards distant, the animal will seem to be but 25 yards from where we stand.

For offhand shooting at the target, some experienced riflemen can use a power as high as twelve with advantage; but the beginner will not be able so to do.

He may work up to 8 power, and, perhaps, he may never care to go beyond that; if he goes beyond twelve he will certainly make a mistake.

For rest shooting, powers as high as 18 and 20 are used; but such high magnification is not advisable for any other kind of work.

The engineer's transit generally has a telescope ranging in power from twenty upwards; but this is fixed to a tripod of solid construction.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

Editor Recreation:

In your September issue I read an article by Mr. John Rowley, in which he makes a number of statements with which I cannot agree.

Mr. Rowley seems to think that the only possible use a revolver can be put to, is to go murdering with. That any one who can hit a 5-inch target at 15 feet, and do it quickly, should be satisfied. Mr. Rowley will find that he represents a very small percentage of the men who use revolvers.

I have noticed that the men who favor the .45 cal. Colt are generally much opposed to any other pistol. Are they afraid that some bad man will pot them at long range with a .38 S. & W. special,, or worse yet, he might use an automatic and take deliberate aim, just the same as if he were shooting at a target.

If Mr. Rowley is so well satisfied with the .45 cal. Colt, well and good, I am sure no one wishes to take his gun away from him. Do not knock something another man is trying to get, just because you are satisfied yourself; that is too much like the dog in the manger.

There are a few gifted mortals, not more than one in a hundred, who are able to shoot a pistol without aim, but the most of us want sights and good ones, too. Wild Bills are few and far between, and we don't expect to equal their records.

I never was a good pistol shot, and if I tried to use one in Mr. Rowley's style I would be still worse. To make a good shot I have to take careful aim.

At the same time I can use a rifle as quickly and effectively as most people. I can break bottles thrown in the air, and do pretty good work on a running deer, and I always take aim at them, too. My idea of a revolver is that it is a weapon to use when you have nothing better.

When working on a pack train in Alaska, where a rifle would have been very much in the way, I carried a .44 S. & W., American model, single action pistol, to shoot grouse along the trail, and I got a lot of them, too; very few I shot at got away. The old gun was a little out of date, and very heavy; it had an 8-inch barrel, but it was still accurate, and many a time it furnished the only meat we had in weeks. And I always intend to keep it on that account, although there are much better revolvers on the market now.

If a man cannot be reasonably sure of hitting a 6-inch target at 20 yards he has a poor pistol, or else he is a poor shot.

I enclose a target made by me with a .22 S. & W., 3-inch barrel, distance 32 feet, 10 shots, 8 of which struck the target.

This was the first time I ever used that revolver, and a few days later I lost it, and that brought my practice to a close.

That little gun was the best I ever used. I have made better targets with it, but have no more of them left. I would like to see something in RECREATION in regard to telescope sights. I once owned a Sidle scope, mounted on a 30-30 Windish. It was built for hunting, and it was the prettiest sight I ever looked through. The telescope cost $13.50 and the mountings, $6.50. Both were worthless, a few shots would loosen the clamp-nut on the receiver plate. The telescope was mounted on the side of the barrel, so that the sight would do its own elevating. This was Sidle's best rear mounting. At least, he said so, and charged accordingly. I made a few good shots with this combination, and some of the worst shots I ever made with any gun. I would not take one of those telescopes as a gift.

I would like to hear from some one who has used a Duplex telescope on either a hunting or target rifle. If I ever get another telescope I will have it mounted on top of the barrel, and have open sights on top of it for quick shooting.

J. C. Anderson, Sacramento, Cal.

DISAGREES WITH ROWLEY.

Editor RECREATION:

I am very much interested in the articles of my brother "pistol" cranks which you have been publishing, and now would like to say my little say. To start with, in my opinion, we will never have an all-round revolver—that is one that would be just right for the cowboy, the army, the civilian, and last but not least, the target-shooter. Brother Rowley in last month's magazine kicks like a bay steer at what he calls fancy sights. In the regular shoots of the Louisville Revolver Club rapid fire matches are always in order, and the men shooting with target sights invariably beat the open-sight users. That proves to me, at least, that the target sight is not a drawback in fast shooting. It is all in getting used to it.

And, likewise, he ought not to get angry with us poor gallery shots because we practice on a one-inch bull's-eye 15 or twenty yards, instead of an eight-inch bull at five yards, as he suggests. If I was that close to an opponent I would feel more like hitting him over the head with the gun than shooting at him.

Then he discusses penetration. Does he know that the .38 special S. & W. is one of the very hardest shooting revolver cartridges made, and the penetration an inch or more than the .44 Russian?

However, we all think different, and it is a very good thing for the manufacturers. Personally, I ought to be in the very front row of "cranks." I have a .22 Remington target pistol which I carry on my fishing trips for shots at occasional turtles, green-frogs or snakes. Then I use a .44 Russian, Bisley target model, Colt 7½ in. barrel in target matches. It is a single action, and is very accurate. Last, but not least, I have a .38 special S. & W. revolver, target sights, which I carry in a shoulder holster when needed. This is a splendid weapon, and is about the nearest approach to the ideal revolver.

I load shells for both calibres, using L. & R. "Bull's-eye" powder—reduced loads and the small conical bullets for short range work, and full load and heavy bullet for long range. Will be glad to send exact load to any of my brother "target" shooters if they wish.

RECREATION is a very good magazine these days, and I eagerly await my current number.

"Kentucky."

WANTS INFORMATION.

Editor RECREATION:

In reference to the remarks of Mr. Rawlings in your issue of September, 1905, regarding the respective killing powers of the Mannlicher 8 mm. and 6.5 mm. rifles, it seems paradoxical that the 6.5 mm. rifle should give more satisfactory results than the 8 mm., since the theoretic striking force in the latter weapon is so much superior, but these results may be accounted for by the 6.5 mm. possessing the more suitable bullet. The English gunmakers, Holland, Jeffries and others, manufacture patent bullets possessing great powers of expansion and, probably, the Englishmen who were accompanied by Mr. Rawlings were using some such bullets. Furthermore, the quicker twist of the 6.5 mm. might cause it to give a more deadly wound. Having followed very closely and with intense pleasure and interest the large and small calibre discussion in your journal, I have been induced to make the above suggestions. Presumably some of your better informed contributors might throw further light on the subject.

"Vindex,"
Pittsburg, Pa.

KILLING POWERS OF SHOT.

Editor RECREATION:

I have just received the back numbers of RECREATION and cannot refrain from saying a word or two. I am agreeably surprised at the improvement.

I notice the arguments as to the killing of deer with No. 4 shot. Several years ago I shot a white-tail buck with No. 4 shot, and it only ran about fifty yards and dropped dead. On stepping the distance from where I was when I fired the shot to where the buck stood, I found it to be 86 steps, and they were not short ones. On skinning the deer I found that two of the shot had passed be-

tween the ribs and into the heart, killing him almost instantly. Wishing you success, I am sincerely yours. C. W. Mergarlidge,
Wolf, Wyoming.

TO KILL WOODCHUCK.

Editor RECREATION:

Am a constant reader of RECREATION, and find it the most interesting of about ten or twelve magazines left at my house each month. Have been watching the pages devoted to arms and ammunition to learn something concerning the 25-35 rifle. About the only shooting I have a chance to do is for a week or two in the Catskills, at woodchucks. Two years ago used a .32 Winchester, and got sixty-seven in one week. Found it would not carry quite far enough at times without raising the sight, and was not successful at this. Last year tried a 25-20 (high velocity). Found it reached them all right, but they would frequently get in after being hit. Succeeded in killing only thirty-eight in two weeks. Will you kindly let me know about the 25-35, or could you suggest some other gun which would fill the bill. A woodchuck at 200 yards is rather a small mark for me to hit, so prefer a gun with light recoil. wishing you success in your new work, and thanking you in advance for any information you may give me.

Robert MacLaury, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A YANKEE DOODLE BOY

NOT A FIT.

Editor RECREATION:

Please will you answer the following questions:

1. Will the S. & W. short cartridge give satisfactory results at a range of twenty-five yards when fired out of a steel bushing in the chamber of a 30-30 (thirty-thirty) Winchester rifle?

2. Will this S. & W. bullet lead the barrel?

E. F. Pinnington, Nipissing.

The diameter of the .32 short is .313 inches, and that of the 30-30 barrel is .308 inches. —EDITOR.

THE OLD 32-40.

Editor RECREATION:

Please tell me what is the difference in power of the thirty-two rim fire and the thirty-two center fire cartridge. Is one any more accurate or more powerful than the other?

Please let me hear from you and oblige,

Yours truly,

Stuart Johnston, Macon, Ga.

There are several rim fire .32's and also several centre fires of the same calibre. In any case, choose a 32-40-165 for power and accuracy.—EDITOR.

INDOOR RIFLE LEAGUE.

Editor RECREATION:

DEAR SIR:—Will you kindly give me information about rifle clubs using the .22 cal. only? If there is a National Association, and if there are any set rules governing the same and where can I procure them?

We are starting an indoor club and want to do it in good shape. Hoping this is not asking too much of you, I remain,

Very truly yours,

W. S. Lydecker, Baltimore, Md.

Write to Karl W. Zoeller, corresponding secretary, Indoor .22 Cal. Rifle League, 1710 Jane street, Pittsburg, Pa.—EDITOR.

THE SHOT COUNTS.

Editor RECREATION:

A and B are shooting at stationary target for bets, best 3 out of 5 shots. A loads his gun, lowers its muzzle, ready to take aim facing the target. The shot goes off. B claims it's a counted shot, and A claims it's an accident, and is entitled to another shot.

Who is right, A or B?

Yours truly,

C. J. Johanson, Cody, N. Y.

B is right.—EDITOR.

LIKES THE 32-20.

Editor RECREATION:

I notice in your August issue a letter from A. A. Haines, in British Columbia. He says that the Colt Frontier and Army model revolver is the most satisfactory belt gun. I wish to say that it is, indeed, as he says, but as for the calibres he mentioned I would like to say, I don't think either of them a very good, accurate load. The most annoying part of their shooting is the recoil. I should prefer a 32-20 or a .38 S. & W. Special, as he proposes, for a belt gun. His article states the troubles of the modern belt gun to a "T."

I wish to say that I would readily purchase such a gun as he proposes. I would likewise like to see it made for the 32-20 W. C. F. cartridge. I would be most pleased to write to Mr. Haines, as I am seeking someone who really understands revolvers perfectly. When he sees this I will most probably be at college. He can write me if he will at Fordham University, New York City. I would be most pleased also to communicate with anyone who is a good shot with, and thoroughly understands modern automatic pistols. Either the Colt, Luger or Mauser.

The instructions, etc., given in catalogues usually are very incomplete. I would prefer to communicate with someone who lives in New York City, or thereabouts. Has anyone tried the new revolver made by Smith & Wesson with a square handle, also the new Colt "Marine" model, with round handle and using .38 S. & W. Special?

Am always ready to write to any pistol enthusiast if he will reply in decent form.

William E. Davies, Jr., Demares, N. J.

THE SAVAGE .303.

Editor RECREATION:

Three years ago I bought a .303 Savage, with 26-in. half octagonal barrel. This rifle has been used upon big game in New Brunswick and in Maine. I consider it almost perfection, as its accuracy is good, its recoil hardly noticeable, and its killing powers quite satisfactory. Before using the .303 I used a 45-90 black powder rifle. The Savage has less recoil, greater accuracy, and at least equal killing power.

H. J. Grant, Piermont, N. J.

HAVE YOU TRIED THEM?

Editor RECREATION:

I should like very much to be advised of the comparative merits on big game (such as moose and bear) of the 30-220 Winchester, the .35 Winchester, with 250 grain bullet, and the .405 Winchester cartridge, with 300 grain bullet.

I am aware that theoretically the .405 is by far the most effective, but every man who has used a variety of rifles knows that theory does not always coincide with practice.

Possibly there have been discussions of the relative merits of these cartridges—if so, I have missed them, because, unfortunately, I have not been able to get every edition of RECREATION. If anything has been published under the head of my inquiry I should like to be advised so that I can look it up in the back numbers of RECREATION.

My own idea is that a .405 with a 400 grain soft nose bullet with plenty of smokeless behind it might kick some, and might have to be loaded carefully, with plenty of room in the shell for powder without crowding, but would be a scorcher on big game.

W. N. A.

PALM RESTS AND TELESCOPES.

Editor RECREATION:

I wish to know through the question column of your magazine whether shooting with a palm rest is called off-hand shooting, and would also like to know whether shooting with what is known here as an "old man's" sight is shooting with open sights, Now, this sight is somewhat like a telescope sight, and is made of a very small glass that magnifies to some extent, and which contains a small black dot in the centre of the glass.

We have a local rifle club in this village, and as a number of the club members have obtained, or intend to obtain, these sights, I would be very thankful for an early answer if possible in the next number of your magazine.

Henry M. Doolan.

Palm rests, and peep and globe sights, are allowed in offhand shooting, but all kinds of telescopic sights are barred, unless by special agreement. A rifle fitted with a telescope that is easily detachable, and target sights as well, meets all conditions.—EDITOR.

A FEW QUESTIONS.

Editor RECREATION:

By answering the following questions you will do me a great favor:

1. Which of two bullets of different calibres, .50 and .58 of the same weight, has the best range, penetration, velocity, lowest trajectory and accuracy and recoil when used with the same amount of powder?
2. What do you think of an octagonally rifled bore for a muzzle loader?
3. Can a hollow point bullet be rammed home in a muzzle loader without upsetting?
4. What was the charge of powder used in old Kentucky rifles?
5. Which shoots stronger, a flintlock or a percussion lock?
6. How long do percussion caps keep without deteriorating?
7. Do the Arabs still use flintlocks?

Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Yours truly,

Victor Bielefeld, Chicago.

1. .50 calibre.
2. Octagon rifling was tried and given up years ago.
3. Yes, if you use a ramrod with a cup at the end fitting the point of the bullet.
4. Generally as much fine-grain powder as would cover the round ball used in the rifle when poured slowly over it as it lay on a flat surface.
5. The percussion lock, because there was less escape of gas.
6. Depends entirely upon where they are kept. Possibly 100 years under certain conditions.
7. They certainly do.—EDITOR.

AN EXPLANATION.

Editor RECREATION:

I have a 25-35 Winchester rifle, bought about three years ago. I considered it one of the best all-round guns I ever owned, for accuracy and strong shooting. The gun still shoots as accurately and apparently as strong as before, but in trying it a short time ago was surprised to find the bullets mushroomed, a few entering only about the same distance as a soft nose. Shots were fired about 20 or 25 feet from mark into pine stump. Is gun or ammunition to blame? Possibly some of your other readers may have had like experience. If there is any known cause for a M. R. bullet mushrooming after penetrating only a few inches, would like to know what it is, and if any remedy for it. Please answer in column of RECREATION and oblige.

C. A. Bemis.

I should not be at all surprised to find that the bullet upset to a considerable extent on being fired into a pine stump, particularly if it were pitchy and the range short. The gun is not to blame in any case, and I doubt if the ammunition is in any way to blame. If fired into soft wood, the ammunition will give the penetration shown in trajectory tables, issued by the makers, but you should not expect to obtain much more penetration from the full metal patched bullet than from the soft point when fired into very hard material. At short ranges the soft nose bullet will give about the same penetration on iron plate that can be obtained with the full metal patched. Should you try the difference in penetration between these two bullets on flesh, I am confident that you would find that the bullet is not faulty.—EDITOR.

THE OLD .50 NAVY PISTOL.

Editor RECREATION:

I have gotten so many valuable hints and pointers from your very enjoyable magazine that I am going to ask if you can inform me what pistol it is that takes the .50-calibre ammunition as listed in the Winchester catalogue, and where I could see or purchase one.

Thanking you for your kindness,

Yours truly,

James Patterson, Philadelphia.

The .50-calibre Remington single-shot pistol. Try the Remington Arms Company, 313 Broadway. The price is $3.00.—EDITOR.

GOOD AS NEW.

Editor RECREATION:

I am at present in possession of a Winchester rifle, model 1895, 38-72 cal. Through negligence I find the bore of this rifle corroded, and it consequently does not shoot true. I have got very little knowledge of a rifle, therefore I shall be very pleased if you will advise me, through RECREATION, if I should get this rifle rebored, or purchase a new one.

Geo. Paton, Coal Creek, B. C.

Get a new barrel. The list price is $6.25.—EDITOR.

HUNTING OR TARGET?

Editor Recreation:

Will you tell me the difference in shooting qualities of a taper shell and a bottle neck?

I have in mind the .32-40 and the .32 Winchester Special; both have practically the same charge. Which is the preferable shell to use? John W. Siefert.

If for target work exclusively, we prefer the straight shell; if for hunting, the .32 Winchester Special.—Editor.

COL. THURSTON TELLING A FUNNY STORY.

COPPER FOULING.

Editor Recreation:

In the old days, when we were using nothing but black powder, it was a very easy matter to keep one's rifle in good order. I rarely used water, though I sometimes used a little kerosene. After having swabbed the barrel absolutely clean, I could make sure of finding it in good condition several days afterward, if I had anointed it lightly with vaseline or some good grease.

Now, as I use smokeless powder and metal-covered bullets exclusively, I find that a good deal more care is necessary. Ordinary oil seems quite incapable of entirely preventing rust, the reason being, I believe, that a thin film of copper is deposited on inside of the barrel over the fouling caused by the first shot, and, while we may polish up this copper coating until we delude ourselves into the belief that the rifle is clean, the evil work is going on underneath all the time. By and by the copper deposit peels off, leaving a rust pit underneath.

I now find that a liberal, though careful, use of the wire brush, followed by a good coating of sperm oil containing a little soda gives good results; but I should like to hear from other riflemen out of their own personal experiences—worth a lot of theory.

W. F. Johnson, New York City.

SUMMER'S ABDICATION.

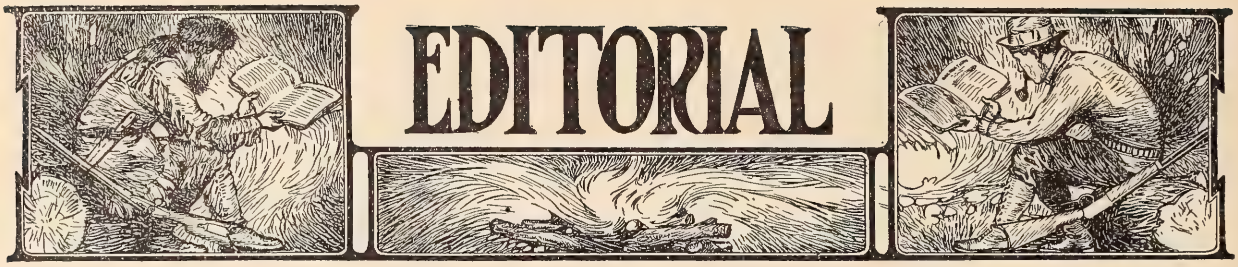
BY FRANK FARRINGTON.

Indian wigwams in the corn-lands,
Rows and rows of ragged shocks;
Fields all polka-dotted yellow,
With the pumpkins' golden blocks.

Pastures brown, with greening ribbons
Where the springs come straggling down,
Meadows fading, grey the woodlands,
Summer throws aside her crown;

Casts aside her royal purple,
Folds her robes, all sombre grown;
Silent, shadow-like and weary,
Abdicates a tottering throne.

EDITORIAL



DOG ON THE TRAIN.

The hunting Season is now drawing to a close, and it is a good time to have a word with the passenger agents of the different railroads throughout the country. Wherever a road happens to have a sportsman for a passenger agent there are good accommodations and conveniences prepared for the hunters' dogs, but it seems wherever the passenger agent is not a sportsman the dog question is utterly neglected. Recreation wants to call the attention of the railroads to this fact—that one and all of them are advertising and resorting to all means in their power to attract sportsmen over their lines, and yet, when a man starts out with his bird dogs he complains that he is met on every side with gruff remarks, uncivil language and demands for graft, varying in amount according to the conscience of the trainmen or the apparent length of the pocket-book of the sportsman. This is not as it should be.

Although Recreation is constantly receiving complaints of this kind, there seems to be an exception to this rule in the Southern states.

Quoting from a letter before me, it says: "I think all sportsmen will bear me out that traveling in the South with dogs there is no fault to be found in the way they are handled in the baggage department of the different railroads."

The same letter says: "In the West I found it different. The first remark of the baggage man is invariably, 'I can't check them dogs.' This expression simply means that you must put up the money to the baggage man before you can have your dogs transported. On many of the steamers baggage-masters are most courteous; but they have decidedly open palms."

The truth of the matter is that a gentleman traveling with dogs seems to be considered an outlaw and subject, like all outlaws, to blackmail at every turn.

While traveling this season we made particular note of the care of the dog on various roads, and found that the baggage masters were, as a rule, kind-hearted to the dogs; but the men were all over-worked with the immense amount of baggage belonging to the summer tourists, and the dogs had to be chained to trunks and were often completely hidden from sight by trunks bridged over them. In one instance a dog became overheated and would have died had it not been for the kind-hearted Pullman conductor, who took ice in the baggage car and restored the suffering canine.

Now, gentlemen of the railroad, it's up to you. Must the sportsmen who patronize your roads, and whose patronage you spend thousands of dollars to secure, be subject to this condition of affairs? Must they bribe their way from one end of the continent to the other whenever they take their dogs with them on a shooting expedition? This seems to be unreasonable. You can not have sportsmen without having dogs, and you make most excellent arrangements to take care of the sportsman himself, attend to his bodily wants and comforts; you take care of his baggage, it is handled with care and safely delivered to him at the end of the journey. Why can not you make some arrangements by which his dogs, which are as necessary to his sport as his gun, shall be treated in the same businesslike way?

Our many railroad friends will please understand that the above statement is made merely to call their attention to the state of affairs, the importance of which they have failed to recognize simply because they are not all sportsmen themselves and not through any desire to inconvenience their passengers; for it has been our experience in traveling—and we have traversed pretty nearly all of this continent—that the passenger agents and those in charge of traffic are most genial gentlemen, and seem to be selected by the company on account of their gentlemanly qualities, so that the neglect of our canine friends can not be attributed to any lack of desire to please, and it is for this very reason that we wish to call their attention to the hardships of the hunting dog, knowing full well that if their attention is once engaged the remedy is sure to come.

SIGNS OF DEGENERACY.

From the weaklings and luxurious there comes a demand for a trolley car line through the Yellowstone Park! Think of it, ye sturdy sons of our pioneer ancestors!

The trouble is that all the little whippersnappers have heard so much of the glories of this wild place that they are beginning to think it must be the proper thing to visit it, and, bless them, they want to rough it without the rough.

It would be well if Howard Eaton had the bunch astride his cayuses and could take them over a three-hundred-mile trail to the Park; then they would be in a fit condition to appreciate Nature unshaved and without its hair cut.

It is with delight that we notice in the Hotel Register the statement "that owing to the strict enforcement of the game laws small chickens, ducks and turkeys have come into fashion." That one little sentence means more than a column in any other sort of a paper, protesting against the illegal slaughter of our birds. When the Hotel Register prints such an item it means that the GAME WARDENS ARE DOING THEIR DUTY, and that the people's consciences are aroused. Until very lately all manner of game could be procured at almost any restaurant in any big city at any season of the year. They even made a joke of it and put down quail on the ménu as *owl,* while venison, when it went out of date, appeared as *antelope;* but with all the encouraging news that we receive we still find such discouraging items as this:

> A party of prominent Salt Lake men, composed of A. J. Davis, E. G. O'Donnell, E. B. Love and R. McKenzie, were arrested near the Yellowstone Park a few days ago by the State game warden, and an elk found in their possession.
>
> After a warning and the payment of $50, the charge for a license to hunt elk, the men were allowed to go. They threatened vengeance on the Wyoming warden, claiming that he was holding them up in true "Butch Cassidy" style, and some of their threats almost resulted in their being confined.—Republican, Denver.

We do not know any of the gentlemen above named, nor anything more about the case than is stated in the item quoted; but this we do know—and we wish to impress it upon our readers and upon the public in general—that the more prominent the man the more certain should be the punishment and the less leniency shown to the culprit, because the very prominence of the law-breaker tends to detract from the sanctity of the law in the public mind. We see no more reason why prominent citizens should escape in this case by buying a license than any benighted Dago who is caught shooting chippy birds. This is a free country, founded upon the declaration of equal rights to all, and we have already proclaimed that the politics of RECREATION are based upon the fact that we hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with equal rights and privileges to hunt. Such being the case, we wish to call the game wardens' attention to the fact that if the law-breaker is a judge on the bench he should be treated the same as the tramp on the railroad. Otherwise, we cannot hope to earn a respect for the law in the community. We have, at this moment, abundance of proof to show that position, social, financial or political, does not make a man honest; and we can not see how any person who reads the daily papers can pay any deference and regard to people on account of their chance position. Neither can we see the justice of being lenient with these people when they arrogantly override laws made for the protection of our game or when they threaten dire vengeance upon the officers of the law because the latter perform their duty.

The conscience of the great public is having a tremendous revival; and great results may be expected from it; and we may even see the day when respectable sportsmen will not take their dogs and guns to shoot prairie chickens in violation of the law simply because there is no game warden there to prevent them, and give the childish reason we have so often heard, "If I did not do it some one else would." We must not pretend to think that we are doing no wrong in violating the law if we are not caught and punished, for, as the South Dakota Record says, "It is as much a crime for a man to kill his brother in the desert one thousand miles away from human habitation as it is to kill him before the doors of tribunal justice. It does not make a crime less because the criminal is never punished by man."

AUTUMN REVERIES

By AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

An empty nest 'neath the old brown eaves,
A scarlet flame 'midst the maple leaves,
And a farmer binding his golden sheaves,
    Where autumn flaunts her red.
The farewell note of a bluebird gay,
A butterfly kissing his love good-day,
A rainbowed drift where the flowers play—
    And summer's rose lies dead.
    Alas! the rose lies dead.

PHOTOGRAPHY

KITE PHOTOGRAPHY.

A branch of photography, which is both useful and entertaining, and yet practised by hardly anybody in this country at present, is kite photography. W. A. Eddy, of New Jersey, is noted for the work he has accomplished along this line, and the appliances he now uses are somewhat more intricate than the average amateur would care to tackle. The following described apparatus is very simple, will entail little outlay and will serve for pictures two and a quarter inches square, made at a height of 1,000 feet. One kite, measuring seven feet by five, is needed, or two kites, each four feet by three and a half, arranged tandem fashion. The single kite is better, perhaps, for the novice. Each kite is made on a cross-shaped framework of light deal, an eighth of an inch thick and two inches wide. In the case of the single aëroplane, the longer piece is seven feet, and the shorter five, the latter screwed and firmly bound with strong cord across the longer lath, about two feet from the top. Throughout the construction, the greatest care must be taken that the sides balance evenly. Several long, very thin bamboo canes are made to form the outline of the kite by being screwed and bound with cord to the four extremities of the kite. The covering may be of tough paper, but light fabric is better.

The cable is made of a strong double cord 3,000 feet long. Six thousand feet will thus be necessary. A large reel should be used for winding, with an axis long enough to be grasped in both hands.

A piece of whipcord three and a half feet long forms the connection between cable and kite. It is fastened to the longer lath at points one foot and four feet from the top. It is best to attach the cable to the middle of this loop. The tail of the kite is made in the usual manner. About 24 yards from the kite, about two feet of the cable is left unwound and in the middle of this is fastened the platform from which the camera suspends. The platform is of two pieces of deal nine inches long, three inches wide and an eighth inch thick. These are screwed together from the top with the cords held between them and spread as far apart as possible. The revolving table, which goes on the under side of the platform and holds the camera, is a piece of deal, five inches by three and three-quarters, and three-eighths thick. In the middle the bush of an ordinary tripod screw is fitted. The camera hangs from this table by two laths, each four and a half inches long, an inch wide and an eighth thick. These are fastened by screws at the middle of each long side of the table, so as to hang down at right angles to it. The fastened ends must, of course, not project above the table.

The camera may be of the Brownie type, this being the lightest camera on the market. The trials may be made with the camera as bought, but the work proper should be undertaken with a good rectilinear lens and a shutter of the Bausch & Lomb type. The lens must be of such a wide angle in proportion to its short focal length that the kite need not be flown too high to include a wide view. With the lens that would ordinarily be used with such a small film or plate the angle of view would be too narrow.

The camera is used inverted. Over the middle of the two sides, a piece of quarter-inch wood, two inches square, is fastened firmly with fish glue. The exact centre of the camera side is marked on each of these squares. Half an inch from the free end of each lath projecting from the revolving table a hole is bored, which allows the smooth shank of a half-inch screw to move within it. These screws pass through the wooden squares at the sides of the camera at their centre points, and if they project into the inside of the camera, must be filed off. The inner box, containing the film, should be taken out while this is being done. The camera thus attached should hang level and permit of being turned over. A thin leather strap, seven inches long, with holes pierced every quarter inch, hangs from each corner of the table, to hold the camera firmly at any angle. Four small round-headed screws are required to button these straps to the camera. They are carefully driven into the sides of the camera, as near the ends as possible. In the centre of the platform, which is attached to the cable, a hole is made for the tripod screw, which fits into the bushing in the revolving table. Thus fitted, any necessary position of the camera can be attained.

The working of the shutter is an easy matter. A coiled spring or a stout rubber band is fitted to the shutter release, so as to exert a force necessary to make the exposure. The release is held back in original position by a piece of thread to which a fuse is attached. When the fuse burns the thread, the power of the spring or rubber band is exerted on the release and the exposure made. A piece of paper lightly weighted may be attached to this thread in such a way that it falls when the thread is broken, thus denoting the exposure has been made. The fuses may be of thick wool, in lengths of about three feet. These are soaked in a saturated solution of saltpetre and dried.

The fouling of the cable by trees or wires must be guarded against. An experimental journey should be made on each occasion before lighting the fuse, so that the time it takes to reach the desired height may be ascertained.

The more wind there is, the greater is the weight of tail necessary. When the current is so strong as to render the normal tail abortive the kite plunges and whisks around so that a sharp picture is impossible. After a little practice it is fairly easy to keep the kite suspended steadily.

The most suitable time is after a prolonged rainfall, and early in the morning or late in the afternoon, when the sun is throwing long shadows, the pictures have most vigor. Over-exposure must be guarded against, and it is best to use a ray-screen. The greater the altitude, the quicker must be the exposure.

"THE CALL OF THE WILD"

By RAYMOND EVENES

Can't you hear her calling, Dicky, calling to the wild,
Our sister of the solitudes, sweet and undefiled,
Singing in the silences that old, alluring strain,
Calling to the Long Trail beyond the last moraine?

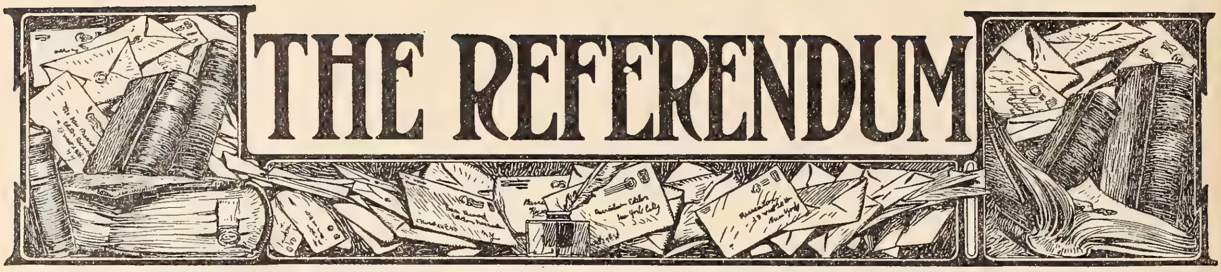
Can't you hear her calling, Dick, when the wild goose goes
Honking high on herald wing northward to the snows;
And can you say her nay, Dick, dare you doubt at all
When those golden trumpets sound the Long Trail call?

Night times, when the woodcock whimpers high aloft,
Can't you feel her stealing night with football slow and soft,
With gentle fingers eager stretched to link and lock in thine,
To lead you up the Long Trail, your heart's desire and mine?

Somewhere in the North Land, along the Grand Divide,
She waits beneath the seven stars, some silver lake beside,
And sings a minor dream-song of Indian Summer days—
Of how the mystic sun-dog burns athwart the autumn haze—

Of vesper chaunting whitethroats and solemn laughing loons—
Wild water birds night-flying south—strange stars and mirrored moons—

Cold polar fires . . . .
O comrade mine, this road rings false and hollow,
These shirts are too hard boiled to wear, this cake too sweet to swallow,
And its hike and strike the Long Trail, more meet for men to follow!

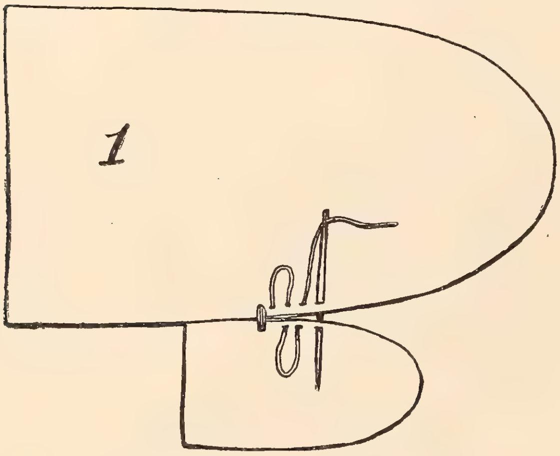


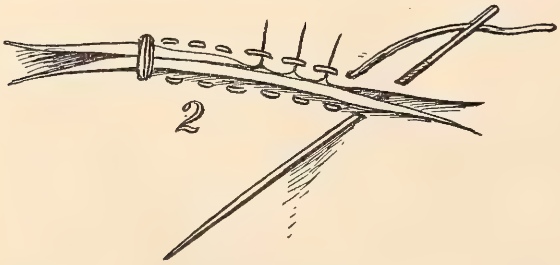
THE REFERENDUM

HOW TO MAKE A MOCCASIN.

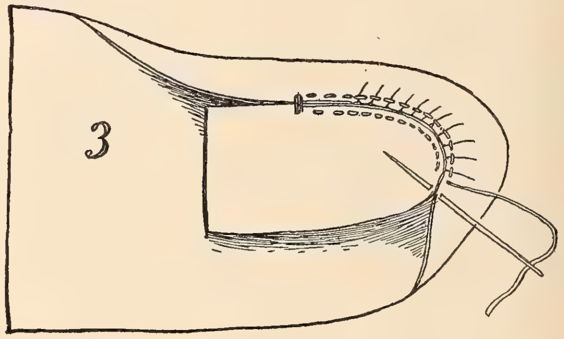
BY TAPPAN ADNEY.

There is nothing better for wearing about the house, or when in camp or in a canoe, than an Indian moccasin. There are various kinds of moccasins, however, some of which especially those so handsomely ornamented with beadwork, that I think rather unsuitable for rough wear; while those made of soft buckskin and moosehide are suitable only for winter wear in countries where the snow is dry, or in places where they do not get wet, as they soak up water like blotting paper. The Indians of New Brunswick and Maine make a moccasin for their own use which is very serviceable and may be easily made by anyone who can use a needle and thread and an awl. The material is a stout, but not hard and stiff ordinary heavy calf skin or cowhide. The Indians sometimes make a very good pair out of the tops of a pair of old boots. A coarse sewing or shoemaker's needle, some waxed shoemaker's thread, and a slender awl are needed.



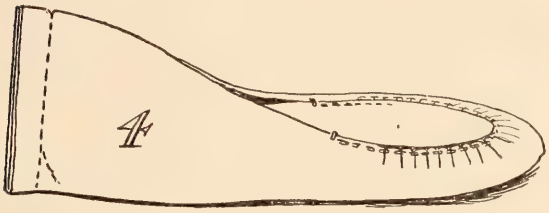


The Indian does not use such a thing as a "last," but cuts out the leather and judges its shape by the eye. The squaw—for it is the women usually who make the moccasins—takes the leather and places it in a pan of water to soak. The leather must be large enough to cut out two pieces shaped as in Fig. 1, for each moccasin. The larger piece must be as long as the foot to be covered, and there should be at least two inches to spare besides. She takes a string and measures around the ball of the foot. The smaller piece will be exactly the same shape as the other, one half as long, and somewhat less than a third of the distance around the foot; the two pieces edge to edge must be exactly the distance. In order not to spoil a good piece of leather, it might be well the first time to make a paper pattern to cut the leather by. The large and the small piece are then placed edge to edge and sewn together as shown in Fig. 1.



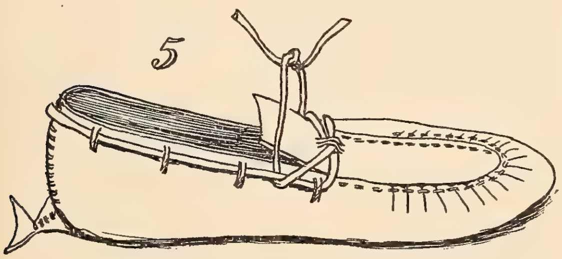
The holes are made with the awl. About three stitches, as indicated, will bring one to the curves and it is here that a little judgment is required. The distance along the curve of the solepiece being at least twice as long as that of the other, it must be "crimped," about every quarter of an inch. This is done by taking each stitch in the sole about twice the length of the corresponding stitch in the top piece, or "tongue," as shown in Fig. 2. If the crimps have been taken right the two sides will have the same number of crimps in them, and the final fastening will be exactly opposite the place of beginning. When the moccasin has been completed to this point it is placed upon a flat stone or board, and the sewing carefully pounded flat. The future wearer then puts his foot into it, the back part is brought around behind the heel, and the edges of the leather notched with a knife. Then the moccasin is taken off and the spare leather if any, is cut off by a straight square cut (FIG. 4.) and then while the edges are still together another little slit is made (FIG. 4), to fit the round of the heel; but this is not cut through, there is left a little two-pointed "sail." The seam is then sewed up by an over-and-over stitch, which is also pounded flat, when the moccasin is ready for the strings.

Four double slits are cut along each side, and another in the middle of the tongue piece, as shown in FIG. 5, and a leather string is run through, the ends crossing under the slit in the tongue, and carried over to opposite sides and passed either through a slit cut there for the purpose, or passed under the side string, as shown in FIG. 5, and the moccasin is completed.



There are no "rights" and "lefts," as the moccasin after some wearing takes the form of the foot. A tan leather makes the nicest looking moccasin.

The lumbermen in many places use a moccasin made this shape out of oil-tanned leather which is nearly water proof. Sometimes a leather top is sewn around the upper edge, the lacing string is dispensed with, and the result is a "shoe-pack," laced like a common shoe. But this is a "civilized" white man's contrivance, and not an Indian's. The Indians of Canada will take a moosehide moccasin made this way, sew a top four inches wide on, and fold the top around the ankle and lash it in place with a string which passes over the tongue of the moccasin and through two little loops at each side at the point where in our diagrams the final sewing is done. This is their snowshoe moccasin; but the moccasin here described, if made large enough for several pairs of heavy socks, is also used in winter for the same purpose.



MASQUERADERS IN FEATHERS.

BY C. M. STORY.

How few people there are, after all, who can name and identify ten or even five of our most common birds at sight, and how very few there are who can identify these same birds by the call notes and love songs which enliven our woods and gardens from season to season.

"To be able to name every bird on sight or call," says John Burroughs, "is an important part of ornithology, but to love the bird, to relate it to your daily life and to divine its character is much more important."

Our most common birds have each such distinctive characteristics that, after once studying them in their natural environment, we wonder that we could, hitherto, have remained so blind to them. It is, unfortunately, true that fine feathers do not always make fine birds. Just as the gaudily dressed sharper may impose upon the confidence of the simple-minded countryman, so some of our handsomely plumed birds are endowed with a cunning, crafty nature which spends itself in mischief, thievings and all kinds of interference in the decorous and polite family circles of their more plainly dressed neighbors.

I am going to show up a few of these little mischief makers for the benefit of those who see them only upon dress parade, so to speak, as they flit quietly from branch to branch, glinting their feathers gayly in the sunlight.

Be it said, however, in justice to birddom that there are comparatively few of these rascals and that even the most villainous have their redeeming features.

There is at least one bird with which we must all have at least a bowing acquaintance. Who has not noticed the big lonely scare-crows flapping languidly in the corn fields about the old homestead? And, after all, how little the wise old crows seem to fear these bundles of straw and old clothes. If you are careful enough to succeed in geting near to a flock of crows you cannot fail to notice unmistakable signs of their cunning natures. The flock may be observed walking about upon the ground with all the dignity of a barnyard assembly, as they ravenously devour the corn which the farm hands have so carefully sown, but are they foolish enough, you wonder, to subject themselves to a possible surprise by man or beast? No! not a bit of it. Up in yonder dead chestnut tree, far out on the end of a scrawny branch sits the sentinel. No matter how excellent may be the foraging in the field he stays faithfully at his post. Shifting from time to time, to relieve the monotony of his vigil and better survey the entire landscape, he punctuates the silence with a sort of muffled squawk which carries reassurance to his comrades. As the intruder appears, however, he gives voice to a resonant squawk which has an entirely different effect upon the flock. At the first warning cry they rise a few feet in the air and wing their way over the pasture lots just high enough to clear the old snake fences and disappear in the deep shadows of the pines and chestnuts. But these pranks in the corn fields only exasperate the farmer, and surely the birds may be forgiven for that. Sad to relate, the same crafty, thieving nature manifests itself in the crow's domestic life. He has a very unfortunate fondness for both the young and the eggs of his smaller neighbors. To make matters worse he has not a vestige of the courage possessed by the sturdy hawks that swoop upon their victims, large and small alike, with a display of bravery which, if feared, may be justly admired. A skulker by nature, the crow sneaks warily about the woods and at last finds the desired nest, filled perhaps with a complement of beautifully marked eggs, or perhaps tenanted by a brood of innocently blinking little birds, while the faithful parents are searching for food just beyond earshot. This is the situation the rascal most desires for the perpetration of his robbery. If the nest contains eggs he crushes them at once and devours the contents. Young birds are seized upon and carried off to his rickety old nest and devoured more leisurely by himself or his clamorous offspring. The formerly pretty home of his little victims is made a desolate ruin to greet the mother's eye as she returns with a grasshopper for her little ones. The crow is not exactly a gayly dressed bird, but his glossy black feathers are beautiful to look upon nevertheless, furnishing a strong dash of color to our country landscape as a flock flap silently over the fields against an October sky.

Hark! what harsh complaining whine is it that greets our ears as we stand by the roadside? The sound comes nearer and the same cry is voiced as a dash of blue and white literally shoots from the depths of the woods and settles upon the sweet-gum tree at our left? Thus we are introduced to another thief, and in the case of our bluejay his beauty truly covers a multitude of sins. This truly beautiful bird bids fair to be more fascinating than the crow. The first fact or, rather trait of character, which we are impressed with is the bluejay's innate curiosity. He surely heard us upon the road, and his manner, as he cocks his head wisely upon one side and then the other for a better view of us, is really impudent. It says as plainly as words, "I heard you coming and I hurried here to ask what your business was." He punctuates his inspection with his characteristic cry of "Here, here," which brings his mate to the tree in high dudgeon to assist in the scrutiny. Restlessness, curiosity and craftiness are a combination of traits which make the bluejay an exceedingly entertaining, not to say amusing, subject for observance. He is pre-eminently a tormentor and a tease. Nothing seems to furnish more genuine delight than to discover the decayed and hollow tree where some poor, sleepy old owl is blinking the hours away until night falls. A few excited hurry call notes surround the tormentor with a bevy of kindred adventurers and together (for in union is strength) they make the owl very uncomfortable until something more enticing claims their attention. Their robberies, however, are not a whit less atrocious than those of the crow, although carried on in a somewhat more high-handed and deliberate manner. His cousin, the Canada jay, according to tales related 'round the Canadian campfires, is so wonderfully audacious that nothing should surprise us. Entering tents of the frontiersmen and assailing his food supplies and even his leather boots is a mere trifle for this rascal, so perhaps we should be thankful that we have only to deal with our neighborly bluejay, who is much more a gay cavalier than his boorish cousin in Canada.

After all is said in condemnation of the birds we have mentioned, it must be admitted that they only kill for their immediate needs. This, we regret to say, is not the case with the handsome northern shrike, a bird, which is probably little known to many of us. The many names which this bird is endowed with are, no doubt, more expressive than euphonious. Such names, for instance, as butcher bird and nine-killer spirit us unconsciously back to the mysterious and uncanny black forests of the fairy tales. The shrike has also, if we may use the term, a very striking personality. "Matching the bravest of the brave among birds of prey in deeds of daring and no less relentless than reckless, the shrike compels that sort of deference not unmixed with indignation which we are accustomed to accord to creatures of seeming insignificance, whose exploits demand much strength, great spirit and insatiate love for carnage. We cannot be indifferent to the marauder who takes his own wherever he finds it, and an ogre whose victims are so many more than he can eat that he actually keeps a private graveyard for the balance." These few lines by Dr. Coues, paint the bird's character in a vividly accurate manner, for, sad to say, the shrike kills wantonly—more than he can possibly use.

Although field mice and grasshoppers are his specialty he is very fond of killing small birds, and this latter crime is perpetrated in a very cunning manner. Hiding himself carefully in the bushes he proceeds to lure the feathered victim within range by his fiendishly accurate imitation of his call note. In this diabolical rôle of imitator he is as much a master of the art as our esteemed friend the mocking bird. After the capture, the lifeless body of his victim is carried off and nearly always impaled upon some thorn or sharp twig, where it dangles pitifully—sometimes still throbbing with life—and perhaps the butcher never returns to his spoils. So we see that even in birddom we have to face the tragedy as well as the comedy of life, and our most beautiful birds are, many of them, masqueraders. There is an endless variety in store for the student of bird character, and a most superficial study cannot but reveal interesting and instructive truths about "Citizen Bird" and his home life. There are, to be sure, other feathered highwaymen, but few though they be I am willing some one else should expose them, as I find it a more pleasant occupation to depict the many admirable characteristics and suppress from the public the few shortcomings.

MONGOLIAN PHEASANTS.

Editor RECREATION:

Can you advise me where Chinese pheasants can be secured for the purpose of stocking our part of the country? Also, do you think they would withstand the climate here? Our winters are pretty long and pretty cold.

M. I. Mellon, Nebraska.

Mr. V. De Guise, of Mawah, N. J., can, I believe, supply you with Mongolian pheasants, and Homer Davenport, White Plains, New York, may possibly have them, though he deals more in the rarer species. It is very unlikely, however, that the Mongolian pheasants would succeed in Nebraska. In fact, we should be most agreeably surprised if the effort were successful there. The pheasant can stand a considerable amount of cold; but it needs shelter, being a bird of the woodlands and not of the open country. While the introduction of foreign game birds is occasionally successful, it is, as a rule, better to endeavor to protect the natural game birds of a region. You will find no better birds anywhere than the pinnated or sharp-tailed grouse, and they will thrive in a colder country than would suit the pheasant.—EDITOR.

A BACHELOR'S FARE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY S. B. HACKLEY.

"When I was a bachelor I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got,
I laid it on the shelf——"

The material comforts—the eat and the drink—of the bachelor "living by himself," possessing neither housekeeper nor cook (as he of Mother Goose fame), are not ordinarily supposed to be greater than those of him whose autobiography appears in the nursery book, nor his lot more to be desired than his—but come with me, and I will show you a "bachelor's paradise."

Come to that land "where rolls the Oregon"—where the rhododendrons girt the cadium-bordered lakes, the ever-blooming rose vines climb the trees and the summer fields are like the gardens of Paradise—where, in the thick tangles of the matchless forests where the sun never shines, the tawny panther hides in the branches of the firs, the black bear lumbers about the sal-lal berry bushes, and the deer runs free.

Come with me to the Oregon coast, cut by its numberless bays, to the beach where the dead whales wash up on the shore, and the living sea-otters come in, where the warm rains beat on old Indian bones divested of their coverings of sand, where the high tide sweeps back under the pile-built houses of the bachelor-men who repose on beds stuffed with dried ferns and sleep to a lullaby duet whose treble is the wind in the pines, whose bass is the ocean's roar!

It is here that bachelors of Maine, of Louisiana, of Michigan, of Arkansas, and of the outermost parts of the earth—of Hibernia, of Caledonia, of Britain, of Scandinavia, of the Land of Confucius and of the Empire of Nippon, are to be found living in a material comfort and content that surpasses the comfort of the Goose Book man, as the physical comfort of the Emperor that of poor Ivan. And yet, the cost of the Coast bachelor's housekeeping is almost as little as that of him of the nursery jingle.

His house-furnishing needs are few and easily supplied—his fuel is the well-seasoned drift-wood floated under his house by the accommodating tide; brought in summer by the Japan current from Alaska; in winter, washed up from California's coast—and when he goes out for food his pocket-book does not flatten appreciably.

His meat is to be had for the reaching out of his hand, in variety pleasantly infinite. If his appetite craves crab, that delicacy of the tables of the rich (the crab that retails at fifty cents each in the cities) he goes out and takes him gratis from the sea.

The Coast Indian, with a hooked stick, reaches dexterously down in the bay, and lifts the crab from his bed, and then roasts him to his stomach's satisfaction in a fire, kindled of a ten-foot high drift heap, which, too lazy to extinguish, he leaves to burn for days. The white man cannot acquire this dexterity, but in summer when the tide is out, he can reach down in the shallow water with a long-handled garden rake and gather the crabs off the bottom like leaves, or he may go out in a boat and lift the crabs to the surface in a net.

Clams, flat, round, checkered, cahogs, or razor-backs, are at the bachelor-man's command, and he has only to dig in the sand a few hundred yards from his door to secure them in quantity.

If he desires oysters he takes the "mud-bottom" oysters from their bed with long tongs, but if he wishes "rock oysters," which grow on solid rock out in the ocean, he goes at low tide and chops them by the bushel from the rock— delicious and fresh as the dew of the morning. And fish—how endless their variety—how easily obtained by the bachelor-man! When he wishes fish, he may take his lines and haul in in a half-day a string of fish long enough to reach over his shoulder and drag the ground behind him, or he may go out with his young neighbors any time when the tide is coming in, and bring in with a mighty seine, in two hours' time, a thousand trout, mackerel, kelp, perch, rock cod, etc.

He may go out with the "boys" at night in a boat, whose ends are hung with wire baskets filled with burning resin and pine chips to illuminate the water, to spear flounders—those flat, wedge-shaped fish monstrosities and bring in as many as the boat will bear up.

In April, when the ten-pound mullet strikes out for the head waters of the rivers, by thousands, and the Indian, as has been his custom from time immemorial dries vast quantities of them for his use the remainder of the year—dressing them and hanging them on long poles to dry in the sun, the bachelor-man may do likewise.

In the summer and autumn, when the "run" of salmon is "on," and the bays and rivers are alive with them, and the canneries are "running at full blast," he may go out at night with the salmon fishers for the famous Chinook salmon, unequalled by any other fish in the world for its richness and delicacy of flavor. At the salmon canneries, hundreds of tons of salmon eggs are thrown into the bay as useless, and the heads of the fish would be likewise cast away, were it not for the Indian, who carries them off. The bachelor-man, too lazy to catch his own fish, can follow the example of "Lo" if he likes in getting fish eggs or heads for his table, or, if he can show ten cents, he can buy a twenty-pound salmon of finest quality for that sum —even the year 'round—since the fish dealers salt away many barrels for use in the months the fish are not caught.

If he grows tired of fish in its every form, he may look out over the bay whereon sea-gulls, shags, cranes, loons, ducks, wild geese, and other water-fowls disport, and the crack of his rifle will secure him gulls for his dogs, and ducks and geese for his own table.

He may take his gun in the forest tangles—impenetrable save to the forest denizen, except for the trails, and come back with quail, grouse, and Chinese pheasants, for his dinner-oven. He may go out with his dogs and bring in at one time, a half-dozen 'coons, which make good meat for his several days' supper-pot.

He may kill five deer in a season if he wishes, in the forest only a quarter of a mile from his door, and dry venison to his heart's content; he may go in the autumn (when bruin is fat on berries) with his friends on a bear hunt, and when the excitement is over, find himself back at his castle with a quarter of bear's meat hanging in his larder.

In this land where a pleasant rain falls every day for six months, the raising of vegetables is an easy matter, but if the bachelor-man has not the time nor inclination for a garden, he may buy an Irish potato (in Coast vernacular, a "spud"), a foot long and five inches through, for a penny the pound, from some aged and widowed squaw who lives in a hovel by the sea, without companions or friends, save her pipe and her twenty-seven dogs. At the near village grocery he may get flour from the finest wheat in the world (grown in the Willamette Valley), prunes at four cents the pound, grown by a swarthy son of sunny Italy, in the county near; apples four inches across, grown in orchards of Norse emigrants, as cheap as excellent, and "wild fruit," free as water.

On the stretches of the beach, strawberries, gratefully fresh and sweet, grow in hundred-acre patches; in the woods the "salmon" and the "thimble" berry (very like red raspberries) are most plenteous; deliciously-flavored huckle-berries grow on bushes as high as men, and on thirty-foot vines, many of which climb to the tops of small trees, the ever-bearing blackberry ripens well nigh the year 'round.

If the bachelor-man is ignorant of the cooking art when first he sets his foot, a stranger, on the ocean's edge, he quickly learns from the other friendly bachelors around how to prepare his food. He learns to bake plump ducks and fat geese, and to "stuff" them with crumbs of whole wheat bread, onions, sage, or to make rich and delicate soups of these same water-fowl; he learns to cook crabs in sea-water, to flavor them with spices and pepper, to make dishes of crab and eggs, of crab and cheese, crab toast, and crab plain; he learns to cook fish in every known way, whether baked, boiled, fried, or roasted over a fire. He learns to prepare oyster soup, and pigeon-pie, and bread whose crust is as brown as a Klickatat Indian's cheek, whose heart is as white as the soul of a babe, whose texture is so light that the bachelor-man holds his breath when he takes it from the oven, that it may not be wafted away!

A QUESTION.

BY IRENE POMEROY SHIELDS.

And now, kind entomologist,
I pray you tell me why
A fly found in the butter
Is not a butter-fly?

ARCHERY IN DES MOINES, IOWA.

BY "TAC" HUSSEY.

Des Moines caught the fever in the early spring of 1878. A meeting was called at the house of Walter E. Andrews, and the "Des Moines Toxophilites" was organized. It was a name which worried some who were not up in pronunciation; but the members soon learned to pronounce it with a glibness which quite surprised themselves. The names as remembered were: W. F. Hackney, Chas. A Finkbine, Geo. F. Henry, Robert Fullerton, H. R. Creighton, Ed. C. Finkbine, Jas. G. Berryhill, Elwood Gatch, Rev. Joseph S. Jenckes, Tacitus Hussey, J. H. Windsor, Misses Blanche Mills, Mamie Cole, Mary Love, Hattie Raybourne, Fanny Parsons, Dottie Walters, Laura Owens, Mesdames Joseph S. Jenckes, J. H. Windsor, Elwood Gatch, and Tacitus Hussey. The club met for practice once a week, and the distances shot were twenty and thirty yards; but when more proficient the distance was lengthened out to the American and Columbia rounds. Another club was formed a little latter which bore the very pretty and appropriate name, "The Crescent."

The names of the members of this club as recalled were: Frank A. Sherman, Walter McCain, C. W. Battell, Geo. L. Eason, Simon Cassady, A.W. DeForrest, Will Hobbs, W. C. Nixon, A. D. Crain, Eugene Bryan, Foster Ross, Misses Lucy Love, Addie Sherman, Sadie Lunt, Sallie Griffith, Helen Andrews, Mesdames Nellie Wright and A. D. Crain. The archery event of the year 1878 in the Toxophilite Club, was the acceptance of a challenge for a series of matches with the Highland Park Archers of Highland Park, Ill., and the Chicago Archery Club.

The matches were to be shot on home grounds, and the results telegraphed in to each other as the rounds were completed, with an umpire appointed at each end of the line to see that the shooting was done according to the rules, and the scorings properly made. The distances stipulated were thirty arrows at 30, 40 and 60 yards each.

A match between the Crescents and the Toxies at Terrace Hill on the Fourth of July, 1879, resulted in a victory for the Toxies by a score of 1,080 to 827. Governor John H. Gear and his wife sent two magnificent bouquets for the lady and gentleman having the highest individual scores in the day's shooting. They were won by Miss Maime Cole and Tacitus Hussey. There were other private matches during the season, and the "twanging of the bowstring," as it was expressed by one witty lady, "was almost continuous between meals!"

During the early part of the year 1879 the "National Archery Association" was organized, and Chicago was selected as the place of the gathering in August of that year. The Toxophilite Club sent as its representatives Mr. and Mrs. Jas. H. Windsor, Mr. and Mrs. Tacitus Hussey, Mrs. Elwood Gatch, C. A. Finkbine, Geo. F. Henry, Robert Fullerton, Misses Fanny Parsons, Laura Owens, Maime Cole and Mary Love. Walter McCain and Will Hobbs were there representing the Crescents; but did not compete for prizes. The Toxophilite team was: Hussey, Henry, Fullerton and Finkbine. This team won a case of archery worth about $250. All the Toxie ladies won prizes. Mr. Hussey won a special prize at the general shoot at the 40-yard range. Mr. Henry won a special prize at one of the longer ranges, and the Toxies came home much elated. At a state tournament at Des Moines, the same year in October, to which all the archers of the state were invited, the Toxophilites won out, Mr. Henry carrying off the honor of championship by a score of 413 at the American round. Shooting was kept up for a few years after that, but was allowed to die out by degrees, and finally ceased after a few spasmodic efforts to revive it. The real reason, it is supposed, was that there were no suitable public grounds for practice.

In 1904 the matter was again agitated, and it was proposed to the "Golf and Country Club" by two veteran archers that if the club would furnish the grounds they would do their best to revive the sport. Very late in the summer of 1904 this was agreed upon, and shooting was commenced with such archery outfits as was left over from the years gone by. Garrets were ransacked for bows and arrows and a sufficient number of old bows and arrows were found to begin the practice.

It is most astonishing how a bright-faced target or two on a field of green will arrest an old archer's attention, and so to make a long story short the sport was revived in the hearts of all old archers in this city. To-day they can be seen with a few exceptions standing before the bright-faced targets and letting their shaft fly, if not with the same skill, with the old love for the beautiful pastime.

The year 1906 opened up very well, and had there been a full stock of archery on hand there would be many more at the work. But it is increasing in interest, and before the leaves are colored by the frosts there will be a hundred archers, old and young, shooting away at the targets like veterans. A new ground is being laid out by the generous "Golf and Country Club," and a superintendent with large archery experience employed for the season for the instruction of beginners and to look after the general welfare of the sport.

Archery in Des Moines will be a success, and some fine shots will be developed. Practice makes perfect in this as in everything else. And it is hoped that future developments will fulfill our brightest hopes.

DELIGHTS OF ARCHERY.

Editor Recreation:

The strength of muscle, the grace, and the steadiness of nerve soon acquired by those who use the bow, especially commend it to the ladies as their most valuable means of recreation, and the vim and vivacity which a few weeks of daily practice will produce will fully compensate for the time and energy spent in learning to shoot.

What could be more delightful and invigorating to the weary business man, after his day's labor in the city heat, than a long summer evening spent in friendly strife on the archery range?

"Linger awhile, and watch the pleasing sight
Of archers striving in a bloodless fight;
They mingle as they pass from end to end;
Each is a foe, but every foe a friend;
In days of old far other was the strife,
The target—hosts of men, the wages—life.
Then, it was strength of pull which did the deed;
Now, steady aim and careful loose succeed.
Sinews are tough as in days of yore;
The bows are drawn with skill unknown before;
The arrows are not messengers of hate,
Though fledged with wings which bear them swift and straight;
And, as they speed with smooth and rapid flight,
They cut the air like threads of living light,
Steal from the sun itself a golden ray,
And woo the gilded center far away;
No sport among the 'rivalries of peace'
Defies so bravely fashion's vague caprice;
Each new invention has its little day,
This boasts a past which never knows decay;
Pride in its lineage, glory in its song,
The deeds it tells to history belong
A legacy of English yoeman's skill,
The growth of trained strength and tutored will.
Long may it live!—fair sport without alloy.
Supplanting war and pain by peace and joy!"

E. B. W.

GAME LAWS IN OHIO.

Editor Recreation:

After reading your editorial about that Port Jervis editor saying that the game laws were a set of fool laws, I will state as fully as I can the situation concerning those "fool game laws" in this county of Belmont, State of Ohio.

The warden of this vicinity has enforced the game laws with such vigor that hunting is almost out of the question.

So many of the farmers have put their farms in his care relative to the enforcement of the game laws that no hunting is allowed at all.

The farmers seem to have come to a realization that if they do not do something very soon, game of all kinds will be extinct. They have all agreed to issue no permits at all; only a very few farmers will. And in consequence the people of the mining district have boycotted some of them. I have known of some farmers that came to this town with country produce to sell, go home without selling any at all.

There are no squirrels in this vicinity for several miles distant to warrant a man going in search of them.

Before this state of affairs every man who wanted to could hunt without leave or license where he pleased, and we have the consequence—no game.

There are not any game fish here worthy of mention—a few black bass and white suckers and mullets. The suckers and mullets suffer in winter from the onslaught of persons with clubs and axes on the ice.

I know of some three or four persons who stunned some two or three dozen fish through the ice last winter. The result was that there was no fishing at all this summer.

There are several persons around here who claim that the present game laws are no protection to the farmers. Now, anybody with good common sense can readily see that the present game law is a protection to the farmer if he will study the present situation in this vicinity.

The persons who talk this way do not wish to obey the game laws at all, but try to down them all they can. The warden here is O. T. Borham, of Bellaire, Ohio.

Harry Kent, Steele, Ohio.

BOOK TIME.

BY R. B. NATTRASS.

Now is the time for books;
These late November days,
When thro' the woodland ways
Noiselessly the brooks
Steal thro' still valleys to the sea;
Upon whose shores in epic majesty
Rolls surge upon surge—
Days the cold rain
Upon the window pane
Beats autumn's dirge!

Gone is the amorous south wind that once made
A silver bell of every flower in the glade;
Instead the frosty north wind moans
All thro' the night in low, sad monotones.
Well, let him roar,
And rattle like a beggar at my gates,
I'll close my door
And greet the company my pleasure waits!
For here upon the shelves there is
Joy for the coming hours
As pure and sweet a bliss
As I have found in summer flowers.

CASPAR WHITNEY'S NEW BOOK.

Caspar Whitney's new book "Jungle Trails and Jungle People" is not merely the account of a hunting trip in one of the most out of the way countries of the world, although the pursuit of big game was distinctly one of the author's main objects. Mr. Whitney has probably done more traveling for hunting in unsettled parts of the world than any other man in this country, but his object has never been merely the killing of game. He is one who desires to see strange people and new lands, especially those parts of the world which we call wilderness. It is this point of view which gives his book an interest to everyone who cares for traveling in foreign untrodden paths or trails. It is written in a breezy style and carries with it the impression that the contents are fresh and just off the bat, so to speak. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

EACH WAS SCARED.

Report comes from Mount Hope, Pa., that Stump Evanse, the tower-man of that place, was taking his best girl home the other night; the hour was late, and the tow-path of the abandoned canal was narrow and unsafe. On one side was the dry bed of the canal, on the other side the dark waters of the Saxawaxen whispered mysteriously or babbled loudly under the dark shadows of the brush-covered banks.

Just what Stump was saying to his Swedish lass can be best imagined by young lovers. The couple had but just rounded the curve from Rowland Station when a something attracted the attention of the pair. A something round and big which came bounding to meet them through the darkness. Suddenly it reached them and Stump gave a loud yell, forgot his best girl, and dove into an alderberry bush in the bottom of the old canal.

At the same time a big, badly frightened black bear dove into the same bush, and for a few moments man and bear thrashed around yelling and snorting until both climbed up the bank and fled in different directions. Stump has the rest of the year to explain why he left his sweetheart unprotected.

NOT AFRAID OF RATTLERS.

Jimmy Chandler, of Bohemia, Pike County Pa., caught a big rattlesnake. His small brother, Eddy, held the serpent with a stick until Jimmy grasped it by the neck. The rattler coiled its body around Jim's arm and began to pull back until the young man found that he was losing his grip, and hastily attempted to free himself; he succeeded, but not before the snake had struck him in the back of the hand.

Jimmy said things not to be printed, sucked the wound and spat, then caught the snake again and put it in an empty barrel and resumed his work cutting brush. His hand swelled and he told the writer that he felt mighty queer, but the next day he was working on Mr. Beard's place cutting brush, and none the worse for his adventure. At last accounts the snake was still in the barrel.

IMPOSSIBLE LAWS.

The following from the pen of Mr. C. C. Farr, editor of the Haileyburian, is truth. The flourishing little town of Haileybury, Ontario is on the very edge of Moosedom, and Mr. Farr is an old Hudson's Bay officer —hence he speaks as one having understanding:

> We read, with interest, the letter in the Mail and Empire, of the 16th inst., written by one Mr. H. P. Dwight, and we give him credit for striking a palpable truth. We have from time in the far back past, protested against the rottenness of these very game laws, until, as Mr. Dwight says, one loses interest in the subject. The moose law is a fraud, a delusion, and a snare, something to extract a little money out of the pockets of men who have the hardihood to attempt to hunt, in these northern regions, at an impossible time of year. It is well known that it is as much as a man's life is worth to court the dangers of inland lakes, at that time of year, when any small body of water is covered with ice, either too thin to walk upon, or too thick to allow a canoe to be navigated, with safety. We cannot see the object in making men risk their lives, if they want a little shooting, at big game. Quebec is far wiser, for it makes its open season combine the personal safety of the purchaser of a permit with ordinary horse-sense. It does not want a man to drown himself, even if he is anxious to shoot a moose. While our Ontario management of the game laws holds out the inducement to the ordinary hunter or sportsman, either to commit *felo de se*, or stay at home. The fact is that lawyers, doctors, and other professional men who live far south, have framed laws that affect a part of the country, the conditions of which they know not. We are expecting, in the near future, a modification of all this rotten game legislation that has characterized the dying years of the late Government.

A LETTER THAT RINGS TRUE.

Editor RECREATION:

Though not hitherto a subscriber I have been an appreciative reader of RECREATION both before and since the exit of the bristle-back, and while in my opinion no punishment is too severe and no epithet too vile for the wanton butchery of game birds, animals, and fish, I must say that you have made a wonderful improvement in the magazine, so great an improvement that I shall consider it an honor as well as a pleasure to be numbered as a "squatter" around the RECREATION camp-fire.

In your July number I noticed an article concerning the prairie chicken, which I thought very timely.

I am one of the farmer boys and I hope one of the true sportsmen named in that article, and as such I have been intimately acquainted with the prairie chicken and his enemies for the past twelve years, and I think the greatest enemies of this prince among his fellows are the market hunters, the broad and narrow stripe four-legged skunk and the common two-legged one who traps him in box traps or snares baited with corn during the winter. Although that same Mr. S. F. Fullerton named in your item has done much to eradicate the market hunter in Minnesota, there is still much to be done in that line, and a large part of it can be accomplished by city sportsmen.

The two varieties of skunks, one of which destroys the eggs of the prairie chicken by the hundred in nesting time, and the other who pursues the bird in his time of need, from April till November, can be reduced if not exterminated (not without some bad odor) by none but the farmer-sportsmen of the Gopher State and the two Dakotas, if they have manhood enough in their make-up to become thoroughly aroused over a shameful crime. As for introducing the ring-necked pheasant in place of the prairie chicken, if any one has money or time to squander on the ring-necked pheasant or can get an appropriation from the state for that purpose, he should by all means use it for the perpetuation of our native prairie chicken, who has done wonderfully well in an unequal fight for a long time and who has the ring-necked pheasant outclassed at every point.

Hoping to see the portion of RECREATION devoted to the bird dog continued and wishing endless life to RECREATION and the prairie chicken, I am H. R. Flint,
West Union, Minn.

TEA STAIN FOR GUT.

Editor RECREATION:

Have any of the fishermen who read your first-class little magazine ever tried soaking their gut leaders and flies in a cold tea solution? I learned to do this from an old trout fisherman on the River Tweed, in Scotland.

Take a bowl of cold tea and allow your gut and gutted hooks to soak in it for ten or twelve hours. You will find that the gut is made much tougher than it was and that it will be more lasting.

There is excellent fishing in the streams of this county (Sonoma, California). In spring all the mountain brooks and creeks team with trout, and in the summer there is plenty of bass, pike and a fish called "hardmouths" in the creeks and rivers.

Ignatius Sutherland, Sonoma, Cala.

COST OF A HUNTING TRIP.

Editor RECREATION:

I am thinking of going to Southern British Columbia next month. There will be four in the party. How much do you think we ought to pay for our outfit?

Please answer this in your next issue.

F. A. Turner

F. A. TURNER:

You will require two guides, one extra packer, one cook and ten horses to do the thing well.

I estimate your probable expenses as follows:

2 guides, at $5 a day	$10.00
1 extra packer	2.00
1 cook	2.00
Board for 8 men	6.00
10 horses, at 50 cents	5.00
Total per day	$25.00

EDITOR.

GOOD TIMES.

BY M. BOWEN COSIER.

Some fellers, they will set an' tell
About the big things they hev done,
An' squirt tobacco-juice around,
An' think they're havin' lots of fun;
But as fer me, I'd ruther take
My fish-pole an' a can o' bait,
An' sneak across-lots to the lake
An' throw my hook—an' set an' wait.
Bimeby I'll feel a little jerk,
An' think I've surely got a bite;
An' when I find it's just a weed,
It makes me mad enough to fight.
But then I take another worm,
An' go to baitin' up my hook,
An' watch him double up an' squirm,
An' then throw in—an' wait, an' look.
An' there I'll set, an' think, an' dream,
An' watch the clouds go floating by—
Till after while 'twill almost seem
'S if I was up there in the sky.
Then pretty soon another jerk
Warns me I'd best be takin' heed;
An' then I come back down to earth,
To find—I've caught another weed.
By that time gen'rally the sun
Is pretty well 'round to the West—
An' so, as life can't be all fun,
I git up slow, an' square my chest
To face the cares of life once more—
An' trudgin' home across the fields,
I git to thinkin' of the joys
That Nature to us mortals yields.
Some fellers think they've got to go
Away off somewheres to have fun;
An' dance, an' flirt, an' travel thro'
'Most all the lands beneath the sun;
But as fer me—I'd ruther take
My fish-pole an' my can o' bait,
An' sneak across-lots to the lake,
An' jest set there an' fish—and wait.

JIM BROWN'S HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

BY B. W. KEENE.

We lit our pipes, circled around the campfire, and Jim began: "One July several years ago, I was on the verge of nervous prostration, due to overwork. My physician advised me to spend a few weeks in the country. So I rolled a few 'necessities' in my blanket, and, with a goodly supply of fishing-tackle, started on a tramp through the mountains. My supply of provisions was easily replenished at the little country stores along the route. At night I would either camp in the woods or find shelter in a house, if there was one near by.

"One morning I left the road and followed a beautiful little stream back into the mountains. Toward night, as I was seeking a suitable place to camp, I spied a thin column of smoke above the trees, a short distance ahead of me. As the sky was becoming overcast, the shelter of a house would not be uncomfortable. I determined to investigate.

"The smoke came from a log cabin in front of which an old man was seated, peeling potatoes. At my approach he arose and stood with arms akimbo. I bade him good-evening, and asked shelter for the night.

"'Oh, yes—yes, certainly; this way, please,' and he hopped into the cabin. The rain began falling, and I waited for no further invitation. My host lighted a lamp.

"The interior, that is, as much of it as I could see—owing to a thick curtain stretched across the room, several feet from the entrance—contained a stove, a table, two chairs and some shelves on which were various odds and ends. Two small openings—one on either side of the room—served as windows. In the corner near the door was a closet for tinware and provisions.

"When my host had provided me with the necessary articles with which to remove the stains of travel, he resumed preparing supper. Such agility was surprising in such an old man. Instead of walking, he seemed to be continually hopping, as though his short, bow-legs contained springs. Nor did his heavy boots impede his movements.

During the meal, which for abundance far exceded by expectations, my host gave me every attention, although he talked but little. His little black eyes seemed to divine my wishes before I had the opportunity of expressing them. In fact, he was so attentive that he seemed to be playing a part, and I became suspicious of him. At the completion of the meal he even assisted me to remove my boots and don a pair of his slippers. Then, when he had done likewise, he went to the curtain, drew aside one corner, bowed ceremoniously, and politely requested me to enter. 'Won't you step into my parlor?' said the spider to the fly. Already suspicious, the words, occurring to me at that moment, seemed a terrible warning. I could not account for it in any other way. However, I hesitated but an instant. With every sense on the alert, prepared at the first sign of treachery to spring upon him, I boldly entered the room.

"The apartment, though small, was luxuriously furnished; at least, for a cabin in the wilderness. In the centre there was a small table, on either side of which a large, upholstered rocking-chair stood invitingly. In one corner a lounge rested, while from the corner opposite a huge, red-shaded parlor lamp threw its rays on the dark-green carpet, greatly adding to the effect. The old man bowed me to a seat, and hopped from the room.

"Left to myself, my thoughts turned mechanically to my host. Two questions were continually presenting themselves: Who was he? Why was he living so secluded a life? Was it not probable that, for purely personal reasons, he chose to exile himself from his fellow-men? Few persons would pass his way, and when one did come would he not be overjoyed, and show it in his hospitality? And again, how did he obtain money to support such an establishment? From persons who accepted his hospitality and were never heard of afterward? Argue as I would, I could not banish the thought, that this cabin was nothing more than the tomb of many a belated traveler.

"Glancing about, I discovered that the partition, opposite to where I had entered, was a curtain; it signified another apartment. The cabin was at least three rooms deep. Before I had the opportunity of investigating, my host entered with wine and cigars. He smilingly offered me refreshment; but on my declining he seemed deeply offended. He placed the articles on the tables, straightened his little narrow shoulders, and said, with a slight touch of irony: 'The mountain air is such as compels one to seek rest early. Allow me to show you to your room.'

"That the purpose of his speech was to allay any lurking suspicions in my mind, I saw plainly; therefore, I chose not to notice his change of manner. I muttered something concerning the truth of his assertion, and followed him into the third apartment, which was lighted by a small lamp. A chair, a couch and a miniature bureau completed the furnishings.

"When he bade me good-night every trace of offense seemed to have disappeared. He drew aside the curtain, and, still holding its edge, stopped midway between the two rooms and said: 'Pleasant dreams. I hope you'll stay with me a long time.' With that the curtain dropped from his fingers and he was shut from my sight. I heard him extinguish the lamp in the second apartment and then hop into the first room.

"'Stay with him a long time.' I failed to appreciate the jest. I made a hasty examination of my surroundings, extinguished the lamp, and, without disrobing, threw myself on the couch, and awaited developments.

"Of the man himself I was not afraid; he was so puny I could have killed him with one blow of my fist. But the means he might employ to destroy me caused me the most uneasiness. And as I lay there, listening to the heavy downpour outside, the deep-toned thunder, the sharp crash of the lightning—the flash, frequently entering the one little window at my feet—I longed to yell at the top of my lungs; to shout for the help I knew would never hear me.

"How thankful I was that I had not touched the poisoned wine—I knew it must be poisoned. Thwarted there, what would he try next? A thick odor pervaded the apartment. I sprang from the couch, too horrified to utter a sound. I saw his scheme now. The fiend meant to suffocate me with gas. Pleasant dreams, indeed! I seized the chair, held it before me, and staggered into the second room. The same odor was there, also. Suddenly a rasping sound struck my ear. I set the chair on the floor, tiptoed across the room, parted the curtain slightly, and peered into the first apartment. Had I the smallest doubt that my host was not a scoundrel the sight that met my eyes would have dispelled it. He was seated at the table sharpening a huge butcher-knife on a whetstone; the dark liquid he used on it caused the odor which had pervaded my apartment. *He was poisoning the knife.* I had often read of savages doing such things—but to see a white man use such a method was enough to cause the bravest to shrink from an encounter with him. The smallest scratch from that weapon would mean death. The one chance that remained to me was to get possession of the knife. It would not do to rush matters: the only safe course, at present, would be to wait.

"For some time I watched him through the crack in the curtain. Frequently he would stop, either to add oil to the stone or to test the knife's edge. Not once did he glance in my direction: he probably believed me to be asleep. Finally he laid the weapon on the table and began hopping, noiselessly, back and forth across the room. Suddenly he stopped, seized the knife from the table, advanced halfway towards me, hesitated, returned the knife to the table, then went to the corner of the room and began searching for something on the lower shelf of the closet. Now was my opportunity. I brushed aside the curtain and with one leap reached the knife. He sprang to his feet, trembling with fear, his face a deathly hue. 'Would you murder me?' he shrieked.

"'Murder you!' I cried. 'No! But I'll prevent *you* from murdering *me.*'

"'I? *Murdering you?*'

"'A lie won't save you,' I hissed. 'I've been watching you for the last two hours; if you were not planning to murder me, what were you doing?'

"He breathed a sigh of relief. Then he uttered a short little laugh.

"'My dear sir—my *very* dear sir, I was only wondering if you'd care to go trout fishing in the morning.'"

* * * * *

Jim selected an ember from the fire and relighted his pipe. The silence that followed was broken by our German cook: "Say, Chim, vot dit you doed den?"

"Why," said Jim carelessly, "I went to bed."

"*You vent to ped! Vat!* mit a grazy man! Golly, bud you must be prave."

"Why, there wasn't anything to be afraid of. He was only eccentric. He was one of those fellows who study the habits of bugs and insects—an entomologist."

Then, for the first time, we saw that his story was only a joke on us. We arose, simultaneously, grappled Jim, hustled him to the lake and threw him in, bodily. A few minutes later he joined us, dripping, but with a smile on his face. Wiping the water from his eyes, he said: "Boys, to see you sitting there like innocent kids, drinking in every word of that yarn, was well worth a 'chuck' in the lake."

GREETING.

(BY CARRIER PIGEON).

Editor RECREATION:

I am on the Mount Royal, the Hudson Bay Company steamer that runs up the Stikine River into British Columbia. I am not going to the Kenai, as the government won't give us permission to bring out heads of big game.

I have been traveling all over the southeast of Alaska, and have killed some deer. We are going up the Tanzilla River to hunt. This is a very wild and ragged country.

I stayed for four days in Juneau, a little Alaskan town, and while there a fire broke out in one of the big dance halls. I took off my coat, jumped in with the fire laddies and went into the building. There I found a woman yelling and howling for a dog which she could not find. When I went upstairs I saw the ky-yi sitting on a window sill afraid to jump, so I turned on the stream from the hose and gave it full force. It took the dog and window sash and all into the street, and the crowd went wild with applause. The dog was not hurt and the rescue was daring and pleased the community.

All we saved out of the building were two bottles of rye, and I have one of them still with me. There are great snow-capped mountains all about here, and the river runs in deep cañons, white with foam. It is a wonderful sight. I purchased a boat and I am taking it up the river with me and will come down the Stikine 150 miles when winter sets in.

I wish some of you New York boys were here so that you could see what this country is like. With every breath you draw here you feel more and more like a man.

Yours,
Hank Hennig.

STOP THE SALE.

Editor Recreation:

In your September number I find a very interesting article by "Old Timer," and to my mind he hits the nail squarely on the head when he says, "Stop the sale of game."

While local or state legislation to this end is a good thing, what we need is a law covering the whole country, making it a misdemeanor to sell game in any way, shape or manner.

The value of a law making the selling of game illegal in one county, or even state, is greatly lessened if the hunters, I cannot call them sportsmen, of adjoining counties or states are permitted to dispose of their game to markets, hotels, etc., without restriction.

There is a very large number of sportsmen in this great country, many of them men who can spare but a few days from each year for shooting or fishing, and they are with one accord interested in anything that will make it possible for them to enjoy their favorite sports without the expense of time and money made necessary by a long journey to the haunts of the game.

Is it right that these men, good citizens all, should be deprived of a health-giving recreation because a few men have a tremendous liking for quail, canvas back, or trout not of their own taking?

Why not then all join in a petition to our legislators, forceable enough by virtue of the names it contains, to insure the game protection so much needed?

Concerted action is the only thing that will be of any avail in this campaign.

If some well-known sportsman's journal, through the proper channel, introduce such a bill and then circulate a petition to the sportsmen of every state asking them to use their utmost endeavor to secure its support something might be accomplished.

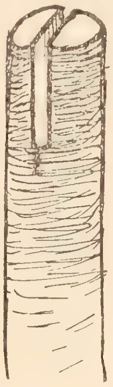
"12 Gauge."

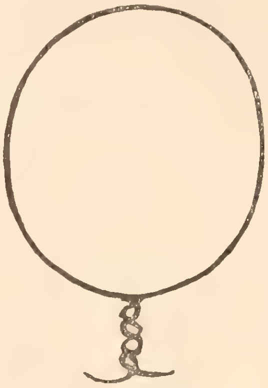
A BUTTERFLY NET.

Editor Recreation:

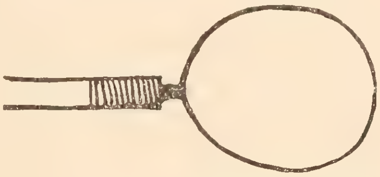
I enclose a few suggestions for a good butterfly net for boy collectors, being one myself. I have made the net myself and found it a good way:

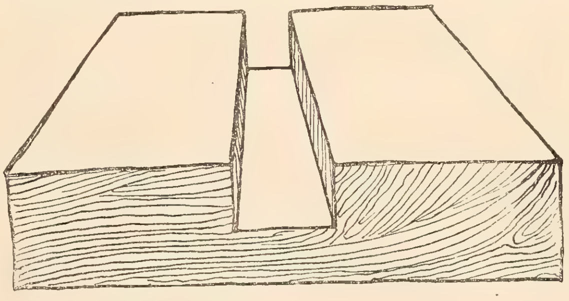
Take a light but strong stick, a little over a yard long and saw a notch about 1½ in. deep in one end. For your hoop, take a strong piece of hay-wire, or other stout wire, and twist the ends together, letting the two ends stick out on each side (Fig. 1.). Push this down into the notch in the stick and wind with twine or light wire.





The hoop should be about 10 in. across, and the net made of mosquito netting about 2 ft. deep. A good setting-board can be made by cutting a notch about half an inch thick in an inch board. The body of the butterfly rests in this during the drying-out process. I am 13 years old, and live in a suburb of Cincinnati. It is very country-like and affords a good opportunity for nature study. I am trying to work up a club of boys to protect birds and animals, called the Game-Warden Club, and will try to publish a little paper on that subject. I take Recreation and read it from cover to cover each month. Wishing you every success, I remain yours,





Harold W. Barker,
Hartwell, O.

A BOY AND BEAR LORE.

BY JAS. E. SAWYERS.

Many wild fireside tales of bears and their habits made me a timid boy, and in time distrustful of mankind. The strange things that older and wiser heads infused into my fearful boyish mind about these animals lead me to look upon them as the Creator's crowning masterpiece.

I listened with youthful confidence to many ludicrous portrayals of ingenuous escapes from their death-dealing claws and gnashing teeth; and how one stroke of the powerful paw would easily send a dog into the next county as if shot from a catapult. In fact, it was impressed upon me that all that saved the human race from extermination by these ferocious beasts were their ungainly forms and slow, cumbrous movements.

Awe stricken, I listened to accounts of bear fights. How easy it was for a dog to rush up behind the bulky mass of flesh and bones, chaw a hind leg and then escape unharmed! Should the dog run downhill the bear would gently place his head between his forepaws, double over and roll hoop fashion after his pursuers. The theory of bears rolling faster than they could run appealed to me as the only redeeming quality of the animal about which I had heard such reckless narrations.

Old hunters convinced me that a bear's usual mode of travel was to roll down hill, over rocky bluffs and logs, and dropping out of tall trees, striking on the ground and bouncing like a rubber ball his amusement.

Imagine a boy's conception of such an animal, when his knowledge was gained from men who occasionally saw a bear and shot it as conveniently as if it were a hog in a pen.

When I asked the wise ones concerning these interesting animals I was frequently met with a blank stare and told that I was too young or green to be a zoologist. I was accused of being a question point. The remedy prescribed for my ailment was to read the Bible. The story of Daniel in the Lion's Den brought "words of promise and prophecy to my imprisoned spirit," and furnished me enough ideas to puncture every fabulous bear story with the idea that the wicked stand in slippery places. The psalmist might have been a nimrod, too, at least he sang a true sportsman's song, "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help." The information found in the Good Book only transformed me into a miraculous exclamation point, and made me more dreaded than ever. What a bleak howling wilderness a boy makes for those around him?

Carefully devised plans to divert my attention were of no avail. Even the little brook where trout were anxiously fished out with a pin hook had its lessons. One day as I lay on the roots of an old alder tree, fishing in the familiar pool, odd-shaped footprints in the sand attracted my attention. A real live bear had walked along the stream. I followed the brook and looked curiously at the big tracks. The bear's tracks were made at regular intervals and indicated that he went about his business in an ordinary way, and was as sure-footed as any animal.

The signs left by him were noticeable, even to the novice. In some instances he had torn great slabs of thick bark from off massive fir logs. Rotten logs with big cavities in the sides, made by chisel-like claws, indicating that this forest highwayman appropriates everything in his pathway.

Bugs, worms, lizards, snails and young budding tubers are relished alike by this child of the mountain who makes his home in the deep gloom of the shaded forest.

A few days later a hungry bear visited the sheep range and converted a member of the flock to his use, carrying it up a steep mountain and far back into the timbered solitudes, where he could satisfy his hunger without annoyance from man. I was ordered to stay away from the scene of depredation. This feat of mountain climbing by a bear loaded with mutton furnished me enough ideas about them to heap fiery coals of distress upon the head of every man whom I heard relate a dubious bear story.

A council of war was called. The chiefs of the neighborhood assembled in due time. Not a single dog could be found for the sacrifice. So the neighborhood bear trap was brought forth from the scrap pile. Nearly every man in the assemblage had trapped bear with the rusty old trap. The leader shouldered the trap and led the throng of bear hunters up the steep declivity. As they toiled upward through the shrubbery the fellows that had breath to spare grew eloquent in rehearsing thrilling incidents of bear hunting. When the scene of the bear's feasting was reached an exchange of ideas followed and a plan was formed for alluring bruin into the trap on his return. A few logs and poles were rolled together and made into a "V"-shaped device and the bait placed well back from the entrance, and the trap was set at the mouth of the affair.

To my brother and I was assigned the task of visiting the trap each morning. The first visit was made and many forebodings of fear intimidated us, but nothing had disturbed the bait. That morning the forest aisles seemed like old dungeons to us and every twig like a witch. Well I remember how gloomy that bright April morning seemed. The sweet song of the white-crowned sparrow, the clear strain of the Western meadow lark, and the hum of insect life, all seemed to say, "Clear your throat." I didn't care if all Creation knew that I had a lump in my throat. Hunting bear was serious business just then, and I did not feel like having fun poked at me.

We arrived at the trap early the next morning. How things had changed! The trap was gone, logs were scattered, the ground dug up, hazel brush scarred; in fact, the surroundings indicated that a miniature cyclone had visited the quiet place. The drag that was fastened to the trap had made a plain trail which we might have followed, but we did not feel so disposed. A bear in the trap! The marks made by the fleeing animal as he forged his way through the small undergrowth demonstrated bruin's ability to move at break-neck speed, even when seriously handicapped.

Fancy played havoc with my imagination. As we sneaked homeward I could almost hear the charging bear and clanking chain at our heels. A large white tablecloth was used as a signal, and was fastened in the top of a snag, far up on the mountain side, to notify the neighbors that bruin was caught.

I was denied the privilege of observing the last act of the bear episode. Heart-broken, I wearily trudged away to school that morning, feeling friendless and in everybody's way. Fairy fingers flickered unprinted pages of lost opportunities before my eyes that shut out every lesson of the day.

From the schoolhouse window I could see the crowd gathering down by the alder branch at the corner of the field. Every man brought a gun and a dog or two to train on the unfortunate beast. The hunters returned disappointed, only bringing two claws that bruin had left in the trap as the price of his liberty.

About the middle of March of the following year I was introduced to Mrs. Bruin and her family. A friend permitted his boy and I to go with him on a hunting trip, and the beauty of it was that we were to camp out a few nights. I carried my father's ancient-looking muzzle-loading rifle, with which I was to bag my portion of the game. We hunted several days, but had very little success, so decided to take some provisions and a blanket for each and go further into the mountains. This was a new and novel experience for a boy of eleven years, and I thoroughly enjoyed the Daniel Boone fashion of camping out.

Dawning morning came chilly and raw, but the azure sky assured a fair day. Coffee, bread and bacon for breakfast. Only a boy can fully appreciate such common fare, and especially when far from home and unable to steal into the pantry and surprise the pies and cakes.

Some kind of a vicious animal was soon located by my friend in a fir tree that had a cavity at the ground, between where two roots reached out from the tree. The entrance was partly filled in and there was no sign that any animal had used it at all during the winter. A deer trail followed along the hillside, just above the tree, and their hoofs worked the dirt into the hole as they frequently passed along. The dog that my friend had with him poked his nose into the hole to see if anything belonged there.

His face was either cuffed or bitten, for he retreated in disorder and showed no desire to continue the exploration.

It was easy to decide that the senior hunter should remain and stand guard over the concealed game while the juniors went for an axe. The gnashing of teeth and growling that emanated from the den was enough to make we boys unwilling to face the mysterious beast. We hurried to camp and secured an axe, returning as quickly as possible, which was unusual for us, but we were anxious to find out the manner of beast housed in the butt of that tree.

During our absence the sentry filled the entrance with chunks and rocks. He explained that he had read of bears hibernating through the winter, and that he believed one had made his den in that hollow tree. There was but one way to get at it without danger. So we proceeded to chop a hole in the side of the tree just above the entrance to the den, which promised to be a hard task, but the tree proved to be a mere shell, and we soon cut a hole into the cavity. As the last big chip fell into the den, leaving an opening about the size of a wash pan, a she bear shoved her nose out, the dog grabbed her, but hastily let go, and complained not a little about the severe usage. The old bear growled and bluffed, but we were not afraid so long as we were on the safe side. As the hole was cut larger, the bear protested every lick of the chopper's ax.

Finally she came up to the opening and kept poking her nose out. That performance frightened me, especially when her teeth were exhibited and she uttered that whoof-whoof at us.

She was a medium-sized black bear, and after she was killed we discovered two cubs in the den. One weighed 4½ pounds and the other only 4 pounds. The larger cub was a rich jet black, but the other was a brownish black. The quaint-looking little creatures, whose heads were their most conspicuous parts, were provided with a home by my friend.

That bear was a revelation to me and quite different from the descriptions I had heard. The smooth coat of long, glossy black hair, richly filled with black velvety fur that was evenly distributed over the entire pelt, would have made a valuable trophy. When stripped of her skin the strong, wiry muscles and tendons that were revealed indicated the source of the great speed and endurance of this species.

I returned home from that bear hunt imbued with a feeling of triumph and as proud as the backwoodsman that brings in the election returns with the necessary majority from a remote precinct.

UNIFORMITY IN COMMANDS.

A movement is on foot to bring about uniformity in our orders to the dog. It has been found that when a dog comes into his owner's hands from the trainer, he appears frequently unable to understand his new master's meaning, the reason being, of course, that the trainer uses different words of command to those his master employs. This is a very old complaint; for we remember hearing years ago how a British sportsman bought a well-trained dog from a keeper, after seeing it work most satisfactorily, who could not induce the dog to charge when he took him into the field. He accordingly sent for the man from whom he had bought the dog and asked for an explanation:

"You don't talk to him right," said the keeper. "Now, you look 'ere." Turning to the dog he looked at him fiercely, and roared, "Squat, you beggar." Down went the dog, instantaneously, in the most approved form, showing that when spoken to in a language it understood, it was docility itself.

During the running of the American Field Futurity at Robinson, Illinois, a meeting will be called on the evening of November 1, at which it is expected many of the better known handlers will attend, to give their views. It is expected that the result will be a code of words that will be accepted by a majority of the dog owners and handlers of this continent.

We doubt whether it will be found easy to obtain this uniformity as there are almost as many different ideas upon this subject as there are men. We have always used the word "toho" to halt a dog and "charge" to make him lie down. Yet, we are told by some of the most advanced handlers that these terms are ancient, and that no up-to-date dog would acknowledge them. Personally, we think "charge" a better word than "drop." We think "here" better than "come in," "hie on" better than "go on," "steady" better than "look out;" but there are lots of good dog men that will not agree with us.

On the other hand, we should have adherence to our code if we ever drew one up.

Recreation will afford space, with pleasure, to any handler or owner who cares to discuss this interesting subject in our columns, and we hope to hear from some of them.

It would certainly be a gain if the ordinary, everyday sportsman could be induced to use a sensible code, and to cut out a lot of the "turkey talk" he indulges in. There can be no question that a multiplicity of orders, and an exuberance of verbosity simply confuse a dog, but for field trial purposes many handlers find that it pays to have a special code of orders, which, while understood by the dog they are handling, simply puzzles the other fellow's entry. Whether this be legitimate or not we do not wish to express an opinion. At any rate, we shall look forward with the greatest interest to the discussion that is to take place at Robinson, and we desire to compliment the American Field upon taking the initiative in the matter.

JOE SHOMWAY'S TURKEY SHOOT.

BY JOHN C. WRIGHT.

Joe Shomway geeve a turkey shoot:—
"One turkey an' muskrat to boot
To any man who hit de head
Of one hees birds an' keel heem dead."

Den every man for miles aroun'
She grab her gun an' come to town—
She leave her farm, she leave her work,
For come to Joe's an' win dat turk'.

Joe took hees bird behin' de shed
An' hide heem dare excep' hees head,
Which stick beyon' t'ree inch or so;
Den Joe he holler: "Let 'er go!"

De firs' man raise an' take good aim,
But miss de mark—de nex' de same;
Anodder one, an' den t'ree four
Come out jus' like de ones before.

Dey shoot an' shoot an' shoot teel dark,
But none of dem was hit de mark—
De bird jus' wink an' shake hees head,
Den wink again an' dodge de lead.

For Joe, you see, was make great play—
He change de turk' for loon, *sacra!*
Dat's why dey shoot an' shoot teel dark
An' heverybody miss de mark.

An' Joe was laugh to see de fun,
An' jump an' dance an' take de mon;
By, gee crapo, he fool dem all
Wid bird dat dodge de rifle ball.

A GREAT SUCCESS.

Magazine Publisher: We've got a great magazine this month.

Magazine Editor: Yes, I think it's pretty good myself. That story of Scribbler's is a corker.

Magazine Publisher: Oh, I haven't read anything in your section. But just look at that! Two hundred and fourteen pages of advertising.—Somerville Journal.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

BY JOHN BRIDGES.

The shooting season in Pennsylvania opens for quail and pheasant or ruffed grouse November 15, which is early by fifteen days, as very little of the standing corn is cut by this date. It is mostly hot and the grass still green, which makes the scent poor, preventing good work by the dogs and there are far too many half-grown birds. The conditions, unfavorable as they are, we are off to the fields quite early, and after a short drive of from two to five miles the dogs are dropped and generally after half an hour's ranging we notice one of the dogs "giving sign," and within a few rods the beautiful setter has stiffened to a staunch point, backed by the other dogs, and within a few yards of "Brittas" nose lie the covey, often not off their roost. They are then flushed, and having never been shot into, make a short flight to the nearest thicket or scatter in the standing corn. If they settle in the corn it is generally useless to further hunt that particular covey, for one can rarely get an open shot, and likely the farmer is cutting and shocking his corn, which makes it hazardous, so we leave the covey for later sport and go a few fields farther on, where, we again send the dogs out, and within a reasonable time have another "covey up." This time they fly to the thickets or timber, and then it is that the true qualities of a bird dog can be really tested. I once saw my setter "Britta" pointing a scattered bird through a hedge fence. My gunning partner, who was the proud possessor of a magnificent looking English setter which had just been returned to him from an expensive trainer, wished to show how nicely his dog would back-stand. It was some little time before he could get his dog to "come-in," and after actually running this dog between "Britta's" rigid form and the bird, which was on the opposite side of the hedge roe, this lovely looking animal, with his fine feather and thick head, blundered madly on and never knew "Britta" was pointing, much less the presence of Bob White which I flushed not over three yards from "Britta's" nose and killed. The remainder of the day this bench-show dog never made a single back-stand or point and would chase everything in sight.

If the opening of the season is hot and dry, which is usually the case, the swampy grounds and fields with small streams running through must be hunted, giving precedence to the stubble fields, in which Bob White prefers to feed morning and late afternoon, while midday is spent near a wood preening their feathers or dusting. Later in the season we hunt stubble, corn fields, old grass fields and clearings, in the order named, while, towards the closing of the season, from the 1st to the 15th of December, Bob White will be likely found in the thick, high, grass-grown gullies with timbered sides of pine and spruce surrounded by feeding fields. I once raised four coveys in two of these gullies not over 200 yards apart, and had 34 shots within an hour, very few of the birds lying for the dog, as the ground was covered with snow.

In Pennsylvania we prefer to hunt with a brace of setters trained directly different. One, a very wide ranger, to locate the coveys; the other, a very slow worker, to "point" the scattered birds. I have never seen the two qualities possessed by one dog. The nervous high-strung wide ranger thinks it too tame a sport to come down and nose over every foot of ground which is necessary to find a single scattered bird, and certainly Bob White must possess the power of withholding his scent for a time after being flushed; and to pick them up takes a very close-working dog. I once flushed a small covey of eight birds and saw them alight in a bunch of thick grass not over 75 yards distant. We went directly to the spot, and although we had a brace of tried and true setters they could only find one bird. After waiting half an hour these same dogs picked up every bird, but they laid so close that my gunning partner actually picked up with his hands a large cock bird. On an average the coveys contain from 12 to 20 birds, rarely more.

A highly respected elder of the blue-stocking type once told me of a most remarkable point that his pointer dog made, and I have no reason to question the veracity of the blue stocking. On a frosty morning some few years since, when Bob White was more plentiful, Blue Stocking took his remarkable pointer for a short hunt, and while watching his dog work, saw him jump over quite a high fence and land directly on his back, feet and nose uppermost and motionless, so Blue Stocking, thinking the dog had simply killed himself, climbed the fence, when he noticed the dog's eyes fairly dancing and displaying an unusual intelligence, but at the same time remaining perfectly quiet, not moving a muscle of his body with the exception of a slight wag of his tail. When suddenly up went a beautiful covey of Bob Whites not three feet from the dog's nose, after which the dog most suddenly returned to life. I have seen my dogs point through a hedge fence, across a narrow stream, and hang on a rail fence, but the point of the Blue Stocking's pointer holds the record.

Most of us know Bob White's main protection lies in the close similarity of their feathers to their surroundings, and so closely do their feathers match the bare ground that I once saw my setter "Britta" make a point right out in the open, and for ten feet around not even a tuft of grass could be seen, nothing but ground and stones; but look where we might, and for fully ten minutes we strained our optics, but could not detect the particular location of that bird, which was only revealed by flushing and the bird rose not two feet in front of the dog's nose. Had the ground been covered with snow this bird could have been easily seen; an excellent chance for the pot hunter, who is always in evidence after the first light snow, the true sportsman much preferring the verdant conditions; for seldom the birds lay well for a dog when there is snow on the ground. And about the only advantage a sportsman has with snow are the tracks, which at times serve as a guide to direct the dog. I was once drilling my dogs through a deep gully when my attention was attracted to the opposite side of a pine-covered hill by what I thought was a miniature snow plow. The snow was quite deep and in this particular spot it was flying as if a cyclone was in progress, but after closer examination I noticed there were periodical lulls in the cyclone, and upon a still closer and more careful investigation, I was much surprised to see three Bob Whites just simply beating the snow with their wings, and it looked for all the world like a small snow plow revolving in front of a trolley car. After watching this most interesting operation for half an hour I sent my dog "Britta" in ahead very carefully and riveted my eyes on one particular bird. I am sure this bird did not see me, for I was above it, while my well-trained dog was coming up most cautiously from the lower side of the hill; but no sooner had the bird caught sight of the dog than it took to wing. I had a poor shot and missed, the other two birds going in the opposite direction, and I did not have a shot at them. But I did most thoroughly investigate what those birds were doing with that snow, and I found a most excellent gravel bed about the size of an ordinary horse blanket, which they had completely cleared of snow by the constant flapping of their wings.

There has been more or less talk of re-stocking this state with Bob Whites. Also of assessing a tax of $1 on every one who wishes to gun. It is the writer's opinion that it might be well to re-stock after particularly hard winters, but as for compelling every one to pay a game license, that is going a little too far. Certainly the game of a state should be protected for a certain period each year, but the inhabitants of that state should have the free right to hunt during the open season. There is a large class who like a day or two in the field during the open season, and to tax them for a single day's hunt, often on their own land, is sqeezing the lemon till its bitter. However, if such a law must be passed, the writer would suggest that the license take the form of a small metal badge which must be worn on the outside of the hunting coat. Stop the market hunter, the cold-storage man, the banqueting hall, with its game entrée, and Bob White will whistle his "Bob, Bob White, the grain is ripe," every summer until Father Gabriel blows his trumpet.

THE HOOP SNAKE.

The mention of the fabulous hoop snake in a recent editorial has brought forth several inquiries asking for a description of this serpent, and also questions as to whether any people really did believe in its existence.

We find in the American Field of October 13, 1883, printed in good faith, the following description:

> "The horned snake is the last of the poisonous serpents, and is a great curiosity. Instead of in the head it carries its weapon in its tail, which has a horny appearance, is shaped like a cock's spur, and is from an inch to an inch and a half in length. This tail has a cavity enclosed in which is a sharp, needle-like sting growing from the extreme point of the tail. The snake puts the end of the tail in the mouth, thus forming a hoop, and rolls forward until within striking distance, when it slips the tail from the mouth, and strikes with considerable force, tail foremost. The sting produces about the same effect as the bite of the adder. The horned snake is about three feet long when full grown, rather dark in color, and is also oviparous. They are very seldom seen."

It is well added that it is seldom seen, for so it is except by bibulous people who find them in their boots. The truth is that one imaginary mongoose could clear the world of all the hoop snakes ever inhabiting it.

QUAIL IN BUTTER.

K. Dillon, of Santa Marguerita, will have to explain to the Fish and Game Commission why he shipped seventy-five quail to this city packed in a bucket of butter. Butter does not improve the flavor of the birds, and only a French chef would think of using butter in preparing such a dainty dish.—San Francisco Bulletin.

STORM IN AUTUMN.

BY CLARENCE H. URNER.

Cloud-haunted skylands dropping ruthless rain
  Drench ghostly, naked weeds and withered grass;
  The meadow, drowned, spreads like a broad morass,
Where darkly gloom the stalks that still remain.
Deep-rooted, 'gainst the demon storm's disdain
  And wrath, stand mullein, flag and sassafras:
  E'en these, as bat-like hours are born and pass
To death, are stung with pangs of serpent pain.
Day dies at length without the sunset's glow
  Of cheer; unknown comes twilight's vague advance:
  Night, like a wounded raven, drops to earth
And hides the piteous landscape's utter woe;
  And better thus:—on Dreamland's wide expanse
  A gorgeous morn may break, a spring have birth.

THE TALE OF A MOUNTAIN LION.

BY H. P. DICKINSON.

I had been over in the Pinal Mountains in Southern Arizona, looking up some mining property for a couple of Eastern men, and after getting through it occurred to me that my friend Bob Ross had a ranch within a day's ride of where I was and that by going only a few miles out of my way I could spend a day or so with him and still get back to Denver in time to meet my principals.

I had a good horse and knew the country well, so I broke camp just before day on a delicious Arizona morning and headed for Bob's little patch of civilization.

The trail was a rough one, leading up to the top of the range and along the crest of the divide, but shortly before sunset I worked my way down into the cañon that led to the ranch and half an hour later I rode in through the big gate.

Bob's establishment was peculiarly situated. He had located there before the Apaches had been finally rounded up, and built what amounted to a fort.

Right in the heart of the range he found a place where the cañon "boxed"; that is, where in the final adjustment of nature's disturbed forces, a mountain had risen up directly in the path of a valley, shutting it off and forming walls on three sides.

About a quarter of a mile from the rear wall Bob had built a high stockade clear across the cañon, which at this point was only about fifty yards wide, and as there were three or four good springs inside the enclosure, besides trees, grass and other useful things, his position was unusually secure.

Near the centre of the open space he built his house, modeling it after the old-fashioned block houses, while above the roof rose a square cupola made of heavy logs like the rest of the building and having its four sides pierced with loop-holes at convenient intervals.

Of course in these peaceful times such precautions are needless, but it isn't so very long ago that they were necessary and more than once Bob and his men have spent the night in that little cupola.

Since the Indians quieted down life at the ranch has moved a good deal smoother, and Bob's affairs have prospered in no small degree.

The big gate now stands hospitably open, and there are a dozen or more picturesque log cabins scattered about inside the enclosure, part of them occupied by the men, several of whom have families, while the others are reserved for visitors, drawn there by Bob's wide popularity and reputation as an entertainer.

As I rode up to the house, heralded by the usual vociferous greeting from a congregation of dogs, Bob came to the door to welcome me. When he saw who it was he jumped off the porch and fairly dragged me out of my saddle, kicking the dogs right and left, while he squeezed my hand till it ached.

There wasn't any doubt about my welcome anyhow, and as I swung down off my horse I was glad I had come.

After a hearty supper prepared by Bob's Chinese cook, we went out on the porch, lit our pipes and told each other what had happened in our respective lives since we last met.

Bob did not often leave the ranch at this time of year, but his recital showed that for various kinds of excitement he didn't have to.

I have spoken of his dogs. He was a connoisseur in these, and had some fine ones, chiefly greyhounds and Scotch staghounds. Several were lying on the porch and I noticed that two or three of them were badly cut up.

I spoke of this and Bob laughed.

"Those dogs," said he, "are sure monuments to the funniest thing that ever happened on this ranch!

"You know, son, I occasionally have to go to El Paso. Last fall, after th' round-up, I was over there an' one night I met what I took to be absolutely th' tenderest tenderfoot I ever saw. It was in th' Weldon hotel, an' I was just gettin' ready to go up to bed, havin' nothin' else to do, when a bunch of pilgrims was unloaded from th' bus, havin' been beguiled into ridin' those three blocks from th' Golden Limited station an' th' hotel on account of not havin' any well-formed ideas of distance.

"My particular tenderfoot was young an' gentle an' seemed considerable tired. He registered as 'J. Henry Loomis, Chicago,' an' th' first thing that attracted my attention to him was his exceedin' lonesomeness. He was so quiet it seemed to hurt him, an' stood around like he was afraid of himself, so, after wastin' a lot of pity on him at long range I sort of interested myself in him an' by an' by we naturally gravitated down to th' commissary department in th' basement, an' he told me quite a number of things about himself.

"Seems he was th' only son of a rich man, but, as subsequent events proved, that hadn't spoiled him th' way it does some. He finally disgorged th' information that he hadn't been out of college long an' that his father wanted him to go to Europe for some travels, but J. Henry, bein' somethin' of a patriot himself, figgered it out he'd rather see his own country first, so his family, while wonderin' at his perverted taste, had filled his pockets full of money an' turned him loose.

"After becomin' satiated with th' rural delights of Kansas City an' findin' he still survived, he got as far as Denver. Here he mingled himself with th' maddenin' whirl of social gaiety, durin' which fascinatin' occupation he had run across a gentleman who, when he had mentioned his intention of seein' th' Southwest that fall, had given him a letter of introduction to a Mr. Bob Ross!

" 'Did you,' inquired J. Henry, in his gentle, two-year-old voice, 'ever happen to hear of Mr. Ross?'

" 'Well,' says I, 'you don't often hear of Mister Ross, but if you're lookin' for plain Bob Ross of th' Hermosa Ranch you're talkin' to him right now!'

"Well, sir, I thought J. Henry was goin' to have some kind of a seasickness! He milled around for several minutes, diggin' up apologies at every jump. Poco tiempo, though I got him some soothed an' we was soon friendlier 'n ever, 'specially when he turned over a letter from my old pardner, Jimmy Edmunds, who requested me to be kind to J. Henry.

"Well, son, I did my best, an' if ever you meet J. Henry you just gather his impressions! They're sure lurid!

"A couple of days after this, havin' done all I could to astonish him with El Paso an' th' Northern metropolis of Mexico over at Juarez, we got on th' train an' headed for Arizona, which we reached without any mishaps, reachin' our particular station all right an' findin' Billy with th' buckboard ready for our forty-mile drive out to th' ranch.

"We got J. Henry's trunk cinched on an' started, arrivin' home that evenin' without havin' any serious troubles barrin' th' loss of J. Henry's hard-boiled hat, which got caught in one of them little whirlwinds an' carried up to where th' angels could laugh at it. You see that cabin right over there under th' big pine? Yes, th' one with that railed-in porch. Well, formerly my foreman, Andy Evarts, lived there. Andy has a nice little family of youngsters an' to keep 'em from strayin' his wife got him to build that corral business around th' porch. There used to be a gate there where th' steps go up, but when Andy buit his new house over yonder he took th' gate with him, needin' th' hinges. We quartered J. Henry in Andy's ole cabin all by his lonesome, an' for a week or so he got along first rate.

"We're always troubled more or less with mountain lions 'round here. They're most exceedin' fond of young stock, an' th' calves an' colts have a tough time of it, so we have to watch 'em mighty close.

"One night a couple of weeks after J. Henry landed we'd been sittin' right where we are now until pretty late, smokin' an' listenin' to one of th' boys play th' banjo. It was a plumb dark night, little bit cloudy an' no moon, an' 'long 'bout 'leven o'clock we all made a move for bed.

"J. Henry has a most amazin' fondness for all kinds of animals, 'specially dogs, an' as is always th' way, they liked him, too. Result was 'bout six or seven of these hounds used to lie on his porch an' one or two would sleep in th' cabin.

"Well, on this particular night I'm tellin' you of, J. Henry an' th' string of dogs moseyed over to their sleepin' quarters an' th' rest of us likewise turned in.

"Everybody was sound asleep, when—must have been 'bout three in th' mornin'—there was th' allfiredest racket over to J. Henry's cabin that ever shook this peaceful valley.

"I jumped for my door, reachin' it just in time to see some blazin' streaks of light bein' squirted 'round promiscuous, over on J. Henry's porch.

"Minglin' with them winkin', jumpin' light squirts was sure th' most infernal rumpus that ever happened—dogs howlin' an' yellin' an' everythin' goin' slam! bang! Then J. Henry hollers, 'Lookout! I'm goin' to shoot!' an' sure enough he does! Eight times he let go, never stoppin', an' presently he yells, 'I've got him!"

"Meantime, 'bout everybody on th' place come runnin' an' we all piles over to see how much was left of J. Henry an' th' dogs. Several of th' boys had lanterns, an' when we got there, here comes our tenderfoot in his pajamas holdin' a funny lookin' little gun in one hand an' a black tube (which same was his light squirtin' machine!) 'bout ten inches long in th' other. He wasn't rattled a little bit, an' said, 'I rather imagine I've killed what you call a mountain lion.' By that same token it sure looked like he had! A great, big, lean beast with 'I'm hungry!' stickin' out all over him.

"Well, sir, as near as we could size it up them dogs was all sleepin' calm an' peacefullike on th' porch, an' J. Henry was follerin' suit inside.

"Along comes Mister Lion, hungry clear through—so hungry that he violates all th' laws of botany, zoology an' th' other sciences by ignorin' his instincts of caution an' jumpin' that little corral fence, landin' square in th' middle of them dogs! Everybody gets scared at once, an' every animal in th' bunch was sure squanderin' time tryin' to get clear of th' one next him! It was sure a glorious ole hullabaloo!

"Then out comes J. Henry an' mixes in with his little light squirter an' his eight-shootin', rapid-fire gun, an' as soon as he could dissolve that group of strugglin' animal nature into pieces an' pick out somethin' he thought wasn't *dog*, he turns loose an' shoots up Mister Lion plenty!

"A lion is a funny beast; sometimes it takes mighty little to kill 'em an' again it looks like *nothin'* would do it.

"Here was this great, big beast lyin' there an' th' whole bunch of us gathered 'round lookin' at him. J. Henry was makin' plans as to which particular fireplace at home he was goin' to decorate with Mister Lion's hide, when along comes one of them fool hounds an' begins smellin' th' remains.

"First thing anybody knew th' corpse aforesaid gives a little sort of a quiver an' th' next thing that happens is a real, genooine surprise!

"That dead lion gives a wiggle an' a spring an' lands clear outside of everybody an' hikes off down this cañon like he was shot out of a gun!

"Well, th' next few minutes was spent by each of us explainin' to th' others how it happened that nobody tried to stop him, an' don't you know—come to find out there wasn't a gun in that whole blame crowd 'ceptin' J. Henry's, an' that was plumb empty!

"Of course th' dogs flew after that animated coroner's inquest, but this particular breed of canines ain't sufficiently robust to do business with a nine-foot lion, 'specially if he's wounded an' some scared an' mad clear through, though I will say that a couple of th' brashest of 'em *tried* to stop him.

"They're th' ones you was askin' about.

"Mebbyso they're still some brave an' they're sure got aheap more sense, but they haven't lost any lions!

"After th' boys got through tellin' how it happened an' everybody'd gone to bed again, J. Henry among th' rest, things sort of cooled off, but next mornin' it was a cinch that we'd got to have a lion hunt.

"So, 'long 'bout sun-up everybody saddled his horse an' off we starts.

"J. Henry was th' worst worried man you ever saw, an' kept tryin' to figger out how many times you had to kill a fool beast like that before he was dead.

"Th' dogs got th' trail easy enough, an' we spent a whole lot of time haulin' our horses over th' country where it was too steep to ride, an' ridin' wherever we could, till finally th' trail led into a crack in th' rock which looked like home—for th' lion—an' like—well, *not* homelike to th' rest of us.

"Nobody was makin' any volunteers to go in an' poke him out, an' th' dogs was pretty considerable bashful, too, an' it began to look like J. Henry'd have to be content with just plain bare floors in front of his domestic hearths, when, up on top of th' mesa, 'bout a mile or two away, we see a cuss come ridin' towards us like somethin' was chasin' him.

"When he got close enough to see it turned out to be th' sixteen-year-old kid of one of my Mexicans.

"He rode up an' stopped his horse an' we could see he was excited quite a few lines.

"'El leon, señors!' says he. 'Yo la muerte! El leon!'

"'Where?' says I.

"'Back under that beeg piñon, señor. I was coming under th' tree an' I see th' leon —muy grande!—on limb, ofer me. I pull my gun an' shoot heem queek!'

"'Well,' says I, 'if it's th' same lion, that's two "muertes" for him; let's go an' see!'

"So off we went, an' sure enough, there he was, stretched out under th' piñon, 'parently just as dead as he was th' night before.

"Havin' experienced his ability to resurrect them remains of his, th' boys weren't quite so anxious to take his hide off right then, but waited till I put a rifle-bullet through his ear an' as he didn't act like that disturbed him any, we went up an' counted th' holes in him.

"We found one high up on his neck that had just creased him, an' as sure's you're a foot high that's th' only place J. Henry'd hit him at all!

"Then there was my bullet through his ear, but as he'd been pretty dead when that hit him I didn't take any particular credit for th' shot.

"Then we looked for th' kid's shot—an' couldn't find it!

"He insisted, though, that he had killed him, an' as it was a cinche that th' lion was dead (so far as we could see) when we got there, we sized it up that th' kid had somehow scared him to death.

"He got mad at this an' insisted that he had shot him an' then somebody asked him what with?

"Well, sir, when he produced th' evidence everybody sure laughed!

"Why, it was one of them little, cheap, Fourth of July guns, shootin' a bullet I could catch in my teeth an' then not know I had it!

"When th' laugh went up th' kid just pitched an' snorted!

"'Skeen heem, señor! Skeen heem!' he hollered—'an' you weel find dat bulleet in hees heart!"

"A couple of th' boys started in an' had th' hide off in mighty short order.

"Sure enough, right where it ought to be, was a little hole 'bout as big as a pencil, so they cut out th' heart, an' sure's you an' I 're sittin' here, there was that kid's minute slug square in th' middle of it!

"Well, as I was sayin', it sometimes don't take much of a circumstance to achieve results when you happen to hit th' right spot!

"What's that?"

"Anything in th' ole jug?"

"Why, *sure,* son!"

GOT OUR PREMIUM AND A MOOSE.

Editor RECREATION:

In your letter of September 18 you ask me to let you know about my hunting trip. A party of six of us left here September 14, 1905, and went back some twenty miles on the old St. John post road, known as the "old Shepody road." We found an ideal spot and pitched our new 12 x 12 "Carpenter" tent and made things snug. Birds being plentiful, I shot five with a .22 Stevens rifle. The ruffed grouse here are quite tame, and getting them with a shotgun doesn't seem fair. The next day was the opening of the big game season, while out with the .22 I ran full on a fine bull moose, less than 40 yards away—and I with a .22. I said nothing, but I thought a heap. After inspecting me for four or five minutes the moose walked away. I got back to camp in a hurry, only hitting the high places. Getting the heavy rifle and one of the boys, we made tracks for his Royal Highness, but he had received an urgent call elsewhere and was not to be found.

That afternoon four of us made our way to a meadow, something like a mile and a half from the road, and surrounded by spruce, fir, and alders. We started calling about 4 o'clock, and a few minutes past 5 a fine bull moose appeared on the scene. With many a grunt and snort he made his way to the meadow and across a corner of it, stopping in a clump of bushes. I was about 200 yards away, but I could see the head, horns and a part of the right shoulder. I placed a soft-nosed bullet from a .32 Winchester special repeating rifle fitted with the Lyman sights obtained of RECREATION for getting subscribers, just forward of the shoulder. He turned and made off, snorting and coughing, but only went about 50 yards, and then fell like a thousand of brick. He never got up again.

The bullet broke two ribs, then mushroomed and split all to pieces, tearing the lungs into a clotted mass; it also cut a hole in the windpipe and broke two ribs on the opposite side, not going through. All that was found of the bullet were numerous small bits of lead and a badly battered piece of the metal jacket. The meat dressed over 800 pounds, and the live weight would be close to 1,400 pounds. The spread of the horns was 55½ inches, which is considered a very large head; in fact, the largest one shot in this section this year as far as I can find out. The head and horns are nearly perfect, being very evenly matched both as to shape and color. I am now having the head mounted in St. John, N. B.

The Lyman sights are O. K. I used the rear combination, and ivory hunting front sight in shooting the moose, and without them I might have missed him at that distance.

This was the only moose we got on our two weeks' trip. W. J. Baldwin,
Albert, N. B., Can.

We hope to reproduce Mr. Baldwin's photographs of this fine moose in our December issue.—Editor.

ANIMALS' SIGNALS OF ALARM.

BY HARRY B. BRADFORD.

One of the first things noticeable on approaching a covey, flock or herd of wild animals is their alarm at the sight or scent of a stranger.

Probably all gregarious animals have some way of giving an alarm of danger to those that make up the rest of their herd.

Those animals which hunt singly need no such alarm. All that concerns them is to see that number one is safely out of danger.

In union there is strength, and also more liberty in daring, therefore the animal that prowls about alone is usually shy and crafty, and keeps well out of sight, while those which move in companies may take more freedom.

Some animals detail one or more sentinels to out-guard their band or flock while they are feeding or traveling. It is understood with others that those on the outskirts of the herd will act in such a capacity on their own intuition, and the hunter's or explorer's experience, in approaching wild creatures, acquaints him with the cunning manner in which such signaling is carried out.

How rarely we ever come across a rabbit sitting still in the woods! If we could come upon a small group of them, just before we saw them on the hop, we might hear their signal of alarm. It is a short, smart stamp upon the ground with their hind, padded feet. At this sound every rabbit in the vicinity pricks up his ears, while some sit upright and become temporarily immovable, except for a slight trembling in an endeavor to remain perfectly quiet.

I have often imitated their stamp on the ground and seen forty or more, domesticated rabbits even, stop chewing the grass or leaves which they had in their mouths.

This signal is simply a warning, and if they hear nothing unusual, they continue their feeding, but if an enemy is heard or scented, there is a general scamper for the thicket. They rarely run far without stopping to listen again, and if they find the enemy means business, they endeavor to show him that they are equal to the occasion.

There is no discount on the hearing of rabbits, but their sight, strange as it may seem, is very poor, especially in the albinos. If you will watch rats and mice very closely sometime, you will find that they, too, are in the same situation.

The woodchuck, however, which belongs to the same family (rodent) as that of the rabbit, has very acute sight and hearing, as every farmer's boy knows who has tried to shoot one.

The woodchuck's note of warning is a short whistle when in a company, but when alone he disappears as speedily and noiselessly as possible.

Some of the larger animals also have interesting habits of giving an alarm to protect those in their company. The prong-horned antelope of the plains is very inquisitive, and has a habit of venturing quite near anything odd or unusual.

When he is suspicious of danger, he erects the stiff hairs which form a light-colored patch about his tail, and this glistens in the sunlight, thus giving a noiseless, heliographic signal to the whole band, whose eyes and ears are ever on the alert for danger.

The bulls of buffalo and wild cattle usually outskirt the herd, and when the cows hear their "snort," a general closing in movement is inaugurated, and a living "corral" is formed, surrounded by a staunch stockade of bulls, like great posts of oak, which makes the venturesome grizzly bear decide to select a more favorable occasion.

Some other animals, as the wolf and coyote, although gregarious, are too stupid to adopt any such means of protection, and only see to it that number one is safe and sound out of harm's way.

Still others, going in herds or bands, as horses, zebras and quaggas, have a leader that they make a point of keeping a sharp watch on. When the leader neighs, throws up his head and starts off on a gallop, the whole band moves as one body in his direction.

The crow's custom of posting one or more sentinels on some conspicuous, high branch is well known. I remember some years ago when up in Rhode Island on a vacation, an old hunter said he would give me fifty cents for every crow I would shoot with the little Remington rifle I had. Partly to show him that I could do such a thing, and partly to satisfy my love of the woods and shooting (even at a nail head), and also to show the crows that I could get ahead of them, I set out into the woods where they were making their "caws heard."

When in the woods I used one tree after another for shelter, till I came in their vicinity. Then I squatted down to listen, back of an old tree-trunk which was well overgrown with tall ferns, and I plainly heard several crows conversing in rather subdued tones. I hoped none had spied me yet. Presently one flew nearly over me, up above the tree tops, and I crawled around the stump, pushing my head and shoulders deeper into the ferns, so as to escape his sharp sight. As he gave no "caw! caw! caw!" after passing, I knew he had failed to notice me. To go nearer where I heard them would be sure death to my project, as there was little cover between their trees and the one where I was. As my squatting position was becoming anything but comfortable, and, too, the mosquitoes were torturing me by filling my hands, neck and ears with malaria, I suppose, I stood up for a minute to get a change of position, and that minute a sly sentinel had spied me. As he softly swooped down from a branch near where I had been so well hidden he gave an alarm which told his fellows that that locality was not a safe place to picnic in.

That settled it. I had no chance after that, so I withdrew, rubbing my mosquito bites, to await another time.

Some days afterwards I heard the crows near the same place, and putting on a pair of gloves, buttoning up my black coat-collar close around my neck, and pulling my felt hat down over my ears, I got into the thick brush undiscovered and—unstung. After carefully decking my hat and neck with ferns, I looked like a movable fern-bush, and with this decoration I crawled along very slowly by an old stone wall.

I soon heard the crows not far away and did some more crawling, reaching an old tree behind which I slowly stood up for a peek. My black friends were not far away, by the sound, but I could see nothing of them.

As I changed from one foot to another for a rest, a "sentinel" flew down and lit on an old fence not fifty feet from me. I heard him talking to himself and getting ready for a dip in the little brook, which ran near the fence. The next moment I was eyeing him over the sights of my rifle, and its crack saved him from giving an alarm to his company.

He never knew what struck him, and as I carried his wings into the house I said, "Now do you believe I can shoot a crow with a rifle?" The old hunter laughed, and the wings were used, I believe, for kitchen brushes.

I will say right here, however, that the more one studies these wild creatures of the woods, the more respect and admiration one has for their craftiness, cunning and wisdom.

It requires much more skill, patience and perseverance to shoot them with the camera, than with gun or rifle, and the results are far more enjoyable to retain in the memory.

How dreary and vacant the woods seem when no squirrel is heard cracking his acorns in the treetops and passing the shells down to you, or how lifeless seems the pond in the woods where no bull-frogs croak and dive, or muskrat's splash is heard as you approach, only to behold the ever-widening ripples which started as he touched the waters.

If man had only treated the lower creatures with more consideration and kindness, what a paradise of interesting life, color and music he might behold about him as he entered the home of nature's creatures!

But now enter the woods and all is still until some shotgun sounds the death-knell of some luckless creature, that is deprived of its innocent freedom in the glorious home where nature placed it.

It was a part of the forest, and when it died some of the beauty and fascination of the place was lost.

A scientific man, not long ago, showed me some fine photographs he had taken of various wild birds. One was of a grouse on the nest, I remember, with her tail pointing up the tree against which she had placed herself. You could scarcely distinguish her from the rough bark of the tree.

He told me how he went with his camera, nearer and nearer each time, for several days, so as to get her acquainted with such a strange-looking object as a camera.

By and by he took her picture, but left her still undisturbed, to care for her little family and let them add life, beauty and picturesqueness to the grove of nature, which is all too bare through man's thoughtless depredations.

NOVEMBER.

BY MARGUERITE JANVRIN.

November, month of clouds like banks of
 snow,
We greet you, sweeping o'er the sorrowing
 land,
For all the leaves are falling one by one,
Since autumn touched them with her magic
 wand.
The days are past when wand'ring hand in
 hand
With golden summer, over sun-kissed hills
We watched the sunset hues envelop all
The West, and dance resplendent in the rills.
'Tis sad to think that this can be no more;
But still we welcome you with all your
 charms,
With hopes of future splendor, and the
 thought
That one more month lies 'tween us and the
 harms
Of snow-clad winter's rude and icy touch.
In sorrow we can watch the foliage fall,
Sorrow that beauty thus should buried lie,
For winter's fingers close them in their pall.

HOW TO FIND AND SHOOT SNIPE.

BY GEORGE MAXWELL.

There is no doubt that the best force in which to sally forth for a really business-like day's snipe-shooting is a select little party of one. That is to say, one shooter, as of course much time and labor will be saved if an intelligent and taciturn man be taken to carry the spoil and the lunch, and to handle the dogs. A companion of this sort is, in fact, indispensable, if only for the purpose of marking down birds which spring when your eyes and attention are directed elsewhere, and if the right sort, he will not only greatly improve your sport, but will supply quite enough conversation during the walks from one bog to another—the only time when such a luxury as an interchange of views should be permitted.

One hint only and then I have done with our friend the lunch and game carrier. When things go wrong, when either the game, or your shooting, or your dog is wild, producing a like effect on your temper, do not in your first frenzy forget that in the first place it is probably not his fault, and in the second that the day's sport was begun entirely by your will and for your amusement. If for any reason it ceases to amuse you, go home and do not blackguard the man who gets no fun at all out of the toil save that afforded by his instinctive love of sport.

If you prefer to find your birds with the aid of dogs, and there is no more thoroughly delightful form of the sport, let them be your only companions, and you will gain not only in bag but in peace of mind. Of course it would be absurd to urge the advantages of solitude for every description of country. If your beat is wide, open marsh, two guns will get nearly as much shooting as one, and if naturally inclined for lonely wandering, will gain far more in enjoyment than are lost in slain.

Snipe ground is so variously constituted that it is impossible to give instructions that will apply in every case as to how it should be negotiated. But it may be broadly stated that whenever possible it is pleasanter, less laborious, and far more profitable to shoot with the wind at your back than to walk against or across it. And this for many reasons. In the first place, snipe, in common with every bird that flies, invariably and of necessity spring from the ground head to wind, "hanging" against it for varying periods, according as it is strong or gentle, before they have obtained sufficient mastery over it to enable them to get themselves under way and their flight under control.

Consequently, if you approach them down the wind they not only rise toward you, but for an instant, often only the fraction of a second—the time, in fact, occupied in converting their upward rising from the ground into actual flight—they are nearly or quite motionless as far as lateral or forward movement is concerned. It seems almost impertinent to describe the infinitesimal check that a springing snipe must sustain before he can dart away, by the word motionless. Nevertheless, it is a physical or ballistic fact, and one to which five out of six of the snipe in your bag will owe their doom.

Many are absolutely unable to perceive this check at all. It is, in fact, almost imperceptible, except on rough, windy days, when it will often be exaggerated into an obvious "hover," unless, as occasionally happens with close-lying snipe in a gale of wind, the bird is blown and tumbled bodily down-wind, with never an attempt at a struggle against it. This is the first and greatest advantage of walking down-wind. Secondly, the breast of a snipe being snowy white, whilst the back is in almost perfect harmony with the dark yellow and reds of the ground from which it usually springs, it is an immense gain if you can force the bird to rise with its breast towards yourself. A snipe tearing up-wind close to the ground is an exasperatingly invisible object even on a clear day, and if the light is bad you may often see nothing of him but his squeak.

There is another advantage, and that is that a bird springing towards you as you walk down-wind is obliged to rise to at least the height of your shoulder, the most convenient elevation of any for aiming, whereas on the opposite plan he can, and usually does, skim away an inch or so off the ground, an exemplification of the poetry of motion and "protective coloration," that only a philosopher could admire at the time.

Again, it must be urged, in favor of what sailors call "scudding," that the shooter will be spared the annoyance of finding a second barrel or a right-and-left, interfered with by that curse of the game gun, "blow back." I have shot with nearly every powder, both black and nitros, and have never found any of them entirely free from this nuisance. It is true that in most of the better brands of nitros what used to be a positive danger has been reduced to a very occasional discomfort: but having once experienced the smart of a particle of unconsumed powder in his eye, the sportsman may find that his shooting for the rest of the day will be as injuriously affected by the mere dread of its recurrence as it would do if he were certain that every shot were going to give him a dusting.

No man can shoot well unless he can entirely detach his mind from every consideration but the bird rising before him. At any rate, however little you may be afflicted with this description of nerves, it is a real handicap that you will do well to avoid by walking down-wind when and where possible.

Apart from the two points mentioned, it is undoubtedly a great saving of physical labor if you can run before the wind instead of beating against it, and in snipe shooting every ounce of strength uselessly expended is likely to be so much loss to the bag, to say nothing of the enjoyment.

Finally, it is in any case harder to keep the eyes wide open and clear if a cold or strong wind is blowing straight into them, than if they are comfortably sheltered on "the lee side of your face." And the human optic must be in particularly good working order to gauge correctly the flight of an erratic little object traveling at goodness knows how many miles an hour along a road which certainly can not be called straight.

Down-wind shooting is certainly the luxury of snipe-shooting, although occasionally —very occasionally—there will be a sameness in the description of shots that will not commend itself in a sport of which variety is the very life and soul.

Snipe would not be worth shooting if they were easy to shoot, and it must be confessed that a long walk may be taken down-wind over open country without the sportsman's especially "snipey" qualities being very severely tested. There is a delightful experience, too, that is peculiarly the property of the down-wind shooter, and that is when a couple of birds spring simultaneously in front of him, and make off in exactly opposite directions. It is on such occasions that a right and left is something more than a figure of speech, and a complacent smirk may be forgiven the artist who accomplishes it, as he watches his dog trot off to pick up the birds that lie stone dead "at the extremities of the diameter of a circle of which you are the centre," as a mathematical gunner once expressed it.

So much for the defense. Against this method the only thing to be urged is the fact that the snipe are far more likely to hear the approach as you advance upon them down-wind than if you were beating up towards them from contrary direction. This, though theoretically true, will be found to be of very little importance practically. Very fierce must be the gale that prevents the snipe from hearing your footsteps squelching over the quaggy ground, or through the crisp stiff rushes. The ring of your shots, too, be they never so smothered by the roaring wind, will surely carry a warning to the listening ears of every little bundle of nerves lurking close, perhaps all the closer for its fear, under the shelter of tuft and tussock.

I firmly believe that all solitary fowl, even when resting, are aware of the presence of a human being, wind or no wind, within a distance of a quarter of a mile in open country, sometimes more, very rarely less, and that only the hope that the hated being will not chance to come their way induces them to remain quiet.

The success of the old device of walking with ever lessening circles, carefully looking the other way, all the time, around birds marked down in the open, is partial evidence of what I assert. Even duck can be circumvented in this manner occasionally, though they usually take alarm before the circle has diminished to gun range. It is absurd to suppose that the keen-sighted birds whose very sleep is of the one-eye-open order can not perceive you, to say nothing of the warning that the shooting boot of even the most fairy-footed individual must give. However, though there can be no two opinions as to the advantages of down-wind shooting, it will be very seldom that it can be managed for any length of time during a day's sport without much counter-marching and waste of time.

Snipe ground usually abounds in odd patches of marsh and bog, projecting at all angles from the main shooting, attempts to start invariably from the windward side of which would mean an immense number of fatiguing detours. So that the young shooter is advised not to think overmuch about getting the wind "dead aft," but to take things as they come. Even if he should miss a great proportion of the birds bolting upwards the few he will kill by the quickest of snapshots will not be the least proudly remembered when he comes to fight his battles over again to himself in the interval between tumbling into bed and the advent of slumber, a delightful period of after-joy the peculiar property of sportsmen.

There is, however, one situation in which it is occasionally advisable to make a deliberate choice of shooting against the wind for a time, and that is when you are about to commence your day's sport near the leeward march or boundary of your shooting. Any attempt to get the wind "aft," or even on "the beam," may possibly result in many of the birds missed or flushed out, of shot departing out of bounds for the rest of the day; for though they will, of course, spring head to wind, they are far more likely to make their final escape over the frontier towards which you are driving them, than to pass you by to take up a fresh position in the rear. Whereas, if you travel quickly along the boundary, making here and there short incursions up-wind, nearly every bird that departs unscathed will drop eventually somewhere on your own domain, to be dealt with more carefully at your next merry meeting.

A very favorite haunt of snipe, often their only one in a frost, is the rush-fringed margin of a brook, especially if it be of a winding nature, with little reedy peninsulas projecting from the salient of each bend, and here and there a stretch of growth or mud in mid-channel. If collected on one of these islands, separated from the bank by a channel of fair width, excellent shooting may be had under such conditions, for the snipe usually lie well, occasionally even requiring to be flushed by a dog. But if the breeze blows up or down stream, the gun must certainly work down-wind, otherwise, as the snipe dash away straight between the banks of the stream, dodging around bends and any bushes that may be on the margin, they will be almost impossible to hit. It is absolutely necessary to force them away from the brook to one side or the other, and a down-wind advance is the only way to do it. Of course, if the wind blows across the stream you will do best to stick to the windward bank, not only because of the easier shots obtainable, but because the majority of birds will usually be lying under its shelter.

In connection with shooting along brooks, it is commonly supposed that it is better to work the banks by retiring from and advancing towards them alternately than to progress steadily along the margin, presumably with the idea that the snipe will not so readily perceive the approach of the invader. As far as my experience goes, such a method is not only a waste of time, and trouble, but has also the disadvantage of causing you to miss overmany birds lying between the point at which you left the stream and that at which you strike it. It must be remembered that in snipe shooting half the battle is flushing the birds, whether you actually get a shot or not, for it will be seldom that a large percentage may not be marked down for a second attempt. Of course, if a certain spot on the water's edge is known to harbor birds, it will pay you to approach it cautiously, possibly necessitating a retreat from the bank some distance before aiming at the place; but such a maneuver would only be necessary in a brook of quite unusual straightness. I have noticed that snipe flushed from the sides of watercourses do not generally take long flights, whatever the weather or wind may be, their places of refuge on such occasions being often very unexpected and odd, so that a careful marking is particularly advisable. I have many times observed snipe under these conditions drop into the centre of plowed fields and under stone walls, quite innocent of cover.

While on the subject it may be as well to emphasize the importance of mastering the topography of the shooting ground as soon as possible. When flushed by dog or man from certain bogs, snipe are now and again astonishingly regular in their flight, and time after time will make for odd covers that the sportsman has not considered it worth while to visit. When shooting on strange ground the complete disappearance for the rest of the day of large wisps that have risen wild is a constant source of wonder to many. When such is the case my advice is to search thoroughly every little insignificant, wet corner that lies in the direction of their flight. If you are so fortunate as to find one or two of these occupied, you should have some pretty shooting, for a wisp is very seldom a wisp more than once in a day, and it is ten to one that the snipe will lie well. I call to mind a large flooded marsh from one corner of which a flock of fifty birds made off in a certain direction daily immediately their territory was invaded. There was only one place to which they could have gone—but snipe-like they were never there. One day it occurred to me, after the usual performance had taken place, to explore a densely grown little combe or hollow that lay to one side of my customary walk. The place was certainly not more than thirty yards across at the top, and sloped down like an inverted cone to a point below, where trickled a tiny stream—a possible lie for a woodcock, but as likely to hold a tiger as a snipe. However, snipe were there, not one or two, but fifty at least, undoubtedly the company that in a delightful state of unsociability had screamed adieu from the marsh behind. I got nine couple there on that day, killed, but was unable to retrieve at least half that number again, and moved the rest on to the "only place to which they could have gone," where the more favorable ground enabled a fairly satisfactory toll to be taken. Had it not been for the dreadful nature of the undergrowth and the extreme difficulty of shooting when up to the armpits in brambles, that little "woolly" dell might have been the scene of too large bags. Subsequently, after the marsh had been shot over, snipe were always there, but never before, as I proved. It took me three years to find this out.

If down-wind can not be managed naturally, the next best thing is to walk across it, and it will be found that this will be possible on by far the greater portion of your daily round. But here, too, there are pros and cons to be considered. Will it be better to proceed with the wind blowing across your path from left to right or from right to left? In the first case you will have to shoot at the snipe flying to your left, in the latter case to your right. To me the former direction is the easier, but I believe that most sportsmen declare in favor of the latter. Therefore it is plainly a point that each must settle for himself. Perhaps the acme of the sport is attained when the wind is blowing warm but fresh *across* a wide, open stretch of moor or bog. There is then no necessity to return on your tracks in order to take the next strip before the wind. The ground can be fairly walked out from end to end and back again in a series of long U's, the shots presenting a fascinating sequence of lessons in quickness and "holding ahead," as the snipe slip off on either hand close to the ground at every conceivable angle, and perhaps at inconceivable speed. A hint as to the "marking" may be given. When shooting without a retriever in bog grass or rushes it will be found that every now and then a bird clearly seen to fall dead will have disappeared in a most mysterious and exasperating fashion when you go to pick it up. The number of snipe completely lost in this manner throughout a season's shooting is astonishing; but it will be reduced if it is remembered that a dead snipe usually falls nearer to you than it appears to do. I have often seen sportsmen walk right over their bird, fallen, maybe, back upwards and harmonizing exactly with the surrounding growth, only to search vainly and impatiently perhaps ten yards ahead. I think it is pretty certain that a snipe not killed outright but yet *in extremis,* always looks out for a secure place in which to drop, even though it may die before reaching the ground, a fact that may account for the wonderful concealment of many dead birds. I can only say that I have witnessed birds falling with a bump, perfectly dead, into the only patch of cover available for quite a distance, too often for the circumstance to be merely the result of chance.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY C. LEON BRUMBAUGH.

Once more the dreamy days are here,
  With filmy haze o'er azure sky;
Once more the heat-tide of the year
  Smiles warm and tender ere it die.

Along this favored trysting slope
  A violet laughs in sunny dream,
And butterflies set sail in hope
  To find a nectar-flowing stream.

The crickets chirp with flatt'ring zeal,
  The meadow mice with knowing heart
Sit at the door as if they feel
  These mellow days will soon depart.

Thus when I ask where fare the flowers
  That smiled till yesterday,
And where the songs that cheered the hours,
  The bluebird answers, "Far-a-way."

A vague, foreboding, pensive note,
  In dream-clad undertone,
Remarks in lisp of golden-throat,
  Where erewhile gladness shone.

SULTAN.

BY M. M. JAMES.

We called him Sultan before we had owned him two weeks. When we bought him his name was Mighty, but as soon as we saw how many wives he had and what a despot he was, we changed it.

He was a prize Plymouth Rock and only a year old. Of course every one knows that Plymouth Rocks, though very strong, are usually poor fighters, because so large and unwieldy. Sultan was an exception to all rules. The day he came he killed the Buff Leghorn and drove the gamecock from the yard.

After that we sold all the roosters as spring chicken, though now and then some member of the family, most often the Big Man, would bring home a new one just to see if Sultan was still master. The newcomer invariably was vanquished. Sultan would tolerate no rivalry in his harem.

Every evening this monarch stood guard at the henhouse door until it was locked. If this were neglected there he would roost the whole night through; but if he found everything satisfactory he would go to the stables and roost at the head of Old Billy's stall. He and Billy were great friends

Tucker was the harem favorite. She was black and glossy, with iridescent greens and blues showing in the sunlight. She was a pet at the house, too, and the Big Man and Sultan vied in giving her dainty morsels. She had a private nest in the storeroom at the house. It was rather a long walk from the chicken yard, but Tucker was exclusive, and therefore felt repaid when she had made a collection of thirteen beautiful eggs far from the clacking confusion of the nest-houses.

When twelve hungry puffballs emerged from the shells she soon forgot the unlucky thirteenth egg and strutted to the yard to show her charming family to Sultan and make the other hens jealous. The chicks were all brown and yellow except a larger one, which was black, with eyes like jewels. This chick was Tucker's particular pride, and one could almost hear her say: "Why, how like his papa."

When this black perfection reached the age of long legs and pin feathers, his mamma, who was as fond of him as ever, must have warned him of his father's dangerous disposition, for he went to live in the second orchard. There he grew tall and strong and comely, but not so large as his father. With size came confidence, and each day he moved nearer the barnyard. Surely he was now robust enough to throw off the tyranny of his father. It was a mighty fight, but in the end Sultan fell exhausted and conquered just beyond the fence of the first orchard, while his son fell weary, but victorious, on the barnyard side. Thus Jupiter, the son, vanquished his sire, as in the days before Olympus, and a new reign began in the harem.

Sultan, wounded and downcast, went to the far orchard. No one ever heard his jubilant crowing again. Disconsolately he scratched for worms, refusing every tempting bit brought him from the house. About two weeks after his downfall the Big Man went out to try to bring in his old favorite. Jupiter had been removed to one of the other farms. Sultan had been roosting in a very gnarled and knotted old apple tree, and his body was hanging from a fork where it would have been impossible for it to have fallen accidentally, at least that is what the Big Man said. He was hung by the neck, and the Big Man mentioned it in his diary as the "Suicide of Sultan."

A NEW ROLE.

Is the city of Duluth to become a game preserve, or are black bears in the North to take the place of the turkey buzzards in the South and act as city scavengers? It seems so from this account which appeared in a late issue of the Duluth Tribune:

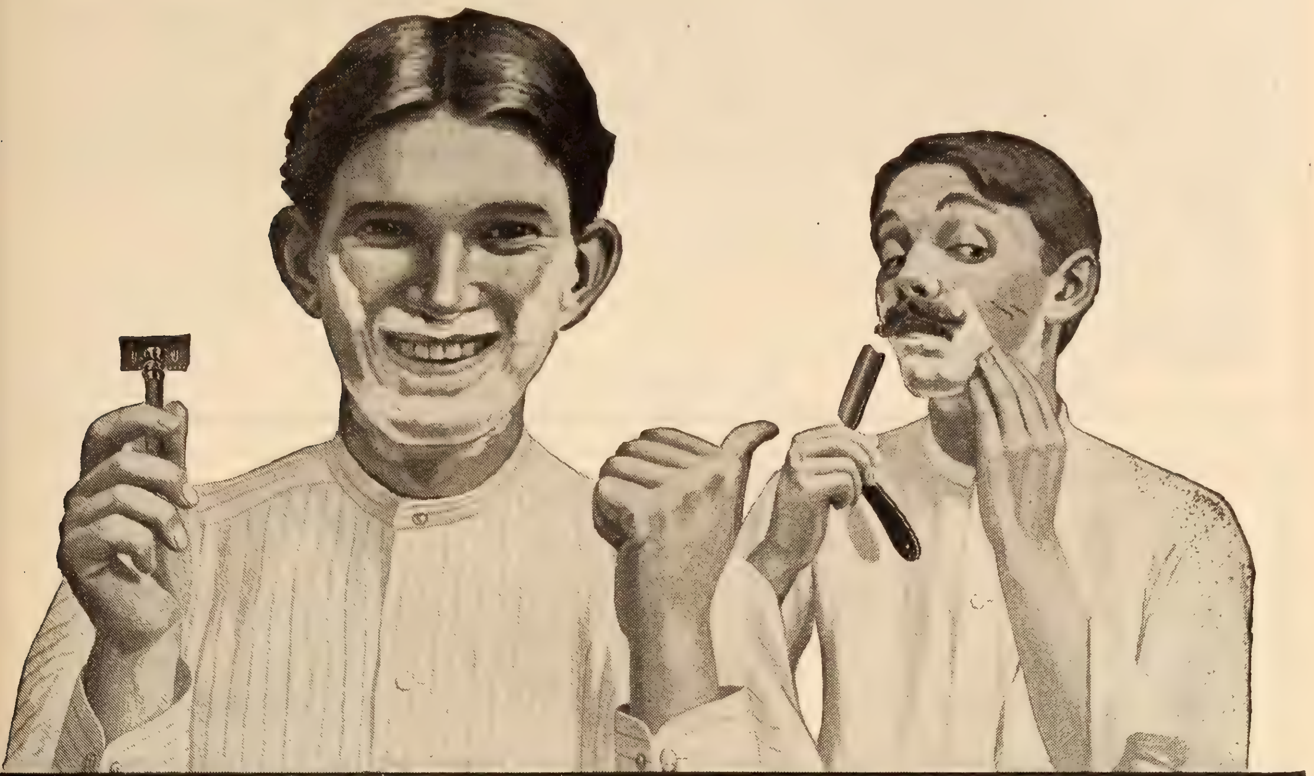
> Wandering singly and in pairs, big, black bears with a penchant for sampling garbage in the rear of residences in the East End continue to invade the city and fall victims to the unerring aim of Duluth nimrods.
>
> T. J. Griffith, a department manager in Freimuth's store, added to the list of dead bears yesterday morning. He shot a female weighing 200 pounds as the prowler was in the act of eating a lunch from a garbage barrel in A. L. Warner's yard.
>
> When bruin's presence became known, residents in the vicinity of Fourth street and Eighteenth avenue East took the trail with firearms. The bear was located and Mr. Griffith was summoned to dispatch the animal.
>
> A number of bears were seen yesterday, but they retreated to cover too rapidly to be shot.

THE FIRST ON RECORD.

Game Warden Burr, of New Castle, has been present when a number of surprises were sprung, but was considerably surprised himself when approached by a man named William White, of the southern part of the county, who wanted to find the game warden.

Burr confessed that he was "it," when White informed him that he had violated the squirrel law last May and wanted to satisfy the law. According to White, he had killed a single squirrel last May and his conscience pricked him until he came here and confessed to the violation of the law.

In 'Squire Koons' court he pleaded guilty and was assessed a fine of $20.75. No one knew of the violation, and the authorities would still be in the dark about it but for the man coming forth and telling the story himself.—Elwood (Ind.) Call.



Gillette Safety Razor

This picture is self-explaining. It tells the story! The man who to-day shaves with a Gillette **shaves with comfort** and **with safety.** Other men take chances or are slaves to the " barber habit." Which kind of man are you?

A single trial will convince the most incredulous. It is not what we say alone, but what others say who use a Gillette Safety Razor, that will have with you the greatest weight. Ask the man who uses a Gillette and hear what he says.

$5.00 Complete—An Ideal Christmas Gift

The Razor is triple silver-plated; has 12 thin, flexible, highly tempered, and keen double-edged blades. These blades are sharpened and ground by a secret process and **require no honing or stropping. New Blades $1.00 per dozen.**

Each Blade will give from Twenty to Forty Smooth and Delightful Shaves

You therefore have by using a Gillette Safety Razor 400 shaves without stropping, at less than 1 cent a shave.

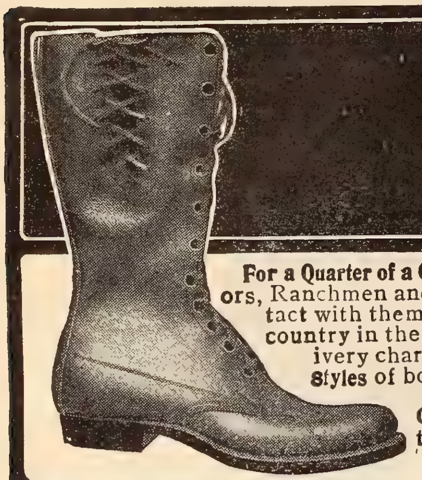
OVER 200,000 NOW IN USE

Ask your dealer for the Gillette Safety Razor. *Accept no substitute.* He can procure it for you.

KING C. GILLETTE

Write to-day for our interesting booklet which explains our *30-day Free Trial Offer.* Most dealers make this offer; if yours does not, we will.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY
1111 TIMES BUILDING :: 42d Street and Broadway :: NEW YORK



THEY'RE MADE TO MEASURE

Putman Boots.

Go on like a glove *and* fit all over.

For a Quarter of a Century Putman Boots have been the Standard among Western Hunters, Prospectors, Ranchmen and Engineers (who demand the best) and we have learned through our personal contact with them **how** to make a perfect boot. Putman Boots are in use in nearly every civilized country in the World. They are Genuine Hand Sewed, Water Proofed, Made to measure, Delivery charges prepaid, and cost no more than others. Send for catalogue of over **30 different styles** of boots, and self measurement blank. **Also Indian Tanned Moosehide Moccasins.**

Illustration shows **No.200,**14 inches high. Bellows Tongue, Uppers are Special Chrome Tanned Calf Skin, tanned with the grain of the hide left on, making the leather **water Proof,** black or brown color. Made to measure and delivered for ...**$8.00**

H. J. PUTMAN & CO., 36 Hennepin Ave., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A NOVEMBER day in the Southern fields is good sport when comfortably clothed and booted. It isn't near so comfortable otherwise.

We make all sorts of field garments and outfit sportsmen for all sports.

Send for Catalogue

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

Manufacturers of Complete Outfits for Explorers, Campers and Prospectors

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MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE

A CANDY, originated in YORKSHIRE, England. Made from pure butter, cream and sugar, and other good things. The purest candy made. Not a butter-scotch, or a chewing candy—but a delicious old English sweetmeat, that everyone will enjoy.

You break off a piece and let it dissolve in the mouth, and I tell you, you'll find it more-ish—the more you eat of it, the more you will want.

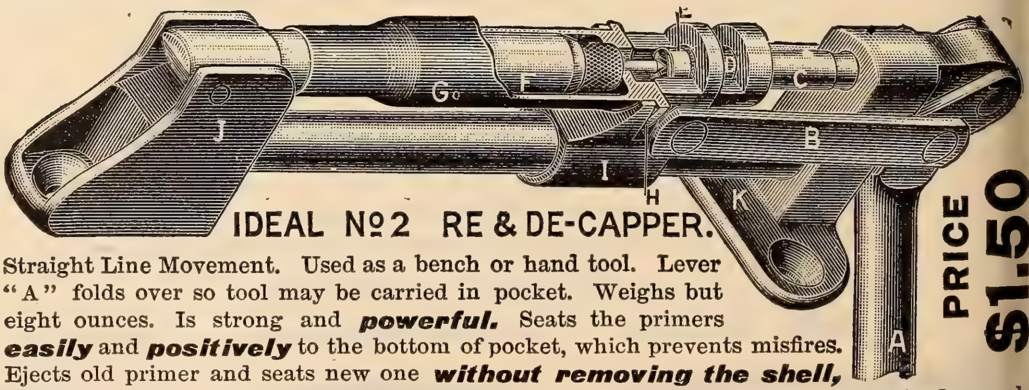
Ask your dealer to supply you. See that my name and face are on every package, or send me 10 cents for a trial package. Dept. 15.

JOHN MACKINTOSH, 78 Hudson St., N.Y.

Ideal No. 2 Re & De-capper

Send three stamps for latest catalogue.

The Phil. B. Bekeart Co
San Francisco, Cal.
Agents for Pacific Coast



IDEAL No2 RE & DE-CAPPER.

PRICE $1.50

Straight Line Movement. Used as a bench or hand tool. Lever "A" folds over so tool may be carried in pocket. Weighs but eight ounces. Is strong and ***powerful.*** Seats the primers ***easily*** and ***positively*** to the bottom of pocket, which prevents misfires. Ejects old primer and seats new one ***without removing the shell,*** which is handled but once to perform the two operations, enabling the operator to do nearly ***twice the work*** in a given time. Now ready 25-35, 25-36, 30-30, 30-40 Krag, 30-45 Springfield (headless), 32-40, 38-55. Ask your dealers. If they will not serve you send cash to

THE IDEAL MFG. CO., 12 U. St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

Face to face with the most dangerous of American big game, the grizzly bear, a man must have a rifle that won't fail him. Famous hunters use a *Marlin* because they can trust it. They know a *Marlin* won't fail them at a dangerous moment.

Marlin Repeating Rifles have a shocking power and penetration that is destructive to the strongest game. Armed with a *Marlin* a man may face a wounded grizzly or moose with perfect confidence.

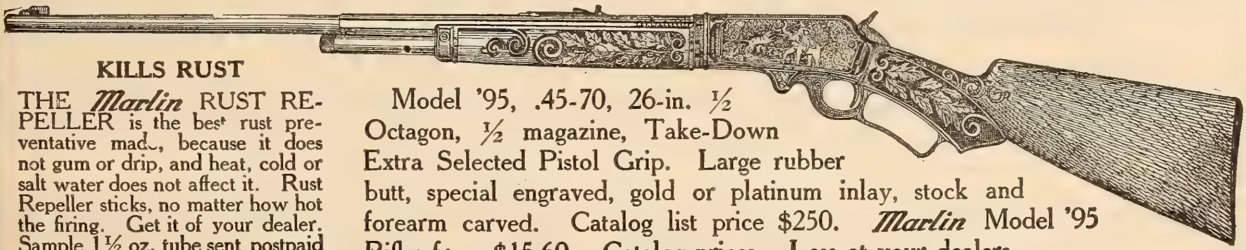
The Model 1895 *Marlin* Repeaters have "Special Smokeless Steel" Barrels, and use powerful smokeless loads. The big bores hit hard and open a big hole. The game bleeds fast and dies quickly. Small bores and black powder may kill sometimes, perhaps after Mr. Grizzly has killed you or run away so far you'll never find him. If you want to take no chances and have the quickest killer made, use a *Marlin* '95 big bore with smokeless cartridges. No other repeater is made in big bores with "Special Smokeless Steel" barrels. *Marlin* accuracy is absolute, certain and dependable. The *Marlin* action is simple and compact, while the unique *Marlin* Breechbolt keeps out rain and snow, and will not permit dry twigs or sand to enter and clog the mechanism. *No other gun gives this protection.*

The *Marlin* is the original solid top and side ejector. There is a solid wall of metal between you and the cartridge at all times. *The empties cannot throw in your face.*

Join the great army of *Marlin* enthusiasts—buy a *Marlin* for your eternal satisfaction. Send to-day for our new Catalog and Experience Book. Free for 6 cents postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.

30 Willow Street ***New Haven, Conn.***



KILLS RUST

THE *Marlin* RUST REPELLER is the best rust preventative made, because it does not gum or drip, and heat, cold or salt water does not affect it. Rust Repeller sticks, no matter how hot the firing. Get it of your dealer. Sample 1½ oz. tube sent postpaid for 15 cents.

Model '95, .45-70, 26-in. ½ Octagon, ½ magazine, Take-Down Extra Selected Pistol Grip. Large rubber butt, special engraved, gold or platinum inlay, stock and forearm carved. Catalog list price $250. *Marlin* Model '95 Rifles from $15.60. Catalog prices. Less at your dealers.

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ONE-PIECE COLLAR BUTTONS

have a turned over edge that never hurts the neck. Easy to button and unbutton—shape of the head does that. Can't break in service—'cause they're made from one piece, of gold, silver, or rolled plate.

QUALITY STAMPED ON BACK

Ask your jeweler or haberdasher. Postal us for Collar Button Booklet.

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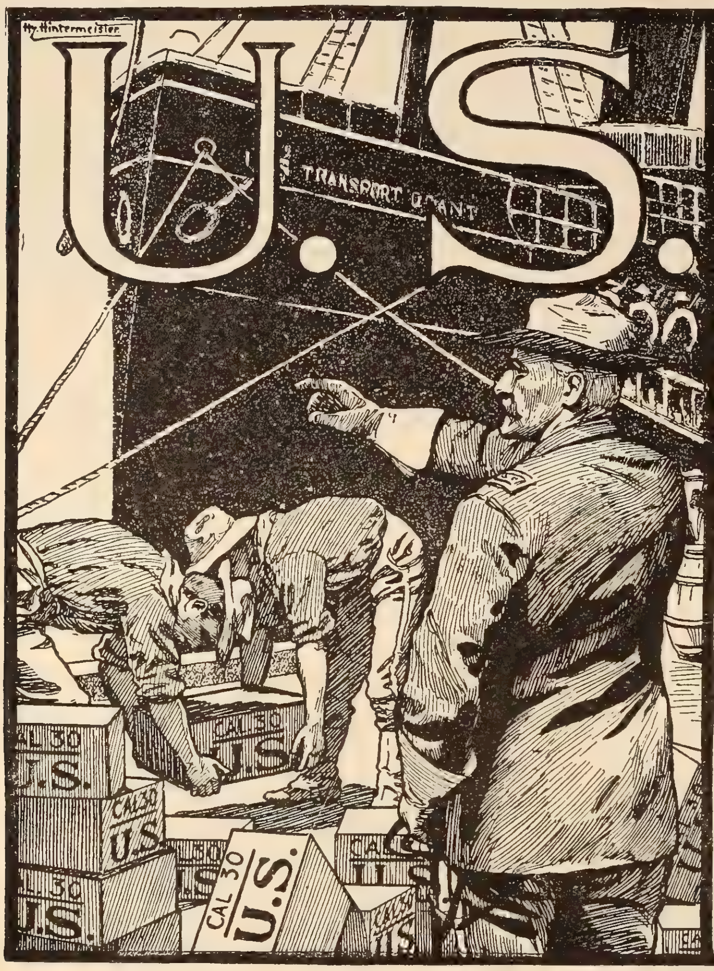
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Is used by both Army and Navy because it is the best.

Made by
United States Cartridge Co.
Lowell, Mass.

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Watertown, Mass., Sept. 15th, 1905—Mr. Gus. Greiff made an average of 96⅞%, leading all the good shots of Boston and vicinity.

Dover, N. H., Sept. 19th, 1905—Mr. Gus. Greiff broke 172 out of 180 at the Dover Sportsmen's Association Tournament

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Walsrode Powder and Sauer Gun

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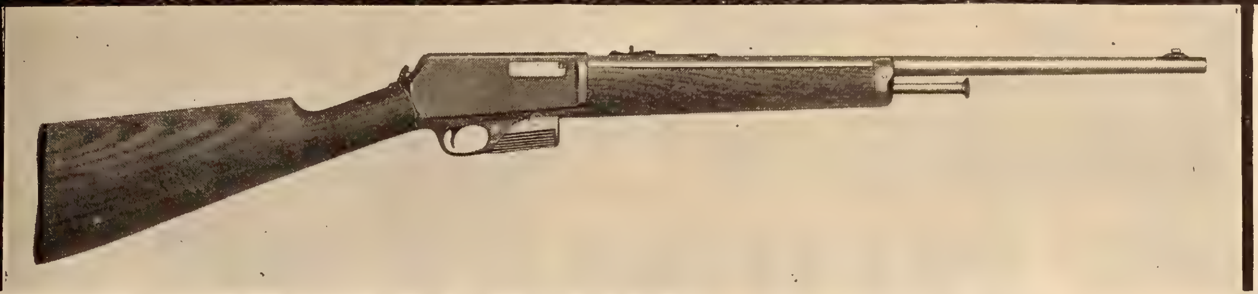
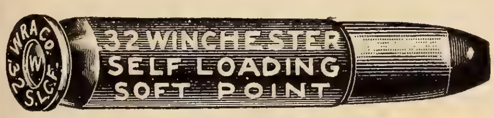
WINCHESTER



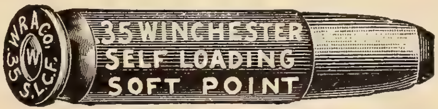
.32 and .35 Caliber

Model 1905 Self Loading Rifle

THIS rifle is a six shot hammerless take-down, made in .32 and .35 calibers. It is the first rifle of the Self Loading type made for center fire ammunition, the cartridges it handles being of the modern smokeless powder type, using metal patched bullets. The .32 caliber shoots a 165-grain bullet and gives a velocity of 1400 foot seconds and a penetration of 11 ⅞ inch dry pine boards with a metal patched soft point bullet. The 35 caliber shoots a 180-grain bullet and gives a velocity of 1400 foot seconds and a penetration of 10 ⅞ boards with a metal patched soft point bullet, at the standard testing distance of 15 feet from the muzzle. As these figures show, both cartridges give excellent penetration, and with metal patched soft point bullets they have great shocking effect on animal tissue. As its name indicates, this rifle is self-loading. The recoil of the exploded cartridge ejects the empty shell, cocks the hammer and feeds a fresh cartridge from the magazine into the chamber, leaving the rifle ready to shoot upon the operator's pulling the trigger. The operation of this rifle should not be confounded with that of machine guns, which reload and fire to the extent of their magazine capacity without stopping after the trigger is first pulled. In using the Winchester Self-Loading Rifle, it is absolutely necessary to pull the trigger for each shot, which places its operation as completely under the control of the operator as that of any repeating rifle. The self-loading system permits rapid shooting with great accuracy, and on account of the ease and novelty of its operation adds much to the pleasure of rifle shooting, either at target or game. The list price of the standard rifle of this model is $28.00.



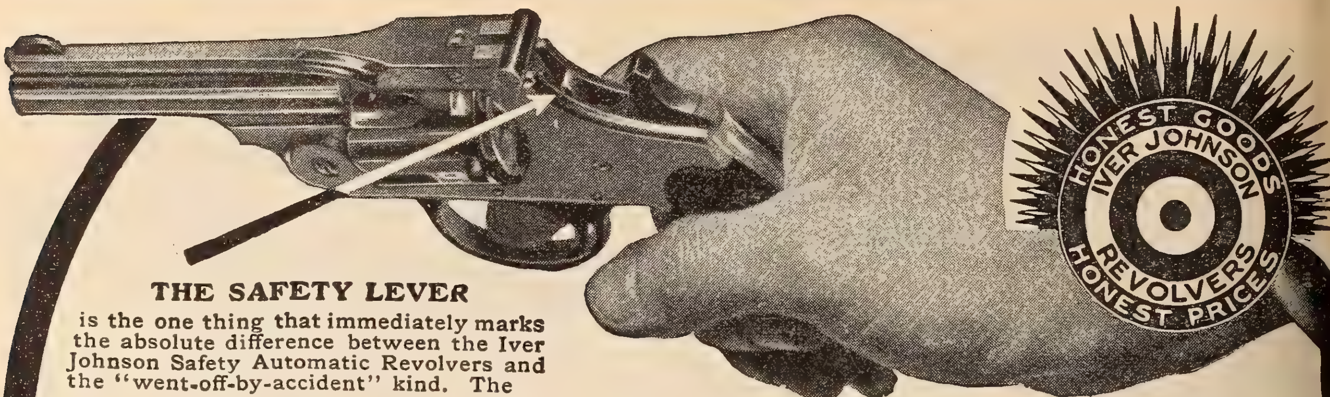
SOFT POINT OR FULL METAL
PATCHED, LIST PRICE PER 1000
$27.00



SOFT POINT OR FULL METAL
PATCHED, LIST PRICE PER 1000
$27.50.

Send for Circular Fully Describing This Rifle.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., - - NEW HAVEN, CONN , U. S. A.



THE SAFETY LEVER
is the one thing that immediately marks the absolute difference between the Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolvers and the "went-off-by-accident" kind. The

IVER JOHNSON

SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

can be relied upon to go off every time the trigger is pulled, and to *never* go off unless the trigger is pulled. "Hammer the Hammer" and prove it yourself.

"Shots," our Free Booklet, gives an A-B-C explanation of this *exclusive* safety principle, and tells you why it is also accurate and reliable.

Hammer the Hammer

No Fear of Accidental Discharge

Hammer, $5.00 **Hammerless, $6.00**

For sale everywhere by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers.
Look for our name on the barrel and the "owl's head" on the grip.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS
144 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
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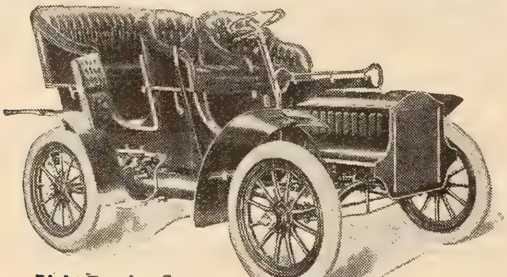
Makers of Iver Johnson Bicycles and Single Barrel Shotguns.



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A commercial traveler visited 125 towns in 32 days over the rough roads of Minnesota and North Dakota, using no other means of transportation than a

CADILLAC

Isn't this rather interesting proof of Cadillac reliability?

Runabout, $750; Model C, with detachable tonneau, $850; Light Touring car, $950; Four-cylinder car, $2,800; f. o. b. Detroit.

Write for Catalogue K, and address of nearest dealer, where you may see and try a Cadillac.

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Leading Taxidermist and Furrier

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UP-TO-DATE METHODS

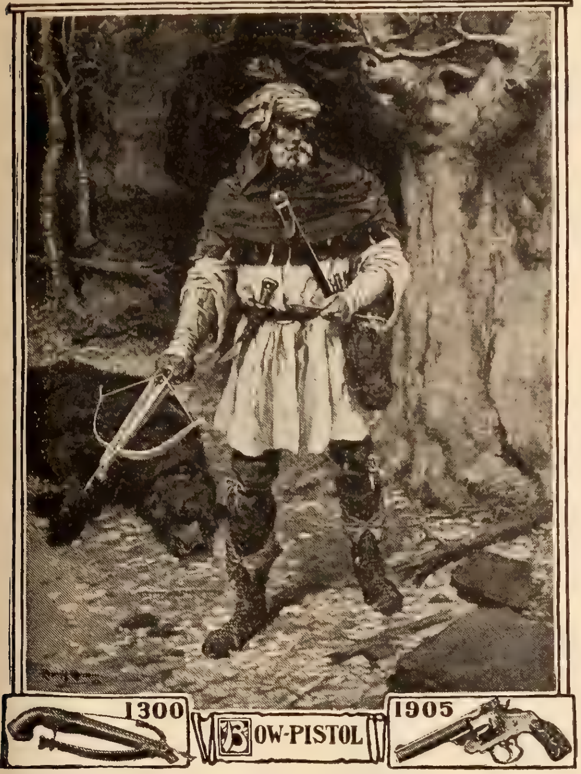
LIFE-LIKE mounting of Moose, Elk, Caribou, Deer heads, etc., Mammals, Birds, and Fish. Skins dressed and mounted into Rugs. Finest collection of Game Heads and Rugs in the world for sale. Reasonable.

Send for shipping tags, they insure prompt delivery.

All Work Guaranteed Moth Proof.

SMITH & WESSON

REVOLVERS



The Development of the SMITH & WESSON Revolver.

The title of next month's picture is "The XVIth Century Guardsman Matchlock"—watch for it.

The Man with the Bow Pistol

risked his life to its imperfect and undependable construction—and inaccuracy. He stood no even chance against a weapon of like nature—or the onslaught of a wild beast.

The Man with a Smith & Wesson

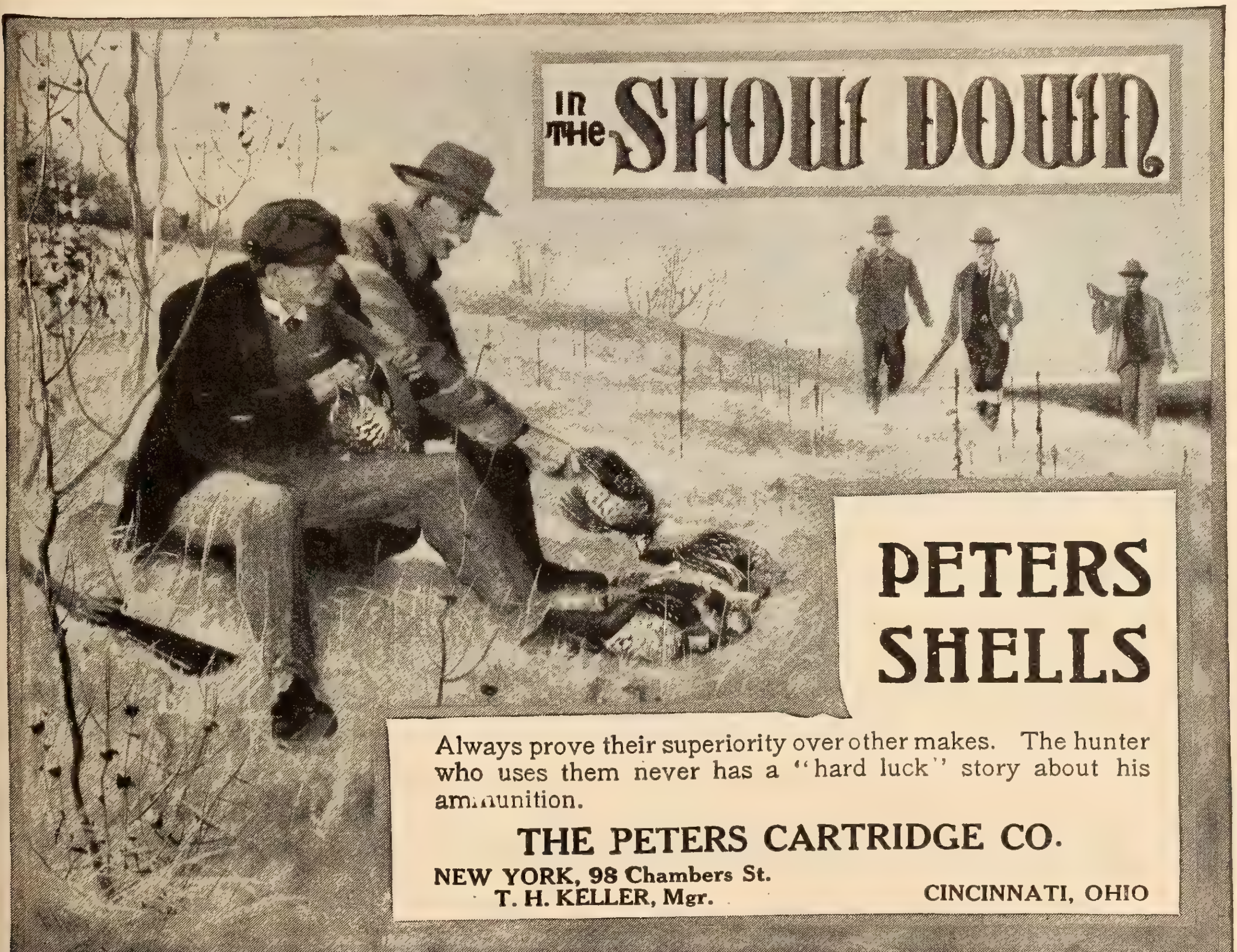
is doubly fortified and confident, because he can depend upon it in any emergency and that it will never fail him. He knows that no other revolver is so powerful—accurate and absolutely reliable.

The New Model .38 (Military) .32 and .22 SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are fitted with the hand ejector which permits quick ejection of empty shells and reloading, and makes accidental ejection of the load impossible. The new stock inspires the hand with a feeling of confidence. The front cylinder lock in connection with the regular locking pin gives great strength and assures that absolutely perfect alignment of cylinder and barrel which compels all accuracy not approached by any other revolver.

ALL SMITH & WESSON Revolvers have this Monogram trade-mark stamped on the frame. None others are genuine.

Our new booklet "The Revolver" illustrates and describes each model in detail and gives instructions for Target Shooting by an expert. The most interesting revolver catalogue published. Free on request.

SMITH & WESSON
15 Stockbridge Street Springfield, Mass.



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Always prove their superiority over other makes. The hunter who uses them never has a "hard luck" story about his ammunition.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE CO.

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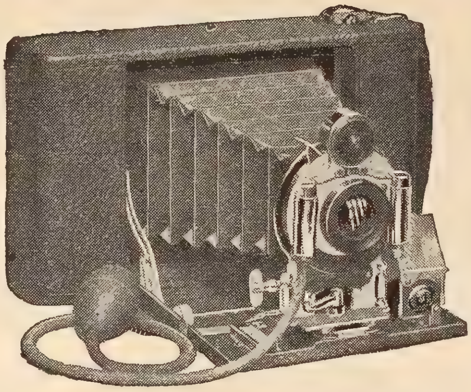

No. 3 FOLDING HAWK EYE

Model 4.

IDEAL IN CONSTRUCTION—PERFECT IN RESULTS.

Loads in Daylight with Blair or Eastman Film.

All that is best is embodied in the equipment of this camera. Made of aluminum—fitted with 1905 B. & L. Auto. Shutter and R. R. lens, speed *f.* 8—rising and falling front and rack and pinion.

Price, = = $22.00

Hawk Eyes are sold and recommended by all dealers.

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Have you a Kodak? If so, improve its efficiency a hundredfold by having it fitted with a

Goerz SYNTOR Lens, f. 6.8.

Some lenses have speed at the cost of definition; some lenses have definition at the loss of speed. Goerz Lenses combine Extreme Speed with Ideal Definition, perfectly even illumination, unimpeachable workmanship, painstaking accuracy of mechanical adjustments. ¶ That is why these lenses have no equal on the market. ¶ No weather is too dull, no motion too rapid. Goerz Lenses catch anything, any day, any time, anywhere. **SYNTOR** Lenses are made in all usual sizes. Price, from $23.50 up. They represent without exception the best money value on the market. We fit them for you free of charge.

TRY THEM. Or apply for descriptive catalogue F-4 to

C. P. Goerz Optical Works, Union 52 Square **New York**

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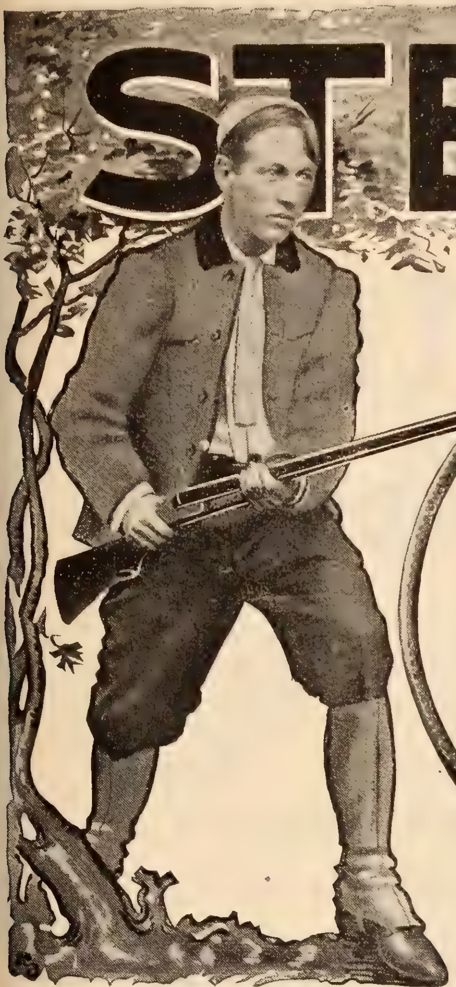
STEVENS



The essential
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of STEVENS ARMS—born of almost a
half-century of consistently successful achievement
—accounts for their perennial popularity. Sportsmen
know what to expect when shooting our sterling make;
that's why they continue using STEVENS

Rifles, Pistols, Shotguns,

in preference to all others. ¶ Ask your dealer for our products If your dealer tries to sell you firearms as good as the “STEVENS’. —insist on the STEVENS. Send four cents in stamps to cover postage on new illustrated STEVENS Catalogue. Contains 140 pages and describes entire output. ¶ Our attractive three-color Aluminum Hanger will be sent anywhere for 10 cents in stamps.

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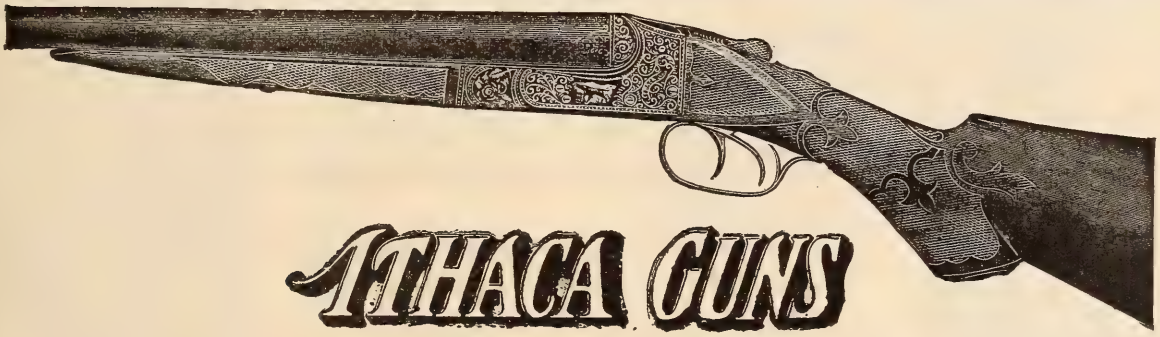

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BEFORE placing your order remember that we operate day and night, the largest, exclusive, high grade, double gun plant in the world. ¶ We guarantee every ITHACA GUN in every part—shooting included. ¶ We guarantee to furnish you a better gun for the money than any other maker. ¶ We allow you to try it before you buy it to convince you that this is true. ¶ For twenty-two years ITHACA GUNS have had the reputation of being the hardest and closest shooting guns on the market—the same man is still boring them and is the oldest and most experienced barrel borer in America. ¶ Don't wait! Order now! We are flooded with orders after the shooting season opens. ¶ Send for Art Catalog and special prices on seventeen grades guns $17.75 to $300.

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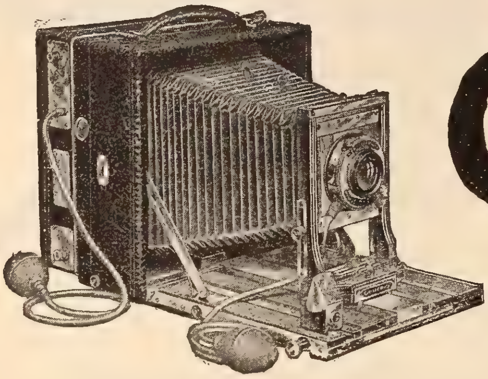

That Have Given

Century Cameras

world-wide celebrity. These points of advantage, togetner with durability, insured by the finest quality of workmanship—"Century Quality"—lead the purchaser to cheerfully pay the somewhat higher price—for "Centurys" naturally cost more to manufacture than other cameras—*but the difference in price is apparent in the goods.*

New Catalogue describing 1905 Century Line, varying in price from $10.50 to $100.00, can be obtained from your dealer or direct by mail.

CENTURY CAMERA CO.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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TRADE MARK

Sportsmen's Clothing

Sheds Water like a Duck's Back

Combines the advantage of perfect tailoring with perfect protection against rain. Waterproofed by a patent process. permitting thorough ventilation. Cloth as soft as chamois, yet rain cannot penetrate it, whether in driving downpour or dreary all-day drizzle. Equally appropriate to fair or rainy weather. Fit, finish and waterproof qualities guaranteed. Sightly and durable.

Coat double stitched and lined throughout with same material. Reinforced shoulder cap. Patent bellows under arm gives extra ventilation, and freedom of movement with paddle, rod or gun. Pockets everywhere.

Trousers reinforced from hip to knee. Double seat. Give snug breast measure, height, and length of arm from center of back. Waist and leg for trousers.

Light, tan or dead grass green.

Coat, $5; trousers, $3; hat $1. Express prepaid.

FOR LADIES' WEAR

Neatly tailored coat and skirt. Gives absolute protection on any outing trip. Suitable for gunning, fishing, tramping, boating, climbing. Coat, $5.00; skirt, $4.00. Express prepaid. Booklet, with samples of material and directions for self measurement sent free.

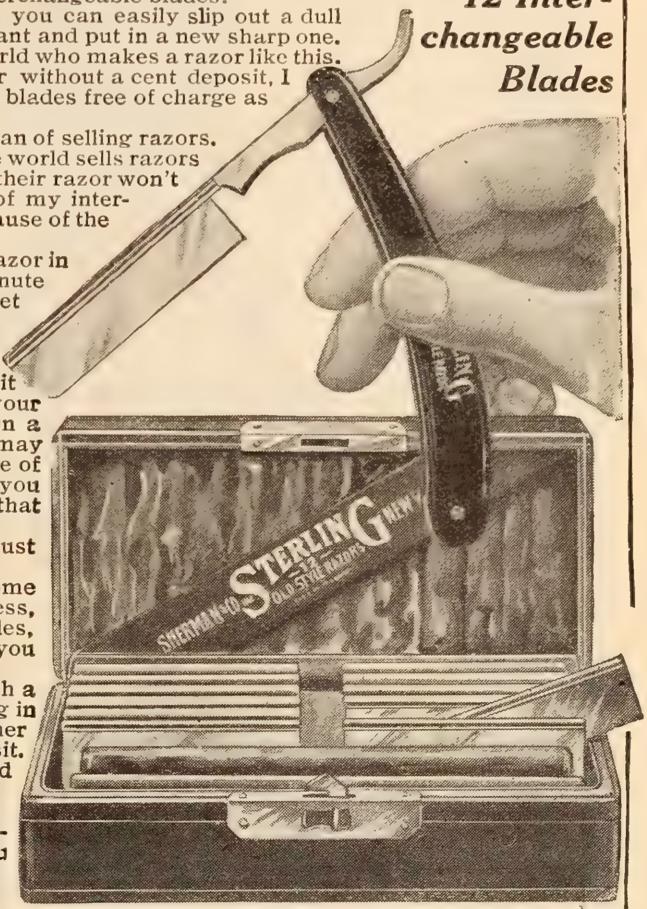
BIRD, JONES & KENYON, 1 Blandina St., Utica, N. Y.

This Razor must Pay for Itself before You Pay me a Penny

—and a Postal gets It. I Guarantee to Keep your Blades Sharp Forever Without Charge.

I am the man you hold personally responsible for every promise made in this advertisement.

P. C. SHERMAN.



12 Interchangeable Blades

WILL you let me send you, without a cent deposit, an old style razor with 12 interchangeable blades?

It's so made that you can easily slip out a dull blade any time you want and put in a new sharp one.

I am the only man in the world who makes a razor like this.

Besides sending the razor without a cent deposit, I promise to sharpen your dull blades free of charge as long as you live.

That's my plan—my new plan of selling razors.

No other razor maker in the world sells razors this way—because they can't—their razor won't stand it. Mine will—because of my interchangeable blade idea and because of the way my razor is made.

Now—I offer you the only razor in the world that never takes a minute ot your time to sharpen—and yet is always sharp.

I don't say "Send me the price of the razor, and if, after you have tried it, you find that it isn't all I claim, I will send your money back."—Not me. On a "money back" proposition you may feel that there was some chance of not getting your money back if you wanted it—I won't let you feel that way about my razor.

I know my razor will satisfy you—I show my confidence by just sending my razor to any reliable party without a penny down.

Now, simply do this—Send me your name, occupation, home and business address—I'll take all the risk and send you by express, prepaid, a Sterling Old Style Interchangeable Razor with 12 blades, or if you prefer I'll send you a Safety Razor with 24 blades—you see I also make safety razors.

The interchangeable razor is simply a regular old style with a small spring which permits taking out the dull blade and putting in a sharp one. Both my razors are so much better than any other that I can afford to send you one without any payment or deposit.

When you have tested it 7 days, if you find it the finest and easiest shaving razor you ever used, keep it.

Then the razor must pay for itself—*that's* my new plan.

If the razor don't do all I say, then send it back at my expense and you're out nothing for you've paid me nothing and you owe me nothing.

You see the average man should be shaved at least three times a week—at 15c a shave that's 45c a week for shaving.

So, if you decide to keep the razor, all I ask you to pay me is what you'd pay the barber—45c a week.

Just send me at the end of each week what you'd have paid him for a few weeks until the razor is paid for.

That way I made the barber buy you the razor.

At that, my razor doesn't take any more money to pay for itself than you would have to pay out of your own pocket for an ordinary razor.

And I go even farther.

I say to you, if after the 7 days free trial you *do* decide to keep the razor and let it pay for itself—then I will see to it that you have no further razor expense for life.

Because I agree to keep your blades sharp forever—free. With any other razor you are always paying out money because you must keep on paying for new blades or resharpening as long as you live.

But the Sterling won't cost you a cent to keep sharp because—

All you do is, send me 12 dull blades, at any time, with 10 cents to cover postage, and I return them to you perfectly sharp free of charge.

That's really "no honing and no stropping."

Did you ever hear of anything as clever as this in the razor line?

It's this way—the reason I can make this offer is because there's no razor in the world compared to mine, and the interchangeable blade plan is my exclusive idea.

My steel is hardened by the Sherman process—my own invention. All other razor steel is "water dipped" to harden—that is they cool the hot steel by dipping it in cold water.

This means cracked and blistered steel—blistered so fine the naked eye can't tell it resulting in an uneven tempered edge—sharp in places and dull in places.

With *my* Sherman process I cool and harden the steel in two fluids that do away with all such dangers—so that my razor *must* hold an *even* edge.

And mine is the only razor on the market that is made of Sheffield steel—this is not a cold rolled steel.

Cold rolled steel—such as other razor makers use—*will not* hold an edge to compare with Sheffield steel.

Then, in other razors after the first grinding the blade goes direct to the honing and then is stropped and sent out.

Not so with me. My blades go through two additional grinding processes which insure that the edge is straight.

So, because of my process and patent my blades are the best shaving blades in the world.

And because of all this I can afford—and am glad—to send you the razor free without any deposit but your name and address. You can order right from this advertisement—and you'll find the price as reasonable as the razor is good. If that isn't so send my razor back.

Now—write me today, stating whether you wish the Old Style Interchangeable or Safety, and let me send you the razor. State whether you wish to cut close or medium, and whether beard is wiry or fine. Don't send me any money—only a postal.

Remember the razor is yours for a week free— Then either keep it and let it pay for itself with the guarantee that I must keep the blades sharp forever—free—or return it to P. C. Sherman, Pres., Box 35B, 41 Park Row, New York City.

SAFE FROM ATTACK

WHEN YOU KNOW JIU-JITSU

What would you do if attacked by a thug at close quarters? You never know when you may meet with such an attack.

This is only one reason why every man and woman should know Jiu-Jitsu, especially women. With Jiu-Jitsu strength and size count for naught. It enables a little woman to overthrow a big, powerful man. It therefore affords sure protection from attack by thieves and thugs.

You do not have to be strong to win with Jiu-Jitsu.

Nor do you have to practice much to excel at it, but if you care to practice this perfect form of exercise, it will develop great strength more quickly than any other method of exercise known. It also teaches quickness, lightness, agility and grace of movement.

A Free Lesson From the Greatest Master

To prove how easy it is to master the secrets of this fascinating art, in your own home, without apparatus of any kind, and to show you the difference between the real Jiu-Jitsu and the imitations that are being advertised, Mr. Y. K. Yabe, formerly director of the Ten-Shin Ryu School for Jiu-Jitsu in Japan, will send to anyone writing for it a complete lesson in real Jiu-Jitsu free of all charge.

What the Real Jiu-Jitsu Is

The art of Jiu-Jitsu as taught by Mr. Yabe is the method of physical training, and the system of offence and defence, used by the imperial Japanese soldiers for thousands of years. Much of the efficiency of this method is due to a number of simple but easy tricks, by which an assailant can be overcome.

Until recently it has been a crime of high treason for anyone to disclose these secrets outside of the Imperial Schools, but Mr. Yabe secured permission from the Mikado to teach these arts in the United States.

If you wish to learn the art of self-defence; if you wish to know the tricks and secrets which will enable you to overcome any one. If you wish to know the system which has made the Japanese the hardiest, strongest, bravest and toughest people in the world, notwithstanding their small size; If you wish to enjoy perfect health and to indulge in fascinating exercises that make you strong and vigorous; Write to-day for Mr. Yabe's free lesson, and full particulars of the art of Jiu-Jitsu.

YABE SCHOOL OF JIU-JITSU
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Bunion Comfort

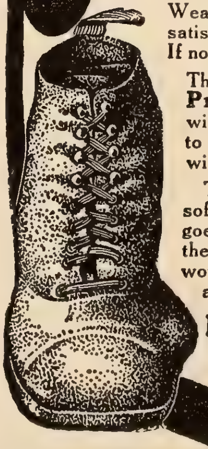
TO CONVINCE DOUBTERS THAT the **Fischer Bunion Protector** gives instant and permanent relief from bunion torture, we will send a protector

Free

On Ten Days' Trial

To Every Sufferer.

Just send size of shoe, whether right or left, and your name and address.



Wear the protector ten days---if satisfactory send us fifty cents. If not, return the protector.

The **Fischer Bunion Protector** enables one with bunions or enlarged joints to wear an **unstretched shoe** without inconvenience.

The protector is a neat little soft-leather appliance that goes **over** the stocking, **Inside** the same size shoe that one would wear without a bunion, and is guaranteed fully.

Fischer Mfg. Co.,
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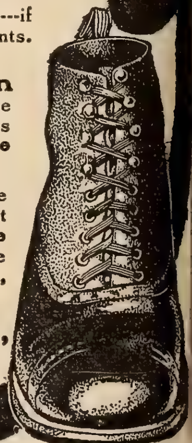

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the admiration of your friends

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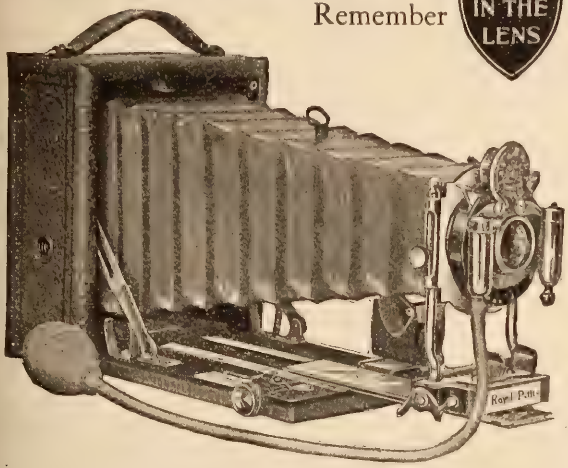

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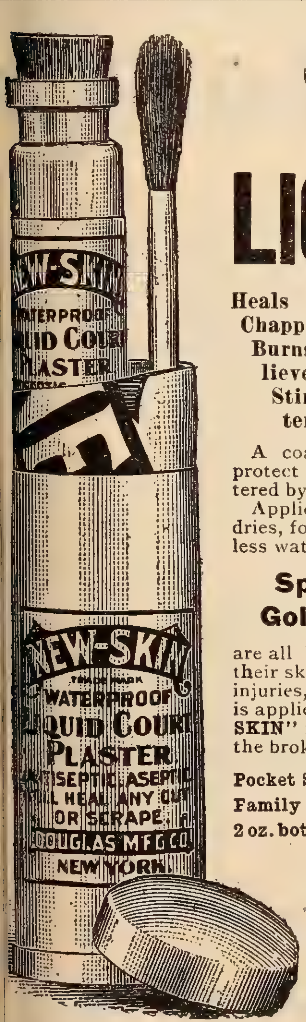

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED
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Heals Cuts, Abrasions, Hang-Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers. Burns, Blisters, etc. Instantly Relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Blistered Feet, Callous Spots, etc,

A coating on the sensitive parts will protect the feet from being chafed or blistered by new or heavy shoes.

Applied with a brush and immediately dries, forming a tough, transparent, colorless waterproof coating.

Sportsmen, Motorists, Golfers, Mechanics, etc.

are all liable to bruise, scratch or scrape their skin. **"NEW-SKIN"** will heal these injuries, **will not wash off**, and after it is applied the injury is forgotten, as **"NEW-SKIN"** makes a temporary new skin until the broken skin is healed under it.

Pocket Size (size of illustration), -	10c
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At the Druggists, or we will mail a package anywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

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KODAK Film for KODAKS

The film you use is more important than the camera you use—more important than the lens you use. The amateur of experience insists upon the film of experience. Kodak film has 20 years of experience behind it.

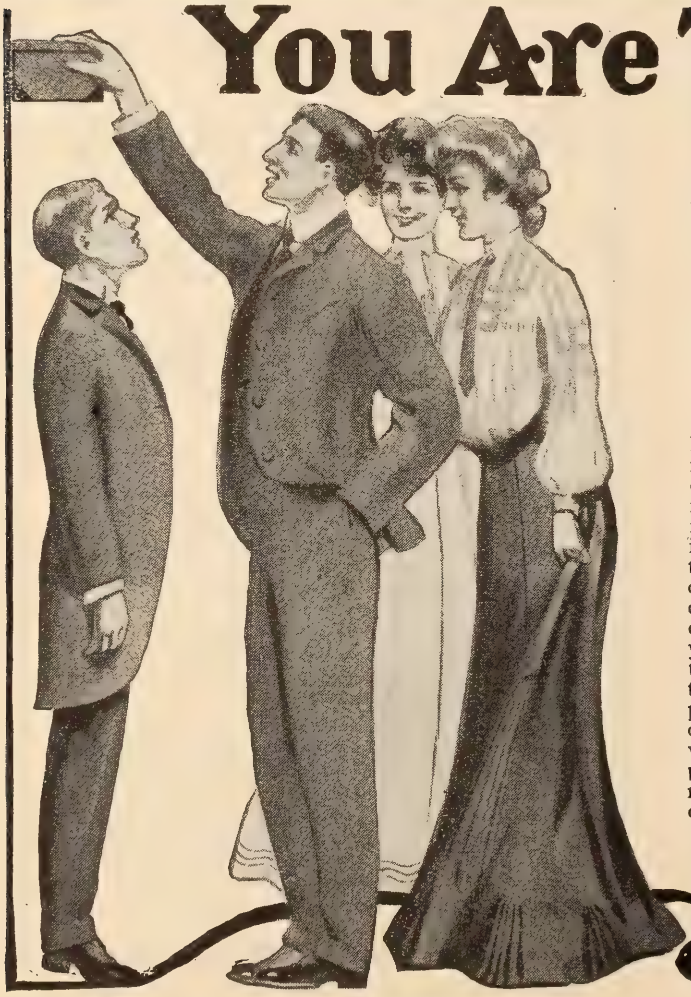
If it isn't Eastman,
it isn't Kodak Film.

Look for "Eastman" on the box; look for "Kodak" on the spool.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City.*

DEADSHOT

You Are Too Short



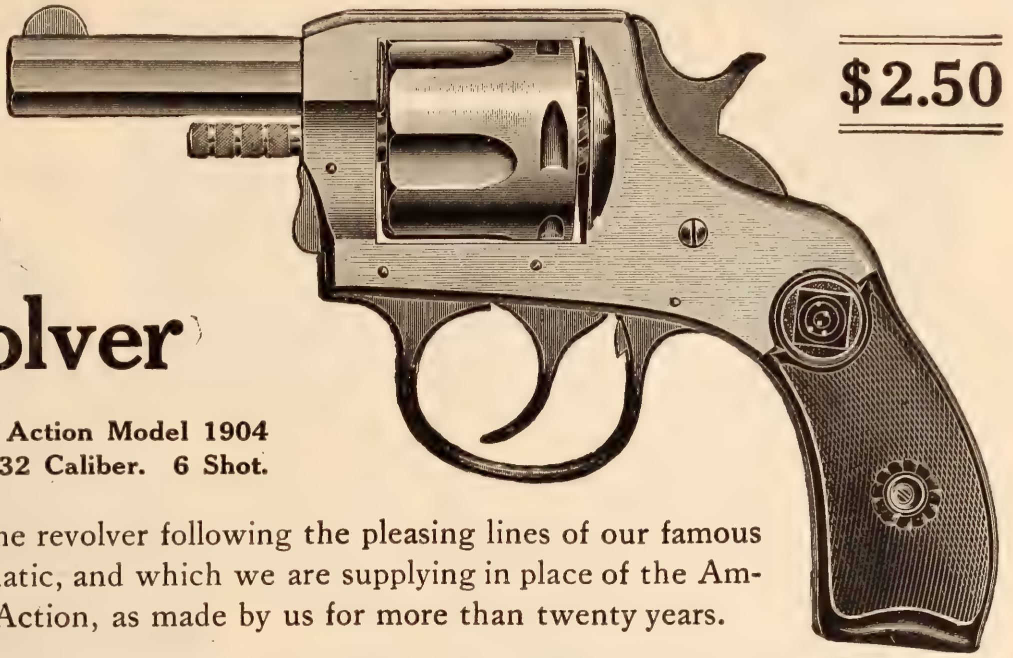
If you are short you will appreciate the unpleasant and humiliating position of the little man in the above illustration. But you are probably unaware that it is no longer necessary to be short and uncomfortable.

The Cartilage Company, of Rochester, N. Y., is the owner of a method whereby it is possible to add from two to three inches to the stature. It is called the "Cartilage System" because it is based upon a scientific and physiological method of expanding the cartilage, all of which is clearly and fully explained in a booklet entitled **"How to Grow Tall,"** which is yours for the asking.

The Cartilage System builds up the entire body harmoniously. It not only increases the height, but its use means better health, more nerve force, increased bodily development and longer life. Its use necessitates no drugs, no internal treating, no operation, no hard work, no big expense. Your height can be increased, no matter what your age or sex may be, and this can be done at home without the knowledge of others. This new and original method of increasing one's height has received the enthusiastic endorsement of physicians and instructors in physical culture. If you would like to add to your height, so as to be able to see in a crowd, walk without embarrassment with those who are tall, and enjoy the other advantages of proper height, you should write at once for a copy of our free booklet, **"How to Grow Tall."** It tells you how to accomplish these results quickly, surely and permanently. Nothing is left unexplained. After you read it, your only wonder will be, "Why did not some one think of it before?" Write to-day—

The CARTILAGE COMPANY
140 B, Unity Bldg. Rochester, N. Y.

A New Revolver



$2.50

H. &. R. Double Action Model 1904
38 Caliber, also 32 Caliber. 6 Shot.

A solid frame revolver following the pleasing lines of our famous H. & R. Automatic, and which we are supplying in place of the American Double Action, as made by us for more than twenty years.

Specifications. 32 caliber; 6 shot; 2½ inch barrel; weight 16 oz.; C. F. S. & W. cartridge; also S. & W. Long and Colt New Police Cartridges.

38 caliber; 5 shot; 2½ inch barrel; weight 15 oz.; C. F. S. & W. cartridge.

Finish—Nickel. We can furnish with 4½ and 6 in. barrels and in blue finish at additional cost.

Harrington & Richardson Arms Company

Catalogue for Postal **Makers of H. & R. Single Guns** **Dept. R., Worcester, Mass.**

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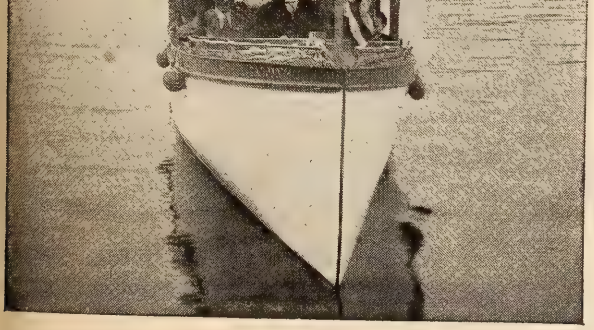

Won in three events in the Palm Beach Races in Feb-
uary. It was a winner in the Marblehead races last
uly. No crank required to start it. Speed regulation
erfect. A reliable, simple, powerful engine. *Send
or catalogue of Motors and complete Motor Boats.*

Fay & Bowen Engine Co.

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BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT

By the BROOKS SYSTEM

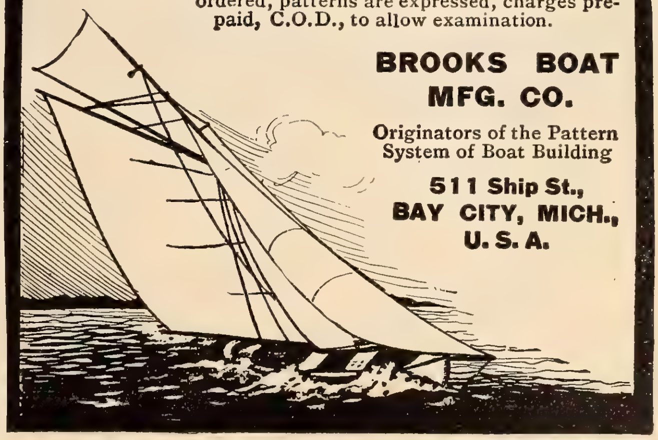
If you can drive a nail and cut out a piece of material from a full-sized pattern, you can build a canoe, rowboat, sailboat, or launch, in your leisure time, at home, and the building will be a source of profit and pleasure.

All you need is the patterns, costing from $2.50 up, and materials, from $5.00 up. The tools are common in every household. Patterns of over forty styles and sizes — all lengths from 12 to 55 feet.

The **Brooks System** consists of exact size **printed paper patterns** of every part of the boat — with **detailed instructions** and **working illustrations**, showing each step of the work — an itemized bill of **material required**, and how to secure it.

Over six thousand Amateurs successfully built boats by the Brooks System last year. Fifty per cent. of them have built their second boat. Many have established themselves in the boat manufacturing business.

Catalogue and particulars free. For 25 cents 100-page catalogue containing valuable information for the amateur yachtsman, showing several working illustrations of each boat, and a full set for one boat. Full line of knock-down and completed boats. When so ordered, patterns are expressed, charges prepaid, C.O.D., to allow examination.



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Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building

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Learn to Mount Birds and Animals

Every sportsman should be able to mount and preserve his own fine trophies. The shooting season is now open, and you will secure many fine specimens. Why not mount them for your home or den?

We can Teach You by Mail

to mount **Birds, Animals, Heads, Fishes, Tan Skins, Make Rugs, etc.** This is a delightful work, easily and quickly learned. By taking our mail course during your spare time, you can soon mount all kinds of specimens true to life. These specimens when mounted are of great interest and value. You can double your income by giving taxidermy your spare time. The fall and winter months offer abundant leisure time to learn the business.

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"I have had great success in taxidermy under your instruction."—O. Bronson, Topeka, Kan. "Have just mounted a fine eagle with complete success."—N. Rogers, McCook, Neb. "Have earned $675.00 from my taxidermy work."—C. H. Hammond, Syracuse, N. Y.

Our school is endorsed by all leading sporting magazines, including Recreation, and by the most eminent taxidermists. We teach standard methods only, and guarantee success. We mounted the mammoth collection at the Portland Exposition. Our school is incorporated, and the courses of lessons protected by U. S. Government copyright. The editors of this magazine will tell you that the school is absolutely trustworthy and reliable.

We want every sportsman, desiring to preserve his own specimens, to enroll for our course. We want to send you the testimonials of hundreds of successful students; also our new illustrated catalog, and a copy of "The Taxidermy Magazine."—All free. Write for these books to-day.

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In Size, but a Giant in Capacity

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May be obtained through me for $250.00. The membership of this exclusive and famous club is limited to 300, and the par value of each share is $300.00. The territory controlled by the club is traversed by the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, and a great part of the tract is almost unexplored. The membership is composed of well-known sportsmen, some being American and others Canadian.

There are club houses and camps, containing everything necessary, such as cook stoves, bunks, cooking utensils and fuel. Members may stay at the club without charge for lodging, paying simply for such meals as are consumed by themselves and guides. The club keeps in store a complete stock of camp supplies, wines, liquors, tents, canoes and camping outfits. Hence it is only necessary to notify the steward and he will have everything ready on the arrival of the member. It is very seldom that a share in the Triton Club is on the market.

FRANK FORD
Information Bureau, Recreation, New York

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Cured by WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SOD
(Dr. J. F. Churchill's Formula) **and WINCHESTER'S SPECIFIC PIL**

They contain no Mercury, Iron, Cantharides, Morphia. Strychnia, Opium, Alcohol, etc.

The Specific Pill is purely vegetable, has been tested and prescribed by physicians, and has proven to be the best, safest, and mo effective treatment known to medical science for restoring Vitality, no matter how originally impaired, as it reaches the root of the ailmen Our remedies are the best of their kind, and contain only the best and purest ingredients that money can buy and science produce; therefo we cannot offer free samples.

Price, ONE DOLLAR, per box by Sealed Mail.

No Humbug, C.O.D., or Treatment Scheme

PERSONAL OPINIONS: Dear Sirs: I have used a bottle of your Hypophosphites of Manganese for liver and kidney complaints in my own person a received much benefit, so I will enclose five dollars and will ask you to send me as much as you can by express prepaid for th amount, until we can get it through the regular channels. I am confident it is just what I have been in search of for many years. I am prescribing yo Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, and am pleased with the preparation. Yours sincerely, Dr. T. J. WEST.

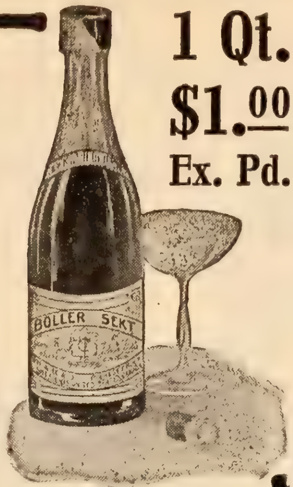
I know of no remedy in the whole Materia Medica equal to your Specific Pill for Nervous Debility.—ADOLPH BEHRE, M. D., Professor of Organ Chemistry and Physiology, New York.

Send for free treatise, securely sealed.

Winchester & Co., Chemists, 717 Beekman Bldg., N. Y.

Establish 1858

BOLLER SEKT



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A sparkling Fruit Wine, made in

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where it has been in daily use for many years. By many preferred to the

Best French Champagne

Boller Sekt is new to the American market but its purity, exquisite flavor and reasonable price are destined to make it one of the most popular of table beverages. For introduction purposes only we are authorized to make the following **remarkable offer:**

We will send, Express Prepaid, under plain cover

1 Qt. Boller Sekt for $1
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24 Pt. Case Boller Sekt for $14.00

You will like this wine and your friends will like to have you serve it to them at your dinners. You will find they prefer it in many cases to $4 a bottle champagne. *Order a trial case to-day.*

The Ingle Kuhn Co., Sole Importers
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

LOFTIS SYSTEM DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

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Is the time when The **FAMOUS LOFTIS SYSTEM** proves most convenient.

It enables persons in all circumstances to give beautiful and appropriate **Christmas Presents.**

The Loftis System means **convenience**—Diamonds, Watches and handsome Jewelry of all kinds for Christmas Gifts on convenient terms.

Our Christmas Catalogue is a veritable gold mine of beautiful Christmas Gift Suggestions, with its aid you can select appropriate presents for all, both old and young, 1000 handsome illustrations. **Write today for a copy.**

Do Your Shopping at Home, send for a copy of our Catalogue and in the privacy of your home select the articles you desire, write us and we will send them subject to examination and approval, inspect them carefully and if perfectly satisfactory retain them, paying one-fifth the cost on delivery, balance in eight equal monthly payments. We take all risks and pay all express charges. The shopping facilities of the largest Jewelry house in the U. S. in your own Home. **Write today for Our Christmas Catalogue.**

Do Your Christmas Shopping Now Do it conveniently and leisurely in the privacy of your own home. Don't wait until the Christmas rush is on. **NOW** is the time to make the choice selections and have ample time to inspect the goods. **Write for Our Christmas Catalogue.**

Our Reliability We refer you to your local bank and they will consult their commercial guides, Dun and Bradstreet and tell you that our responsibility and promptness are unquestioned. We give a signed guarantee as to the quality and value of every Diamond sold. **Write Today for our Christmas Catalogue.**

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. EST'D 1858

Diamond Cutters
Watchmakers, Jewelers
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A GAME GETTER doesn't allow rust on his gun—neither does "3-in-one." Heavy oils and greases cannot prevent rust because they simply coat the surface and dry out.

3 in One sinks into the pores of the metal, forming a delicate, imperceptible overcoat that prevents rust or tarnish on the barrel, in the bore, at any and every action point. Lubricates the magazine, triggers, etc. Our booklet tells—a sample proves—both free.

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¶ To be abreast of the times subscribe to the old reliable bureau founded by the late Henry Romeike and you will be right up-to-date on all current topics in which you are interested. ¶ Reads every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States, Canada, Mexico and Europe. Branches throughout the civilized world. *Write for circular and terms.*

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BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

IN HARVEST TIME

When brisk, Autumn breezes roughen the skin, use **Mennen's**—a positive relief for **chapped hands, chafing** and **all skin troubles.** Mennen's face on every box—be sure that you get the genuine.

For sale everywhere or by mail, 25 cts. Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Mennen's Violet Talcum.

SANITARIUM for MEN

If you would have the Weariness of Years rolled off your shoulders—if you would experience again the True Joy of Living—the Peace of unracked Nerves—the Recuperation of unbroken, dreamless sleep—READ THIS CAREFULLY.

I have the ONLY Sanitarium for Men, and it has been established since 1895.

My Patients are solid, conservative men of affairs—men who are accustomed to deciding important questions for themselves—and the question of Health is a vital one to YOU.

The perfect appointments of my Sanitarium are adapted to those who require the best service.

I treat Diseases, the result of Strains, Exposure, Accidents or a Sedentary Occupation.

These Diseases are beyond the scope of the Regular Practitioner and require the skilled care of a Specialist.

My Specialties are Varicocele, Hydrocele, Rupture and Associate Pelvic and Reflex-Nervous Diseases.

These diseases are *progressive* in their character and never *cure themselves*. Old time drugging and wide open cutting make them worse because such methods aim at the *effect* and do not remove the CAUSE.

My "Direct Method," discovered and exclusively used by me in my Sanitarium, is absolutely painless. It removes the CAUSE and assures a speedy and permanent cure. It only requires a few days of your time to remove your trouble forever.

Government Statistics tell us that *one man out of every* TEN suffers from VARICOCELE—a special stagnated condition of the blood.

I have discovered that this stagnant blood develops certain toxins (poisons) which permeate the whole system, causing nervous diseases, breaking down the constitution, and making SUCCESS impossible in any calling.

In Stagnant Blood the cells have begun to die. The toxins (poisons) which are formed are similar to those developed in any decaying animal matter. Every heart beat distributes this poison to the remotest parts of the body.

This means BLOOD POISONING of the entire system—Slowly but none the less surely. The effects of this auto-toxication or self-poisoning, will in time be the same as though festering animal matter had been taken into the system through a cut.

Such a condition results in the lowering of the vital, physical and nervous forces. You are always tired and depressed. Reserve force is used up and you become easily exhausted.

HEART, LIVER, STOMACH and KIDNEYS become affected, by this toxic poison. PARALYSIS and serious forms of RHEUMATISM are engendered, and often PROSATIC and BLADDER troubles in addition.

Drugging for any of the above diseases affords no relief, for the CAUSE is still there—the Stagnant Blood is still breeding the poisons of decay.

My "Direct Method" removes the cause, quickly and painlessly. It eliminates the poison from the system. The organs of the body regain their normal healthy functions. You become in feeling and in fact a NEW MAN—with renewed Health, Spirits and Ambition—eager and able to stand shoulder to shoulder with the bravest and fight life's battle to WIN.

I will be pleased to have you visit my Sanitarium at any time and will gladly talk over your case with you.

Even if you cannot call on me at once, you would not only be interested in, but benefited by, a careful reading of my scientific publications.

Enclose ten cents if sealed package is desired.

My books are free, but will be sent only to the man who writes me a complete history of his case, giving every symptom that annoys him.

Feel perfectly free to ask any direct questions about your special case, and I will give you my professional advice.

Write me personally, in care of my Special Carrier.

Delmer D. Richardson, M. D., 20 East Adams St., Special Carrier 120, Chicag

Hours 9 to 3 Daily, Sundays 10 to 1.

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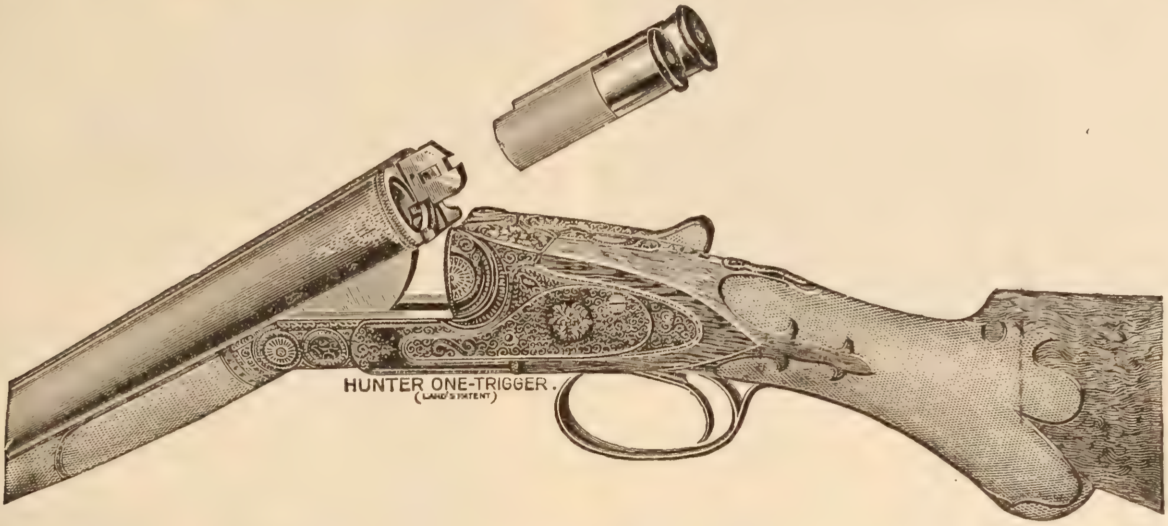

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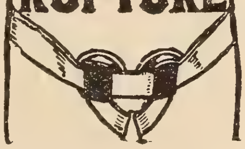

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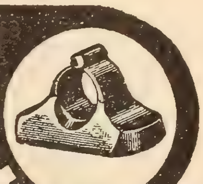

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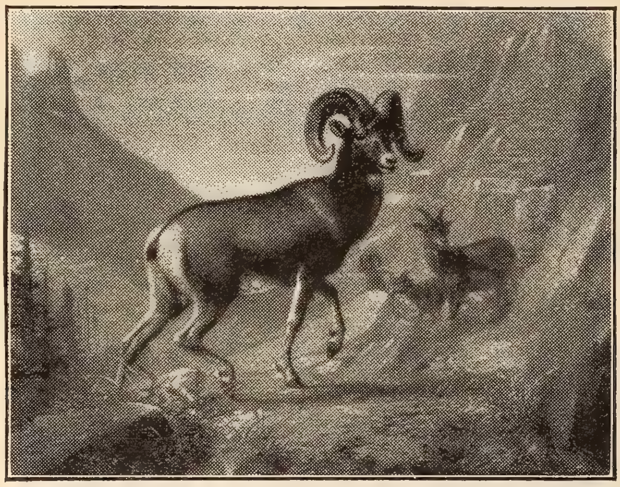

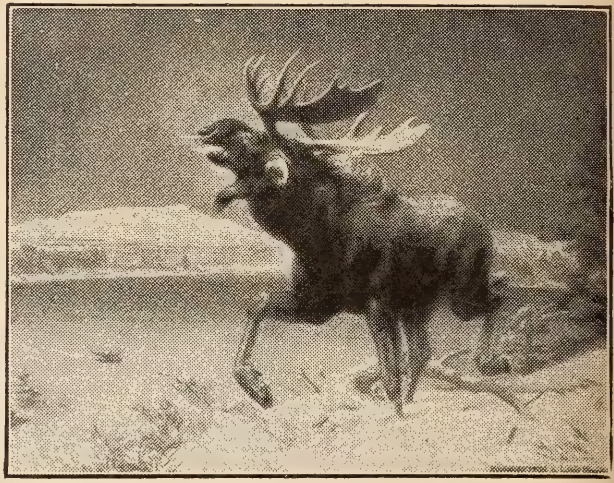

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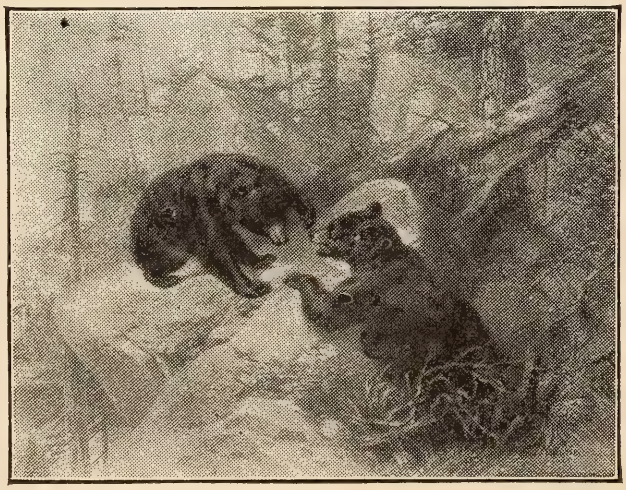

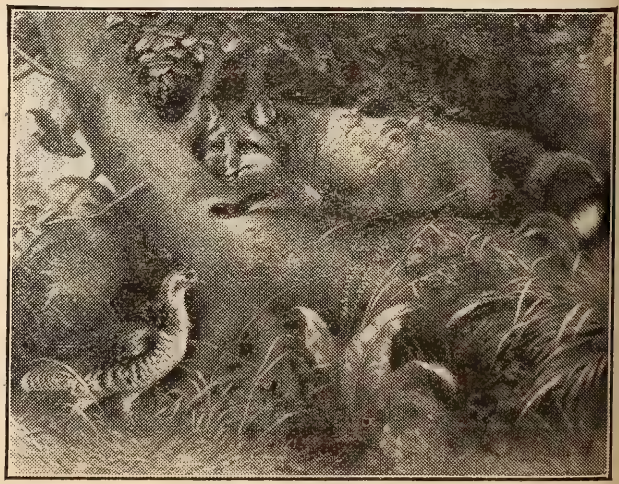

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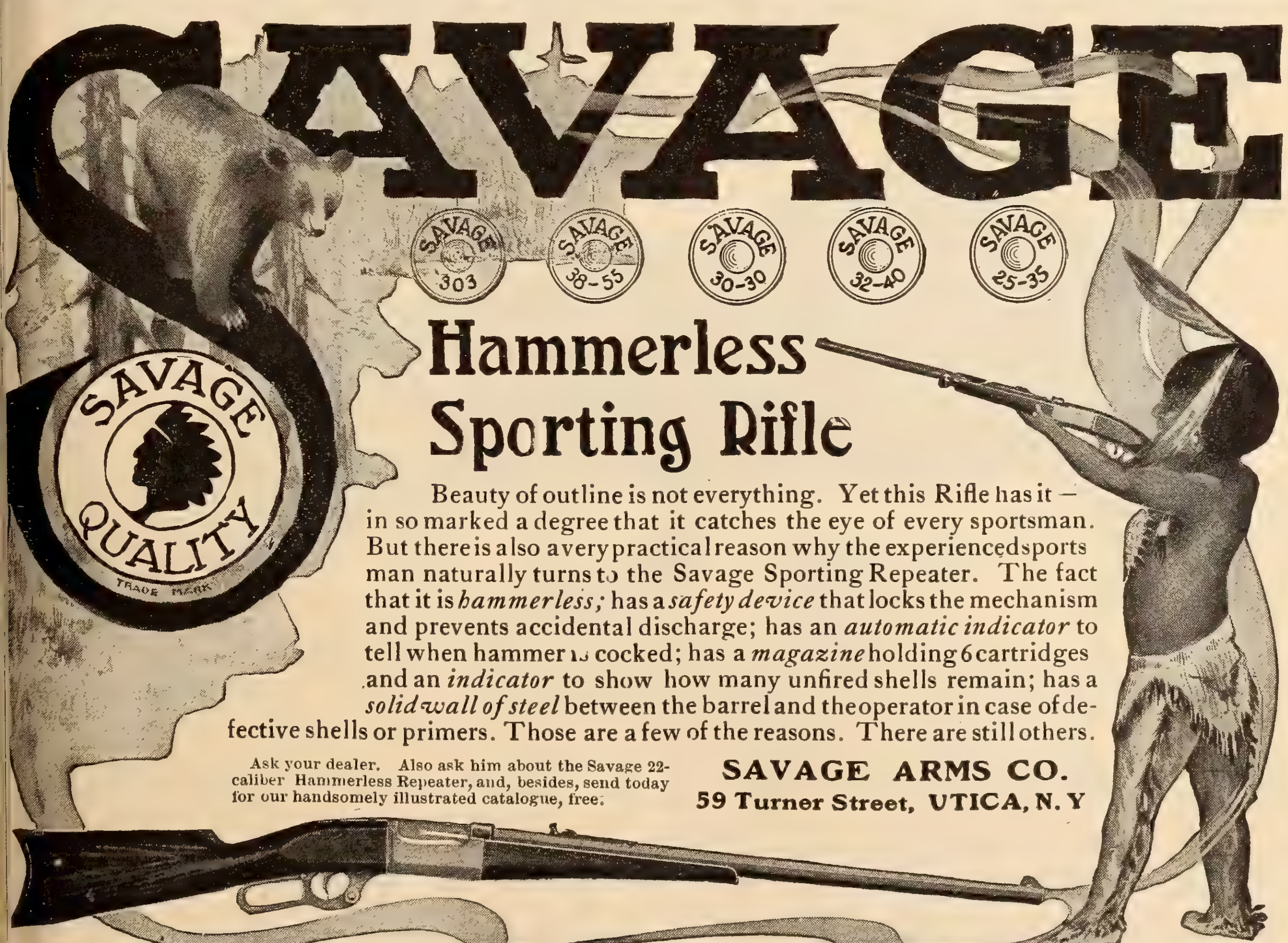

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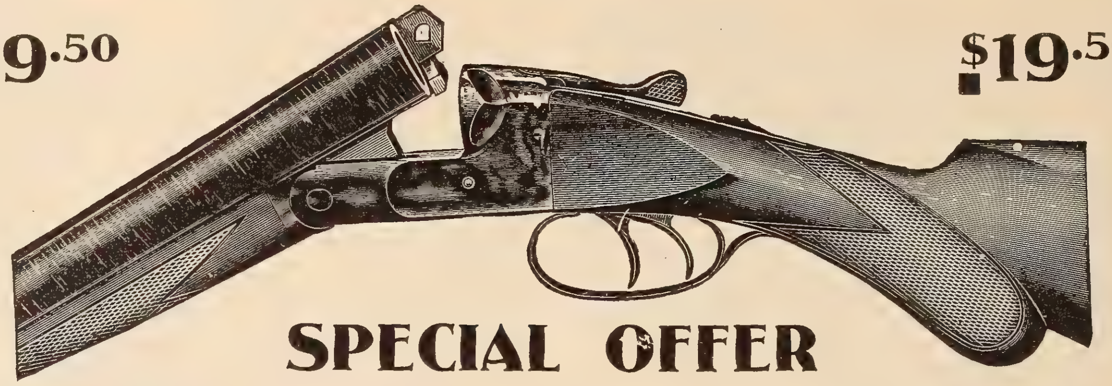

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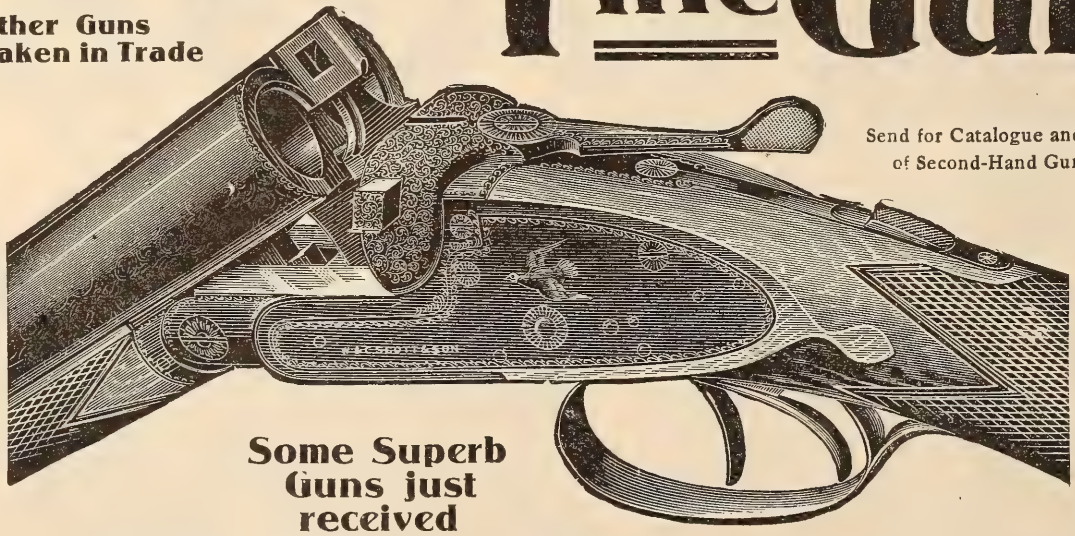

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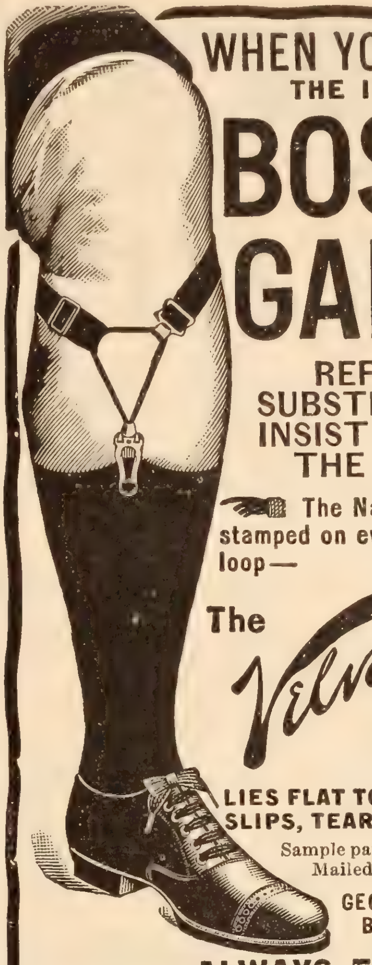
"I weighed over two hundred pounds, which, for a woman of my height, is very fat. Now I weigh 135, am plump and well formed, and I feel good all day long, and sleep so restfully at night.

"I shall always thank you for what you have done for me, and I will be glad to have you refer me to any of your patients."

Send your name and address—no money—to-day to F. J. Kellogg, 2012 Kellogg Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich., and receive the trial package in plain wrapper free by mail.



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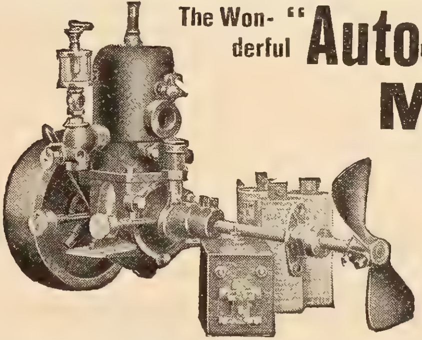

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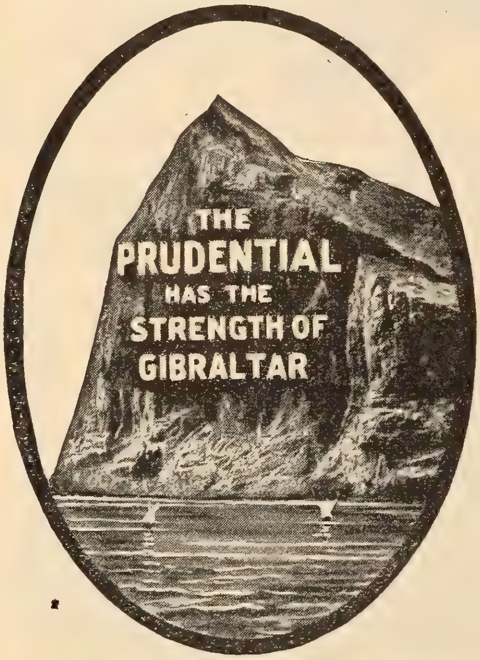

1st.—**Cash.** The dividend may be withdrawn in cash or may be applied towards the payment of any premium then due.

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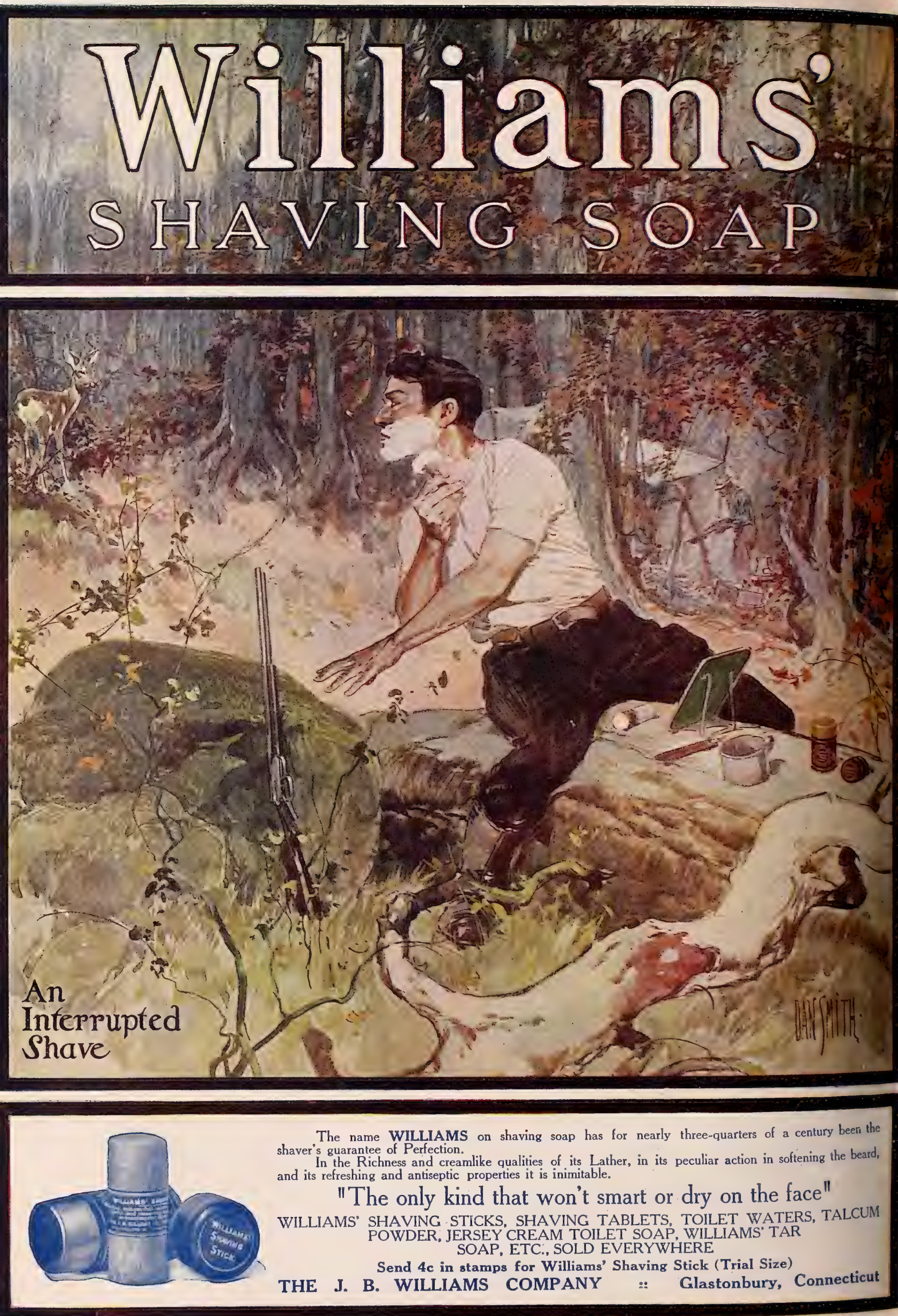

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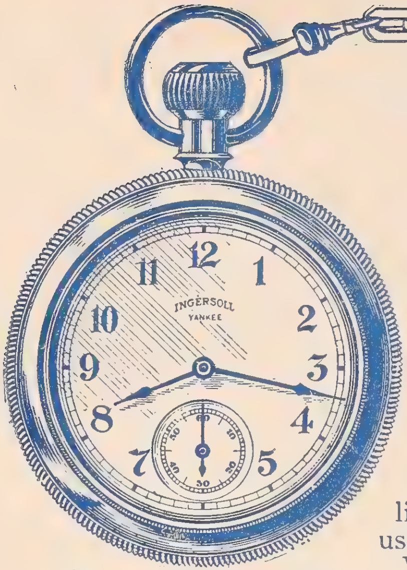

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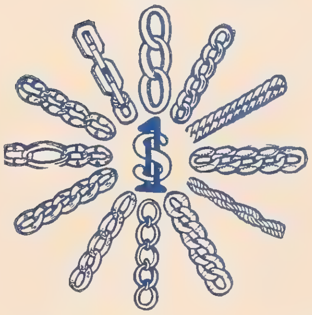

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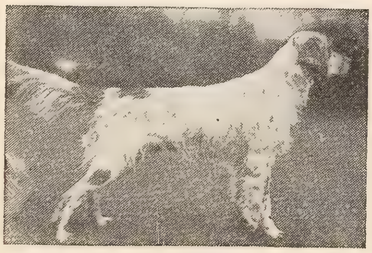

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WE WERE THE PIONEERS IN SQUABS. Our Homers are straight bred and unexcelled for size. We have supplied equipment for many of the finest estates in America. Our plant is the largest and best in the world. During the past year we sold more Homers than all other pigeon breeders and importers in America combined. There is a reason for this; look around before buying. We publish a full line of printed matter, covering every detail of this rich industry. Send for our Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs." Visitors welcome at our plant and Boston office. Address,
PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO.,
402 Howard Street, Melrose, Mass.

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Just to introduce our *Selected Imported Belgian Homers*, we will give FREE *a complete outfit* for breeding squabs. Send 4 cents in stamps for our special offer circular which tells you all. There are *no better* Homers in America than our birds, and our prices are lower than any other firm. Remember, we are the largest importers in America. We also have all kinds of Pheasants, Swan, Peacocks, Wild and Fancy Waterfowls, Turkeys, White Guineas, Poultry, Collie Dogs, Fancy Pigeons and Imported Angora Cats. Write for what you want.
CAPE COD SQUAB, POULTRY AND GAME FARM,
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DO YOU USE RUBBER STAMPS? We make the best rubber stamps and stencils in New York. Protectograph, the best safety check protector made. Rubber Type Alphabets, 5A fonts, $1.10 postpaid. Send postal for circular.
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GUNS, SPORTING GOODS, etc., to exchange for Stamp or Coin Collection.
JOHN P. COOPER, 38 Peter's Place,
Red Bank, N. J.

WANTED: A Shape's hammerless rifle (not musket) in good condition. Address, with best terms,
GEO. OGLE, Molalla, Ore.

I had eighteen (18) chances to sell that $60 Sauer gun I advertised in the October issue. This was so encouraging that I have arranged for a half-dozen more which I will dispose of at the same price. Remember, this is the opportunity of a lifetime and that I shall not be able to obtain any more of these magnificent $80 weapons this winter. My price is $60.

The guns are hammerless, with heavy doll's head extension rib, nicely engraved locks of the genuine Anson and Deely system, the stock is of selected Italian walnut, the barrels are of Krupp's genuine fluid steel, 12 gauge, and 30-inch barrels. Any drop or an boring to suit individual needs.

FRANK FORD, Information Bureau, RECREATION,
23 West 24th Street, New York City.

MISCELLANEOUS

PARTIES wishing to hunt or fish in West Florida, write to W. P. DUNLAP, Apalachicola, Fla., for information.

SOUVENIR POSTAL CARDS

COLLECTOR OF SOUVENIR CARDS: Join the exchange and receive beautiful post-cards for your collection from collectors all over the country. Membership, ten cents; send stamps or silver. Do it now.
INTERNATIONAL SOUVENIR POST-CARD EXCHANGE,
Dept. R., Box 1332, Springfield, Mass.

COINS

$5.75 PAID FOR RARE 1853 QUARTERS; $4 paid for 1804 dimes; $15 paid for 1858 dollars; big prices paid for hundreds of other dates; keep all money coined before 1879 and send 10 cents at once for a set of two coin and stamp value books. It may mean a fortune to you.
Address C. F. CLARKE, Agent,
Le Roy, N. Y., Dept. 3.

GUIDES

BIG GAME. Hunting on the Head Waters of the Stickine River. I am better prepared than ever to furnish outfits, pack horses and guides for the season 1905. Moose, caribou, Stone's sheep, goat, black, brown and grizzly bear are all killed within one hundred miles of Telegraph Creek. Season opens September 1st. References: Andrew J. Stone, J. R. Bradley, T. T. Reese. J. FRANK CALLBREATH, Telegraph Creek, B. C.
Via Wrangle, Alaska.

Around Our Camp Fire

I leave this rule for others when I'm dead,
Be always sure you're right—then go ahead.
—DAVID CROCKETT.

Christmas

Christmas comes but once a year, but when it does come, it comes all over the country. Recreation's thousands of readers are not by any means all dwellers in towns. On the contrary, very many of them live on lonely ranches and in distant camps, where a narrow, winding trail, many leagues in length, is all that connects them with civilization; but whether they gather around the Christmas table, surrounded by their loved ones, under electric lights, soothed by the soft strains of voluptuous music, or whether they gnaw a sodden flapjack under the cold light of the stars, Recreation extends to one and all a hearty greeting, and a sincere hope that their Christmas may be a happy one, and that the year to follow will be full of prosperity and gladness.

THE MYSTIC FIRE.

But we must not be selfish. Each of us should see that others share his contentment as far as may be, and we can think of no more certain way of adding to the happiness of our fellow creatures than by insuring that they get this magazine regularly twelve times a year. Just send us the small sum necessary, together with the name of any friend you wish to make happy, and we will see that he is put upon the mailing list without loss of time.

Of course, you will only have to do this once, because the succeeding years will find these new recruits faithful readers of our magazine.

A Word About Ourselves

As this is the last issue that will bear the imprint of "1905," a few words regarding what we have done may not be out of place. Taking over the magazine, as the present management did, in the month of February last, everything was found in the greatest disorder. It was a time when a firm hand, a clear brain, and a strong executive will were absolutely necessary to prevent the good little craft from going on the rocks. Happily, the right man was at the helm, and if you would realize what has been done, place the last issue of the magazine alongside of that of a year ago. Note the improvement in every department. Recreation is now a clean, trustworthy magazine, fit for the home of every sane-minded sportsman in the land. We do not believe in blowing our own trumpet and we have refrained from casting stones at those that have vilified us; nor have we thought it desirable to occupy our readers' time and to fill our space with letters eulogistic of the new management; though, had we desired so to do, it would have been easy to take up all our Referendum space with such letters. We reasoned that our readers were too intelligent to require that others should point out the excellences of the new Recreation. Being sportsmen, they would naturally perceive for themselves that though the price of Recreation had not been increased, its tone had improved in a remarkable manner.

Sons of Daniel Boone

A unique, patriotic society has been formed by Dan Beard, the editor of Recreation, which is called the Sons of Daniel Boone. There are already about fifty forts, spreading from El Paso, Texas, to Bay of Islands, Newfoundland. There are no presidents to these local forts, by that name, or other officials usual to societies, but the officers are Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Davy Crockett, Audubon and Simon Kenton.

The constitution of the Sons of Daniel Boone is sumptuously and beautifully printed on a thick folio sheet of Crane's best water-warked Japanese linen, and the types are so handled and rubricated as to give it a smack of an old-time legal document. The first sheet gives the constitution, the signatures of the Founder, the date, and the seal of the Sons of Daniel Boone, while, on the second under an appropriate heading, are spaces for the signatures of the members of the Fort to which the certificate is issued as its charter.

The Coming Year

We intend, however, that our achievements during 1905 shall prove to have been simply an earnest of what we shall do during 1906. So many excellent manuscripts have been sent in, that we have been enabled to weigh very carefully the merits of each, and to reject all but the best. Hence, we start the new year with a reserved stock of stories that will meet with the approval of our readers. The plan of the magazine will not change; because we know by the success we have had that we are on the right track, and that no change is either needful or desirable. In the future, as in the past, RECREATION will stand a firm bulwark for the protection of our game animals, birds and fish, and as far as in us lies we shall prevent the extermination of every living thing that is harmless to man.

Our Xmas Cover

Holly and mistletoe are all right under certain conditions, especially the latter when the proper people come together, but we have not put either of these as a decoration on our December cover. On the contrary, we have taken a page from the book of Nature, interpreted by our good friend, Walter Stone King. This is a page that is never seen by the city man, but they who live in the northern forest will at once recognize its truth.

Between the Arctic ice and civilization there is a vast stretch of silent land, much of it forest covered, much of it open barren, and all through this stillness the great hungry wolf ever roams, ceaselessly looking for his prey.

It is Christmas Eve. An angry yellow sun is setting. The great question now before Mr. Lobo is not "What shall I have for my Christmas dinner?" but "When shall I have it?"

The problem is a serious one, and we regret that we are not able to inform the reader how it was solved.

RECREATION'S PLATFORM

An uncompromising fight for the protection, preservation and propagation of all game; placing a sane limit on the bag that can be taken in a day or season; the prevention of the shipment or transportation of game, except in limited quantities, and then only when accompanied by the party who killed it; the prohibition of the sale of game. These are "Recreation's" slogans now and forever.

Frank Ford

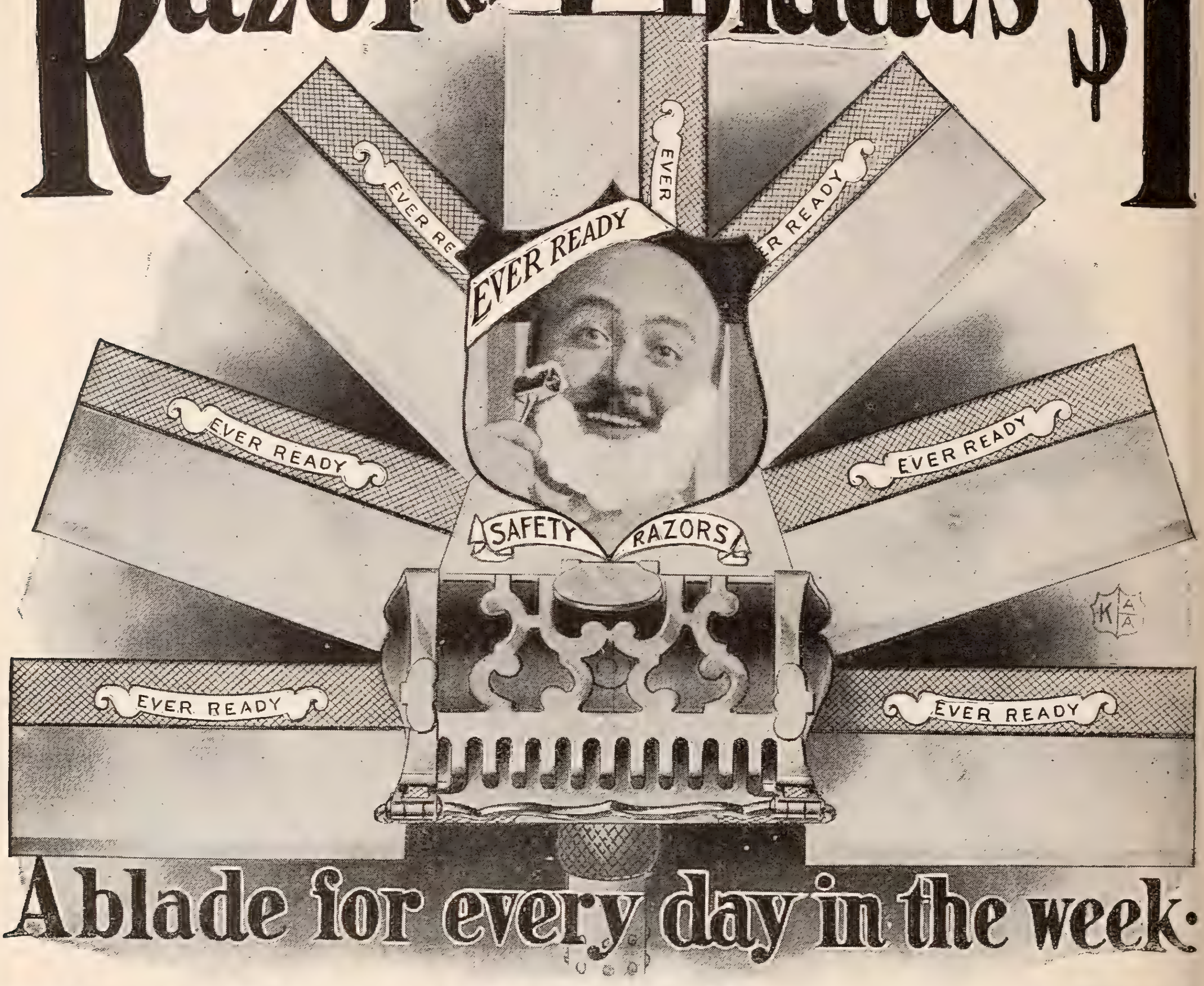
bids us say that if the great American public will only refrain from asking questions for twenty-four hours or so, he will take a much needed rest, but as he sees no hope of such a pleasant spell of relief he proposes to hire half a dozen extra assistants by January first. He would especially call the attention of dog men to his department. After a careful study of the situation for several months he would like to have an opportunity of convincing the breeders and dealers of this country of the extraordinary quality of RECREATION as a medium for the sale of dogs. Just write to him if you are a well-known breeder and have a large kennel, and give him an opportunity to discuss this matter with you.

Of course, it was to be expected that a certain small minority would abuse the great privilege that RECREATION offered them in Frank Ford's services. We knew it would be so, and we are happy to say that though the former Alecks are not all dead, still there must have been a heavy mortality among them, for they now seem to constitute a very infinitesimal proportion of those who have access to our pages.

The Cost Thereof

Have you ever stopped to consider what the cost of such a magazine as RECREATION is? The subscriber sends in his dollar a year, and the casual reader pays his ten cents to his newsdealer per copy, and yet each one of those copies has cost more to produce than either man pays for it. If we were to put out one copy, that copy would cost us nearly $10,000, and you buy this product of twentieth century brains for a dime. Moreover, we have not gone in for special numbers, and, unlike some of our competitors, have not made a splurge twice a year with a couple of big splurges, but we have given you a steadily improving magazine, each issue of which many of you would gladly pay a dollar for if you could not get it on any other terms. If you agree with us, as we believe you do, in our estimate of RECREATION, will you not kindly assist us to the limit of your ability in increasing our circulation among your friends? There is no household in the land that should be without its copy of RECREATION, because the younger members of every family, as well as their elders, could not but be benefited by a dose of RECREATION tonic taken once a month.

Razor and 7 blades $1



It's a $5.00 "Safety"

**Seven Blades—
Frame—Handles
Fancy Box—Complete**

$1.00

The seven-bladed "Ever-Ready" revolutionizes the Safety Razor business of the world. MAKING and SELLING innovations have made the $5.00 "Safety" of yesterday a dollar razor to-day.

We've dared to fix the retail price that meant a "square deal"—"Ever-Ready" Safety Razor Set complete at $1.00. Seven famous "Ever-Ready" blades —a nickel-silvered safety frame and blade stropper all compact in a handsome box. It's the safest safety razor in history. Everybody becomes expert with the first shave—it's impossible to cut the face.

"Ever-ready" blades are guaranteed to the limit—they are the keenest, finest tempered, and easiest shaving of all razor blades. The blades can be *stropped* like the ordinary razor and will last for years—that is something that isn't possible in any $5.00 razor made. *For those desirious of doing away with re-honing and re-sharpening we will exchange seven new blades for your dull ones and 25 cents.*

"Ever-Ready" razors are by no means an experiment. We have manufactured safety razors under other brands during the past twenty-one years, but the "Ever-Ready" is the best yet. "Ever-Ready" seven-bladed dollar razors are now on sale in thousands of *Cutlery, Hardware and Jewelry stores* throughout the world.

We've not had time to supply all dealers as yet, so if you have the least difficulty in purchasing send to us direct (one dollar) and you will receive your set prepaid. Do it now.

What more ideal Xmas present could there be for a man? Free booklet of value to shavers.

THE AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., 66 to 68 Duane Street, New York

NOTE TO DEALERS—Send your orders for quick delivery direct or to the nearest of the following distributors: Norvell-Shapleigh Hardware Co., St. Louis; Wells & Melleger Hardware Co., Chicago; Belknap Hardware & Mfg. Co., Louisville; John Pritzloff Hardware Co., Milwaukee; Farwell, Ozman & Kirk Co., St. Paul; Marshall-Wells Hardware Co., Duluth, Minn.; Lee Glass Andreessen Hardware Co., Omaha; Frye, Phipps & Co., Boston; Gray & Dudley Hardware Co., Nashville; The Brownson & Townsend Co., New Haven; Weyth Hardware & Mfg. Co., St. Joseph, and others.

Vol. XXIII Number 6

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A Monthly Devoted to Everything the Name Implies

Dan Beard, Editor

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR TEN CENTS A COPY

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WM. E. ANNIS, Publisher, 23 West Twenty-fourth Street, New York

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Frank Ford's Page

Here's a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to one and all. May all the good things you have obtained through me during the past year be recorded on the credit side of my account in the Book of Fate. The close of 1905 sees me still doing business at the same old stand, though I am enlarging my staff in view of the bargain counter attractions I shall have to offer after the Christmas rush is over.

By the bye, I have just one offer to make that is quite out of the usual, though I am accustomed to handle things a little out of the ordinary. Last week, for instance, I sold a kitten with five legs. A few days previously I negotiated the sale of two fox skins the like of which no man had ever seen. My present offer, however, is a share in a recipe for preventing the attacks of mosquitoes, black flies, house flies, and, in fact, all kinds of vermin. The discoverer of this compound is willing to take a man with a few thousand dollars into partnership and he would prefer someone who is accustomed to handling such an article. I think that, perhaps, there is a million dollars or so in this discovery if it is properly handled.

THE FINEST PROPERTY ON LAKE GEORGE FOR SALE

CROWN ISLAND, LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

Situated near the west shore of the lake, ten miles from Lake George village; near the great Sagamore Hotel. One mile from Bolton Landing. Island is seven (7) acres in extent and is heavily wooded with good soil. Fine tennis courts; good croquet grounds.

House has fourteen (14) rooms, including bath room, servant's room, butler's pantry. There is a separate laundry building, ice house, billiard rooms, power house, containing electric plant, and a shop containing all necessary tools.

There are: boat house, docks, three good rowboats, 17 ft. launch and the 60 ft. steam yacht *Crusader.*

This island and all that goes with it is the property of a wealthy man who desires to sell for a mere fraction of what he paid for the property.

Price, if taken at once, through FRANK FORD, $60,000.

50 PAIRS of Homer Pigeons for sale at 75 cents per pair. These pigeons reside in the State of Maine, so you must figure on express charges if you live at a distance. HAGER.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER is acknowledged to be one of the best. Mr. J. F. Roberts has one that is practically new, and which cost him $97.50. You can buy it, through me, for $77.00. The same gentleman has a foxhound for sale that he says is a dandy and a bargain at $15. Surely one or other of these offers will strike you?

I HAVE a 28-30-120 cal. Stevens Ideal, No. 45, placed in my hands for sale. It has Vernier Peep Rear and Lyman Combination Front Sights. The factory price is $22. It will be sold for $16 by Mr. Ludwick, the owner.

MR. HARRY E. PHILLIPS has a setter that is thoroughly broken and a close worker. He is five years old and will not be sold for less than $100. This dog is not a field trial dog; but one to fill the game bag with.

MR. F. M. KEENEY has placed a Stevens 45 Model Rifle, 28-30 cal., fitted with Schutzen double set triggers, 28-inch bbl., with Stevens four-power 'scope mounted micrometer adjustment. Outfit weighs 9 lbs. Full set of tools, shells and moulds go with it. Little used. Listed at $56.75, to be sold for $30. *It is my belief that this is one of the greatest snaps in the gun line that I have been able to offer for some time.*

MR. G. OGDEN PERSONS, a Southern sportsman of more than local reputation, desires to buy a thoroughly good English setter dog, six months old. The parents must have been good field workers, and the price must be a fair one.

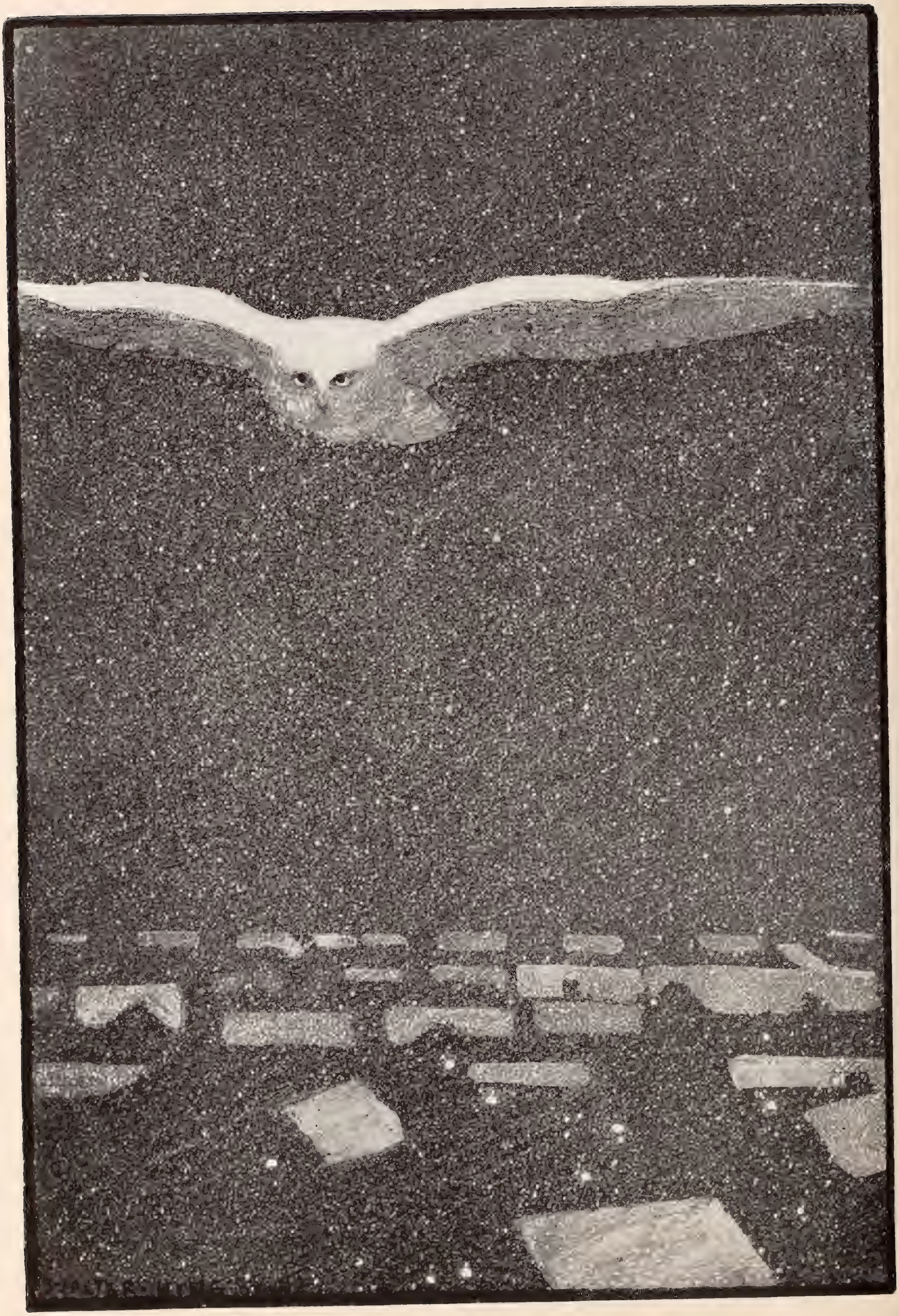
MR. JOSEPH COLDWELL desires to change an English Bull Pup, six months old, eligible for registry, against a well-bred pointer pup worth at least $50. Who wants to make a deal?

MR. H. D. CHACKELFORD wants an L. C. Smith Hammerless, .12 Ga., 7 lbs., 28-inch bbls., 14 x 2½ or 2⅝ stock right cylinder, left choke. Good condition. Reasonable price.

I AM ON THE LOOKOUT for a couple of Chesapeake Bay or Water Spaniel Puppies, two or three months old, outside price, $15. They must be eligible for registration. Mention W. E. Bramel when you write.

IF YOU HAVE an 8-Ga. Shot Gun that you wish to sell, send me full particulars, as Mr. Geo. E. Tinker wants such a weapon.

FRANK FORD, Information Dept., Recreation, 23 West 24th Street, N. Y.



. . . *on broad pinions white as the driving flakes . . . Drawing by* WALTER K. STONE

RECREATION

VOL. XXIII. DECEMBER 1905 No. 6

PENCILINGS IN NEWFOUNDLAND

By L. F. BROWN

"Codfish, salmon, trout and whales,
Rock-shores flogged by surf and gales,
Wild and stern, majestic, grand,
That spells charming Newfoundland."

A RAILROAD train roaring through a wilderness where a pine tree, two natives and a dog are a "station"; sombre, blue hills one or two thousand feet high; green streams full of trout (and sea-trout and salmon in season); caribou that cross the track by thousands when migrating; tens of thousands of nameless lakes (over 30,000 known ones, and 687 with names) with nobody to fish and no boats on them; hills yellow with bake-apple berries in late July and early August! These are among the first impressions of the sportsman and tourist as he goes through the heart of and across the entire island.

We pass the superb scenery of Bay of Islands and enter the Humber Valley, winding along the left bank of its river—wild, clear water, but so deep it is black, and made yet more sable by the overshadowing bluffs. The narrow-gauge road is the merest thread at the base of cliffs often a thousand feet high, standing in a virgin wilderness that extends on all sides to the surf, forever pounding the shores of an island 500 miles across from east to west and north to south. We thought that Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Cape Breton's Bras d'Or lakes furnished superb scenery. When we return it will all seem commonplace.

Barrens covered with Arctic moss, half jet-black soil and half water for leagues; sometimes three or four lakes seen from the car windows, and each with the surface of its water from 100 to 200 feet higher or lower than that of all the others; yet all a mile long and broad, winding out of sight among hills. Minerals showing right beside the road—copper, iron, coal, asbestos, mica, marble, and gypsum, all waiting for capital and a market. It is wonderful!

If the sportsman stops at Grand Lake station, and paddles up the largest lake on the island forty miles to the hills at its south end, he has but to camp on the plateaus high above the water, if he wishes to see and photograph caribou whose size and beauty are unrivaled. Or he may stop at Deer Lake, Glenwood, Gambo or Bishop's Falls, and feel the rush and see the leaps of noblest salmon lurking in black pools, which, as at Rack Pool, on Bottom Brook, will yield brook trout by the dozen (the way the Newfound-

LOOKING FOR FRESH TRACKS

lander counts his catches of trout), sea-trout, grilse and salmon!

On all sides the attractions bewilder. Right back of the tiny hotel at Epworth, on the gray hills shown in the picture, and singing from topmost twigs of the spruces, robins ten times more numerous than anywhere in the States may be heard during the whole summer, and not merely in the spring. Almost everywhere the forests of the big island are musical the entire day with the notes of myriads of hermit thrushes, that songster with a voice even sweeter than the nightingale's.

It is so novel, unexpected, full of charm of new experience, interminable and innumerable landscapes brooding in the silences, and as they probably were at Creation—virgin primeval! How it all grips the heart! Fiords, islands, stern, blue-black hills in silhouette amongst tenderest, subtlest effects of dim distance as they are rubied in sunsets or shake night-cap mists from their heads; queerest local showers amid bursts of sunshine and vanishing and reappearing rainbows, ospreys diving hundreds of feet into water after fish and soaring away with prey in talons. And the flowers! Tangled wizardries of swamp honeysuckle around hundreds of lagoons bordered with dense growths of tamaracks full of moss, the favorite food of the caribou; glades blue with wood violets and snowy with lilies of the valley, or starred with the blooms of three kinds of orchids, and all growing wild! This is an underdrawn word picture—those blossoms mat thousands of acres, whole hill-slopes and entire sections across the valleys of streams where the air is heavy with their fragrance. It is a land of contradictions and climatic paradoxes.

Forest fires leave hundreds of square miles a black desolation, beneath which there blossoms fairly well from the ground into the favoring sunlight. Snow lying all the summer on the north sides of such mountains as Blomidon! Partridges or willow grouse, Canada geese, ducks, wheeling wraiths of mackerel-birds and gulls, shuddering laughter of thronging loons, purest springs of water every few hundred feet, and dozens upon dozens of brooks not even mapped, much less having names, and which have never wet a fish line. And over all, air by the cubic mile, that was never breathed! Honest natives, hardy, brave, hospitable, uncomplaining and generally happy in spite of constant danger of privation—living in tiny homes full of children very often without school privileges; archaic costumes, and a language of the "live-yeres," which is a queer mixture of very bad English and a *patois* of worse French; and almost without money, living by barter with the keepers of the "shops." Copper coins of Portugal, Mexico, Spain, France, and Germany pass current, as well as the cents of Canada and the States. Posting a letter between points on the island requires a three-cent stamp, but a two-cent one if the letter is directed to England or Canada—*off* the island. But all letters must have an additional two-cent stamp if posted on Sunday! It is all so queer. The tourist is surprised, fascinated, even hypnotized.

What oceans of rhapsody have been written of the "beauty of nature." Yet her mysterious presence often charms most when she frowns—hides a smiling face and grows stern. One who beholds her in such moods will understand and marvel as he camps and fishes for great trout where Kitty's Brook, right beside the railroad, traverses leagues on leagues of country that is merely splintered rock or gypsum fashioned into fantastic columns by the water flowing hundreds of feet below an almost treeless region over which the topsails dominate—strange sugar-loaf formations rising like knobs from the barrenness as if to get away. And on the horizons, ten, fifteen, thirty miles away, visible dreams of greenest hills! Beauty and barrenness mingle as if that world had been left unfinished. No wonder that it remains so vivid in recollection, and, somehow, leaves the heart its captive with a fondness that is sometimes almost pain.

WHERE LAND AND OCEAN MEET

Yet more attractive are the trips on the staunch little steamers among more worlds of bays and islands. The steamers ply around nearly all Newfoundland, among the rock-fangs and fogs, but have never injured a passenger, although much of the service has been established over fifty years. Space forbids mention of St. John's, historic Placentia, the codfishing fleet with red sails, the queer smells in all the huddles of houses along coasts, the seal fisheries, and the hams and sausages made of whale meat. A typical trip of the thirty-two that are available can be enjoyed on the little steamer *Ethie,* which leaves Clarenville (a railroad station) each Monday and Friday.

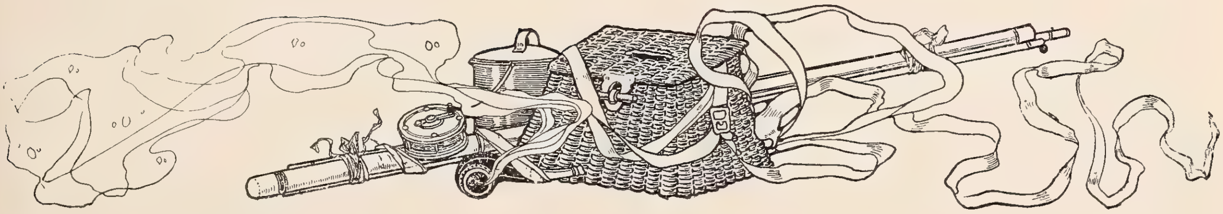
Down a long, salt-water estuary to the northeast, through Random Sound, and calling at places even more queer than their names—Old Perlican, Ireland's Eye, Hants, and Heart's Content, where sixty cable operators handle 4,000 messages daily. At many of these calls along that journey of a hundred miles to Trinity, on the shore of Trinity Bay, one may go ashore and note the tiny patches of peas, beans, asparagus, beets, lettuce, tomatoes, raspberries and potatoes—all maturing in sixty days. Corn and wheat will not mature.

Quaint little Trinity "village" is shown perfectly by the accompanying illustration. Note the wattled fences, churches of English and Catholic faiths, the bare, bleak hills, the gravestones beside one church, the wireless telegraphy stations, and mountain road; and the long peninsula, beyond which heaves the mystery of the North Atlantic. Priests and ministers of the Church of England wear their vestments, birettas and surplices right on the "streets" of Trinity. Its people swarm down to the dock to meet each steamer; we counted seventeen cows, about forty dogs and cats, and over ten score of children. And how the natives lavish kindness on visitors! He is a lucky guest who does not get half smothered in a feather bed two feet thick.

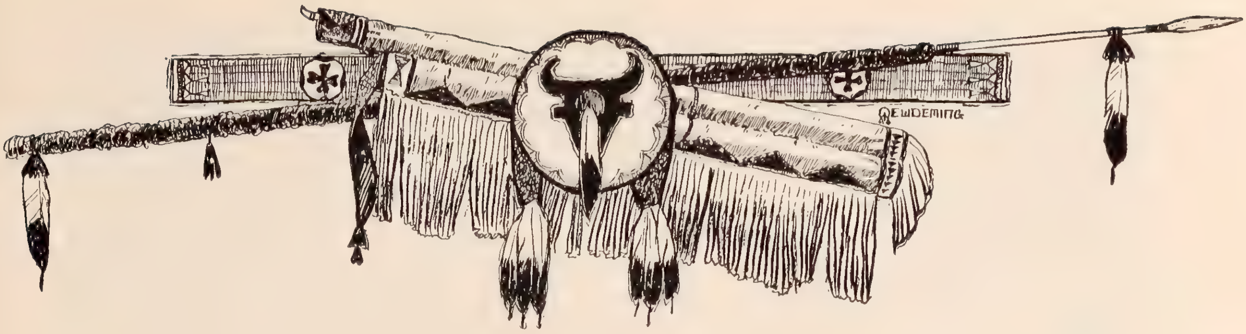
OUR SECOND STAG

He visits whaling stations and chats with skippers right from beyond the Arctic Circle; he has a choice of a dozen sailboats, is invited to the two or three "museums," gets gifts of armfuls of wild flowers, is asked to dine out, and has glorious drives behind good horses over the excellent roads to sea-food "bites"—which are dainty meals served on birch bark, and where the dishes are codfish-tongues and "sounds," caribou steaks, fried brook trout fresh from the water, huckleberries, roasted lobster, and shortcake made with astonishing wild strawberries; bake-apple sauce, stewed rabbits taken from cans, and the inevitable orange marmalade made in London; honey, hot biscuits, and butter that would be a delight to any city chef. Finally, shrimp pies and tea—the universal hot drink; we could not find a good cup of coffee on the island.

TRINITY, NEWFOUNDLAND



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE AMARGOSA



MY DEATH VALLEY GAME PRESERVE

By HARRY H. DUNN

TO one who is at all familiar with the haunts of America's game — feathered, hoofed or furred—the desert, even its most fertile and best watered parts, would not appeal as a sportsman's paradise. But that arbiter of all newspaper men's destinies an "assignment," sent me into the sink of the Amargosa River some months ago, and there I found some business for shotgun and rifle that gave me a higher opinion of the Great American Sahara as a game country than I had hitherto held. Some of the hunting I had there was of the best,—better by far than any I have ever enjoyed before or since; some of it was very mediocre, and of both I am going to strive to tell a little in the tale hereto appended.

Perhaps I should have said before that the last resting place of the river mentioned above is put down on the maps as Death Valley, a much-lied-about land, as are most places little known of men and that have a tendency to the sinister or the forbidding in climate or history. Death Valley is not, however, so called because this river finds its sepulchre there, but because a handful of Mormons, foolishly endeavoring to make a short cut across the desert from Salt Lake to San Bernardino, California, died there, but few of them escaping alive to tell the horrible tale—which, to tell the truth, has not grown any less horrible through repetition. It is, in reality, the bed of one of the last pits of the Juro-Triassic Sea, which overlaid this whole desert at one time, and is now but a stinking borax marsh about seventy-five miles long by from five to fifteen wide, dangerous to travelers ignorant of its trails, ready some day to give up vast riches to those that approach it in proper manner. At one point at least its floor is over 400 feet below sea level, and at another a mountain peak rises to a height of over 10,000 feet. There is a great deal of water in it, some good, more that is bad, and here and there a spring that will do in a pinch, but which would be bad medicine to drink steadily.

We,—there were thirteen of us and twenty-four horses,—drifted into the sink by way of Saratoga Springs, at the southeastern end. These are quite extensive water holes of warm sulphur water, very palatable to drink and fine in temperature and depth for bathing. From the springs a little stream leads out to a lake, hemmed in by sand hills which still mark the line of the great sea. The pond covers perhaps five acres, possibly less, and has no visible outlet, the water seeping away through the fine sand almost as fast as the springs pour it out. At low "tide," so to speak (the time when I was there,

A DAUGHTER OF THE SANDS

A DESERT OWL

A WATER HOLE

in November and later) there is from two to ten feet of water in the lake, but the bottom is so covered with matted weeds and so spotted with potholes filled with quicksand that we very nearly lost a venturesome member of the party who went out into the deepest part after a wounded duck. There he managed to get thoroughly tangled up in a bed of the weeds, and but for his own coolness, added to the fact that most of the party were in camp near by, he would surely have met a horrible fate.

And this brings me to one of the most enjoyable parts of the entire trip—my duck hunting. When we arrived at this little lake, early in November or late in October, I no longer remember exactly which, we found the lake literally covered with ducks. It was quite late when we arrived and, as we had made a long "mush" that day, we were a pretty tired lot of men, and I for one spent but little time after the ducks, getting a couple out of the first flight and not attempting to still-hunt any of the several rafts that were floating further down the lake. I judged later, from observations made here and further up on a fork of the Amargosa River, that this pond lies directly in the line of the inland migration of most of the webfeet, though I saw no shore-birds here except the ever-present kildeers, probably resident. Much shooting on the Pacific side of California has driven, year by year, more and more of our migrant game birds to seek inland trails through the deeps of air where they can be more safe by day, when most of them are resting, at least. Here they will be secure from all organized murderers in the form of gun clubs and kindred organizations for some time to come, while what few their constant hunters, the Pahutes, kill with their crude firearms will not materially affect the yearly increase. It is 250 miles from Los Angeles to this lake and at least 150 to the nearest railroad, so the immediate erection of the "Saratoga Springs Clubhouse" is not imminently probable.

When the excitement incident to the discovery of the ducks had subsided a bit, I wandered down to the lakeside one afternoon and built a sort of blind on a short neck of land running out through the tules. Therein next morning at about five o'clock I ensconced myself, my little single-barreled 20-gauge collecting gun across my knees and a box of nitro shells at my feet. I was shooting two drams of powder and three-quarters of an ounce of chilled No. 7 shot. Rather a heavy load for so little a gun? Well, it may have been, but I have shot the same over many a flooded field and I never came home empty-handed yet. Neither did I ever get the "limit," but limit bags are not to my liking or to my needs, and one bird well and cleanly killed with the little 20 is worth two brought down with a 10 or a 12.

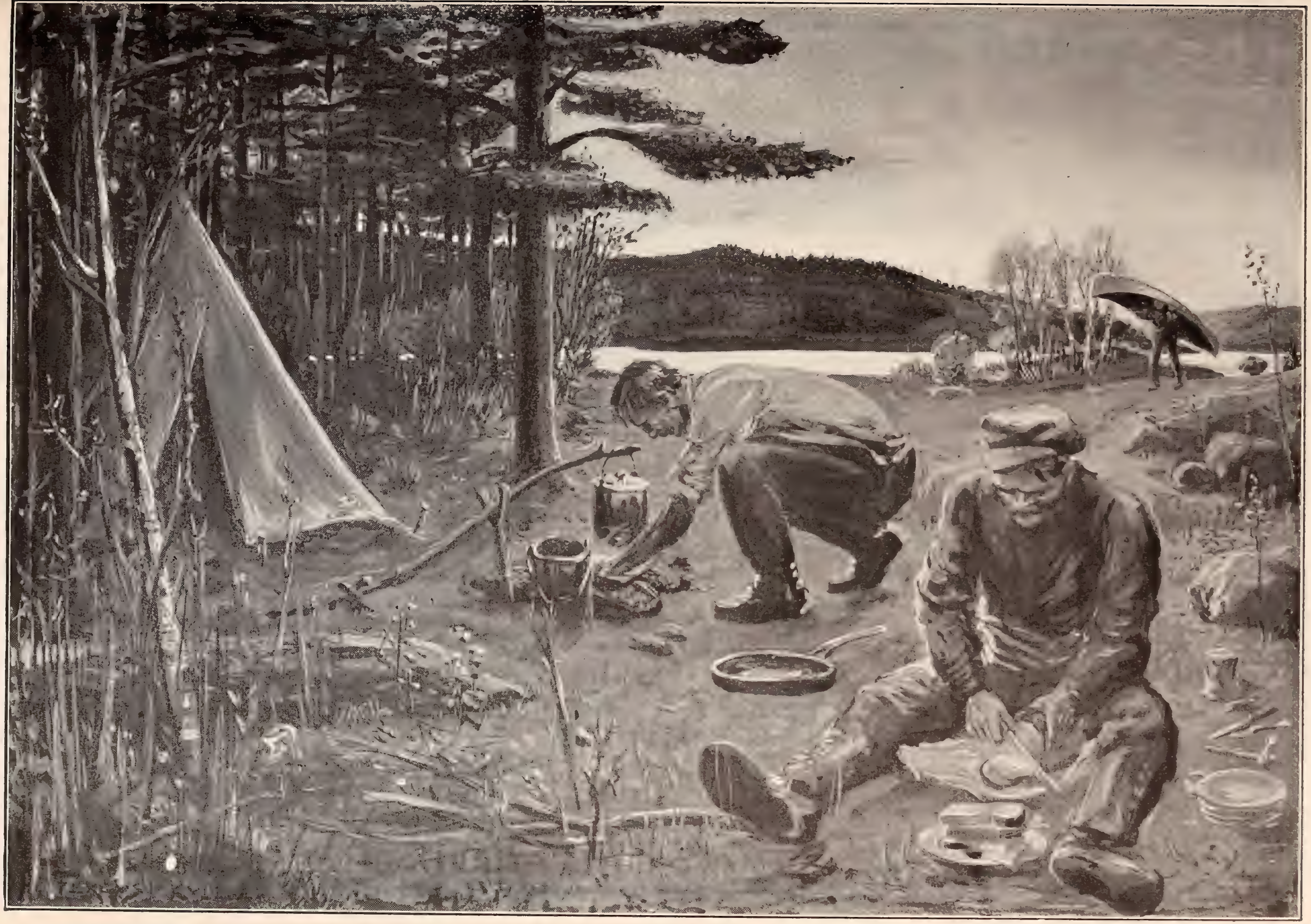
But I get argumentative when I talk about my little pet, and I started in to talk duck. Presently the black darkness gave way to the sun's red rise—for there is no inter-shadow of twilight at either end of the day on this part of the desert—and almost out of the very eye of the sun came a pair of mallards. Driving easily down country, they had probably come from some far, hidden lake, Owens or Mono or Tahoe, during the night and now they were quite ready to drop to the lure of the many birds that the sun disclosed feeding on the surface of the lake. On and on they came, until they were directly over a small raft of teal riding about twenty yards to my left. For a moment they hung with many wing flappings and in that peculiar manner which distinguishes a greenhead about to alight as far as the eye can see—and then the little gun spoke out with a ripple of cracking air not unlike the report of a 45.90 using nitro powder.

For the space of a long, deep breath, there was no cessation of the big duck's wing beats; he seemed as much alive as ever. Then, all at once, he crumpled up like a bit of crushed paper and fell without a sound into the lake. His mate was a gray-brown blur above the sandhills, but the teal, apparently not overmuch disturbed by the slight report, only betook themselves, some by swimming and some by flight, to the further end of the pond. Thither, presently, I followed them, and succeeded in bagging one as he drove out over the sandhills—a long shot for the little gun, and one which gave me the added advantage of picking my bird up off dry ground. With the mallard afloat on the pond, the case was different; he was some thirty feet from the nearest point of shore, and not the mines of Solomon would have induced me to swim out after him. Fortune favored me again in this, however, and after I had made the circuit of the lake and returned to the blind the wind veered and filled a bit, so that eventually the duck came to rest amid the sedges at my feet. In some duck ponds that I could name a muskrat would have drowned that mallard long ere I got him, and I myself was surprised that some one of the large falcons we could see high in air on almost any clear day had not seized him.

By continued walking about the lake I imagine I could have accumulated quite a bag, but I preferred to sit it out in the rude blind, watching the wild life about me. Coots were everywhere, little marsh wrens called in cheery notes one to the other, a song sparrow sang as though this were his last song forever and forever, instead of only a prelude to his regular evening riot of melody that he was wont to pour out to us from a clump of tules just behind the camp, and occasionally a rabbit moved on the grassy slope beyond the lake. After awhile the excitement died down, however, the teal came swimming back, and pretty soon I picked a "spoonie" out of a bunch of seven that sailed too low over my hiding-place. Then, in another trip around the pond, I got another teal, so that I now had four nice ducks; later I had the good luck to knock down three more and miss two fine quartering shots. An Indian boy, who came to the pool late in the afternoon, helped me some as his shooting tended to drive the ducks my way. They seemed to fear the roar his old bored-out musket made more than they did the crack of my much more accurate nitro shells. He never shot on the wing and seldom killed less than two and often more at his pot shots. He said his family—nine in number—would eat his whole bag, at that time fourteen birds and apparently afterward increased, as I heard him shoot a number of times after I left. I took my seven into camp and they made a good meal for the six of us that ate in the head tent. Of course I had other ducking trips to this and other lakes, or rather, wet weather sinks in Death Valley, but if I pause to tell you all of these escapades I will not have time to speak of the quail shooting or the bighorn stalking or the coyote stillhunting we did.

There were no quail near Saratoga Springs, but there were any number of little gray and red foxes, not to mention coyotes and wild cats, all of whose tracks appeared in the soft sand every morning. I presume they came to prey on the gathered water birds as did also another hunter of the darkness, a huge horned owl. He, however, left no track behind him save here and there a pile of feathers beside some rock or in the shadow of a wide-spreading clump of mesquite. Many times in our hunting trips and on journeys after photographs as well we found the shelter of this shrub very welcome. Indeed, I think a clump of it saved the lives of five of us one hot day. There are two species of this tree, one of which grows as a tall, straight trunk surmounted with many branches; the other a low-growing, scrubby thing, seldom over ten feet high and forming a thick, impenetrable refuge for rats, mice, lizards and rabbits, all of which are deemed good game by the Pahute Nimrod and killed and eaten accordingly. The lizards, mostly of a species known as the chukawallah, are big, fat, lazy fellows that you think incapable of action as you see them asleep on some flat-topped rock. But just try to hit one with a stick; all you will see will be a gray-black streak vanishing into a crack in the rock. They are from a foot to two feet in length, over half of which is tail—thick, round, fat tail, and this is the principal part that is eaten. The flesh when cooked is as white as that of the finest young chicken, and, to my mind, of a much better flavor, being something of a mixture between fish and young tree squirrel. The Pahutes wrap these lizards, head, tail, entrails and all, in a sheet of clay and roast them in pits in the ground. I never tried one cooked in this manner, but they are said to have a flavor all their own—which far be it from me to doubt or question.

At this place, which was one of our two longest resting places on the trip, I made the acquaintance of one of the most interesting of all North American mammalia, the mountain sheep. Late one afternoon, and also early one cloudy morning, we laid in wait for them beside a wonderful spring, high up in the Funeral Mountains. Do not misunderstand me that we laid in wait to kill—we had our guns, indeed, we always carried them on this border of civilization, but we made no attempt to shoot where we could easily have slain two apiece. They came down to the spring and drank, both morning and evening, and once I had the camera with me, but was so rattled at seeing a band of the great sheep within twenty-five feet of where I lay hidden, that I forgot the machine entirely. That bit of forgetfulness has cost me dear in regrets. What a picture those three white rams would have made, surrounded by their half-dozen mates and yearlings, the black lava rocks of the mountain wall for a background, the spring in front! Every day, almost, we saw or heard of bands of these sheep, and farther over on the Nevada Desert, at the base of the



MAKING CAMP

Painting by R. FERGUS KYLE

Charleston Mountains, there lives a halfbreed who has the roof of a large shed covered with magnificent skulls and horns, many of them now dessicating under the influence of the wind and the sand and occasional rains, but many others have been killed within a very few months, some within the week. There is, of course, a law against the killing of these animals, but out here on this rim of hell each man is a law unto himself and no county will stand the expense or the risk of sending a trusted officer into such a country. All the breeds stand in together like the scales on a snake's back, hiding and feeding any one of their kind who happens to be "wanted."

Here, too, I saw a more wonderful feat than any I had ever expected to see—the calling of coyotes, little desert wolves, out of the night by making sounds through one's fingers. I have called heaven-borne ducks and geese from out the blue of Pacific skies, sent the wavering snipe whistle abroad in the meadow, and brought the quail from out many a chemise-bound canyon, but this thing was too much for me. When I was at Randsburg a wandering prospector told me of this feat, but I thought it one of his lies until I met a lad over there at the Springs, a half-breed, whose father had come to the country from Bonnie England for cause, and who born of a Pahute mother, combined all the craftiness of both races. I never trusted him alone with the guns or cameras for an instant, but in some manner he conceived a crude liking for me which culminated in his asking me to go coyote hunting with him on a certain day.

Of course I supposed we should go on horseback, and when the appointed day came and no boy, I thought nothing of it save that he had told me another lie. But he hadn't. Along about five o'clock he drifted into camp, sat himself down to the table, and ate his fill of bacon and canned beef and tomatoes. These seemed to be his specialties and he would eat little else, though we had many things which, I suspect, he had never tasted. Then he asked me if I were ready. I was dumbfounded, and, when I started for my pony, he called after me, "No ketchum horse, I call um." So we tramped away over the sandhills, finally settling ourselves down in a little draw which afforded some view of a bit of the valley. He had no weapon but his bow, I my rifle and revolver, but soon he put his hands to his lips and made the most perfect imitation of the first note of a coyote's long wail I have ever heard. He kept this up for some little time, and, presently, out of the blacker shadows of the sandhills, there came an answering call. Soon others took up the refrain and the hills rang with the wild ululations. After a bit I saw him turn over on his side, straighten his bow arm out and select an arrow. Then staring ahead of him, I saw a shadow shape come and go across the dim light that fell on a white patch of sand. Closer and closer each time it came as, lower and more low, my companion called, until I heard the peculiar sifting sound of the released bowstring, saw the wandering wolf leap into the air, paw wildly at his side and then roll over, quite dead. I got two and a fox with the rifle; he two more coyotes with the bow. He shot but three arrows and brought in three coyotes, but he was patience personified, and expert stillhunter, one whom few Indians even could equal.

Rabbits, as I have said, are quite plentiful in suitable localities throughout the valley, and we killed many, for they were then fine and fat, filled with a remarkably appetizing flavor, presumably from the large amount of dry aromatic weeds they are forced to eat. For most of these the rifle was necessary. There was very little cover, and snap shooting was not necessary, but neither could the hunter stalk his game as he could in countries of greater weed growth, therefore the shotgun was out of the question until after we had moved our camp. And this brings me to where I wanted to be—our camp at the China Ranch on Willow Creek. This was about eighty or a hundred miles from Death Valley over toward the Nevada line, but such a game country! Years ago a desert gentleman by name of Bellerin' Teck imported a quantity of Gambel's quail from Arizona and turned them loose in this neighborhood. Since then they have been shot but little, have had plenty of food and water as well as delightful and safe cover. The result cannot be described; there were literally thousands of them all through the bottom lands of the creek and on Morrison's alfalfa field, in the heart of the willow growth, the little 20 gauge was cracking nearly every afternoon.

It was while here that a very good friend of mine, a Mr. Maitland of London, England, nitre expert for our party, composed the following lines and dedicated them to the birds all round about us:

See the gay and festive quail,
Sitting on the mossy rail,
Watching summer's wistful ghost,
Dreaming of the brindled toast,
Whereon he may shortly be,
Brown and crisp and savoree.

The rabbit got his in this manner:

A MODEST BAG

Up the hills and down the wold,
Over nature's cloth of gold,
See the frisky rabbit fly,
That he may not in a pie
Play a star part with a vim
That's distasteful unto him.

He had other verses for other things, but most of them have slipped my mind. Peace to you, hale and bluff Britisher, where'er the winds of destiny have unfurled your flag. In far Tarapaca or beneath the shadows of the Circle, success go with you and a long life and happiness to the wife and children at home, of whom you spoke so often.

Here, too, we saw many of the inhabitants of the edge of Death Valley, and from one of them learned of the peculiar manner in which hunters of the Pahute tribe get ducks in the winter. For the most part these hunters are equipped only with bows and arrows, and their hunting is so handicapped by lack of arms that they confine their attentions to rats, lizards and rabbits. At the beginning of winter, however, when the duck flights commence, their hopes revive. At the north end of the Valley, there are large borax works, now shut down for the greater part of the time on account of the cheapness of borax; around these are the great evaporating pools or vats, sometimes a hundred feet long and half as wide. In winter these are coated with crystals of varying size and weight. Frequently at nightfall solitary ducks will settle upon these inviting pools of water and by morning their feathers will be so laden with the crystals that they cannot fly. Then Mr. Pahute gets in his work. He strips off his few clothes and slips into the icy water, often wading several times around one of these large tanks before he succeeds in tiring the bird so that he can lay hold of it. Sometimes as many as several dozen are thus obtained from all the vats by a party hunting together. I should like very much to tell you more of these Pahute tribesmen and their habits of life, with all of which I am familiar, but I have neither the time nor the space at my command just now.

At this Willow Creek ranch, we found wild cats and coyotes so plentiful that we frequently routed one out in going from one open meadow to another through a bit of heavy willow growth. One afternoon I made an almost impossible snapshot at a cat going through the underbrush and, to my surprise far more than to that of anyone else, killed the animal instantly. I was using a 25-20 rifle, and, by the way, that is a right good little gun if you get good cartridges. Bill Dougherty, our guide, a grizzled old plainsman of fifty-seven years, killed a golden eagle at 300 measured yards and this convinced him of the work of the little gun, but in considering this shot one must remember that Bill is one of the best unadvertised and unsung rifle and revolver shots in the West. Many and many the rabbit I have seen him kill with his .303, cutting the head from the body in each case.

There were few ducks at the China Ranch, but we found quite a bunch up the other fork of the Amargosa River about eight miles, so that we had a fine Thanksgiving dinner at the ranch. We had duck and rabbit and quail, as well as canned meats of several kinds, potatoes and macaroni and canned corn and tomatoes, tea and coffee, plenty of good bread, several kinds of dried and canned fruit sauces—and, ye gods, how good they tasted,—and a box of fifteen-cent cigars. Most of us had smoked our pipes so much that we would have hailed the cigars had they been of cabbage with onion-skin wrappers. I preserved the bill-of-fare of that wonderful meal, but it is stowed away somewhere in the bottom of a trunk and I have given this much from memory. The climate was all that could be desired, the party congenial with one or two exceptions, and all went well.

Over in Nevada, our next stopping place, we were not so anxious to hunt, for we could get fresh beef from the ranch house. However, while out making pictures one afternoon, I noted two or three bands of wild pigeons, which, I infer, must make their homes in the mountains thereabouts. They are fine game birds, but rather poor eating. Their meat is tough from excessive use of their wings and at the time of the ripening of the acorns is rather strong. He who gets them for his table earns them, too, as I can state from personal experiences on the opposite side of the coastal ranges. They must be killed with a rifle, unless one goes to their roosting places and commits murder, and they must nearly always be shot on the wing—not by any means an easy feat. The Nevada Desert in this region seems to be even more barren than the California portion, and the pigeons added much to an otherwise dead land-

RABBIT TRACKS *Photograph by* JOHN BOYD

scape, but even then we were getting restless. We had accomplished the purpose of our trip; Christmas was at hand and our thoughts began to turn to those that waited so anxiously at home for our return from the dreaded Death Valley, whence some had feared we never could come back alive. And yet, after all, I have been in much worse places than Death Valley—places filled with more dangerous people—and they right on the borders of that civilization we are supposed to maintain and to uphold. At length we did turn back, and, beyond stopping to take a few pictures, passed hurriedly over the same trail we had followed coming in, reaching Johannesburg and Randsburg almost exactly three months after going in. The train that night bore us to Los Angeles and home, bronzed and happy from the outdoor life entailed by the trip, and all elated over the hunting grounds we had stumbled upon, all promising to return "some time" and have another chat with Morrison, another try at the quail—but, as for me at least, the time has not yet come.

DAY DREAMS

By EDGAR KENNY

There's a sharp little tang in the air to-day
That carries me back to the hills;
And the city's dull roar weaves a symphony
Like the rush of the mountain rills.

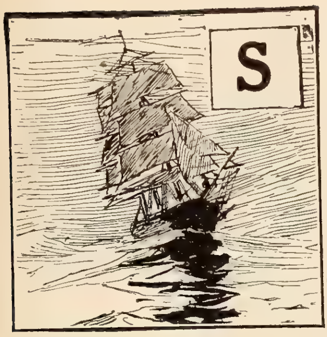
Yet it seems such a far cry from that life to this
From the butt of a gun to a pen—
Was I really *me* when I trudged through those woods
Or was I a changeling then?

Can this be the hand that would hew down a tree,
Did that foot once wear a great boot?
And was that the knee that would kneel in the mud
Awaiting the instant to shoot?

Perhaps after all, one's a civilized man
And built just to smile and to frown;
But Nature, how strange and how sweet seem those days
When one dreams of them here in the town.

THE GREAT WHITE BASS

By F. L. HARDING.



SMASHING records is always stirring business. As a people, our leisure moments are largely devoted to athletics and open-air pursuits, and the surpassing of standing limits of previous achievements is keenly followed by us all. A feat requiring great delicacy of touch combined with an alert mind and ready arm compels the interest and admiration of sportsmen in general.

This tale of "record-breaking" takes us to Southern California, to the unique islet of Santa Catalina. Until recent years comparatively unknown, its fame has spread with amazing rapidity. This is largely due to its perennial climate of genial warmth, which assures immunity from the weather's discomforts. The disciples of Walton have long since known the wonderful wealth of "big fish" that frequent its precipitous shores, and have not been slow to revel in it. The Tuna, the colossal jewfish, the sportive yellowtail—all have endeared themselves to ardent anglers from the world over, and tales of their prowess are retold over bait and tackle to the wonder of the uninitiated. With ordinary good fortune a stay of two weeks in the summer should be rewarded with many yellowtail, a couple of jewfish, or, perchance, the great leaping tuna himself.

But the white bass—and here enters the hero of this yarn—as erratic and mysterious as the "Flying Dutchman," appears in great schools in an hour and after a few days vanishes with uncanny abruptness. Seen through the crystal water in hundreds, poising, advancing, hesitating, moving forward again in concerted deliberation, it seems an easy matter to soon fill the launch with them, but one obstacle prevents this rosy dream. And this one has taxed the ingenuity of the local boatmen to its utmost for many years. It is the apparent ability of this aristocrat to live indefinitely without eating, resulting in its usual complete indifference to all lures, however tempting. At dawn and at twilight, a fresh flying-fish will occasionally break the charm, and it is then that most of the catches have been made. Remembering that these fish average thirty pounds, are vigorous and prolonged fighters, with an exceedingly sporty style, its persistent and untiring pursuit by the rodmen is understood. The local anglers' ren-

A SIXTY-POUND WHITE SEA BASS

dezvous, the Tuna Club, is the headquarters for the campaign during the brief visitation in May and the first week or so in June. Careful records of the weight of all bass caught resulted in the continued supremacy from 1900 to 1904 of a magnificent 58 pounder caught by Mr. Boggs, of Los Angeles.

At the earliest peep of dawn on a May morning, in 1904, our snug little launch puffed out of Avalon, with black intentions against this renowned finny heavyweight. A two hours' run along the stern coast, a quick turn about a tremendous promontory, and the great inviting circle of the "Isthmus Bay" opened ahead. Here, and in the adjacent waters, the flying fish gather in droves, a fact that the wiry white bass knows full well. The baitman stood alone on the pebbly beach, the long rakish tails of his flying-fish drooping in a bundle over the basket edge. Two dozen we took aboard and a bucket of glistening sardines.

Our lines were run out, to wet them thoroughly, that the leather reel-brake might not burn them off in a sudden rush. Seated in two chairs secured to a plank across the boat, facing the rear, we held our rods with the butt fixed in a leather cup between the legs.

We quietly approached the huge mass of seaweed or kelp, called "Eagle Bank," rising eighty feet from the ocean floor to the surface and spreading thereon, undulating with the gentle respiration of the long Pacific swell. The sun now rose quite above the horizon in a wonderful chromatic display and our watches showed 7.10. Just in time, and devoutly we hoped that the "first call in the diner" had just been proclaimed below.

My father, who occupied the left-hand chair, chose a large sardine for his contribution to the breakfast fund, but I staked my hopes on the regulation "flyer." Cautiously we paid out about 120 feet of line, and the engine slowed down to the pace of the proverbial snail.

From end to end we passed along the weed, some twenty feet away, but without result. Again we crawled in silence along the fatal stretch until half its length had been traversed. "Cap" scratched his head in perplexity and gazed over the rail. Then, with a suddenness almost appalling, the water astern burst in a mighty swirl! Both reels screamed in frantic unison. Then one was silent, it was mine. A pulpy mass of flesh and fins, once a 14-inch flying-fish, bore evidence of the awful force of those crunching jaws that had closed upon my hook for a brief instant.

The drawn out metallic screech of the reel pierced the hushed air of the early morning with the startling intensity of a policeman's rattle at the dead of night. The frightened gulls flapped heavily from their resting places on the rocks, with hoarse, raucous cries.

With unerring aim the fish fled for the seaweed with a speed that was irresistible. Zeee—eek-k-k—eee-zeee sang the reel, the core of line melted with heartrending rapidity despite two hard-pressed thumbs on the brake-pad. Without loss of time "Cap" started the engine at a lively gait, and the boat sped away from the menacing bank of kelp that, once gained by the bass, would foil all our efforts to untangle the line from its myriad entwining branches. Though this strategic move necessitated paying out line at a rate about as fast as the boat advanced, it turned the fish in his rush, which compensated for the loss. Like a rocket he started out to sea, and was soon towing the heavy launch, the engine being stopped, at quite a perceptible pace.

The old tuna rod, hero of more than one battle with 300-pound jewfish, creaked and quivered under the repeated onslaught. So far no line had been regained, for every thought was to restrain the fierce runs of the bass. Several minutes had passed, a scant hundred feet of line remained, the fish was apparently as fresh as when hooked, and was certainly complete master of ceremonies. The situation was acutely critical, the superb exhibition of strength made us loth to lose such a splendid catch. Happily, the bass himself solved the question by a change of tactics. Ceasing his straight away run for San Pedro he furnished us one of the prettiest exhibitions of finesse in play that ever an angler saw.

Turning, doubling, circling, charging the boat in a vain effort to shake out the hook while the line was slack from the over-run, leaping from a depth of fifty feet right to the surface, running just below the air so that, from rod tip to fish mouth, some 300 feet of line glistened in the morning sunlight. It was glorious! Every fresh display of crafty generalship but heightened our admiration and respect.

On the other hand, "the man behind the rod" had been from time to time replenishing his stock of line with a cool and practiced hand, and our chances had brightened immensely. At last, the fish halted, and by some mysterious force, hugged his position in the water so tenaciously that there was no budging him. Go out he could not, come in he would not! Probably two minutes elapsed while the contending parties thus "marked time," till the voice of "Cap" warned us that "there is two of you restin' and gittin' stronger."

Gently the angler commenced pumping him, an operation by which the rod is alternately raised and lowered. The reel being held still on the upward journey, an amount of line is gained equal to the segment traversed from its horizontal to its vertical position, and this line is quickly reeled in on the downward trip. Patient repetition of this simple movement is the only manner in which the great game fishes of the sea can be mastered, for reeling them in out-of-hand as one might a two-pound black bass is impossible.

Foot by foot, by Herculean efforts, the fish neared the boat. Then a violent twitching of the rod tip and thirty feet would vanish over the rail in a burst of speed. It was maddening to lose those precious, hard-won, yards, more priceless than rubies to the panting, perspiring angler.

The relentless pumping was resumed, and soon, down in the blue, a great blaze of silver marked our prize, fighting, struggling, game to the end. "Cap" fingered his gaff gingerly, and, as the huge bass was drawn nearer, he placed a second gaff by his side. Though well aware of the magnifying properties of the water, our hearts leaped as we saw his great size and we understood the strength that had so astonished us during the struggle. The gaff slid under the massive body and with a quick jerk sank into the throat. We were instantly doused with water from the great tail, but "Cap" holding the secured gaff in his left hand took the second gaff in his right and fastened that as well.

I shall never forget "Cap's" tone as he exclaimed, while lifting in the bass: "Gosh, he'll go seventy if he weighs a —ounce!"

When the tremendous thud of his tail as he flapped about the fish pen shook the twenty-foot launch till the boards rattled, I realized that the Tuna Club's books were to be materially revised under the heading, "White Sea Bass," and the glory of "that fifty-eight pounder" was fast on the wane.

* * * * * *

Two hours later, with all our flags snapping in the breeze, we rounded Sugar Loaf and ran to our moorings. While I rowed hurriedly ashore to find the Tuna Club's weigher—and the photographer—the bass was brought in, to the excitement of a large crowd that had collected at "Cap's" boatstand.

Every one held his breath as the great beauty, dazzling, iridescent in pink, white and silver, was strung up to the scales. With caution, the weigher adjusted his glasses and peered at the magic figures. With one finger, he slowly tapped the tiny weight on which the fate of a record hung. Would he never be through? At last he seemed satisfied, a broad smile spread over his genial features, and he whispered something to the expectant "Cap."

Like wildfire, it ran through the eager crowd. "Sixty and a half pounds!"

The record was bettered by two and a half pounds after standing all these years.

In length the bass was just five feet, and was taken on regulation rod and 21 strand line. Many fish fell to our rods that spring, but about the brow of this gallant bass there rests a bright, sparkling halo in our memories. Though we may be wrong, yet we feel that the present record will stand for a day or two, anyway.

DECEMBER

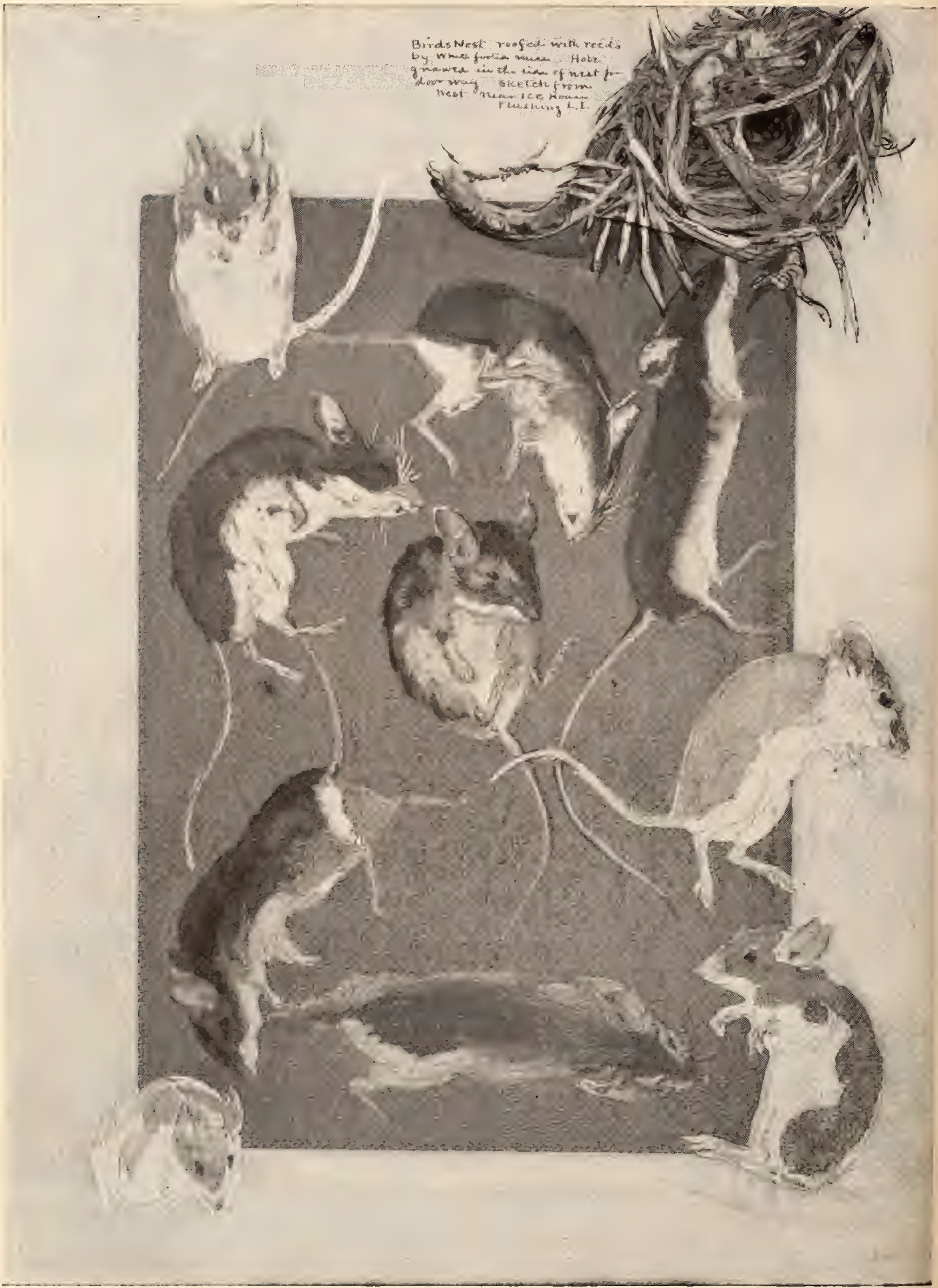
By CAROLYN B. LYMAN

The blue, blue haze lies o'er the fields,
So brown, beneath the cooler breeze,
The dim horizon's purple line
In now a fringe of leafless trees.

The distant pine looms tall and grand,
And sighs, the summer is no more,
A king it stands, to meet the blasts
And snows that drift the valleys o'er.

The blackbirds fly in larger flocks
To winter homes, and warmer climes
They settle, black upon the fields
Then sweep away, as sweep the winds.

The lowland view is dotted o'er
With cattle grazing here and there,
And sifting snow flakes slowly fall
To float upon the chilling air


Birds Nest roofed with reeds
by White footed mice. Hole
gnawed in the side of nest for
door way. Sketch from
Nest near Ice House
Flushing L.I.

THE WHITE-FOOTED MOUSE (*Hesperomys leucopus*)

LEAVES FROM MY SKETCH BOOK

By DAN BEARD

IN the early fall, when the white-throated sparrow is heard in the coppice and the winds have begun to strip the leaves from the trees, when the first frost has browned the tips of the grass, the thickets in the swamp are gray and the empty nest of the blackbird, robin, thrush and chippy are plainly discernible as dark objects against the leaden sky, this is the time to hunt for the American white-footed mice, and the place to hunt for them is in these apparently empty birds' nests.

In some sections of the country it will be found that every birds' nest that is near the ground is filled with the down stolen from the cat-tail in the neighboring swamp or the dry lichens or moss, gathered from the bark and roots of the trees, and your curiosity will be aroused and you will wonder what accident filled all these birds' nests; but, when you attempt to investigate more closely and by chance touch the branch upon which the nest rests, you will probably be surprised to see a little brown animal pop out of the nest, run up on the end of the branch and sit there looking at you with his little beady eyes as if he were inquiring why you interrupted his slumbers. Should you care to venture through the cat-briers and are not deterred by fear of the poisonous sap of the white sumac, you may be rewarded by seeing many of these nimble-footed, bright-eyed little tenants of last year's birds' nests, as they leap from their cosy quarters, alarmed by the rude swaying of the branches upon which their hanging home rests. If you are a true woodsman, and know how to assume a pose in which you can keep perfectly quiet and still for a long time, you will see little white-footed mice run back to their homes, where they may be easily captured by placing your handkerchief over the nest and taking the house and tenants together.

It sometimes happens that some mouse is more ambitious and more ingenious than the rest of his kind; in the Borough of Queens I found a nest, shown in the corner of the accompanying leaf from my sketch book, which had been roofed over with a thatch of rushes and a door made in one side for an entrance and exit of the little squatter. This nest is in the National Museum at Washington, where I sent it some years ago, and, as far as I know, is unique. Usually the little rodents are satisfied with covering themselves with a warm heap of cat-tail down, moss or the finely shredded inner bark of the cedar trees; in this warm material they sleep during the daytime and occupy their homes until the first snow comes.

Like their cousins, the flying squirrels, these little mice can not stand wet and cold, and, after a driving rain, they are not infrequently found dead upon the ground. Consequently, when the damp snow covers the top of their nest and the sun begins to melt the snow, the mice crawl out and make their winter homes under the roots of trees, the stone walls, and even in the walls of the muskrat's house on the frozen pond.

The white-footed mouse makes a very entertaining pet, is easily tamed, and will breed in captivity; and, as they are nocturnal, they are well adapted for house pets, inasmuch as when you are away at business or school they are quietly sleeping; but, when you come home in the evening, they are up and doing and full of amusing pranks.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE GOOSE

By DAN BEARD

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAMP IN BIG PETE'S PARK

(*Continued*)

TO have one's nose all but broken, both eyes blackened and a twisted ankle is a sad misfortune wherever it occurs, but when such a thing happens to a fellow many weary miles from the nearest human habitation and in a howling wilderness it might be considered as anything but pleasant.

Yet, paradoxical as it may appear, among the most pleasant and precious memories I have stored away in my mind, only to be tapped like old wine, upon special occasions, is the memory of the glorious days spent nursing my bruises and lolling around that far-away camp. Sometimes I listened to the quaint yarns of my unique and interesting guide, or idly watched the changing colors and effects which the sun and atmosphere produced on the snow-capped mountains of Darlinkle's Park. I made friends with our little neighbors, the rock-chucks, whose home was in the cliff back of the spring, and became intimate with the golden chipmunk and its pretty little black and white cousin, the four-striped chipmunk, both of which were common and remarkably tame about camp.

Back of the camp, in the dark shade of the evergreens, there was a mound composed entirely of the fragments of conifera cones, which Pete said was the squirrels' dining-room. This mound contained at least four good cart loads of fragments, and all of it was the work of the blunt-nosed red squirrels, which were plentiful in the woods.

How long it took these little rodents to heap such a mass of material together I was unable to calculate, but the mound was as large as some of the shell heaps made by the ancient oyster-eating men and left by them along our coasts from Florida to Maine.

The numerous magpies seemed to be conscious of my admiration of their beautiful piebald plumage and to take every oportunity to show off its iridescent hues to the best advantage in the sunlight.

Pete evidently thought that I was a man of very low taste, with a great lack of discrimination in the choice of my friends among the forest folk, and he could see no reason for my intimacy with "all tha' outlaws and most rascally varmints of the park."

Truth compels me to admit that the pranks of some of my little friends were often mischievous and annoying, but they were also humorous and entertaining, and I laughed when the "tallow head" jay swooped down and snatched a tid-bit from Pete's plate just as he was about to eat it, and when the irate trapper threw his plate at the camp robber it was a charming sight to see a number of birds flutter down to feast upon the scattered food.

The loud-mouthed, self-asserting flycatcher in the cottonwood tree learned to know my whistle, and whenever I attempted to mimic him he would send back a ringing answer. The charming little lazuli buntings were tamer than the irritating, dirty English sparrows at home.

It was interesting to notice how quickly all our little wild neighbors learned to know that the sound produced by banging on a tin plate meant dough-god and other good things at our camp, and as they came rustling among the grasses or fluttering from bush and tree they showed more fear of each other than they did of either Big Pete or of me.

My big, good-hearted companion paid little heed to the woodchucks, chipmunks, jays, magpies and siskins, but he viewed the tanager with reverence and awe, and solemnly told me that at the time our Saviour was crucified the tanagers were yellow, but one of these birds flew to the cross and, with its poor little weak beak, tried to extract the cruel nails which pierced the bleeding hands of the Christ. The bird's effort was unsuccessful, but ever since then it has retained the red blood stains upon its feathered forehead.

Had I told Big Pete that the ladies of the Eastern States caused great numbers of these birds to be slain, that they might decorate their hats with the tanager skins, I fear that my friend's remarks would have been as shocking to ears polite as the sight of the little Christ bird crucified on a woman's bonnet would be to Big Pete.

When the myriads of bright stars would twinkle in the sky or the great round-faced moon climb over the mountain tops to see what was doing in the park, the birds and chipmunks were quiet, but then the big pack rats, with squirrel-like tails, would troop out from their secret caves and invade the camp.

These creatures are strangers to most Eastern people, but every traveler who has had occasion to camp in the Western Mountains from Lewis and Clark's time to the present day has also had occasion to know the little mountain traders. All Western men know that a pack-rat must barter and trade—just why no one has as yet given a satisfactory explanation—but the rat will give you a twenty-dollar gold piece for a quill toothpick, a nugget of gold for the stump of a cigar, or it will take your watch and leave in its place the false teeth of the man in the neighboring camp. What the rat must do is to make a trade, and the value of the objects is of no concern to the rat.

In the gray dawn, while sleeping in a tent, I have often awakened to hear something scamper up its steep side and then laughed to see the shadow of a comical little body toboggan down the canvas, but in the park we seldom slept under shelter, and our pocket knives, pipes, compass and all other small objects were never safe unless securely packed away out of reach of the nocturnal marauders.

The pack-rats filled our coffee pot with white pebbles, our pockets with sliced bacon, our shoes with nails and our hats with dead fish, and one night I awoke from dreaming that I was camping on a garbage heap at Barren Island to find a bird, which had long been dead, placed under my nose.

Another time I awoke in time to catch one big rat in the act of laboriously carrying away my heavy revolver; when I shouted at him the impudent little brownie only stamped the ground with his front feet and scolded me.

There was a big, black woodpecker which evidently looked upon us as late risers, and, to get us up early, it would hammer on the tin camp pail and make a most astounding racket. It was in vain that we shied things at the bird. It would only fly away to return and repeat the performance, until at last we were forced to cover up our tins every night before retiring.

But, bless you! These happenings were only funny, and to-day I sigh for the rat-a-ta-pan of the old woodpecker, and even the mischief-loving pack-rat seems to me to be a most delightful creature, for associated with these animals are memories which send the red blood tingling through my veins, and cause me to dilate my nostrils and sniff the air as if to catch the cool breeze from the snows of the eternity. Why, even the smell of frying bacon makes me feel like a captive wild goose in a barn yard, stretching its neck as it listens to the honk of its brothers and sees the triangular flock cleaving the trackless free air, far, far above him. Ah me! it must be fine to be a goose if one could only be certain of being a wild one, but to know one is only a tame, waddling old barnyard gander is most depressing.

It was during this lazy life that I pieced together the hints I had heard at the various shacks and mining settlements, and the bits of information gathered from Pete himself and learned that Darlinkle's father, through blind luck, or more than normal foresight, for a mountain man, had retained shares in the mines he had discovered and left his son Pete possessed of an income sufficient to realize the wildest dreams of a trapper, and even big enough to obtain some respect of the money worshipping people of the Eastern cities.

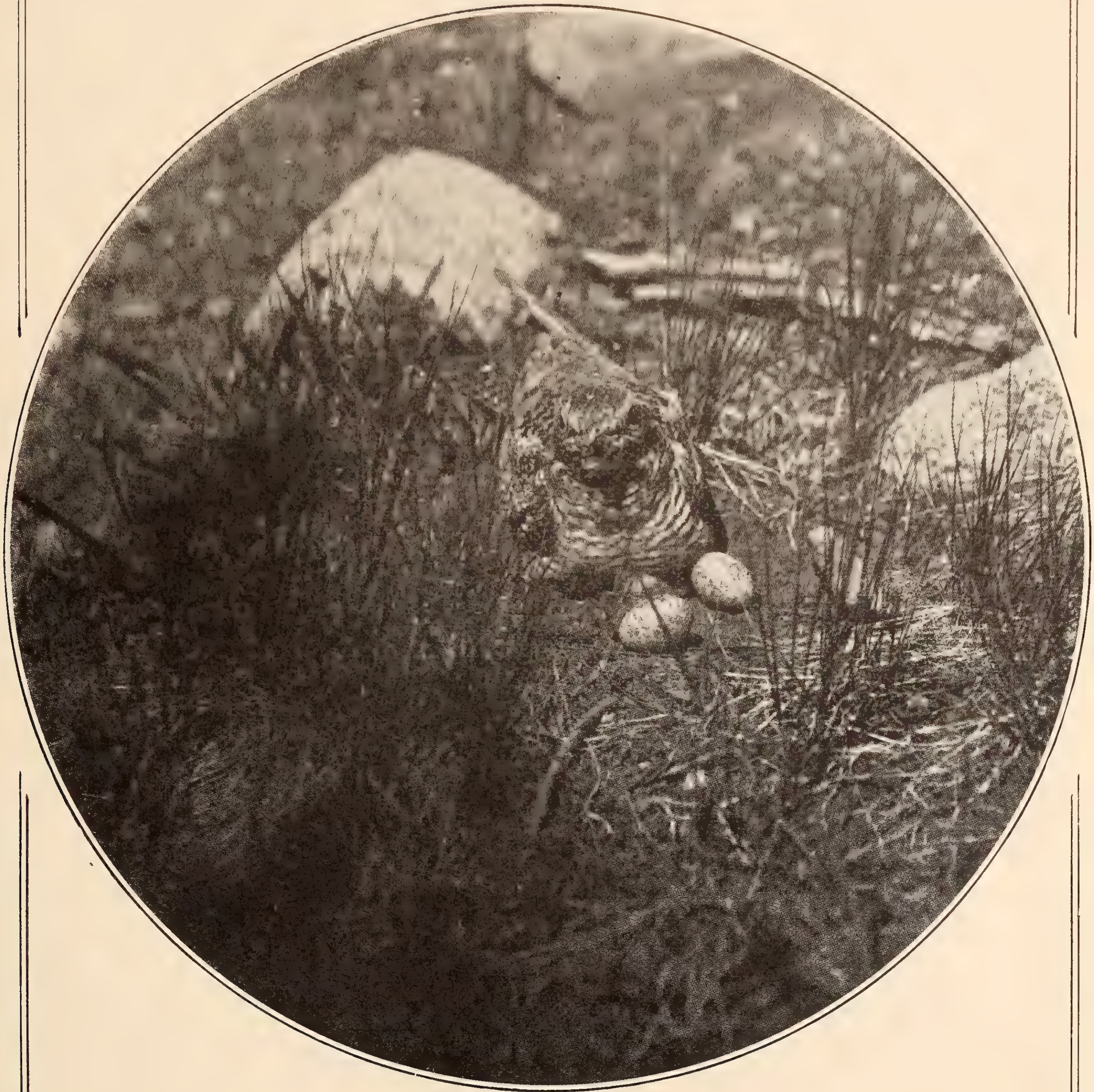
Pete said little about himself, and made no inquiries about me, his whole conversation consisting in talk about nature, game, Indians, cliff-dwellers, traps, birds, fishes and trees, and very interesting it was to hear him talk in his quaint manner about these things. His language was that of the early American only to be found now in isolated spots, the mountains of Pennsylvania, among the moonshiners of the Appalachian range, and in equally fossilized spots in the Rocky Mountains. Pete had added to his vocabulary bits of slang selected from the choice terms of prospectors, trappers and Indians, and in his clear, healthy, but childish, brain were stored romantic bits of superstition from similar sources.

One night, as Pete was cleaning and oiling his long rifle, I could not help wondering what the old gunsmith Mullins would have said if he had seen the stock to Big Pete's gun, for it fairly blazed with gold, silver and mother of pearl ornaments embedded in the polished wood. It is unnecessary to say that the inlaying was Darlinkle's own handiwork, and however much Mr. Mullins might have been shocked at the Mountain Man's taste, I felt assured he could not help but admire the dainty workmanship—one could pass one's hand over the surface of the stock without feeling the slightest unevenness to mar the exquisite polish of the wood.

Peter was an artist, but he belonged to the savage school, whose expression lies in intricate and complicated ornateness, in place of classic simplicity of line and form.

We talked of firearms, and I turned the conversation to the wild hunter, and learned that back in the forties, while trapping and prospecting, Pete's father struck some rich pay dirt, staked out his claim and worked it with a "pard." Later they sold out, and with a new outfit started off prospecting again, and at last drifted by an accident into the park, the gateway to which was then, as now, concealed by a high mesa, whose water-worn sides had strewn the base with a waste of fragments through and over which the trail led to the narrow cleft which formed the gateway, a gateway liable to be closed by the first storm which should detach the overhanging rock and precipitate it into the trail, an accident which had evidently already happened to many pieces that lay scattered around.

In the park both of the old prospectors had seen the wild hunter's trail, and followed it until it reached a swail, where it was lost in the trail of some wolves. They followed the wolf trail until they reached a spot where the wolves had scratched, rolled and circled on their track until it was so mixed up they gave up in despair and went back to camp. They had both heard of the "Wild Hunter" and made up their minds that he must be a prospector who had discovered pay dirt and was keeping it quiet by working



NIGHT HAWK ON EGGS

Photograph by B. S. Brown, Stanley, Idaho

Winner of a Consolation Prize in our September Competition upon the superstition of the Indians and leaving them to spread their own version among the whites. Three different times they ran across the mysterious tracks and each time the man's trail was lost in the trail of a pack of wolves. At last they became superstitious themselves and left the park and located a claim where the celebrated Wolf mines are now situated. Here they struck it so rich that they made their permanent abode alongside of the diggings. Old Darlinkle's "pard" married a squaw and Darlinkle married a blue-eyed, golden-haired emigrant girl he found hiding under the ruins of an emigrant's wagon surrounded by dead horses and butchered relatives who had emigrated to a better land through the instrumentality of a wandering band of redskins. A year later Big Pete was born at the exact spot where our camp was now located, where his parents were then camping.

Old Darlinkle's rifle had its stock covered with notches, each of which represented the death of some member of this party of Indians, but he often said he had half a mind to forgive them because of the beautiful wife they had unconsciously left him. However; before he had quite made up his mind to quit hunting Indians he himself was caught and his body was afterwards found pinned to the ground with arrows. This proved a deathblow to Pete's mother, and she was buried soon after. Big Pete's aunt, as he called the squaw wife of his father's "pard," filled his young head full of stories of the "Wild Hunter," and as near as Pete could make out this same mysterious hunter had haunted the park since its discovery, but had only been seen at long intervals. Although Pete himself had spent some part of every year of his life in the park, he had seldom seen this strange being.

Incidentally I gained a piece of information that put my heart in my mouth. Pete's father's name was Daniel Albert Robert Linkle, and had been corrupted or shortened by his comrades from D A. R. Linkle to Darlinkle, and this rendition was accepted by Pete's father. I have often remarked that in the West such prefixes as Van, Von and O are frequently omitted and forgotten. This startling coincidence led me to fear that Big Pete was, in some way, connected with Bob Vanlinkle, the trapper, the man in the Copley portrait.

I am ashamed now to acknowledge it, but the truth of the matter is that contact with ever mysterious Nature, my strange companion and the weird "Wild Hunter" must have made me more superstitious and credulous than I was willing to admit even to myself.

It is plain to me now that I was afraid that that foolish blood curse might find a victim in my guide and friend. Of course, I did not really believe in the power of the curse, but Big Pete was not in need of money or estates in New York and the city life might ruin him, and if a fatal accident should happen to him it would be a great shame. Pete had, no doubt, sins of his own to look after, and I saw no justice in making him suffer for those of a remote ancestor.

CHAPTER V.

CHASED BY BUFFALO.

It is hard to realize that the great trees surrounding the lake in Darlinkle's park were fully grown and mature when Columbus was busy smashing the end of a hard boiled egg to make it stand on end, and that the tall cedars and evergreens of Big Pete's private game preserve interlaced their branches as they do now, concealing their lofty tops and forming a screen through which the powerful rays of the noonday sun are filtered, refined and subdued to a dreamy twilight below. A twilight in which the soft green mosses and lace-like ferns thrive into luxuriant growth.

Wherever a small opening in the woods allows the genial heat of the sun to reach and warm the dark earth, masses of deep, dark blue blossoms of the fringed gentians and the flaming red of the Indian paint brushes splash the green with their vivid colors. These flowers are but short-lived plants, but their ancestors occupied the same spot centuries ago, and who could say that the Wild Hunter is not as old as the trees and able to remember the original pioneer ancestors of these beautiful flowers. If a man is young at one hundred and twenty-four years, why not at five hundred or a thousand? Is it not possible that this phantom hunter is one of the ancient weir wolves of Germany who emigrated to the New World on account of persecution?

As this thought ran through my head, I sprang so suddenly from my seat upon a fallen log that I dropped my red case. "I've found him! I've found him!" I cried.

"Who? Who?" queried a startled owl as it peered down from its hiding place in the dense foliage of a cedar far above.

"The owner of the Patrick Mullin's rifle; but— Never mind who, you old rascal," I laughingly replied, and picking up my fish rod I parted the branches of a sweet-scented wild syringa to start on my way through the woods, but halted when I found myself staring into the face of a huge timber wolf. The beast's lips were drawn back, displaying its gleaming fangs, its back hair was erect as the cropped mane of a pony, its Mongolian eyes shown green through their narrow slits, and its whole attitude seemed to say, "Well, now that you have found me, what do you propose to do?"

Gentle reader, do not make any mistake about the writer, he is not a hero and never posed as one; in truth, his timidity at times amounts to cowardice, a fact which he usually keeps to himself, but he never was afraid of a wolf until he so unexpectedly met this one.

It is needless to say that I have no hair on my back, it is as bare as that of any other man's, nevertheless on this occasion I could distinctly feel my bristles rise from the nape of my neck to the end of my spine, just the same as those on the oblique-eyed, shaggy monster whose snapping teeth were so near my face.

Everybody is familiar with the fact that people who have had limbs amputated often complain of pains or itching in the missing members. My missing back hair, the hair which my ancestors lost by the slow process of evolution, the hair which grew on the back of the "missing link," stood on end at the sight of this wolf.

However, this fear was but momentary, and when my courage returned I lifted my rod case in a threatening manner and the wolf slunk away as noiselessly as a shadow, and like a shadow faded out of sight in the dim twilight of the ancient forest.

When we moved our camp to the far side of the lake Big Pete told me that I could find plenty of trout streams beyond the timber belt, and he also informed me that I could there see the walls of the park and satisfy myself that there was but one trail leading into the preserve.

I do not now recall the sort of walls that were pictured in my mind or know what I really expected to see enclosing Darlinkle's park, but I do know that when I suddenly emerged from the dark forests into the sunlit prairie the scene which greeted my vision was not the one painted by my imagination.

Before me stretched an open plain surrounded by mountains arising abruptly from a bed of many colored flowers; they were the same ranges whose snow-covered peaks formed a feature of the landscape at the lake and at our first camp.

Here, however, their appearance was different, as different as the dark forest from the open, sunlit prairie. The scene at first did not seem real, it had a sort of drop curtain effect that was as familiar to me as the row of footlights and gilded boxes, but never did I expect to see those delicate tints, that blue atmosphere, the fresco colored rocks and all the theatrical properties of a drop curtain duplicated in nature, yet here it was before me, not a detail wanting, even the impossible mammoth bed of gaudy flowers at the foot of the mountains was here, and the numerous cascades had not been forgotten. Well, I have already confessed to my small knowledge of art, but it does seem wonderful to me that unknown theatrical daubers should know so much more of nature than the public for whom they paint.

But Nature is a bolder artist than even the daring scenic painters; in front of me was a prairie of flowers, acres and acres of waving undulating masses of color; thousands of Arizona wyethia (wild sunflowers), mingled with the brilliant tips of the fireweed and clumps of odorous and delicately colored horsemint; there were other flowers unfamiliar to me, and hundreds of big blossoms of what I took to be a member of the primrose family.

"Surely, this is Heaven," I thought, as I waded knee-deep among the beautiful blossoms, starting the pin-tailed grouse from their retreats and sending the meadowlarks skimming away over the flowering billows. Reaching an elevation where I could peer beyond the crests of one of the "ground swells" which furrowed the sea of nodding blossoms, I saw through the stems of the plants a part of the prairie which the elevation had at first concealed from view, and there appeared to be numerous irregular boulders of dark brown stone scattered around among the vegetation, but more careful scrutiny proved them to be grazing buffalo. Big Pete had often told me that these animals lived, unmolested by him, in the park; but when I realized that I was looking at between three and four hundred real, live buffalo my heart gave a great jump of joy. I tried to view them so as to take in their details, but the apparently shapeless masses of dark, reddish brown wool appeared to have none, unless indeed the comical fur trousers, with frayed bottoms, on their front legs, might be called detail.

Even the faces of the beasts were so concealed by masks of knotted wool that at first I could distinguish neither eyes, noses, horns or ears; but in spite of their ragged trousers and masked faces the bison are sublime in their mighty strength and ponderous proportions, and as this was the first wild herd I had ever seen and one of the very few still extant, I viewed them with the keenest interest.

But the scattered bunches of antelope, which I now noticed were dotting the plain around the buffalo, appealed to my love for the beautiful. Knowing that in other localities these charming little creatures are rapidly being slaughtered and steadily decreasing in numbers, and that all attempts to breed them in captivity have so far failed, they at once absorbed my attention to the exclusion of their larger neighbors.

It is not at all improbable that both the reader and the writer will live to see the total extinction of these agile creatures. The buffalo breed as readily in captivity as domestic cattle, and on that account may exist in private parks and zoological gardens for an indefinite time.

An old buck antelope saw me and I instantly dropped to the ground and was concealed by the flowering vegetation. I wanted to see the home life of these beautiful animals, but was disappointed because of the attention I had attracted. When first discovered, the does were browsing with heads down and the kids were playing tag with one another, every once in a while spreading the white hair on their rumps and then lowering the "white flag" again; but now they were all alert, the bucks had seen something, and that something had suddenly disappeared. This must be investigated, so they circled around hesitatingly; the apparition might be a foe, but still they must satisfy their curiosity and discover what it was of which they had had a moment's glimpse, and thus they approached nearer and ever nearer to my place of concealment.

Suddenly I became aware of the fact

DAY DREAMS *Photo by* MRS. L. G. DAY

that the antelope had lost all thought of me and were deeply interested in something else, which from their actions I concluded to be recognized as an enemy. It was now apparent to me that if Big Pete did not hunt the prong horns some one or something else did hunt them.

As a bunch broke away from the scattered groups and came in my direction, making giant leaps over the prairie, I detected the cause of their panic in the form of a huge eagle which was keeping pace with and flying over the fleeing prong horns.

The bird was not more than a dozen feet above the animals' backs and in vain the poor creatures tried to distance their pursuer. At length they scattered, each one taking a course of its own. Then the bird did a strange thing. It singled out the largest buck and, persistently following him, came directly towards me and passed within ten feet of my ambush, the broad wings of its relentless foe casting a dark shadow over the straining muscles of the little animal's back. I was tempted to rise and drive the bird away or shoot it with my revolver, but the thought that I had seen that bird before restrained me, and the fact that it pursued a strong, healthy buck instead of selecting a weaker and more easy prey convinced me that this eagle had been trained to the hunt and was not a wild bird. The immutable law that labor follows the line of least resistance holds good with all wild creatures. It was not long before I had to use my field glasses to follow the chase and then I discovered that the poor prong horn was showing signs of fatigue. It had made a grave error in dashing up an incline, and the eagle from his position above knew that the time to strike had arrived, and, like a thunder bolt, it fell, striking its hooked talons in the graceful neck of the terror-stricken antelope.

Hoping to get a nearer view of the last tragedy, I hastened towards the spot, and before I was aware of my position found myself close to the herd of buffalo. I then saw that these beasts, being unaccustomed to man, did not fear him, but on the contrary, meant to show fight. As I came to a sudden halt the old bulls began to paw the earth, throwing the dirt up over their backs and bellowing with a low, vibrating roar that was terror-inspiring. Then they dropped on their knees and rolled over in the dust, got up, shook themselves, licked their noses, "rolled up their tails" into stiff curves, put down their heads and came at me. The cows, with their back hair standing on end like angry elks and bleating loudly, were not behind their lords in aggressiveness, and the comical little calves came bouncing along after their dams.

Was I frightened? That depends upon one's definition of the word. I was not panic-stricken, but to say that I was not excited when I saw those animated masses of dark brown wool come roaring and thundering at me would be to make a boast that no one who has had a similar experience would believe.

Fortunately not far behind me there was the hollow or gully already mentioned, and I bolted over the edge of it; as soon as the bank concealed my person I ran as I never ran before, taking a course at right angles to my original one and to leeward of the herd, and at last, out of breath, I rolled over in the weeds and lay there panting and straining my ears to hear the snorting beasts.

My chest felt dry, hot and oppressed from forced and labored breathing, and had the buffalo discovered me I do not think I could have run another step. But the big brutes halted at the edge of the bank, and seeing no one in sight walked around pawing dirt and swearing most terrible, vibrating buffalo oaths, calling in bison language for me to come on if I wanted to fight. Like many a small boy when he hears the same challenge from a gang of toughs, I decided that I did not want to fight and lay as quiet as possible among the sun flowers until I had regained my breath and the buffalo had wandered back to their original pasture land.

Then, like a coyote, I slunk silently away and consoled myself with the thought that I had seen the death of the antelope even if I did miss again seeing the "Wild Hunter" "collar his game," as Big Pete would have called the act of securing it. Besides this I had had a real exciting adventure with good, red-blooded American animals and learned the lesson that large, horned beasts which have not been taught to fear man are exceedingly dangerous.

(*To be continued.*)

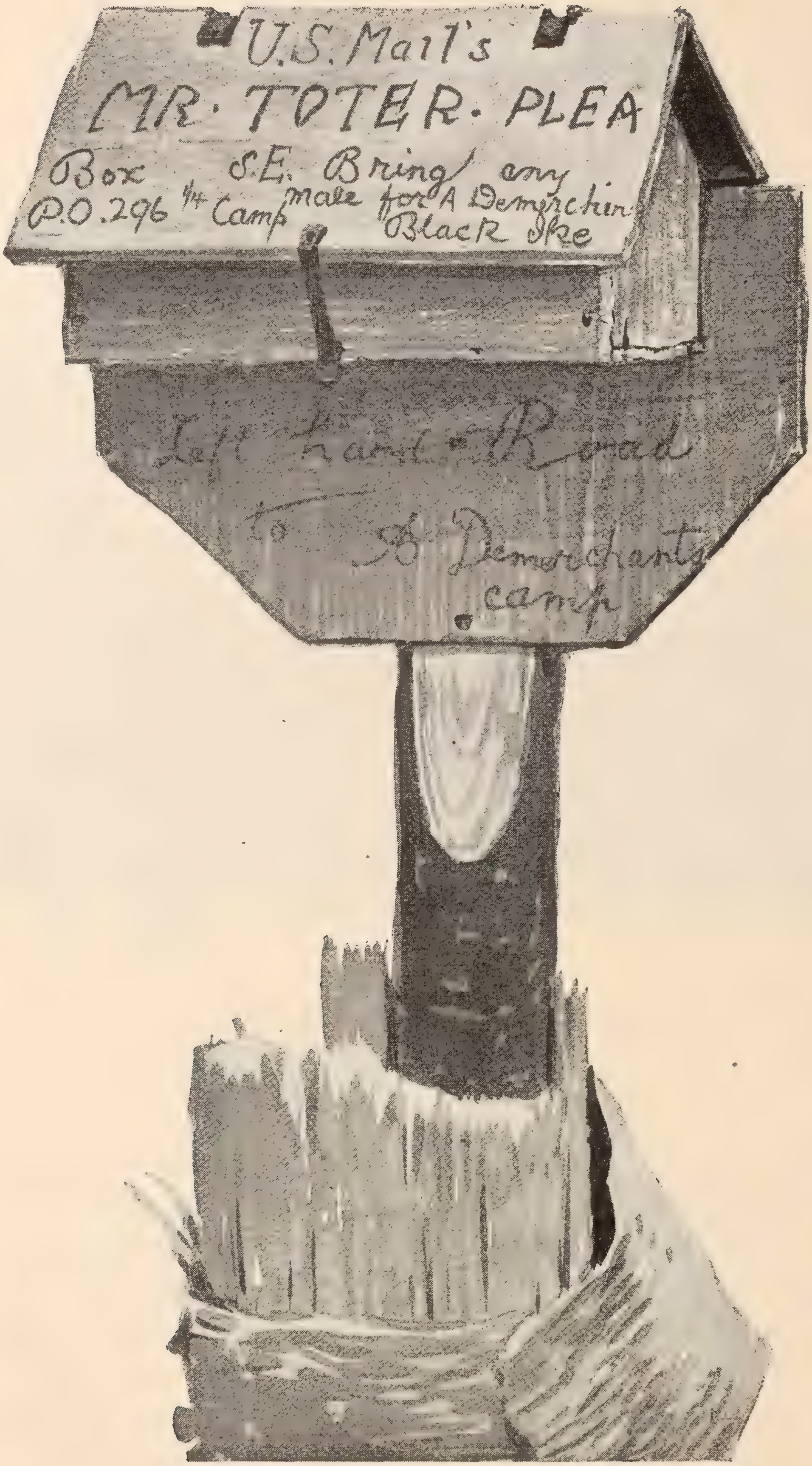
A QUIET SUNDAY *Photo by* JOS. H. BERGEN

SEEIN' HA'NTS

By JOHN JORDAN DOUGLASS

Dey trabbles eb'ry da'k night
In de dribble uv de rain,
An' you' better git ter runnin'
At de rattle uv dey chain;
'Kase dey's sho'ly gwiner ketch you'
Ef yo' sets down in dey way—
An' who den's gwiner fetch yo'
F'um de reguns whar dey stay?

W'en dey rises f'um de grabe-ya'd
In dey big w'ite sheets,
Dis nigger sho'ly shuffles
Wid 'is long, light feets;
Kase dey nebber ain't no tellin'
Des w'at dey 's gwiner do—
An' de time ter 'mence yo' yellin'
'S w'en de race am safely froo.

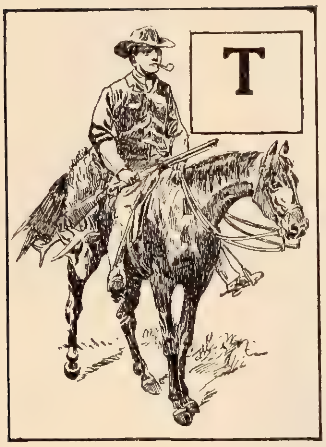

U.S. Mail's
MR. TOTER. PLEA
Box S.E. Bring any
P.O. 296 1/4 Camp male for A Demerchin
Black Ike
Left Hand Road
To A Demorchants
camp

Drawn by TAPPAN ADNEY

A CURIOUS LETTER BOX

A CURIOUS LETTER BOX

By TAPPAN ADNEY



THE sight of a little box nailed to a post or tree at the side of the country road is perhaps familiar enough to us all. But what made this one, which I show in the picture, seem so odd, was that it was far from any mail route, and also it was in that part of North America over which King Edward holds sway, yet it bore in plain letters, "U. S. Mail." The rest of the writing on the box would be quite unintelligible without an explanation. The box was set up on the road to a lumber camp in the lumber woods of Canada, at a point where the road forked and a branch led to another camp. Twice a week for many years the old mail driver with letters for the river settlement had brought the mail up from the railroad to the last settlement on the Tobique, sixty miles away. From here the men or "toters" as they are called, who hauled the oats, flour and bacon on sleds into the lumber camps, would put any letters there might happen to be, into their pocket, and any for "Demerchant's" camp would be left off here at the forks of the "tote-road." The lumbermen had long gone away and the woods where it stood stuck up in an old rotted stump, was miles from any house and wild enough in every way, and it seemed to me so curious that I put down my pack and axe and made the drawing which is shown here. The writing reads:

U. S. Mail's
MR. TOTER PLEA
SE Bring any
Box male for A Demerchin
P. O. 296¼ camp Black Ike

Left-hand road
to A. Demerchants
Camp.

I suppose whoever scribbled off the directions thought that King Edward (Queen Victoria it was then) was far off, and that "United States Mail" had an impressive and important sound; so he put it on, and no one that I heard of ever objected, even if it was a foreign country.

A PLEASING EFFECT *Photograph by* FELIX RAYMER

MAKING PICTURES OF THE HOME FOLKS

By FELIX RAYMER

IT is the desire of everyone possessing a camera to make pictures of the home people as they see them. And every operator in every studio has heard and will continue to hear the hope expressed that "I wish I could get mother's or father's picture as we see them at home"; or "I wish I could get baby playing as we see her at home," and such wishes. This is a desire of everyone that has pictures made, and the studio man is laboring under great disadvantages when he tries to please the customer who has such a longing. All pictures are sized up for their likeness to the people as we see them about the house, in certain occupations that have become familiar to us, and if the studio worker cannot get the picture to show these little familiar traits in his work we are dissatisfied.

But in later years, nay, I may say months, it has become an easy matter for the amateur with his Kodak, or whatever camera he may have, to make some of the very best pictures to be had. It is the purpose of this article to explain how it may be done. And in giving these directions it will be done in what we may call "steps." Each step will lead to another step, until the negative is complete. The reader, to get the most good from the directions, will do well to take each step as it comes, before going to another.

First—Select the window to be used, and then secure a green shade such as is usually seen on all windows, and that runs from the top down to the bottom of the window. But to arrange the window so that the best results may be had, the shade will have to be fastened at the bottom of the window so that it can be drawn upward. In other words, reverse the shade from its usual position. This enables the operator to close off all of the light that falls on the subject from below the head. Just here I will say that there is never a time in making portraits when the light should fall on the subject from a point lower than the head. All such light serves to spoil the modeling of the face.

Second—Draw the shade on the window up until the lower sash is covered, leaving the the upper sash open so that the light can pass through it.

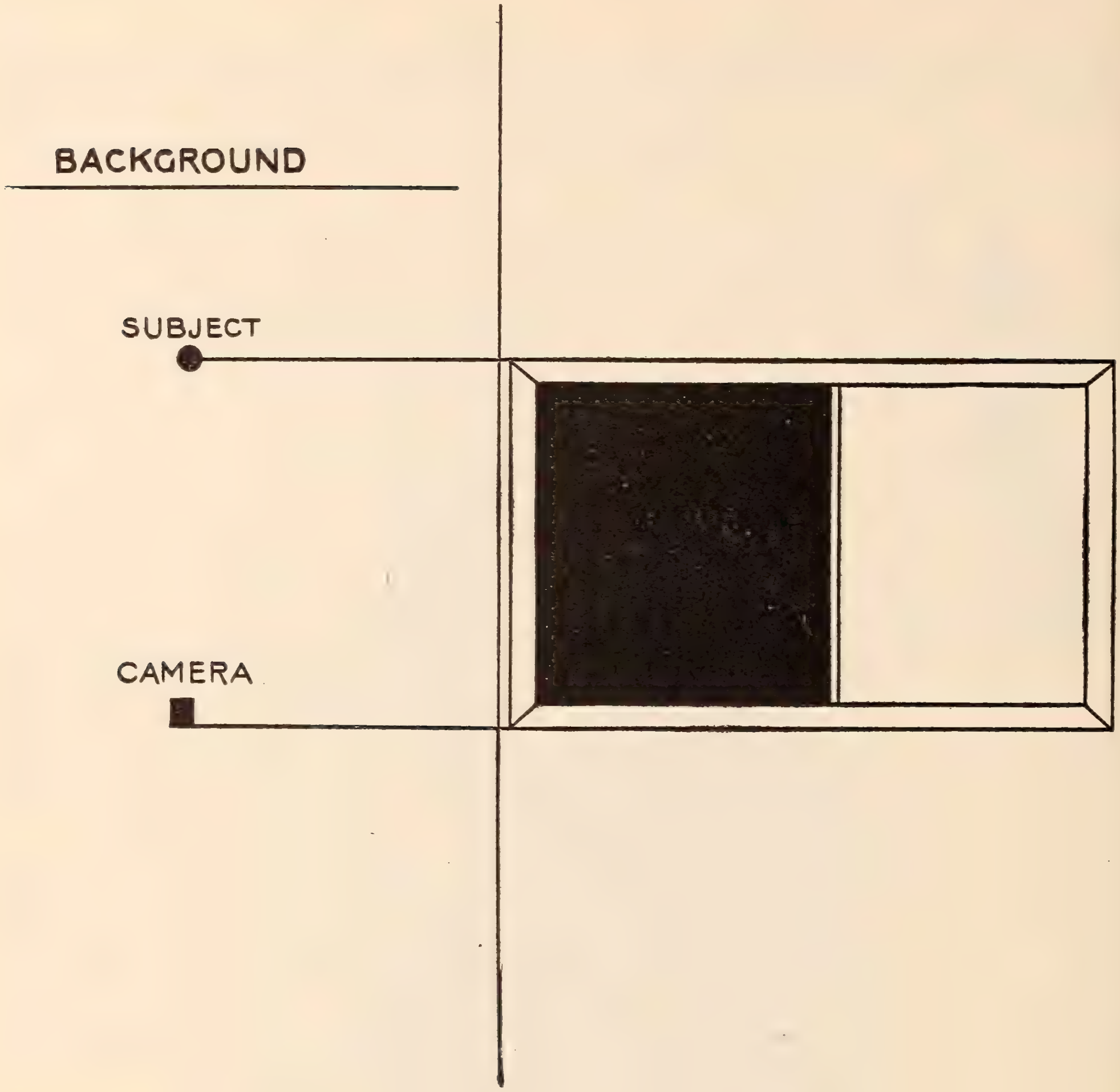
Third — Place the subject the same distance from the window that it measures in width. That is, if the window is four feet wide the subject should be placed just four feet from it, and at one end of it. The light should all come in at the window so that it will be in front of the subject.

(Note. By referring to the diagram the idea can be seen and easily understood.)

Fourth—Have the subject face directly to the windows as though he or she were looking out of it.

Fifth — Have the subject begin to turn slowly from the light, and continue to do so, until a little spark of light appears in the shadow eye. This little light is called the "catch light" and is the key to making the lighting as it should be. When it appears have the subject stop turning and then study the light for a while.

If there is a shadow running from the nose downward toward the corner of the mouth on the shadow side of the



FOR A "TOP LIGHT" EFFECT

face, the lighting will be all right so far as "direction" is concerned. By "direction of light" we mean the direction the light takes in falling on the face. It should fall from an angle of about forty-five degrees. And when it does, the shadow from the nose will fall more toward the corner of the mouth. But if it should fall directly under the nose it indicates that the subject is posed a trifle too near the window, which causes the light to take a more downward course. This we refer to as "top light."

If the subject is moved farther from the window the shadow will change its course toward the corner of the mouth. But if the shadow should fall farther across the cheek beyond the corner of the mouth it shows that the shade on the window is not drawn up high enough. This we refer to as too much "side light." Draw the curtain up until the shadow goes down to the corner of the mouth and the effect will be much better. If there is a "catch light" in the eye on the light side of the face and not one in the shadow eye it shows that the subject has not been turned far enough to the light. But if there is a catch light in the shadow eye and not in the light eye it is usually caused by that eye being smaller than the other. This, of course, the operator cannot remedy.

Now to return to the steps.

Sixth — After the direction of the light has been secured, as directed, to make a negative in the effect of light as shown in our illustration, have the subject begin to turn again from the light until all of the light has just left the nose. Be careful here, and do not go too fast. When the light has left the nose have the subject stop, for to go farther would be to flatten the face with shadow.

Seventh—Look into the shadows of the face, and see if you can see the flesh through them. I mean by this, that if the shadows are so dark that one can not tell whether they rest on flesh, or leather they are too dark. To make them lighter, a white card should be held in the hand during exposure close up to the front of the face until the proper amount of illumination is secured.

Eighth — Look at the highest light there is on the face, which is on the cheek, and if the flesh tints cannot be seen in it, it is too bright. To make it lower, there should be a white cheese cloth hung over the open sash of the window so that all of the light falling on the subject must pass through it. This makes the lighting much softer.

Ninth — To secure the view of the face as shown in our illustration, the camera must be stationed at a point where it is the same distance from the window that the subject is seated. It will be noticed that the view of the face is a full profile. Therefore, the camera should be the same distance from the window that the subject is posed.

This effect of light is known to operators as the half shadow lighting and can best be used on blondes, as it shows the hair to better advantage.

SPORTSMAN'S WEATHER

By CAROLYN B. LYMAN

One may feel it in the breeze—
Hear it calling through the trees,
Though 'tis hidden in the gray
Of the chill December day!

In the dead grass and the leaves
There's a something lives and breathes;
For it came, with footsteps light,
With the frost, so still and white.

All the woods, it's breath now fills
As it lingers, 'mong the hills,
And we taste it here and there
In the keenness of the air.

In the first few flakes of snow,
When the winds yet sharper blow,
When with gun we steal away,
In the dawn of winter day!

LITTLE MOUNTAINEERS

By J. CARTER BEARD

II

Some Mountain Hares and a Pocket Rat

ONE of the strangest little animals we came across were the pikas.

One day, when we were out just above timber line, we had occasion to make a temporary camp among the rocks of a talus, at the foot of a perpendicular cliff. A bed of broken stones and hard, sharp gravel does not make the most comfortable resting-place in the world, but on looking about me I found to my no small astonishment under loose fragments of rock, considerable quantities of dried grass, nicely cured hay, in fact. Nothing could be more opportune, and I soon gathered sufficient to furnish the Doctor and myself a very comfortable couch apiece. I asked the Doctor if he could tell me how such collections of hay came to be stored under loose rocks in a stony field where no grass grew. He looked puzzled, and said that he did not know that he knew.

Doctor Frank Lawrence has as extensive and as varied a stock of ready-made information always on tap for the benefit of his friends as any man I have ever met outside of books for good boys through which some insufferable Uncle Philip or Mr. Barlow stalks superior, and never by any chance forgets the Latin name of a plant or of an animal, nor the date of any important occurrence. I was glad that it puzzled him to answer my question; it brought him nearer to the level of ordinary humanity. I waxed insolent in my triumph, and overshot the mark. “I have another question to ask you Doc,” I said, “trying to take a much needed siesta awhile ago, I was considerably disturbed by a constant succession of subterranean squealings, squeakings, or whistlings that seemed to come out of the earth directly beneath me. Do you know that you know what caused them?”

“Squeaking? whistlings? underground? Why, of course,” said the Doctor, “they were pikas.”

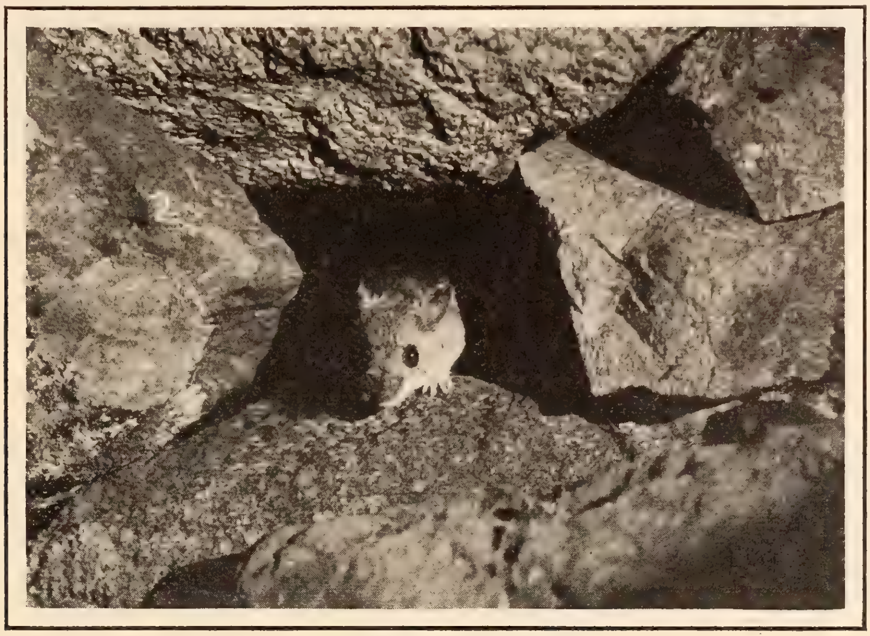
“Oh! they were pikas?” I repeated. I was not much enlightened, but held my peace.

And—yes—it must have been—it was the pikas that collected all that hay you asked me about.”

It was not long after this that he

called my attention to two little creatures upon a flat rock not far away, and told me that they were pikas, or whistling Joes, or little chief hares.

As we stood looking at them a third made its appearance from a crevice in the rocks and advanced toward its companions. Its legs were so very short that their agency in moving it along was not at all apparent, and its mode of progression was exactly of that jerky sort that we instinctively associate with mechanical toys. As the little animal joined its companions they one and all squatted, threw back their heads and pumped squeaks at us—each and every squeak being accompanied by a more or less violent contraction of the body.



WHITE-FOOTED MOUSE
(*Hesperomys leucopus*)

They were evidently giving us their unbiased opinion of the thieves who stole their fodder.

"They are calling us names," said the Doctor.

"That's all right; you were calling them names that don't belong to them," I retorted. "You called them hares; they are evidently some kind of gopher or prairie dog. But I suppose the name 'hares' as applied to them is a sort of popular misnomer like the name 'dog,' when given to the animal that we call 'prairie dog.'"

"No such thing," protested the Doctor. "They are really hares."

"They don't look it," I said.

"Oh, I grant you that they want the long, lank body, long ears, and long hind legs, generally considered indespensable to the make-up of one of the Leporidæ family," replied the Doctor, "but appearances are sometimes deceptive; they are hares for all that."

"How is it proved that they are hares?" I asked.

"Anatomy and dentition," retorted the Doctor, laconically, and I, of course, was silenced, though I could not help thinking strictly in the seclusion of my own brain pan, that there was something queer about a science that insisted upon associating animals as dissimilar as mice and mammoths, and hares and pikas.

I succeeded before we left the place in getting a snap shot at one of the little mountaineers, showing his dark, grizzled back, gopher-shaped head, and round, black ears margined with white. The reader can see for himself how much, or rather how little the creature

ROCKY MOUNTAIN WOODCHUCK (*Arctomys flaviventris*)

resembles a hare. During the same day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, I loosened a rock from the edge of the cliff to see it crash down hundreds of feet below into a lake. Under the stone was a queer, grayish brown little beast that looked like a cross between a mole and a rat. It began at once to burrow at a great rate, and had I not succeeded in temporarily stunning it with the heel of my boot, would have incontinently disappeared. It was very fierce when it came to again, and I had considerable difficulty in securing it. It was a cylindrical-shaped creature, about five and three-quarters inches inches long, with a short tail, small ears, and mere dots of eyes. I obtained a picture of it.

Doctor Lawrence called it a pocket rat, not, he informed us, because of the 'fact that it is a smaller representative, a sort of pocket edition of a larger animal, 'living because of their sins,' at the expense of the farmers of the Mississippi valley, but because it carried pockets of its own in its cheeks. "They," he said, "or, rather, the larger variety are called pocket gophers in the irrigated regions of the great Southwest, where a comparatively few of them will do such damage in a year that if we had the money value of what they destroyed, it would make us both independently wealthy. They are not really pocket gophers, however, but pocket rats, belonging to the genus *Thomomys,* and this one of yours to the Rocky Mountain *specias cluvius,* while the pocket gophers, in a collection, would read '*Geomys Cucarius.*'"
"This one put up a mighty good fight before I got him harnessed up with a string, as you see," I said. "For some reason or other, most animals that spend their lives underground, such as moles, mole rats, and pocket rats, have ferocious tempers," said the Doctor. "Shut two pocket rats up together and they will fly at each other, clench and never let go until one of the two is dead. It is wonderful how they can butt their way through the soil," he added, "with those blunt heads of theirs, loosening the earth in front of them with their powerful forefeet, they push their heads into the loose dirt, and propelled by their hind feet, shove the soil along in front of them up an inclined passage

to the surface, where they dump it and dive underground again to repeat the process."

"Doc," I said, "how do they manage to breathe with their heads buried in the dirt that they are shoving in front of them?"

And right here I scored my first point against the Doctor. He could not answer my question any more than he could similar ones with which I pelted him; how, for instance, moles and muskrats, and many kinds of burrowing birds and beasts, managed to exist, as they do, for extended periods of time, in close, stuffy, holes which cannot possibly contain supplies of oxygenated air, it would seem, sufficient to sustain life. He could only say, "The questions that you raise, I confess, have not occurred to me before, and I am not prepared to answer them."

That is the trouble that I find with cut-and-dried information, whether furnished by printed or by human encyclopedias; the facts that they do not supply are often the only ones you care to know.

In addition to the others, we managed to secure photographs of the Rocky Mountain species of woodchuck (*Arctomys flaviventris*), the white-footed mouse (*Hesperomys leucopus*). A shrew that I captured as he was swimming in the lake of which I have spoken, and which is named appropriately enough *Neosorex navigator,* and a muskrat captured in the lower levels east of our camp.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHREW
(*Neosorex navigator*)

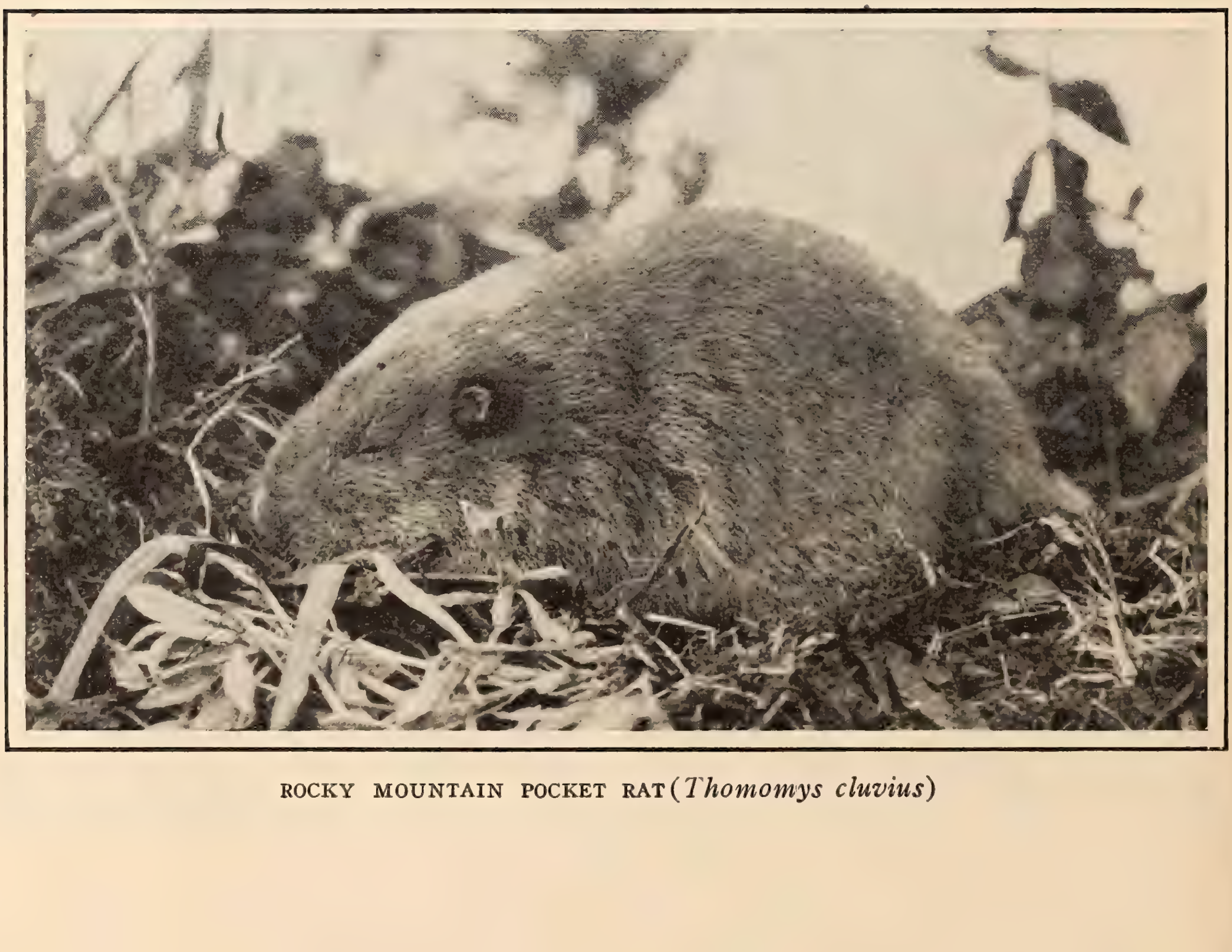
O'GRADY.

As the eastern representatives of these animals are well known, and the differences between the former and the Rocky Mountain species can only interest a professional naturalist, the limited space remaining altogether to the subject will be given to an animal peculiar to the region in which we were camping. This brings us to the Spermophiles and to O'Grady, a large, tame spermophile belonging, according to Doctor Lawrence, to a tribe which rejoices in the Latin name *Spermophiles empetra.*

O'Grady belonged to an old man named Lewis, who occupied a lonely little cabin among the foot-hills, and lived by huuting and fishing. He visited us at our camp and brought O'Grady, who went everywhere with him, to see us.

As far as I know, O'Grady was the

OLD MAN LEWIS INTRODUCING O'GRADY



ROCKY MOUNTAIN POCKET RAT (*Thomomys cluvius*)

O'GRADY SITTING UP
AT WORD OF COMMAND

Spermophilus empetra

only individual of his race that ever lived on terms of such intimacy with a human being. He could not do stunts like trained animals, but he was a bright, active and affectionate little creature, always ready to be fed or petted or played with. He had a habit on a word of command from his master of sitting bolt upright, crossing his paws in front of him, as shown in the accompanying illustration. He was a handsome little beast, with sides and back which were of a yellowish grey color, thickly crowded with a confusion of white spots and with underparts of a greyish white. Doctor Lawrence tells me that he belongs to a very peculiar genus of animals which exhibit without a missing link, a perfect gradation beginning with forms which represent squirrels and ending with those almost identical with marmots or prairie dogs.

WHITE-NOSED, YELLOW-BILLED MARMOT
ROCKY MOUNTAINS

AN OWL OF THE NORTH

By C. WILLIAM BEEBE

IT is midwinter, and from the northland a blizzard of icy winds and swirling snow crystals is sweeping with fury southward over woods and fields. We sit in our warm room before the crackling log fire and listen to the shriek of the gale and wonder how it fares with the little bundles of feathers huddled among the cedar branches.

We picture in our minds all the wild kindred sheltered from the raging storm; the gray squirrels rocking in their lofty nests of leaves; the chipmunks snug underground; the screech owls deep in the hollow apple trees, all warm and dry.

But there are those for whom the blizzard has no terrors. Far to the north on some barren waste of Labrador where the gale first surges in from the sea, gathering strength as it comes, a great white owl flaps upward and on broad pinions, white as the driving flakes, sweeps southward with the storm. Now over ice-bound river or lake, or rushing past a myriad dark spires of spruce, then hovering wonderingly over a multitude of lights from the streets of some city, the strong, arctic bird forges southward, until one night, if we only knew, we might open our window, and looking upward see two great yellow orbs shining down at us; apparently hanging in space, the body and wings of the owl in snow-white plumage, lost amidst the flakes. We thrill in admiration at the grand bird, so fearless of the raging elements.

Only the coldest, fiercest storms will tempt him from the North and then, not because he fears snow or cold but in order to keep in reach of the snowbirds, which form his food. Thus he seeks for places where a less severe cold encourages small birds to be abroad, or where the snow's crust is less icy, through which the field mice may bore their tunnels and run hither and thither in the moonlight, pulling down the weeds and cracking their frames of ice. Heedless of passing clouds, these little rodents scamper about, until a darker, swifter, shadow passes, and the feathered talons of the snowy owl close over the tiny, shivering bundle of fur.

Occasionally after such a storm, one may come across this owl in some snowy field, hunting in broad daylight, and that must go down as a red-letter day, one to be remembered for years.

What would one not give to know of his adventures since he left the far North! What stories he could tell of hunts for the ptarmigan,—those arctic grouse, clad in plumage as white as his own; or the little kit foxes, or the seals and polar bears, playing the great game of life and death among the grinding icebergs.

His visit to us is a short one. Comes the first hint of thaw and he has vanished like a melting snowflake, back to his home and his mate. There, in a hollow in the half-frozen Iceland moss in February, as many as ten fuzzy little snowy owlets may grow up in one nest, —all as hardy and beautiful and brave as their great, fierce eyed parents.

TELLING HOW 'TWAS DONE

A DEER HUNT IN THE HILLS OF ALGOMA

By JOHN BOYD

AWAY up in Algoma, where the tall mountains of the Killarney chain hedge in the valleys that shape the broken course of the broken watered Vermillion, lies the range of the fleet-footed deer, the gigantic moose, the cautious caribou, and the other equally interesting inhabitants that shun the haunts of men. In the same hills is also a magnetic loadstone that entices the members of the Wa-bi-giz-ig Club from the realms of city life to the more appetizing one of the primeval forest. Year by year we journey to this northern wilderness, so that, sick or well, old Camp One annually shelters a happy family of hunters, who find the greatest joy of the year in the log shanty facing the noisy, rushing, dark-watered Vermillion. Here we find in the same bunks, officers of King Edward and Uncle Sam; oil magnates; lumber kings; and plain railroaders, all forming a united circle, and enjoying the freedom which comes from a contact with nature and her boundless realms.

In the evenings, the pipe of peace is indulged in by the dusky Chippewa guides with as much relish as his white brother does his fragrant Havana, while the "Walking Boss," whose domain we temporarily inhabit, fills his

THE AFTER-SUPPER SMOKE

meerschaum with "Peerless" and swears nightly that the stockings the Scaler has "swapped" with him are equally as strong (in odor) as the Frenchman's shag he left behind him in the sleep camp.

We have fun, of course we do; and there is no wonder our compasses and faces point northward sometime in October each year so that our lungs may inhale the odor of the forest, and prepare our bodies for another year's toil and worry.

The 600-mile trip to the camp is covered in a day and a night, and in the pine-scented Nairn we bid adieu to the haunts of "boiled" shirt and pressed clothes, and exchange these stiffly-made articles for flannel, buckskin and corduroy that are to cover our bodies for the altogether too short period in which the game laws say we shall hunt the deer, the moose and the caribou.

A hunter's life is ever one of expectation, with here and there a dash of realization. Up early in the morning; on the trail before daylight, and gently stepping through the woods, you are ever full of anticipation, and mentally conjure what you will do when that antlered monarch jumps from his bed or cover. All that morning you look forward with pleasurable longing for the supreme moment that has not yet come to you. Once in a while a white-tail jumps up half a mile away, and flags himself out of sight. You think as you see him go what you *might* have done to have got him, and thus you go on with thrills of pleasure coursing through every artery. This is where the attractiveness comes in, when you repeat it for say ten days at a stretch, and there is not a deer yet hung up, you begin to wonder how long the spirit of the chase will keep you charmed. Each morning some new ground is tried, or an old one reconnoitered, so that you can overcome the mistake you may have made before, all the while feeling that you will yet succeed.

Such perseverance must ultimately meet with success, and it sometimes comes with a rush, and at a time when the rifle is resting in the hollow of the arm, as it would in a holster from which it is seldom removed.

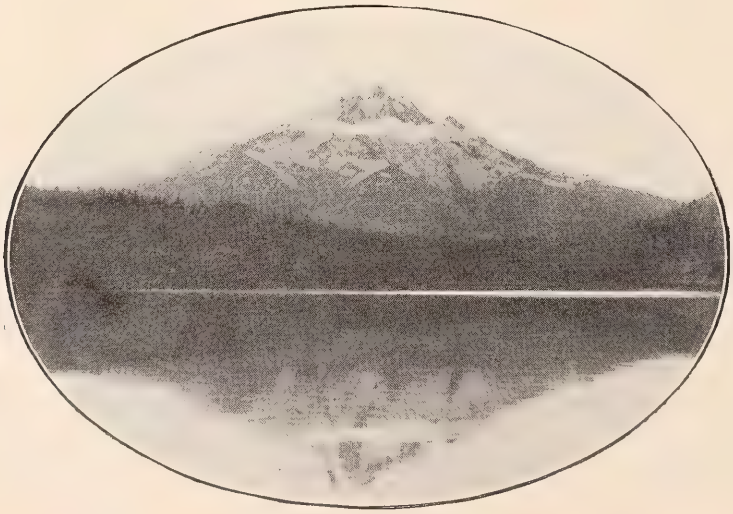
Just imagine for a moment, a morning in November; the gray eastern sky just light enough to pick out a place for your feet; a high hill in front with a small frozen marsh at its base. The hill, and all around, is free from timber, except burnt stumps and fallen trees, with the hard Laurentian rock prominently sticking out between them everywhere. No trail marks out the way you are going, but the two Chippewa Indians lead the way with as much precision as if they were on a surveyed line, with stakes set in to point out the direction. As you walk along, not a word is exchanged, and there is scarcely any noise to break the stillness. Suddenly the leading Indian stops, his left hand lifted, and instantly a white flag zigzags up the slope. The three of us fire together, and keep pumping lead until the animal reaches the top of the hill. There on the sky line he stops, as if to study what has made all the noise, while the Indian says to the "big gun" man, Shoot! The latter fires a shot with as much deliberation as possible, and the Indian without speaking a word sets off up the slope on the run. He is half way up the hill when a movement attracts our attention about fifty yards away, and there behind two trees is another deer. It evidently smells danger at the same moment, and makes off around the base of the mountain. Two shots from as many rifles quickly follow, and the game is on its back.

Soon all are talking, and many are the question asked why the last animal should remain so close to us, and not move, while ten or more shots should be sent at its fleeing companion. The conclusion we came to was that it was a "fool deer."

By and by we see the Indian on the sky line making signals to come up. When we reach him, he points out the first deer lying across a log, shot through the lungs. It is put out of misery at once, and we resume our course, well satisfied with our luck.

We had many other pleasurable incidents during the hunt of 1904, such as getting a photograph of a live buck; shooting two moose, and taking part in a scouting expedition to a new hunting ground.

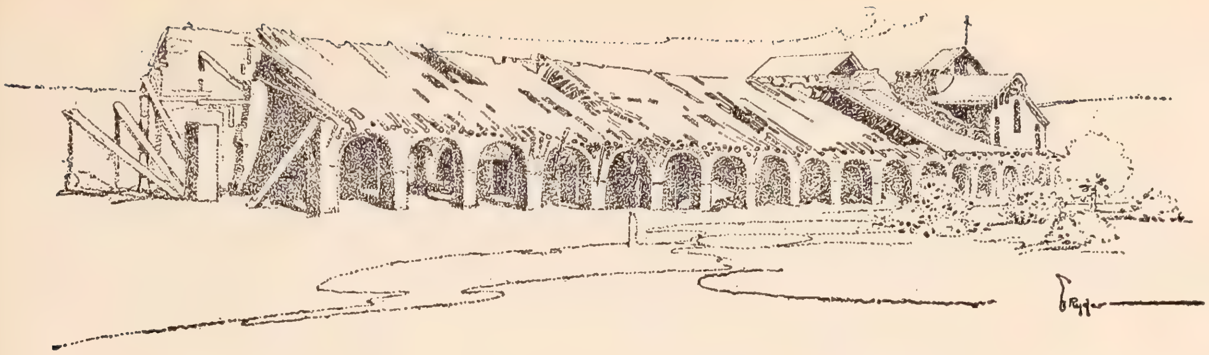
These, however, are stories in themselves, and I shall have to write again, giving details of these interesting episodes, thus renewing the pleasures of the chase in the company of those who care to follow me.



READY FOR THE TAXIDERMIST *Photograph by* W. J. BALDWIN

ALMOST A RECORD *Photograph by* W. J. BALDWIN

A MEXICAN AND HIS BURRO



SOMETHING ABOUT THE BURRO

By HELEN GRAY

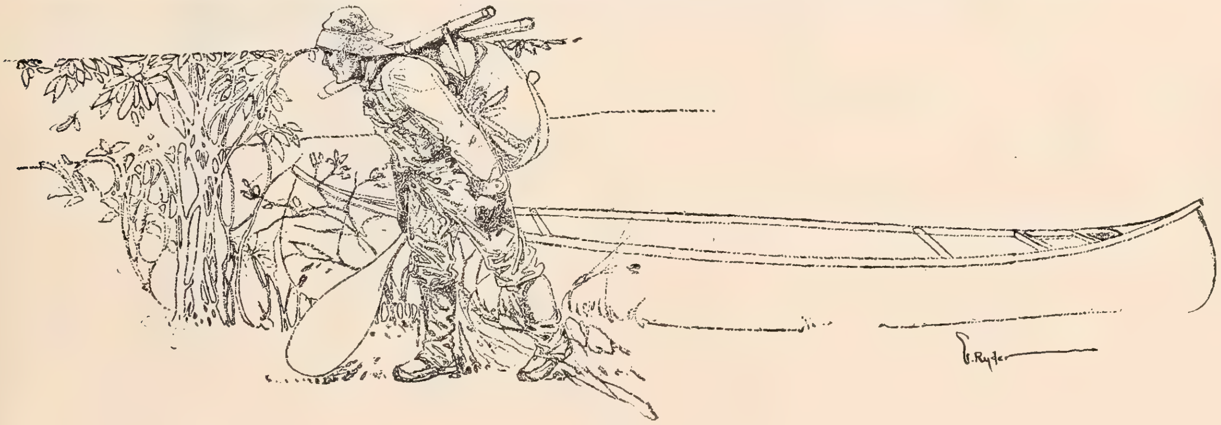
FOR more than three centuries the patient little burro has been an inhabitant of the New World. He is of Egyptian descent, and it may be that he helped to build the pyramids, but it is to Spain that we are indebted for his coming. Soon after Cortez conquered the Aztec land, we hear of the burro in America. He is found chiefly in Mexico and the southwestern states, especially in the mining districts, where he may be seen carrying great loads of ore. He is opposed to the use of machinery. Miners call a bunch of laden burros a pack train. He is a very sure-footed little animal, and prospectors use him when they go forth into the mountains to explore. Mexicans find him very useful in carrying.

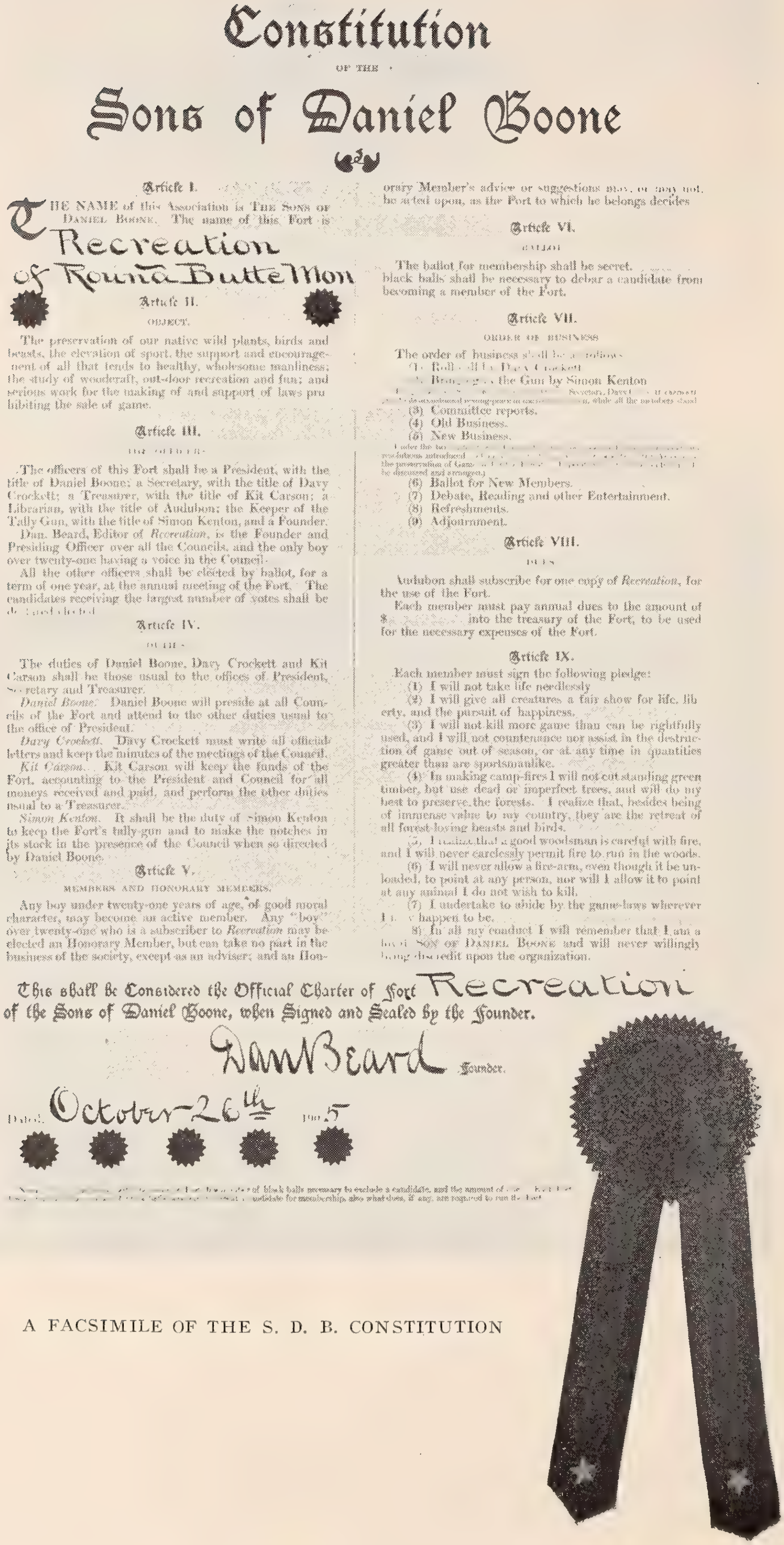
He is so gentle that children may ride upon his back in threes and fours. He appears to have no resentment, and will take a kick or a cuff with the patience of Job. There is no doubt but that he is terribly imposed upon, and people call him a degenerate; yet no member of the animal kingdom works harder than he, and it is generally conceded that he has aided largely in the development and building of mines and railroads.

There is a good deal of magnetism about the burro, he has a faculty for making friends. People think the word "cute" applies to him very well. As for his victuals, alfalfa is very agreeable to his taste, though he will not complain if he is given poorer food.

He affords a good example of the changes to be expected in this world, for, while his ancestors were the pets of princes, he is used as a mere drudge. Occasionally, when the opportunity offers he will take the liberty of treating himself to a little siesta.

Sometimes he is called the Mexican burro. He has also received the appellation of the "Rocky Mountain Canary," because of the exceedingly delicate notes of his voice.





Constitution

OF THE

Sons of Daniel Boone

Article I.

THE NAME of this Association is THE SONS OF DANIEL BOONE. The name of this Fort is Recreation of Round Butte Mon

Article II.

OBJECT.

The preservation of our native wild plants, birds and beasts, the elevation of sport, the support and encouragement of all that tends to healthy, wholesome manliness; the study of woodcraft, out-door recreation and fun; and serious work for the making of and support of laws prohibiting the sale of game.

Article III.

THE OFFICERS.

The officers of this Fort shall be a President, with the title of Daniel Boone; a Secretary, with the title of Davy Crockett; a Treasurer, with the title of Kit Carson; a Librarian, with the title of Audubon; the Keeper of the Tally Gun, with the title of Simon Kenton, and a Founder.

Dan. Beard, Editor of *Recreation*, is the Founder and Presiding Officer over all the Councils, and the only boy over twenty-one having a voice in the Council.

All the other officers shall be elected by ballot, for a term of one year, at the annual meeting of the Fort. The candidates receiving the largest number of votes shall be declared elected.

Article IV.

DUTIES.

The duties of Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett and Kit Carson shall be those usual to the offices of President, Secretary and Treasurer.

Daniel Boone. Daniel Boone will preside at all Councils of the Fort and attend to the other duties usual to the office of President.

Davy Crockett. Davy Crockett must write all official letters and keep the minutes of the meetings of the Council.

Kit Carson. Kit Carson will keep the funds of the Fort, accounting to the President and Council for all moneys received and paid, and perform the other duties usual to a Treasurer.

Simon Kenton. It shall be the duty of Simon Kenton to keep the Fort's tally-gun and to make the notches in its stock in the presence of the Council when so directed by Daniel Boone.

Article V.

MEMBERS AND HONORARY MEMBERS.

Any boy under twenty-one years of age, of good moral character, may become an active member. Any "boy" over twenty-one who is a subscriber to *Recreation* may be elected an Honorary Member, but can take no part in the business of the society, except as an adviser; and an Honorary Member's advice or suggestions may, or may not, be acted upon, as the Fort to which he belongs decides

Article VI.

BALLOT.

The ballot for membership shall be secret. [illegible] black balls shall be necessary to debar a candidate from becoming a member of the Fort.

Article VII.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

The order of business shall be as follows:

(1) Roll-call by Davy Crockett.
(2) Bringing in the Gun by Simon Kenton.
([illegible] Secretary, Davy [illegible] [illegible] in a standing position at [illegible], while all the members stand.)
(3) Committee reports.
(4) Old Business.
(5) New Business.
(Under this [illegible] resolutions introduced [illegible] the preservation of Game [illegible] be discussed and arranged.)
(6) Ballot for New Members.
(7) Debate, Reading and other Entertainment.
(8) Refreshments.
(9) Adjournment.

Article VIII.

DUES.

Audubon shall subscribe for one copy of *Recreation*, for the use of the Fort.

Each member must pay annual dues to the amount of $ into the treasury of the Fort, to be used for the necessary expenses of the Fort.

Article IX.

Each member must sign the following pledge:

(1) I will not take life needlessly

(2) I will give all creatures a fair show for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

(3) I will not kill more game than can be rightfully used, and I will not countenance nor assist in the destruction of game out of season, or at any time in quantities greater than are sportsmanlike.

(4) In making camp-fires I will not cut standing green timber, but use dead or imperfect trees, and will do my best to preserve the forests. I realize that, besides being of immense value to my country, they are the retreat of all forest-loving beasts and birds.

(5) I realize that a good woodsman is careful with fire, and I will never carelessly permit fire to run in the woods.

(6) I will never allow a fire-arm, even though it be unloaded, to point at any person, nor will I allow it to point at any animal I do not wish to kill.

(7) I undertake to abide by the game-laws wherever I may happen to be.

(8) In all my conduct I will remember that I am a loyal SON OF DANIEL BOONE and will never willingly bring discredit upon the organization.

This shall be Considered the Official Charter of Fort Recreation of the Sons of Daniel Boone, when Signed and Sealed by the Founder.

Dan Beard Founder.

Dated October 26th 1905

[illegible] of black balls necessary to exclude a candidate, and the amount of [illegible] [illegible] candidate for membership, also what dues, if any, are required to run the Fort.

A FACSIMILE OF THE S. D. B. CONSTITUTION

DAN BEARD AND THE BOYS

SONS OF DANIEL BOONE

This is the Christmas number of RECREATION; but as the magazine must be made up long before the advent of Santa Claus, your Founder is writing this while the leaves are yet green upon some of the trees and a few flowers still blossom in his yard. Nevertheless, he has prepared his Christmas gift for you ahead of time, and it will probably reach you before the magazine. This is a beautifully printed constitution and by-laws for "The Sons of Daniel Boone."

To put it in the technical language of the bookworm or bibliomaniac, it is "sumptuously and beautifully printed on a thick folio sheet of Crane's best water-marked Japanese Linen, and the types are so handled and rubricated as to give it a smack of the old-time legal documents. The first sheet gives the constitution, the signature of the Founder, the date, and the seal of the Sons of Daniel Boone, while on the second sheet, under an appropriate heading, are spaces for the signatures of the members of the Fort to which the certificate is issued as its charter."

This was printed by the famous artist printer, Mr. Albert Brandt, of Trenton, N. J. The constitution was promised you a long time ago, and if it has been delayed for months it is all the better for the fact. In all probability if the first printer had not disappointed us he would have given us a copy which would not have been nearly as satisfactory or as beautiful as the one which we have at last secured from Mr. Brandt's celebrated shop in Trenton.

I know you boys will pardon me if I preach a little on this occasion, and I promise you that I will refrain from it as much as possible in the future; but I want to call your attention to the honest work done in Mr. Brandt's shop on this constitution of yours. Every letter from the type you will see is clear and distinct. There are no marks of printer's-ink bedaubed fingers upon the margin. It is as neat as a New England kitchen and in every respect shows conscientious, painstaking care. I want the Sons of Daniel Boone not only to live up to the standard of printed matter in their constitution, but also to live up to the standard of the good work which the printer himself has set before them in producing this charter. In other words, do your work, whatever it is, as if you loved it, and you will all become great men.

Only a few years ago, there was a boy in Flushing who used to go with me to the woods to examine the birds' nests, to watch the little creatures in the water, to hunt the plants and insects and study and watch their ways and manner of life, to climb the tall trees and inspect the crows' nests, to trail the little flying squirrels to their holes in the cedar trees and follow all the various delightful pursuits of a disciple of Thoreau and a real lover of outdoor life and nature. He was thorough in all he undertook. He built himself a cedar canoe in the cellar of his house, not far from where I am now writing, launched the canoe, learned to sail it and paddle it and then, with his brother, paddled and sailed through the whole length of Long Island Sound until he entered the ocean itself, rounded Port Judith, sailed up in Buzzards Bay, and even to Bristol, Rhode Island, and made this trip several times successfully.

He knew his boat, he had built it himself; he knew the sails, he had made them himself; he knew how strong the masts were, he had tested them himself; he knew how to manage the boat because he had taught himself.

As this boy grew older, he was accustomed to bring his drawings to your Founder to criticise, and one day he came to my studio and said he wanted to go to the Art Students' League, and to be admitted he must make a drawing from a plaster cast. There was a head of old Voltaire on the shelf, in the studio, and I took it down and stood over this boy while he made his drawing. As I now write, I am sitting under the shelf where that same old plaster cast rests.

This boy has become famous all over the world for his drawings, and the papers have lately announced that he has given up an assured income of $65,000 a year because he wishes to go to Europe and enter into another branch of art. He will meet with the same great success in that as he has in his illustrations, because he is still a young man and will take to Europe with him that same intense love for doing a thing thoroughly and well, and the same application and the rugged health and strong body that he acquired by his outdoor life and work as boy and youth. It is probably not necessary for me to add that his young man is the celebrated Charles Dana Gibson.

I tell you this story for two reasons: one, because, as I said before, I am preaching a bit today and I want you to take Mr. Gibson for an example, and the other because as editor of Recreation I want to point out to you the fact that Mr. Gibson's success would have been impossible without the splendid physique and rugged health which he gained by outdoor life.

OFFICERS OF FORT AT JERSEY CITY

Edgar Kolhepp, Richard Stephen, Leo Elli and John Kolhepp

Now, you Sons of Daniel Boone, when you are building a sled, remember and do it the best you know how, just as Dana Gibson built his little cedar canoe. When you are steering the sled do it the best you know how, just as Dana Gibson steered his little canoe. When you are following your various occupations, either at school or at your trade or in business, do it the best you know how, just as Dana Gibson did when he was making his drawings.

After Mr. Gibson had got well started on his career he came to me and said, "What would you rather be, a well-known artist or the greatest of illustrators?" and I replied, "Why, Dana, the greatest of illustrators would be a higher position than simply a well-known artist," and he replied, "Then, I will try for that." He has succeeded and now he is going into painting; so, when you have made yourself the greatest in your trade, or the greatest in your business, or the greatest in your position, then you may try for something higher.

I want the Sons of Daniel Boone to beat all the other boys on the pond skating; I want the Sons of Daniel Boone to have the fastest bob-sleds on the hill; I want the Sons of Daniel Boone to lead in all sports; just as old Daniel Boone himself led in all things pertaining to woodcraft among the men of his day, just as Audubon was the greatest

American naturalist, and as Davy Crockett and Simon Kenton and Kit Carson were the greatest of American scouts. In this way, our little brotherhood and society of the Sons of Daniel Boone may become the greatest of American societies; and twenty years from now it may happen that the President of the United States, the Ambassador to England, and the Governor-general of Canada may shake hands and say, "Didn't we have bully times in those good old days when we belonged to the Sons of Daniel Boone?"

A LONG SHOT

TRANSIENT BEAUTY

By CLARENCE H. URNER

Last night as mortals slept, the elves of frost
Wrought with a will o'er earth a wonder-world,
Like some rare scene upon a dreamer hurled:
The fields mail-clad, the waters smoothly glossed,
The leafless trees and flowerless plants embossed
With weird device, or with quaint gems impearled,
And here and there a gust-rent flag unfurled,
Have transient wealth for summer glories lost.
See how the pageant glows beneath the dawn
Fit place for pranks and peals of elfin mirth.
But, lo! the grandeur fades, the charm is gone!
The wakened Sun-God winds his splendid girth
Close 'round the circle of the captive earth,
As if in warmth of love long time withdrawn.

AMERICAN ARCHERY

Recreation is the Official Publication of the National Archery Association

NATIONAL ARCHERY ASSOCIATION, CHICAGO, 1905

SOME ARCHERY NOTES

A dispatch to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* from Victoria, B. C., dated August 28, 1905, says: "Reports have been received at the Japanese foreign office from the Japanese representatives at Pekin, that the emperor of China has ruled the bow and arrow out of the Chinese army, modern weapons hereafter to be used."

William E. Curtis, the well-known correspondent of the Chicago *Record-Herald*, October 27, 1905, writes as follows: "The Chinese, however, have very few national sports and exercises. Archery has been practiced for centuries, and has been considered an admirable sport; and even now, on the palace grounds at Pekin, tournaments are often held in which famous bowmen from different parts of the empire contest for prizes."

Archers often do not attend the meetings of the National Association for fear their scores will be low, and they may not win prizes. It is the same in all sports or contests. But it is not always those who win championships that derive the greatest pleasure from the meetings. The following extract from a letter from Mr. Will H. Thompson, of Seattle, emphasizes this fact:

". . . Remember yourself, as I do, that there is just as much joy (and much less anxiety) when attending a meeting in poor shooting condition than when in the best. Poor Walworth! How clearly he expressed that feeling to me after he had won in that wonderfully close competition at Brooklyn: 'Thompson, last year I knew I had no chance to win at Buffalo, and so shot in joy, and watched the shooting of all the best shots and was *so* happy! I simply reveled! This year, I came here in perfect condition, capable of 1,000 score at the double round on my home range. Anxiety to make a grand score, desire to win from the strong archers, brought on such a feeling as drove all pleasure out of the competition, and *I have not enjoyed it a bit!*'"

The following was recently received from a well-known Des Moines archer:

"Birthday shoot: American Round—

60 yards,	50 yards,	40 yards
29—129	29—147	30—172
		Total, 88—448.

Age 73, and feel young as a kid."

SEVENTY-NINERS OF THE N. A. A.

W. M. GOODRIDGE, Highland Park, Ill. C. C. BEECH, Battle Creek, Mich. JOE HUSSEY, Des Moines, Iowa. WILL H. THOMPSON, Seattle, Wash. R. FULLERTON, Des Moines, Iowa. DR. E. B. WESTON, Chicago, Ill. GEO. F. HENRY, Des Moines, Iowa.

A good score for any age.

The next archery contest, by archers in all parts of the country, will be the Thanksgiving Shoot.

SCORES OF THE 26TH OHIO STATE ARCHERY TOURNAMENT, HELD AT NORWOOD, CINCINNATI, O., OCTOBER, 6 AND 7, 1905.

DOUBLE AMERICAN ROUND

October 6, A. M.

	60 yd. 60 Arrows Hits-Score	50 yd. 60 Arrows Hits-Score	40 yd. 60 Arrows Hits-Score	Total 180 Arrows Hits-Score
C. R. Hubbard	32-160	51-253	52-250	135 663
T. F. Scott	43-181	49-213	54 260	146 654
C. J. Strong	32-110	45-169	57-259	134-538
Dr. R. E. Taylor	30-108	43-175	41-165	114-448
		30 Arrows	30 Arrows	Score not complete
G. W. Pickard	37-150	26-112	23 139	

C. R. Hubbard, 4 points; T. F. Scott, 5 points; C. J. Strong, 1 point; Medal won by T. F. Scott.

YORK ROUND

October 6, P. M., and October 7, A. M.

	100 yd. 72 Arrows Hits-Score	80 yd. 48 Arrows Hits-Score	60 yd. 24 Arrows Hits-Score	Total 144 Arrow Hits-Score
T. F. Scott	19-83	16-62	15-69	50 214
C. J. Strong	7-33	24-110	17-55	48-198
Dr. R. E. Taylor	11-45	20-78	13-47	44-170

T. F Scott, 7 points; C. J. Strong, 3 points. Medal won by T. F. Scott

UNION ROUND

	80 yd. 72 Arrows Hits-Score	60 yd. 48 Arrows Hits-Score	Total 120 Arrow Hits-Score
T. F. Scott	24–94	30–138	54–232
C. J. Strong	36–166	34–110	70–276
Dr. R. E. Taylor	30–118	26–94	56-212

Medal won by C. J. Strong

SHOOT FOR TEAM PINS

	60 yd. 24 Arrow Hit-Score	60 yd. 24 Arrow Hit-Score	60 yd. 24 Arrow Hit-Score	60 yd. 24 Arrow Hit-Score	Total 96 Arrow Hit-Score
R. E. Taylor	16-76	13-67	10 38	13-55	52-236
C. R. Hubbard	17 55	19 83	21-89	16 78	73-305
C. J. Strong	12-42	19-71	19-91	15-71	65 275
T. F. Scott	17 79	16-48	16-82	23 89	72-298
G. W. Pickard	13 49	18-60	17 73	15-75	63-257

Pins were won by C. R. Hubbard, C. J. Strong, T. F. Scott, and G. W. Pickard

SCORES OF THE 26TH OHIO STATE ARCHERY TOURNAMENT, HELD AT NORWOOD, CINCINNATI, O., OCTOBER 6 AND 7, 1905.

DOUBLE COLUMBIA

October 6, A. M.

	50 yd. 48 Arrows Hits-Score	40 yd. 48 Arrows Hits-Score	30 yd. 48 Arrows Hits-Score	Total 144 Arrows Hits-Score
Mrs. M. C. Howell	44-242	47-285	47-331	138 858
Miss McLaughlin	26 224	32-140	44 218	102 482
Miss Mary Strong	11 51	29-111	44-198	84-360
Mrs. G. W. Pickard	27-107	31-149	39-177	97-433

Mrs. Howell won medal with the 10 points

DOUBLE NATIONAL ROUND

October 6, P. M., and October 7, A. M.

	60 yd. 96 Arrows Hits-Score	50 yd. 48 Arrows Hits-Score	Total 144 Arrows Hits-Score
Mrs. M. C. Howell	66-314	44-212	110-526
Miss McLaughlin	34-132	26-76	60-208
Miss Mary Strong	4-10	12-50	16-60
Mrs. G. W. Pickard	32-124	30-138	62-262

Mrs. Howell won medal with the 8 points

SHOOT FOR HOWELL MEDAL

October 7, A. M.

	50 yd. 72 Arrows Hits-Score
Miss Mary Strong	15-51
Mrs. G. W. Pickard	53-235
Miss Louise McLaughlin	37-167

Mrs. Pickard won medal on gross score

SHOOT FOR TEAM PINS

October 7, P. M.

	50 yd. 24 Arrows Hits-Score	40 yd. 24 Arrows Hits-Score	30 yd. 24 Arrows Hits-Score	Total 72 Arrows Hits-Score
Miss McLaughlin	9-33	18 86	24-126	51-245
Mrs. M. C. Howell	20 96	24-130	24-170	68-396
Miss M. Strong	7-11	11-29	19-65	37-105
Mrs. G. W. Pickard	14-70	22-104	21-111	57-285

Each lady won a pin

POISONOUS SNAKES

Apropos of the numerous inquiries we have received regarding the poisonous qualities of our native snakes, we will state that in the northern part of the United States the only two dangerous snakes are the rattlesnake and the copperhead. All the rest are harmless.

In the South, we have the water moccasin, the copperhead, rattlesnake, and the less dangerous but poisonous harlequin and coral snakes; but, when we state that all the other snakes are harmless we do not deny that fatal results may come from the bite of any snake; and we will broaden our statement to say the bite of any creature; and, to make it still broader, we will add that fatal results may come from the rupture of the skin by any object; but that is not because the snake or object is, of itself, poisonous, but because some accident may introduce poison into the wound. It is much safer to have a black snake bite you than it is to puncture your foot with a rusty nail.

John S. Williams died at Reading, Pa., in 1888, from the effects of being stung by the fin of a fish. His hand and arm swelled to unusual proportions and blood poisoning finally set in and he died after excruciating suffering; but you must not infer from this that fish are dangerous creatures.

In 1884, Henry Schneider, of Cleveland, Ohio, was fatally bitten by a rooster. But our barnyard fowl are not classed among the dangerous birds.

In July of the same year, a woman was bitten on the thumb, at Groton, Connecticut, by a bat and died from the effects of the bite; but bats are not venomous.

In Texas, a boy was killed by the bite of a fox; but foxes have no poison fangs.

There have been numerous fatal results from the scratch of a pin, the bite of men, horses and rats; but you will find none of these things or creatures classed as venomous.

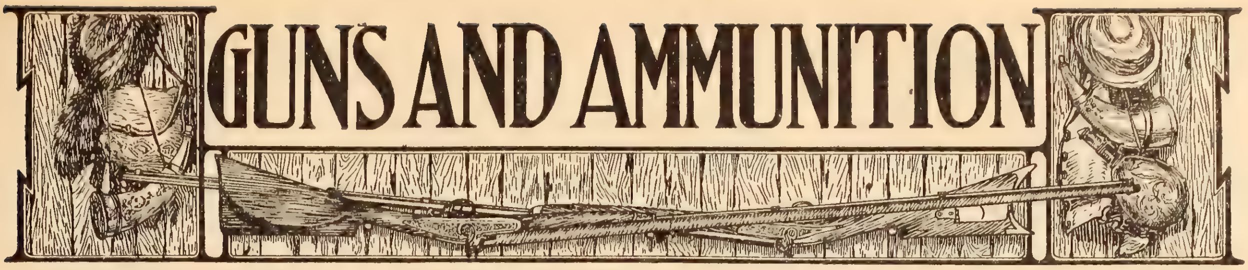
This talk has all been brought out by the item which appeared in Recreation in regard to Jimmy Chandler, of Pike County, Pennsylvania, being stung by a rattlesnake and sucking the poison from the wound.

In the early times it was a very common thing for the Hottentots to catch a poisonous snake, squeeze the poison from under the teeth, and drink it, under the impression that such an act made them immune from the sting of the reptiles. The Hottentots said that the only effect that they could perceive, after drinking this poison, was a slight giddiness, but, had there been an abrasion on the mouth or throat or an ulcer in the stomach of any one of the negroes who tried this experiment, the results would, no doubt, have been fatal. Hence, in case of receiving a wound like that of Jimmy Chandler, the safest thing to do is to follow this Pike County lad's example and spit out the poison as fast as you suck it from the snake bite.

In Recreation for May, 1899, August, 1898, March, 1899, September, 1898, July, 1898, September, 1903, and March, 1904, you will find different items on the proper treatment of bites from poisonous serpents.

Regarding lizards, newts, and salamanders, the only one known of these that is poisonous is the Gila monster. None of the rest of the lizard tribe of animals is dangerous to man unless it be the crocodile and alligator, which, on account of their immense proportions, are capable of inflicting great and even fatal injury.

There is a pamphlet issued by the Smithsonian Institute of the United States, devoted to the poisonous snakes of North America, and written by Leon Hord Stejneger, Curator of the department of reptiles and batrachians. It would be well for those interested in the subject to secure this and read it, for it describes all our venomous snakes and tells the effect of their poison.



GUNS AND AMMUNITION

SHOOTS A SMITH GUN

Editor Recreation:

Last fall I bought a Smith Automatic Ejector Gun No. 2, list price of which is $95. The makers advertise this gun as "just the kind for rough usage," and, after two seasons' use of it, I feel glad to say that their description is absolutely fair and correct. While it is pretty enough to please most men, it is the gun for a man to use who wants value for every dollar, and doesn't want to keep his gun in a glass case all the time. My gun has 30-inch barrels and weighs about 7¼ pounds. It is full choke, as I use the U. M. C. 25-yard range cartridge when after woodcock or partridge in thick brush. For duck shooting I consider the full choke absolutely necessary, as otherwise you wound your birds instead of killing them dead; and a wounded duck is very apt to get away.

To the man who has not studied guns carefully all hammerless guns look very much alike; but, when you come to pull them to pieces, you will find that there is a great difference in the way they are put together. A Smith gun is very simple. It has locks that are almost the same as those used on a hammer gun, only the strikers are inside; and I decidedly prefer this principle to those in which the hammers are imbedded in the action. All you have to do to clean the locks of a Smith gun is just to take out a screw and remove the lock.

I am glad to see that so many men are using stocks with less drop than was the case ten years ago. I think we made a big mistake when we ordered guns with over a 3-inch drop. A man would need a very long neck to require such a drop as that. Most shooters will find they do better with a drop not over 2½-inch or 2¾-inch at most. A gun should come up so that it is a little difficult to get the eye right down to the rib. If one sees about six inches of the muzzle end of the rib when one shoots at a rising bird, that bird is very apt to fly into the centre of the charge. Nearly all birds that are shot, over dogs any way, are rising at the time the trigger is pulled, and a gun with too much drop causes a miss by shooting underneath. I should be glad to hear from some other men who use a scatter gun, as I think by exchanging ideas we are all apt to learn something.

Mark Reddy, Manistee, Mich.

PREFERS THE SMOOTHBORE

Editor Recreation:

My favorite sport is deer and bear hunting in the cane brakes and, for this work, I find that there is nothing better than a double barrel shotgun, with the barrels cut down to 26 inches and true cylinder bored. I use a Remington 12-bore hammerless gun, altered according to my own ideas; and have nothing to complain of. I put a Lyman ivory gun sight on the muzzle and have a folding "V" sight to fit in the rib eight inches from the breach. This flap I only raise for very deliberate shooting. I use either ball or buckshot.

For snap shooting in the canes such a gun as this is far ahead of a rifle. Most of our shots are very close and we want something that will drop the game where it stands. Rifles are all very well for long range shooting, but they are not so good as a smooth barrel for short range snap shooting. We get a lot of snipe and duck shooting here and a man gets accustomed to handling a double barrel shotgun pretty smartly, so that when he takes up such a gun as I have for big game shooting it seems to come up to his shoulder in a very handy manner.

Carl Hinman, Independence, La.

THE MARLIN FOR HIM

Editor Recreation:

Most of my shooting with the rifle has been at deer or the target. After trying a good many of the old, black powder rifles, of which I found the 38-55 and the 45-70 the best, I switched off to the smaller calibres and I am now using a 25-36 Marlin, which is giving every satisfaction. I like the Marlin action, and I do not think that for deer shooting, such as we have in the State of Maine, it can be much improved upon. If I were going to shoot moose or elk I might want a 30-30 Marlin Smokeless; but for deer I don't think one needs anything more powerful than the 25-36. Its accuracy is simply wonderful, and it will easily shoot into a 6-inch bull's eye at 200 yards from a rest. A great many Marlin rifles are in use in this part of the country, and, so far as I can find, they are generally giving satisfaction. I have no interest whatever in the Marlin manufacturers and I paid full price for my rifle, but when a man gets a good, true shooting weapon I think the maker is entitled to full credit.

I have a shotgun butt, half octagon barrel, half magazine and 25-inch barrel. Many of our best guides use the carbine, and for knocking around in a canoe it is a verv handy gun; but it is not quite so easy to shoot with as the rifle with a 4-inch longer barrel. I never use the ordinary rear sight, as I am a good judge of distance and my eyesight is perfect. I put on a .22 calibre rear sight, as made by the Marlin Company, and a Rocky Mountain front sight, and this combination suits me for either quick or slow shooting. I have plenty of practice with the rifle and generally know just about how much to hold over the game in order to fetch it. Fancy sights with elevating devices are all very well for the target, but in the bush the simpler everything is the better, and if a man has enough practice he will soon learn where to hold at any distance with one fixed rear sight.

J. M. K., Bangor, Me.

PLEASED WITH HIS MARLIN

Editor RECREATION:

I have a Marlin shotgun and I find that it is a very close shooting and accurate gun. It puts almost 80 per cent. of its load on the 30-inch circle at forty yards. This is about as full a choke as I ever saw. The Marlin factory never seems to turn out a bad gun, and I can recommend anyone who wants to kill duck at long range, and to kill them cleanly, to use a Marlin shotgun; loading with about 3 drachms Du Pont Smokeless and 1 1-8 ounce No. 5 shot.

This will pull a duck down from a tremendous height and is just the thing to catch them when they are flying to the slough at sundown.

Robert Thayer,
Paris, Ky.

THE FOX GUN

Editor RECREATION:

Some years ago I was the owner of a Fox Gun that, instead of tipping up at the breech, moved sideways when a button was pressed at the top of the stock. I never could understand how it was that this model did not seem to become popular, as to my mind it was a very considerable improvement on the ordinary gun. It enabled a very long action to be used, and was much more solid than the action usually found. In fact, it was so solid that there would have been no need of a top connection even if one could have been put on. However, this gun, as a result of hard shooting, gave out in the end, and last year I bought a grade "A," A. H. Fox Gun of the newer model. The list price of this gun was $50, and I have found it very good value for the money; but I am going to dispose of it and buy a better gun by the same maker. I shall probably choose a grade "C," list price of which is $100, with genuine Krupp barrels, 30-inch barrels, weight about 7¾ pounds.

There is a certain point up to which it pays to go in buying a gun for rough sport, but I do not believe in going beyond about $100 unless you require the gun merely for upland shooting in fine weather. Life in a duck blind or a sneak boat is pretty hard on a gun, and it breaks a fellow's heart to see a really costly weapon rust, and become dented and battered. Then again, if you want a very light gun you must pay a long price, but for duck shooting a heavy gun is better in every way, and you can buy a good heavy gun much cheaper than you can buy a good light gun, as it does not need the same care in manufacture and material.

These few reflections may or may not be interesting to your readers, but such as they are you are welcome to them.

Z. Cratha, Bridgeport, Conn.

LOYAL TO GREENER

Editor RECREATION:

I have been shooting Greener Guns for twenty-five years, and as far as I am concerned I never expect to use any other make. Mr. Greener's agent in this country is H. C. Squires, and he will sell you a Greener costing as much as $1,000, but mine have never cost me quite so large a sum. The cheapest Greener I ever used was a $75 Hammer Duck Gun. This was a first-rate weapon in every respect, but I would not use a hammer gun today, as I have been educated up to the hammerless, which is, in every way, an improvement. Greener was practically the man who introduced the choke bore, and I think today his method of choking is superior to that of any other maker.

T. M. Long, New York City.

THE 25-35 SINGLE SHOT

Editor RECREATION:

I note in November RECREATION that Robert McLaury, of Brooklyn, asks about the 25-35 high-pressure rifle for woodchucks, and as I bought my gun of that calibre for this especial purpose, would like to give the following points about it:

I obtained a Winchester single shot special, 25-35 calibre, weight about 10 pounds, single set trigger, Swiss butt plate, pistol grip, Lyman combination, and ivory bead sights. I have the loading tool and bullet mold for Ideal 257231 bullet, made in Dr. Hudson's alloy, 10-10-80. For the full high-pressure load and jacketed bullet, I weigh the powder—Laflin & Rand Lightning, 19 grains—and have very regular and strong results, and entirely at variance to the regularly advanced statement that high pressure shells cannot be reloaded with any degree of success. The shells will break after from three to six reloadings, though I have shot some eight times.

For reloading lighter loads, I also use the jacketed bullet designed for the 25-20-86, and use up to 12 grains of Lightning with fine results. This is a very savage load for short ranges up to 100 yards, with about the same trajectory as the 117 grain bullet and full charge.

Then as I shoot a good deal in my attic at home, I use the lead bullet, No. 257231, which weighs 106 grains in the alloy (or 86 grains, according to the weight bullet you get) with five grains of Walsrode green shotgun smokeless powder, using the Ideal powder measure to facilitate loading, and which is very accurate with the fine powder. This combination gives fine accuracy with no leading. Also contrary to the common statement, that when jacketed and lead bullets are shot promiscuously without cleaning that leading will occur, I have never had it happen to me, and I always carry a dozen or so lead loads when I am out tramping. I have also used a cylindrical paper patched bullet with first-rate success in this gun, but as with the hard bullet, the sights have to be shifted in order to compensate for the rolling of the bullet to the right.

There is little recoil in this gun, nor is there much with regular repeater. I expect to get the 25-35 carbine in order to have a light-weight gun for the same ammunition. For woodchuck shooting where the ranges are continually changing, this gun is simply fine, requiring little allowance for drop, and making a sure kill. I have several jackets which I have picked up near 'chucks, and they look wicked, but I have never found a trace of lead. You can load this cartridge to give anything from .22 calibre up to the full load, and generally I like it very much indeed.

H. B. Johnson, Syracuse, N. Y.

THE STANDARD TARGET

Editor Recreation:

We have a rifle team at this place, known as the Royal Rifle Team. We shoot every Saturday afternoon. The average score at our last shoot was 51 1-15 at a half-inch centre at 50 feet, off hand. We used the Stevens' Ideal rifle, .22 long shell. Please publish in Recreation the size of the bull's eye on standard American target for the various ranges. We are unable to find out what the proper size bull's eye is, and the members of our team are anxious to know.

A. A. Funk, St. Joseph, Ill.

Standard American target for 200-yard rifle and 50-yard revolver shooting is of the following dimensions:

10 circle equals	3.36 ins.	5 circle	19.68 ins.
9 " "	5.54 "	4 "	26.00 "
8 " "	8.00 "	3 "	34.22 "
7 " "	11.00 "	2 "	46.00 "
6 " "	14.00 "	1 remainder of target, i.e., 4x6ft.	

Reduce proportionately for shorter distances. Get a copy of the American Rifleman's Encyclopedia from the Peters Company. Price, 10 cents.—Editor.

SHOOTS WITH A SAVAGE

Editor Recreation:

I have seen a lot of letters in your gun department that have interested me very much, but I have not seen anyone who tells much about his experience with the Savage rifle. Now, I have owned a good many different guns in my time, as I am over 60 years of age; but the best of the lot, to my thinking, is the Savage Model 1899, so-called Saddle Gun. Mine has a 22-inch round barrel and weighs a little over seven pounds, and fires a .303 cartridge.

I am a mining man and have used this rifle from the Mexican border to Alaska, and have never yet found it wanting when called upon. The Savage is a very neat rifle. Anyone can see that at a glance; but its greatest advantages are its accuracy, power, and the short throw of the lever. There is no denying that the Savage can be manipulated faster than any other rifle, excepting the self-loader. Then again, you are able to use so many different cartridges in it that you have practically half a dozen different rifles in one. I can use a full metal covered bullet for long range shooting, either at the target or at small game. Then, if I want to use a bullet to get a heavy shock at anything up to 250 or 300 yards, I can use a soft nose bullet. In addition, I have the short range and the metal miniature.

I have shot bear with this rifle and killed them dead in their tracks, and I have also shot grouse—not with the same bullet though—and hardly disfigured them at all. This rifle has been in my possession almost since the model was put on the market, and, although I have fired thousands of shots, the rifling is just as good as it was when it left the factory; but, of course, I know how to take care of a barrel and I have never allowed the inside of the tube to become rusty. Often, when in camp up in the mountains, during a wet spell, I have felt very much like letting the rifle take care of itself for one night, but I have always resisted the impulse and thoroughly cleaned the barrel before putting it away and turning in for a night's rest; and let me tell you, brother riflemen, this is one of the secrets of successful rifle shooting.

J. M. Benton, Boise, Idaho.

A SUGGESTION

Editor RECREATION:

May I be permitted to make a suggestion? Many of us have long wanted a single-action swing-out cylinder six-shooter based on the lines of the Colt single-action Army, but the first man to take hold of the idea in a practical manner was my friend, Mr. Ashley A. Haines. Mr. Haines has worked night and day in his efforts to induce the manufacturers to make this arm for us, and has done infinitely more in this direction than all the rest of us put together. Wouldn't it be only fair that the arm, if it is manufactured, as we earnestly hope it will be, should be named after him? Mr. Haines, as I know from experience, is excessively modest, and this might be distasteful to him, though I can't see how it could be, and, anyway, in this case he is certainly the "man behind the gun." Doesn't it strike the readers of RECREATION that it would be only just, when they write the manufacturers about this arm, that they should urge them to call it the "Haines Model"?

Just a word of caution to Messrs. Smead and Hoel. Such smokeless powder as Dupont's No. 2 is much better than black powder for use in revolvers, but what earthly advantage would be obtained by using a metal-patched bullet? In a high-power rifle, having a velocity of over 1,500 feet per second, the metal-patched bullet seems to be a necessary evil. It is a well-established fact that the metal patch shortens the life of the barrel in which it is used greatly. Mr. Al. Kennedy, of Post Falls, Idaho, reports that he has used plain lead bullets with the full charge of smokeless powder in the .38 Browning-Colt automatic pistol, and that they shot accurately, showing no trace of fusion, leading or stripping. Now, while the stopping-power of this arm is much less than that of many revolvers, its velocity is greater than that of any revolver by some 300 feet per second. The only reason for using the metal-jacketed bullet is to prevent fusion, leading or stripping. I think it would be a tremendous mistake to handicap a revolver by using in it a bullet which would give no advantage whatever over the plain lead one, but would quickly destroy the accuracy of the barrel by wearing out the rifling.

An English shooter has written a very sensible letter to Shooting and Fishing recently, pointing out the fact that the use of metal-patched bullets in revolvers and pistols is absolutely unnecessary, as well as harmful.

The metal-patched bullet for any purpose whatever is, at best, a temporary makeshift. Ten years ago its use was excusable, because good results with smokeless powder could not be obtained without its use. The fact that it has not been replaced by a projectile which will not ruin the barrel in which it is used is a confession by the cartridge makers either of incapacity or what is more likely, of a desire to ruin rifle barrels and so increase the sale of guns.

Pascal De Angelis,
Utica, N. Y.

If Mr. De Angelis will inform cartridge makers how to do away with the metal-patched bullet for high-velocity smokeless loads we believe they will be ready to pay handsomely for the information.—EDITOR.

PREFERS THE SMOOTHBORE

Editor RECREATION:

To the boys who will go to the big woods for the first time I would dedicate this article. As to the old "gun cranks," I have nothing to say and would rather they would not even read it.

Do not spend any great amount of money for "rifles" and hunting togs, in which you may not have any use for years again. Every hunter should have a good "scatter gun."

I will tell you how to make it the most effective weapon on this earth in the shape of a shoulder gun. Put a wad ½-inch down the muzzle of gun; melt lead sufficient to make a disc the thickness of a gun wad; send this to any of the large gun houses and get a bullet mould for your gun; between the jaws of mould on underside file a small crease, sufficient to grip a pin tight, but not leave the jaws apart; on the point of a pin put the stopper of a small vial in the mould. This is to reduce the weight of bullet, which should not be greater than 1¼ ounces. Care should be taken in setting the core just high enough to have the bullet perfect on underside. The sprue end being much the heaviest will cause the bullet to have a much more accurate flight than a solid ball, and the gun will not recoil near so much as with the usual load of powder.

In loading your shells (which should be the best) the heavy end of bullet should be put forward and well lubricated with an equal mixture of "beeswax and tallow," a felt wad or two over powder and card wad over ball. With this ammunition you need not fear to run upon any animal that roams the woods, provided you are not in the habit of getting "rattled." And you will find your shooting much more accurate at 100 yards or less than with the "best rifle," if you are not accustomed to handling one.

The rifle is all right in the hands of those who know how to shoot them and have had years of practice.

On my last hunting trip nearly all the killing was done with shotgun and ball. No one should think of going on a hunting expedition without practice with the gun he carries, and a moving target range can very quickly and cheaply be built. Two grooved wheels and a hundred yards of wire; the wheels can be made out of barrel heads, with the insides nailed together, which leaves a groove in which the wire runs. Now select two saplings, one on either side of a ravine preferred, and stretch your wire from one wheel to the other, which should be bolted to the trees; the crank handle to turn by being bolted to the outer edge of the wheel. Before stretching wire make a few kinks in it, in which to fasten your target. This can be made out of pasteboard or sheet iron, and of any size you may choose.

If target is properly fastened to wire it will run over on top wire and home on the lower wire, and keep a continuous circuit, and can be made to move 60 miles an hour. Now with some one to turn, you are ready to try your shooting qualities. Care must be taken to have the "crank turner" well protected, or an accident may happen to him.

The shooter can now get back as far as he likes and he'll soon find out what this "600 yards, running, broadside, dead in their tracks," etc., means. N. H. Wright,
Selma, Ohio.

DON'T MISS THIS LETTER

Editor Recreation:

I have taken a great deal of pleasure in reading the six-shooter talk now appearing in Recreation, and having some little experience with "belt guns," I'm coming in, too.

It seems to me that in this discussion about the "new" gun, we have, in our enthusiasm, wandered a bit from the right road. When the subject was first broached some time ago, the contention favored a new frame that would fit the new 38 S. & W. special cartridge. At the present point in this battle of words there appear now and then appeals for a larger calibre, which only lends additional confusion to an already confused subject. The big bore discussion has been already talked to a more or less satisfactory understanding, and should not occupy much attention in this present controversy. Personally, I am in favor of a new frame to fit the S. & W. Special, which must, of course, have the mechanism of the single action. As Mr. Haines puts it, in his well-written letter in the August issue, we want a light, single-action frame, swing-out cylinder, and by all means the stock, hammer, trigger and guard of the old reliable .45 Colt.

That the double-action has some good points no one will deny, but outside of military circles who wants a double-action, anyway? How many times do you suppose you or any other practical chap would cock his gun without first thumbing the hammer? Not many, I'll wager. I have carried a 7½-inch Colt of .45 calibre down in Texas and found it an ideal gun in every respect, but I was in the saddle eight hours a day. Last fall I carried the same .45 in the woods of Maine, and upon this three weeks' tramping trip I found a few hitherto unthought-of disadvantages in my old favorite. When on your legs the .45 weighs pow'ful heavy on your hip, and during the last few hours of a day's tramp the weight which you feel has been increasing all day seems about a ton. There is no doubt in my mind that both the calibre and the frame are much too large, and for general use I fail to see how the S. & W. Special could be improved upon. That the .38 Special is a powerful cartridge, practical results—both at the target and upon game—show to be so, and while in certain and exceptional cases the larger calibre might be found more useful, on the whole I think the .38 is plenty large enough.

If Mr. Rawley will give the .38 S. & W. Special cartridge a good test, I am confident he will, like myself, see that so large a calibre as a .44 or .45, has too much of a disadvantage in its considerable weight, to be even thought of by the general run of shooters It is asking too much of our manufacturers to put up both a new .38 and .44 calibre frame, as the demand for the latter would probably not pay for the expense necessary in putting this larger frame upon the market. And, again, I believe you will find the old frame of the .45 Colt is about as light in weight as would be safe for this large calibre. If this weight was cut down to say, 36 ounces, we would undoubtedly lose the strong point which has ever appealed to us in the old Frontier, and that is the ability of this gun to stand many a hard knock and still shoot as well as ever.

I am in hearty accord with Mr. Rawley on the sight question, and for a general purpose arm I cannot see where the benefit of "fancy sights" comes in. For exclusive target work this class of sights is, of course, a great help, but when in the woods or where the gun is carried in the holster, these sights are bothersome. If many revolver shots showed less partiality to the modern fittings and devoted more time to the use of the time-tried sights, I am inclined to believe that fewer shooters would advocate the use of special sights.

I should like to hear the opinions of our backwoodsmen and ranchers upon this subject, and I trust none will feel bashful because they haven't the knack of using the pen, which failing I acknowledge.

Rancher.

SATISFIED

Editor Recreation:

I notice in your magazine (of which I am a constant reader and great admirer) a good many opinions being expressed in regard to the best form of belt revolver.

Now the old saying, "Many men of many minds" was never more plainly illustrated than in this instance.

For the last thirty-five years I have owned and used nearly every make of revolver to be purchased in the United States, and without egotism consider my experience sufficient to allow me to express an opinion in the matter. Now, I have experimented with all calibres and lengths of barrels, and for accurate shooting, steadiness when shot, ease and smoothness of action, penetration, durability and beauty of form I have found nothing that pleases me so well as the Colt Bisley model (Mr. Allen Kelley to the contrary notwithstanding) 5½-inch barrel, .32 calibre, weight about 40 ounces, the nearest to perfection of any revolver ever yet made.

I have been using a revolver of this description for some time, and I would not exchange it for any revolver I ever saw, used, or heard of. In regard to the weight, I admit it is pretty heavy, but none too heavy to shoot well. A shooting iron of any kind must have some weight in order to have accuracy and penetration, and if a man is too weak to carry a pistol of this weight he had better give up shooting and get a job as dry nurse to some infant.

With the revolver I have been describing I shot, sitting in my buggy the other day, a woodchuck at a distance of 20 rods and killed him as dead as a door nail. Do you suppose I could do that with one of these 15 or 20 ounce revolvers? Well, I guess not. I have tried that thing and failed too many times.

A man will lug around all day a rifle or shotgun that weighs from 8 to 10 pounds without any complaint, but if he has to carry a revolver that weighs 40 ounces he thinks some one is trying to make a pack mule of him.

Perhaps Mr. Hoel, who complains of the long sweep in cocking the Colts revolver, has not thought that by having the long sweep of the hammer and its striking so far forward, makes it possible to use a weaker spring and thereby makes it much easier to cock. I have found it much better to have the hammer strike a cartridge a little too hard than not hard enough, especially if you happen to be in a position where a miss fire means death to one.

I think we have got, at this time, in Colts Bisley model revolver as good an all-round gun as will ever be made, and I honestly believe that many of the arguments advanced for improvements in the belt revolver would be more injurious than beneficial, and although I certainly have no desire to interfere in the slightest with any one else's wishes or ideas, for myself I am very well satisfied with what I already have and do not care to try too many experiments.

G. B. Murray, M. D.,
Greenwich, N. Y.

LIKES A HEAVY "GUN"

Editor Recreation:

Regarding the belt revolver which has been quite freely discussed in the columns of Recreation, beg to say that I am heartily in favor of such a gun.

The suggestions made by Messrs, Haines, Lowdermilk, of Chicago, and Hoel, of Dayton, O., are all O. K. I would like to see a full choice of calibres placed on the market, but if we are to have but one, I say by all means let it be the .38 S. & W. special, as I think this would meet the demands of most shooters. Single-action, swing-out cylinder, with fore-end lock, front sight removable, but low on the gun, shortening of the hammer and nickel steel construction are all good points, and if we get a gun embodying the principle of these features we should be satisfied.

I have used a great many styles of guns, and at present my wife and I are using a .32 Colt's New Police. The principal objection to this gun is that it is too light for effective work, and I would never again buy a double action revolver.

For target work and hard knocks such a revolver must stand here in Northern Wisconsin, where deer, bear, wolves, etc., still abound, such a gun would be ideal and I should have one of them. I think all the revolver shooters should express their opinions, for unless the manufacturers know there is a demand for such a gun, it will never be placed on the market.

Two years ago this fall I killed a deer with my .32 New Police Colt's, but it took four shots, and from this alone I know that a .38 S. & W. special would be none too heavy. W. M. Miller.

LIKES THE RIM FIRE

Editor Recreation:

As a gun crank I have been much interested in reading Mr. Ashley Haines' article on the new type revolvers, as well as other comments on the same. In this connection I would like to ask why does not some one put out some rim-fire revolvers as well as rifles? The Marlin people have always had my heartiest congratulations on account of making their little .32 calibre rim-fire rifle, and I really believe I have had more pleasure out of this than any other of my different arms. The ammunition is very much cheaper, and one can afford to throw it away and not jump for the shell between shots. If a principle is good in a .22 and .32 calibre ammunition, why not in larger calibres? The same thing holds good in revolvers. As I have eight or ten old type Smith & Wessons, etc., which shoot the rim-fire ammunition and are A1, I can assure you I would like to hear some other ideas on this subject, as to why the rim fire and cheaper ammunition is simply relegated to the old type arms.

As to the new revolver, the writer would be very glad if he could get a .32 calibre Winchester, single action, Frontier Model, even if it would not have a side ejector. I would be happy enough to have one that did not weigh about a ton, as an arm like this with a five-inch barrel should not weigh over 22 or 25 ounces. I would give almost any price if I could get something in this line to shoot rim-fire ammunition.

When the other models come out, however, I will want one of these also, but at the same time try to hear other ideas on these subjects.
Jesse French, Jr.

WANTS A 6-INCH BARREL

Editor Recreation:

I have a word to say about the ideal belt revolver. I agree with Mr. Haines about the calibre and weight of revolver. The length of barrel should be about six inches, some prefer the 5½, others 7½ inches, but if one length only will be made I think the 6-inch would be about right and would answer all purposes, either for target or hunting.

The fore-end bolt as used on the S. & W. military revolver, also the forward motion of the locking button, should be one, and would, I think, be a great improvement over the old style. The hammer and stock should be the same as in the old single action; they could be made smaller, of course.

This revolver should be made of the very best material.

As smokeless powder has become so popular, it would perhaps be best to have the revolver made of smokeless steel, but it should be made, if possible, so it will handle either black or smokeless with equal accuracy. The Colt people would have to decide on that, as the twist in rifling might not answer for both. It would also make some difference in the sights. I prefer the sight pinned to lug, as shown in cut in the October number. The rebounding bolt would be a good feature. In putting this revolver on the market it should be made so one who wishes could have either ivory or pearl stocks, either carved or plain or engraved, if wanted.

For myself I would prefer the revolver in plain blued finish with ivory stocks, carved with bull's head, and low ivory bead front sight pinned to lug. I am ready to purchase one as soon as they are put on the market.

A. W. Hildebrand,
Norwich, Conn.

USES OF AMMONIA

Editor Recreation:

In answer to Mr. Johnson in November Recreation, would say that I have had the same trouble in keeping my rifles clean when using smokeless powder. Thinking that there might be a small amount of nitric acid set free in the combustion of the powder, I determined to try the effect of a strong base upon this acid. For this I used chemically pure ammonia.

A piece of white cloth wet with this and passed through the barrel will come out absolutely black, even after you apparently have it thoroughly cleaned. This must be repeated for five or six times before the rag will come out fairly clean.

Then grease the barrel well with 3 in 1 oil and you are pretty sure to find your gun in good condition when you want it again.

The C. P. ammonia may be obtained at any drug-store, or the common household variety will do, the only difference being the greater strength of the pure article.

W. I. B., New York.

MORE WEIGHT; LESS KICK

Editor Recreation:

I have read with great interest the several articles published in your valued magazine on the "Ideal belt revolver." I entirely agree with Mr. Haines.

I think the illustration in the October edition just meets the requirements, only by all means let us have it in the .38 S. & W. special, and as to weight let us have all we can get, as I think it greatly lessens the "up kick" of the gun.

I also think making the barrel of nickel steel would greatly favor those of us who prefer smokeless ammunition.

I am on the market for one of these myself as soon as it makes its appearance, and believe it will meet with great popularity.

James Leonard Mathews,
Rochester, N. Y.

WOULD SUIT HIM

Editor Recreation:

The cut of a belt revolver shown in A. W. Lowdermilk's article in October Recreation is just what we want for an Ideal Belt Gun. Personally, I prefer a .44-40 calibre with 5½ or 6-inch barrel. Use a .44-40 Winchester and prefer a revolver that will take the same ammunition.

Frank Garmon,
8th Artillery Band,
Fort Barrancas, Fla.

THE HUNTING DOG

THE BEAGLE

BY W. B. TALLMAN

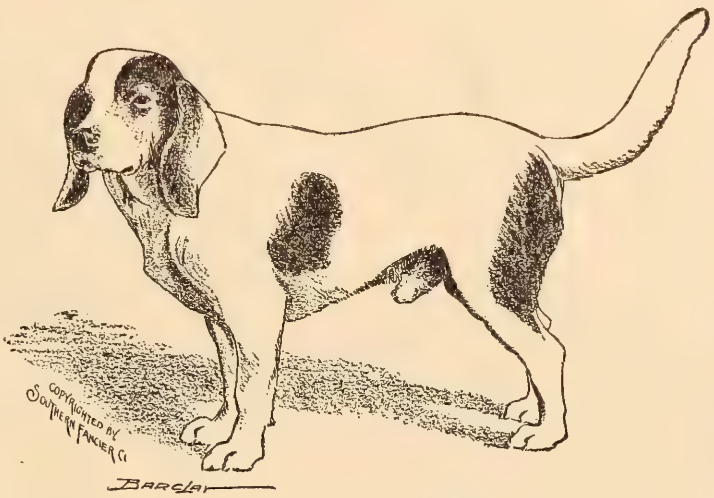
Of the sporting breeds, the beagle is probably the least understood or appreciated. Few people insist on pointers having double noses, but it is an astonishing fact that a great many consider bow legs the distinguishing characteristics of the beagle. To them he is merely a rabbit hound, without much sense and with no claim to higher development. But to those who know him he is a symmetrically built, hardy, serviceable little chap with lots of game sense, affectionate, easily controlled, and with a brain capable of development to a degree of intelligence far beyond what is generally considered possible in a hound.

Very few men have ever hunted over a real good pack of beagles, and even among them there are not many who thoroughly realize the possibilities in a well handled pack of the little hounds, or who stop to think that breeding is almost if not quite as important in a hound as in a setter. If one is out for a good hunt, to the accompaniment of lively music, a pack of high-class dogs is invaluable, for they will not only find more game than a scrub lot, but will handle it more smartly. And to the man to whom the doing to death of the rabbit is an unnecessary feature, the keenest possible pleasure is afforded by handling the good ones, listening to their music as they carry the trail through thickets and swamps, and then, when they break into the open, witnessing a chase that sets the nerves a-tingle with excitement. An exhibition of speed in the field, whether by pointer, setter or hound, is to me a very pleasing thing; and it is partly on this account that I prefer a small beagle—one that can hunt merrily and extend himself on the trail without covering the ground too fast to be a good rabbit dog. A pack of ten or a dozen 12-inch dogs is easily housed and cared for, and can be carried in a large hamper on the back of a wagon, while a 15-inch pack would require nearly twice as much room.

In forming a pack of small dogs, one should guard against weedy ones that are not hardy enough to stand the rough work, and toys that lack the ambition or courage to stick to it. Real good 12-inch dogs are not common; and, in fact, it might be almost impossible to-day to purchase a dozen good hunters and not exceed that height. Therefore the best course to pursue would naturally be to lay aside at first restrictions as to size, color, markings, etc., and purchase good, working dogs and bitches that by reason of their breeding would be most likely to produce small ones. Getting together a pack in this way takes some time and experimenting, but it is a pleasure in itself, and the final results obtained are certainly most satisfying. Compare carefully the results obtained from breeding to your different dogs, and when you get one that throws good boned little hounds that will hunt, stick to him and you will soon be able to begin the weeding-out process. Remember that the first essentials in a hound, as in a pointer or setter, are, desire to hunt, game sense, and gameness. This last qualification is very important, and a characteristic that is well worth breeding for. Don't breed from timid bitches nor to timid dogs, unless their other qualities are so overwhelmingly good that you can afford to take chances. However, a timid dog *may* be game on the trail (though the chances are against it) and it is well to look beyond a dog's behavior in the yard. It sometimes happens that a dog that is timid among people will hold to a trail until he runs on three legs; while many a dog that is bold enough at home grows tired and loses interest when bunny leads him through briar patches and over too many rough hills. So, I say, watch out for "quitters," and weed them out, first of all. After this is time enough to throw out those that are oversized, off color, etc.

If you are fortunate in getting a pack of little dogs do not ask too much of them, or I should say, if they are game ones, do not allow them to do too much. This will most surely result in making "plugs" of the best ones. The beagle that is bred and handled right is as plucky a dog as there is in the field. I have an affectionate remembrance of a little 12-inch dog of mine which hung to the trail late one afternoon, when most of the pack had quit, and only came in to repeated calls of the horn. A few moments after he had ceased to give tongue, and was coming toward me, I heard a sharp yelp, and knew that something was wrong. There was quite a stream of water between us, so I did not go to him, but waited, and heard him coming through the brush, whining every few moments as if he was hurt. When he did come into view he was on three legs, and I thought he had picked up a bad briar. The stream which lay between us was thirty feet wide, probably two feet deep, and with quite a current running, so when the little chap hesitated on the bank I began to speculate on wading over for him, but I called to him once, and he plunged in. I helped him out when he swam across and found that his leg was broken just above the elbow. I never knew how the accident happened, but I set that leg, and have never forgotten the bravery and grit that he showed in jumping in and swimming that stream. I have seen larger dogs with four sound legs under them that would have looked for a narrow fording place.

A great many faults may be overcome or prevented by the right kind of handling. One may, after careful breeding and selecting have the raw material for the best pack on earth; but if it is not handled right, it will not be worth feeding. Get acquainted with and study the individuals. You will be repaid in finding that each little dog is possessed of a character and disposition of his own. Try to understand the different dispositions and treat each one so as to develop the best that there is in him. One may be particularly sensitive to reproof, and care must be taken not to frighten him with a sharp command, or a touch of the lash that may be necessary to attract the attention of his thicker skinned brother. The first step toward keeping on intimate terms with your pack is to arrange their kennel and yard so that you have easy access to every corner of it. Don't have a place under the building where a frightened puppy may run, nor a corner where an erring one may hide and escape punishment. Have a good tight building at least twelve feet square, and larger if possible, with a window and two doors, one leading into the kennel yard. This yard should be as large as possible, with shade and grass, and if convenient should contain a trough with running water. It should be enclosed in a five-foot wire mesh fence, with a footboard set eight or ten inches into the ground to prevent the dogs from digging out. In the building I would suggest having a six-inch board across one side, about three feet from the wall. In this space a bedding of clean straw should be kept, and kept clean. Fasten the board with cleats at each end so that it may be removed when the floor is swept. Keep your leads, couplings, etc., and your feed pans in this building, and keep *them* clean. Oversee the feeding yourself, and I think you will find it advisable to use at least half a dozen tin pans in feeding. Tossing chunks of feed into a yard full of dogs may be the easiest way, but it is liable to cause much scrapping, and the ones that need the most food generally get the least. In using pans, the gluttons may be held back, and the weak ones given a chance to catch up. Do not think because a dog is crowded away from his feed that he doesn't deserve it, but watch him and encourage and help him along, for he *may* have the best nose in your pack, or the brains that are often needed to keep a pack from going astray.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BARCLAY

ROYAL KRUGER

It is a good plan to have your beagles fairly well yard broken. It is not absolutely necessary that they should be broken like a pointer or setter, but the education of the individual in this way will help you greatly in managing your pack on the street or in the field. Teach your dogs to come when they are called and to stay at heel at command. Practice by taking two or three about with you on the street, and as you get better control of these, add to the number until they will all "pack" at your heels, and only a low word of command is necessary to bring in the stragglers. Use this discipline in the field, keeping them at heel until you are ready to hunt, and then sending them away together in a bunch. In calling them, use the horn sparingly. It is as bad to be noisy yourself as it is to have dogs that are too noisy. Young dogs are apt to "babble" too much and give tongue excitedly on train of the other dogs, but this is a fault that is overcome in most cases by age and experience.

I have spoken of the general ignorance existing in regard to the appearance of the beagle, and so, in concluding, it may be well to mention a few of the most marked characteristics according to the standard by which the show beagles are judged. In general appearance they should be miniature fox hounds. Ears set on low, long and fine in texture. Eyes full and prominent, soft, lustrous and with gentle expression. The muzzle should be of medium length, squarely cut, and stop well defined. Neck rising, free and light from the shoulders; strong in substance, yet not loaded, and of medium length. Shoulders muscular, conveying the idea of freedom of action, with lightness, activity and strength. Chest moderately broad and full. Back short and strong, and ribs well sprung, giving plenty of lung room. Forelegs straight, with plenty of bone, and feet close and firm. Hindquarters proportionately strong and symmetrical. Coat should be of good length and rather coarse in texture, while the tail, which is carried high, should have a decided brush.

"Stonehenge," speaking of a pack of nine-inch beagles, says: "We have seen them on a cold, bad scenting day work up a rabbit and run him in the most extraordinary manner. And although the nature of the ground compelled the pack to run almost in Indian file, and thus to carry a very narrow line of scent, if they threw it up, it was but for a moment. Mr. Crane's standard is nine inches, and every little hound is absolutely perfect."

Thus you see, the well-bred beagle is really something of a gem among dogs, and to the man who enjoys having good stock about him and seeing it improve under careful breeding and handling, no breed offers greater attractions or opportunities.

BIG GAME HUNTING

Big game hunters cannot complain that their pet sport has been overlooked. Books innumerable have been written on the subject, and yet each one as it appears is pounced upon and eagerly devoured by those who have been inoculated with a love of the wild life.

The latest work on hunting big and dangerous game is one edited by Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson and published by Country Life, London, whose agents in this country are Charles Scribner's Sons.

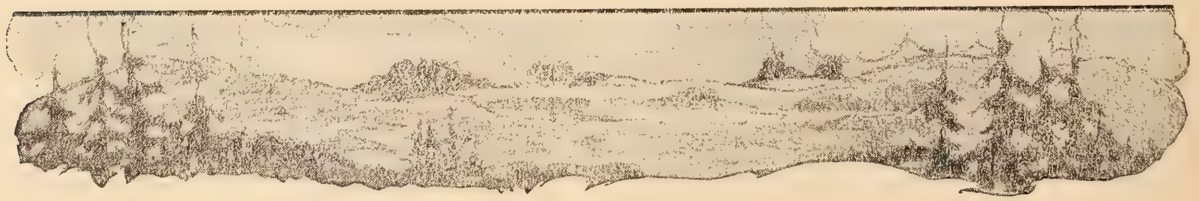
This work extends to two volumes, and, as the authors include, in addition to several European authorities, Mr. A. S. Reed, Capt. Phillipps-Wolley, Warburton-Pike, Captain Radcliffe and Sir Henry Seton-Karr, American big game comes in for an unusually large share of attention, seeing this is a European work. All the above-mentioned sportsmen are well known in connection with the big game hunting of the West and Northwest.

Freemantle, one of the great English authorities, contributes a good chapter on the sporting rifle—of course, from the English point of view—and Messrs. Ross, the famous London opticians, discuss the telescope as used by the hunter.

This book deals with stalking in the highlands, shooting in Norway, and chamois hunting in the Alps; but the volume that will appeal to us particularly is that dealing with American big game. The moose, elk, caribou, deer, sheep, bear and musk ox are treated of at considerable length, and by men who have acquired their knowledge of the animals at first hand. As a rule, we have nothing but commendation for the contents of "Big Game Hunting," but, of course, there are a few minor statements that we think open to correction. For instance: Major Freemantle says, "One big game hunter after another has been delighted to find them (.450 Cordite Rifles) effective for elephants, rhinoceros, buffalo, giraffe, tiger, lion, moose." Why a man should be asked to lug around a heavy .450 Cordite rifle, weighing from 10½ to 12 pounds, when he goes moose hunting we cannot discover. In our own hands, an extra light Winchester 30-30 is good enough for any moose that we have yet met, and our friend George Crawford, lately of Mattawa, but now of somewhere else, generally uses a 38-55; and we have never heard him complain of its not being sufficiently deadly. Why is it that people will group a soft animal like the moose with the rhinoceros and the buffalo?

Again, Capt. Phillipps-Wolley is certainly astray in his estimate of the size of the white-tail deer. He has apparently mixed up *leucurus* with *virginianus*, and his estimate of 150 pounds for the usual weight of the big buck would provoke a smile upon the Gatineau, where a big buck will often weigh 275 pounds as he falls. We have heard upon what we regard as good authority of one that weighed 325 pounds.

The price of this book is $7.50 net. It is handsomely illustrated.



EDITORIAL

A FEW CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

Last Sunday, as I was taking my constitutional, walking through the woods and thickets around the ponds and trout brooks which are included within the corporal limits of New York City, and which still contain some woodcock, quail and brook trout, I met numerous, well-dressed boys, armed with guns, and, upon asking one of these lads what he was going to shoot, he replied, with a toss of his head, "Everything in sight."

This reckless disregard for law exists in the suburbs of every city in the United States, and these boys are only doing what their parents and guardians and teachers have failed to tell them is wrong. Besides the boys there is an army of ignorant foreigners who live all the week upon bread alone, because they are sold in gangs, like so many potatoes, and the political bosses take 25 cents of each laborer's earnings a day, as a rake off, for their own bulging pockets. This 25 cents a day would be sufficient to supply the foreigners with meat and take away from them the temptation or necessity of killing our robins, thrushes, catbirds and bluebirds for their dinner kettle. Immense numbers of song birds, squirrels and rabbits are killed by these people in and out of season because, as a rule, there are no game wardens within the city limits. Now, why should such a state of affairs exist? It is only necessary to educate the public up to a proper wholesome state of mind to insure the immunity of all the little wild creatures within the corporation lines.

In our parks the gray squirrels frisk among the trees, the birds nest and rear their young and are practically unmolested, because the public has been educated up to appreciate their presence and policemen are ordered to allow no one to kill or disturb them. Why not have the park regulations extended to the corporation limits of each city in the Union? Why not have the gray squirrel in the shade trees of the villages and cities all over the United States? Why not have birds nesting in the rose bushes on our front lawn as well as the shade trees in front of our dwelling? Why not have Molly Cottontail running around the vacant lots and open space of unused land which is found in every urban district? It would add immensely to the value of the property. It would be of great æsthetic educational value to our children and ourselves. It would add to the pleasure of life and the joy of living to see these little creatures all around us, and there is but one reason and only one that this state of things does not exist.

When I was in Victoria, I saw the crows walking around the lawns and I thought that everybody owned pet crows, but later I discovered that crows were protected because they fed on the fish and offal, which would otherwise produce unsanitary results. It is unnecessary in most parts of the United States to protect Jim Crow. He seems perfectly capable of taking care of himself even under adverse circumstances, and, with very little encouragement, his tribe increases to such an extent as to form a menace to agriculture and to the increase of any creature smaller than himself which he can swallow. I do not want to be considered as one who advocates the protection of these intelligent, humorous black thieves. But I only cite this example to show how tame any creature will become if he be unmolested by man, and I am writing this editorial in the Christmas number of RECREATION because *it is the Christmas number,* and for the reason that the presence of the holly and the mistletoe and the gifts and the sentiment of "Peace on earth, good-will to men" pervade my soul at this time and I want to appeal to all the readers of RECREATION to use their pens and their tongues and their influence to educate their respective community in which they live, up to a point where the trees and plants and birds and harmless animals will be considered sacred within the corporation limits, and thus make each town, hamlet, village and city a miniature Yellowstone Park, where there will appear on every street the motto, "Live and let live."

Some evil-minded person who never in his heart cared for the protection of God's creatures has said that the October number of RECREATION was printed for those who delighted in killing, or words to that effect; and right here I want to call the attention of the people to the fact that all the laws for the protection of the birds and mammals of this country are prompted by, inaugurated by and upheld by the sportsmen. The men who go to the field with gun and dog are the men to whom we people who believe in perpetuating the native fauna and flora must go for help. The man who never fishes, the man who never shoots, and is content to sit by his own fireside and smoke his cigar, seldom, if ever, will exert himself to do any real work in the field and game protection. This may be because his small knowledge of outdoor life and of nature, prevents such a man from seeing the necessity of protective laws. It is not always for the lack of sentiment, for many of these individuals are sentimental to a feminine degree and would almost starve before they would kill the chicken which they greedily devour when it is killed by some one else and served to them at the table.

We of Recreation believe in sentiment. The world is moved by sentiment and would not be a place in which it would be worth one's while to live were it devoid of sentiment; but we believe in sentiment having a foundation of common sense. Hence, we do not waste our time in grieving over chickens, bullocks and pigeons that are slain for the market, for we know that the more chickens, bullocks and pigeons that are killed for the market, the greater will be the demand for these things, and the greater incentive to the farmers to rear them, so, paradoxical as the statement may appear, the more you kill of them the more you will have.

But every wild creature that is killed makes one less wild creature in the universe, for the very evident reason that the greater the demand for wild creatures the less becomes the supply, inasmuch as God Almighty is not breeding these things for the market. And, until such a day arrives when people will domesticate the wild animals, they will need protective laws to save them from extermination. However, there is no necessity or good reason for killing the little birds in our city limits, there is no necessity for killing the pretty gray squirrels that venture near our city houses, and there is no necessity for killing the Molly Cottontail who goes bobbing across our lawn. In fact, it is against the law in almost every city to use firearms within the corporation limits, and, if we can only educate the people up to see the enormity of the crime and the foolishness of slaughtering these creatures, we can make of every city and hamlet a little paradise, a garden of Eden in itself.

"THE DEEP SEA'S TOLL"

The last time I met Mr. Connolly was at a sea night dinner at Hackensack Golf Club. One would not think there would be much of the deep blue sea at Hackensack, N. J.; but as we seated ourselves around the beautifully decorated table there was Capt. Joshua Slocum, apparently as much at home in his dinner togs as he was when he was spreading loose carpet tacks on the deck of his beloved yacht *Spray* to keep off the barefooted cannibals while he slept. You remember the *Spray?* It was 36 feet 9 inches long: but the doughty captain, all alone, sailed in her around the big world.

Near by sat the handsome soldier, Colonel Dave Brainerd, known the world over as one of the few survivors of the Greeley expedition, and Mr. Albert White Vorse, who was with the first Peary expedition in 1892, was rubbing elbows with the celebrated marine artist, Carlton P. Chapman; and there was Henry Reuterdahl. Everybody knows Reuterdahl, and knows his pictures of sea fights, warships and Jack Tars. They are familiar to us all through the pages of the current magazines and have excited universal interest.

Then there was the scrappy Lieutenant Scott of the United States Navy, who was in the fight at Cuba, and the droll, long-faced Chas. Battell Loomis. It was a great night; but when Mr. Connolly rose to tell us a sea story the rest, for the time, were forgotten. He spoke in a rapid manner, and one could hear the rattling of the blocks, the whipping of the sail and the hoarse shouts of the Gloucester fishermen all through his talk.

The book I now have before me, by James B. Connolly, entitled, "The Deep Sea's Toll," brings back that night as I turn its pages.

It is impregnated from cover to cover with the salt, raw spume of the winter sea; and the reader finds himself reading the printed words as rapidly as Mr. Connolly himself strings them off when he is telling a deep-sea yarn at the dinner-table.

Jimmy Johnson, "Ho, ho, the little lumper!" who went to sea because he had a quarrel with his wife, seems like a veritable person whom we must have met somewhere in one of our seaport cities.

And the trim *Colleen,* with her loose planking held together like a barrel with iron hoops and everything working, while the salt water squirted in between the planks, is so realistic that it appears as if the narrative were an authentic record of some real trip.

As the author quaintly puts it, "The *Colleen* was that loose 'twas immoral." "She was ten feet longer when she stretched herself," said Jerry.

"She's a bit loose," said the skipper, "but she sails better loose. When she lengthens out like that she's doing her best reaching."

Then "The Truth of the *Oliver Cromwell*" and the description of Martin and his dory mate John when they were upset in the wild Northern sea is so graphic that, as we read, we can hear Martin's hearty voice crying out to poor John, who is hanging on desperately to one of the little kegs they use as floats, "Hang on for your life, John," or "How is it now with you, Johnny boy?" and we readily forgive the loyal Martin when he lies to his dory mate and tells him that their vessel is in sight, for we all know, in our inmost heart, that such lies are heroic in their conception and not to be classed in the same category with those, for instance, of our insurance magnates when they tell about the "yellow dog" fund. Any more than such noble self-sacrificing men as Martin are to be classed with the soggy, bull-necked, watery-eyed money-bags who own the kennels where the "yellow dogs" are kept.

In fact, whether it is "The Truth of the *Oliver Cromwell*," "Dory-mates," "The Salvage of the Bark Fuller," or "On the Georgian Shoals," his stories seem to ring true.

For anybody who is fond of seafaring life or sea stories we can recommend no better book for an evening's enjoyment than "The Deep Sea's Toll," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Nos. 153 to 157 Fifth Avenue, New York City. $1.50.

WAMPUM-MOONS

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

Readers of the RECREATION magazine have all heard of Indian wampum; but did you ever hear of wampum-moon? The word signifies in aboriginal vernacular that it will pass current for wampum, and is interchangeable as an equivalent, same as we take diamonds or other standard gem stones in lieu of coin at a fixed value per karat.

In the breech-clout and blanket days, previous to 1880, wampum-moons were the best and most convenient collateral which a wealthy redskin could possess. A large one as big as the palm of one's hand would buy five ponies, or fifty buffalo robes, or a second-rate squaw. With furs they constituted the currency of the section of country adjacent to the Rocky mountains on both slopes: a beaver skin being the unit of value at a dollar a piece.

These trinkets were made of the peach-blow cheeks of the conch shells of the Pacific coast, and were nearly round, varying in size from the dimensions of a quarter of a dollar to a silver dollar. They were certainly very beautiful, and were very much affected by aboriginal dandies, especially by the mountain and river braves of Montana. Chiefs and wealthy men suspended them by a thong around the neck, wearing them as substitutes for honor medals bestowed by the Great Father, and the women as *pend d'oreilles.* They were originally obtained from a family of farmers named Frost, in New Jersey, who manufactured them from the pink cheeks of conch shells. They were also obtained through middlemen in regular course of barter with the Pacific coast Indians, who learned to imitate them.

It was in the year 1881 that I attended a council of Crows which met commissioners from Washington to negotiate and cede a right-of-way through their reservation to the Northern Pacific railroad, and as the price agreed upon was $26,000 in silver, which was a pretty snug pile for the ten bands, there promised to be flush times at no distant day.

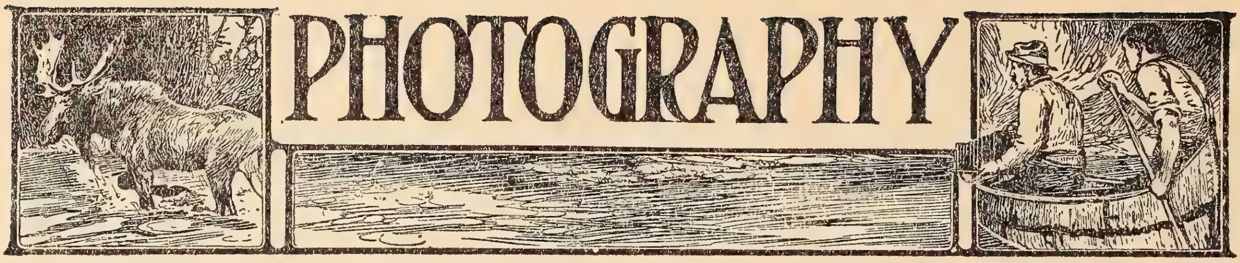
Now, it so happened that I had in my valise some tarpon scales (*les grandes ecailles*) which I had obtained in Florida the previous winter, which was before the tarpon had become the notorious game fish it has since. They were great novelties everywhere, especially to the Indians who dwelt along the Great Divide. The natural chased silver-foil which covered the half of each scale with what appeared to be the real metal impressed them mightily, as it suggested the idea of value. Besides, the Indians had a legend that the tarpon, or silver king, as he was known to them by tradition, once used to swim about in the caves of the Rocky mountains when the waters which in the ancient days covered the foothills made estuaries of the cañon mouth, and the whole adjacent floor was ocean bottoms. Consequently, they regarded these silver-chased fish scales as the biggest kind of "medicine," and old Medicine Crow, Two Bellies, Long Elk and some others went so far as to allow that one of them might go for two wampum-moon, s'pose?

Under these favoring conditions it did not take very long for Agent Kellar, Clerk Barston and myself to get up a syndicate to open up a trade with the Florida coast for the goods. I made myself quite solid with Chief Medicine Crow by giving him one of the scales, and he showed his appreciation by standing me up beside him in the council lodge before all the rest, throwing a painted buffalo robe over my shoulders, saying that it was for me, and calling me his "son."

Everything would have gone through swimmingly right along, but, as hard luck would have it, the grand coup for killing off the buffalo on the upper Yellowstone took place in that winter's snow, and this prevented the Indians from gathering robes as usual; then they were short on dry furs, and again the ever-faithful government failed to come down with the "plunk" as was expected; so that they were a heap poor. Of course our scheme to get up a market for tarpon scales failed ignobly. It may seem silly to those who know, but the simple Apsorikus (Crows) actually expected the bursar of the United States treasury to pour out the treaty coin in little shining piles upon the buffalo hides which would be spread on the grass before each chief of the ten bands, to be distributed by them according to allotment among the families and bucks; whereas Chief Commissioner Luce had to tell them that the money could not be paid until Congress had first passed an appropriation bill, and—well, you all know how that is?

The meeting did not break up pleasantly.

For many years I tried to ascertain if that money had been paid, for I was interested; but, in fact, I never heard that it was paid at all.



PHOTOGRAPHY

PHOTOGRAPHY

We have been thinking it over. We do not see that we are getting into close enough contact with our photographer friends, and we propose to do so by offering our services in their various difficulties. We know quite a little about photography, we have a large library of reference books at our disposal, and what we don't know or our books won't tell us, we can get from some of our expert friends.

We are fairly intimate, too, with all makes and brands of apparatus, and shall be always glad to give unbiased advice on the purchasing of outfits or parts for any special purposes.

So let's hear from you.

We have a new photographic competition on tap. Particulars are given below, but we want just a word or two with you regarding the pictures.

This is an amateur competition. It is open, of course, to every one using a camera, but we would rather that the professional camerist—the man who can make a perfect photograph pretty near every time he touches his shutter—should stay out of it. It does not give the amateur a fair chance. So here's to fair play.

We want pictures of outdoor life, winter sports, animal life in the open, pictures into which the spirit of the strenuous life and the charm of the life in the open enter.

Birds' nests pictures we have got in the past by the dozen, but if you have them of the unusual kind, the sort that you had to clamber up stiff cliffs or uncomputable trees to get, why, those we are glad to see. And sometimes, if there is a story attached to your pictures, we can use that, too.

RULES OF COMPETITION

Photographs mailed on or before midnight on the last day of January will be eligible for the February competition. The rules governing this competition will be the same as those governing the September competition:

First Prize	$25.00
Second Prize	10.00
Third Prize	5.00

(1) Awards will be made by the Art Editor of Recreation.

(2) All photographs submitted will become the property of Recreation, but no photograph will be reproduced, other than the prize winners, without a payment of One Dollar for its use.

(3) The following questions should be answered in submitting the prints:

Subject (give full description)?

Owner (if the prints represent houses, grounds, animals or other objects of ownership)

Location (near what city or town; geographical name if a river or lake)?

Date of exposure?

How many views taken of general subject; is this the best?

Published or promise of publication elsewhere; if so, what publication?

(4) Any subject representing outdoor life or sport may be depicted. Birds and animals, fishing and hunting are particularly desired.

(5) Packages containing photographs should be marked "Competition," and postage must be fully prepaid.

HOW TO MAKE LANTERN SLIDES

The advice in photographic journals about this time is not to put the camera away for the winter, but to take advantage of the bright, brisk days when snow lies deep on the ground and garner in many a picturesque scene which, hung on your walls, will serve to cool you during the hot days of next summer. That is all very well. Good advice, too, but I know of something better to occupy your time with during the winter, and that is lantern-slide work. Remember the illustrated lectures you have been to, and the pleasure which the big pictures on the screen gave you. Your own negatives, however insignificant, will give you even more delight when viewed in the same way, and many a poor, unconsidered negative, which looks altogether too small and mean to give a good print will give a splendid picture when enlarged, and possibly colored. A projecting lantern for home use can be gotten from $10 up, and such a lantern will serve, too, for small audiences. The making of the slide itself presents no difficulties, but only a little practice. Of course, the perfect slide is beyond us at first, but even your first efforts will repay you on the screen.

Here is the way to do it. Get a box of the best lantern slide plate on the market, 3¼x4 inches in size. They are all best, according to the makers, and I don't care to particularize here as to brand. Almost any brand that is good will do to start with. Some plates will only give black tones, others will yield a variety of tones. Perhaps you had better get two dozen plates, one to give black tones, and the other warm tones. Slides can either be made by contact or by reduction. The beginner should try the contact method first, and so learn to develop and fix up his slides. Advice is sometimes given to use at first one make of plate, one developer, one source of light, one distance from the light, one negative and one whole dozen of plates on that one negative; the results carefully examined will teach the beginner more than a dozen articles. The effect of increasing exposures, and longer or shorter periods of development will be clearly shown, and if you do not trust your own judgment as to which is the best plate, you can ask a friend who knows more about it. With that as your standard you can go ahead with your other negatives.

In making slides by contact, you proceed just as you would if you were printing velox paper, only you must work in a dark-room in which you can have plenty of red or yellow light. The slide being only 3¼x4 inches, you will, in all probability, only be able to take in part of your negative, but it is seldom that a print from a negative cannot be cut down considerably, and so we pick out the most important bit in the negative and place the slide, film down, on the film side of the negative, in an ordinary printing frame and proceed to make the exposure by gaslight, magnesium ribbon, etc. The exposure will vary, of course, according to the negative and also according to the tone we want to get, warm tones requiring a longer exposure. Of developers there are so many that we will simply say, follow the directions of the plate maker, at first. He knows best what will give good results with his plates. Afterwards, when you know all about it, you can compound your own formula. Work the tray during development and carry development usually further than is desired in the finished plate, as the slide reduces somewhat in the fixing-bath. An acid fixing-bath should be used, and the plate left in it fully five minutes after it is cleared. Wipe off the film carefully with a wad of cotton after thorough washing, and place away to dry, as with a negative. When the slide is dry, it must be bound up with a cover glass and a mask. Masks for lantern-slides can be bought in different shapes or they can be made out of black or some other paper which will keep out the light. The pictures should only occupy a part of the slide, and with the mask you can cut off all that you do not think necessary to the picture. The mask is placed on the film side, and on that is laid the cover glass, a clean piece of glass the size of the slide. The three are bound together at the edges by paper binding strips, in a manner similar to the passe-partout frame. These strips are glued on one side and only need wetting to make them stick. Your spoiled lantern slides—and you will have plenty of them, especially as you grow more particular with your slides—will serve as cover glass when the emulsion has been cleaned off.

The making of a lantern-slide by reduction in the camera is very easy, and the following method, given by an amateur, will prove useful to many who wish to make slides from 4x5, and larger negatives:

> Some people use daylight; I don't. I always use magnesium ribbon, because one can be more sure of the exposure, and also in that one is independent of daylight and can work anywhere and at any time.
>
> To make a lantern slide in the camera frightens a good many people, but it is easy enough. The negative has merely to be supported at the level of the lens and the image focused the right size. I always use a piece of card much larger than the negative, and in this I cut a hole that will just take the negative and fasten it in by two bits of rubber plaster.
>
> I don't want to give anyone a free advertisement, but this rubber plaster I find the most convenient thing in the dark room. I buy it in 10-yard rolls, ½-inch in width, and use it for no end of things besides cut fingers. It will fasten up a plate box, a crack in the dark room lantern glass, fasten negatives in the printing frame, or a color screen inside the camera. When I use part of a cartridge of rollable film, I very frequently cut off the exposed film and then stick the remainder down with the rubber plaster, for it requires no heat, and sticks firmly and well with gentle pressure.
>
> Well, as I said, four little pieces of this plaster fix the negative in the hole in the card; the card is clipped between two piles of plate boxes, and stands upright on the table, the camera is supported on a wooden box so that the lens is opposite the centre of the negative.
>
> There is just one other little dodge I adopt, and that is the hole in the card is always cut just a trifle smaller than the negative so as to cover up the clear rebate. If this is not done, the light creeps round this and gives halation and fog on the slide. Behind the negative, at a distance of four inches, is supported a big sheet of ground glass, and behind this I burn the magnesium ribbon, keeping it constantly on the move so as to ensure equal illumination.
>
> I described last week how to find the distances for reducing or copying, and the two things are synonymous, so that I need not explain again how to do this.
>
> Some people tell you to cover up the space between the negative and the lens, but I don't trouble about this, and never find any trouble from not doing so, doubtless because the card is so large that the lens receives no extraneous light.
>
> On the ground glass of the camera I mark a 3¼-inch square; this is the regulation lantern slide size, and when focusing I temporarily fix a mask to the glass and see that all the picture that I want falls within it, and centrally.
>
> It is impossible to say exactly what length of magnesium ribbon should be used, because it differs with each negative and the make of the lantern plate, but the beginner should start with six inches and then develop the plate, and he can tell from the time the image takes to appear whether the slide is under or over exposed. At least, I know that if the image is not well up in thirty seconds, I must look out for under exposure, and I generally cure this by making another one at once.

MAKING AN ALBUM

It matters little how skilful the amateur may become in making good negatives and getting out good prints, final success or failure will depend in large measure on how tastefully they are mounted and arranged. People still exist who have not yet found out it is a crime to mount a dozen small square prints in three rows of four each, passe-partout them and hang them where their suffering friends are obliged to look at them. Later I may have something to say on this subject of card-mounting and framing, but at present will speak only of albums suitable for storing prints from pocket cameras, and fancy affairs for holding gifts.

While original and beautiful albums can be made by almost anyone at slight expense for materials, there is no denying they do call for the expenditure of considerable time and patience; so if you haven't the one and are not willing to give of the other, you had best buy a kodak book "ready made" and chuck your prints into it in apple-pie order, like a collection of postage stamps. While some are both handsome and durable, there is a machine-made uniformity about them that destroys all possibility of individual expression, and this very thing is the chief charm of all amateur work. Your most cherished correspondent may be a wretched penman, but who would exchange the familiar and characteristic pothooks for the most beautifully typewritten affair?

As the cover and its lettering is likely to prove the hardest part of the work, we will take that up first and get it off our minds. If you haven't the skill with pen or brush or needle to do the design in a satisfactory manner, some of your friends will be willing and able to help you out. There are so many ways of doing it and so many materials to do it on that I can mention but a few of them. Fancy papers, in their endless tints and textures, are cheapest, easiest to manage, and least serviceable. For lettering these any colored ink, India ink, and the gold and silver, inks, are suitable. After the fancy papers come birch-bark, silk, burlap, wood and leather in many weights and styles. This gives a range that will surely cover all requirements. Silk and burlap lend themselves especially to embroidery effects, some silks take the gold and silver inks well; leather takes all inks, but is, like wood, perhaps most effective when the design is done by the pyrographic process. Still, a cover of rich crimson leather with bold lettering in India ink is "stunning," and one of my handsomest albums is covered with dark green bookbinder's leather with the design in gold ink.

For a booklet of unmounted prints on double-weight velox there is nothing better than limp leather, but for more ambitious work I prefer it tightly stretched and glued over heavy book boards, which makes a cover that will stand any amount of hard usage.

If you have the courage to try something still more novel and difficult, select a leather that you can match in transparent celluloid (ruby red, for instance), and after mounting one of your handsomest prints on the cover cement the celluloid over it with gelatine. It is not an easy thing to accomplish, but the result, if well done, is worth an effort. Knowing that there are so many sorts of covers to choose from, let us get at the "true inwardness" of our proposed album.

One of my simplest booklets, and one of the daintiest, is made from unmounted prints on double-weight velox with a cover of Whatman's roughest drawing or water-color paper, lettered in India ink and tied together with a coarsely twisted white silk cord. For 3¼ x 4¼ inch negatives I prefer velox not smaller than 4½ x 7 inches, printed under black paper masks having opening of several shapes and sizes. Also, if one can afford to use velox of a little larger size, thus allowing very broad white margins, it pays to have the masks so arranged that the pictures can be printed on different parts of the page; it adds much to the effect. Then, too, if you will take the needed pains in printing, beautiful effects can be had by putting two views on one page, as two tall, narrow panels or two low horizon views.

Allowance for binding should be made at the left margin, and to fasten the prints into the cover I punch three holes at this edge through which the cord is passed, leaving it somewhat slack in tying, to allow the leaves of the book to turn with freedom. Nothing but a steel punch will make the holes neatly and as they are not costly it is best to invest in one at the start.

It will be necessary to trim all the prints slightly in order to get a straight, sharp edge, but the covers look much better when given the "deckle edge." At the very edge of the sight draw a fine black line on your velox prints; it does wonders in making the picture stand out, especially if the negative is a bit flat or under-printed. The deckle edge can be closely imitated after a few trials by tearing the paper upward from under a rough-edged ruler firmly held to a hard surface.

If the cost must be kept down, almost equally good effects result from mounting ordinary prints on sheets of thin cardboard and binding them in the same way. The prints should have a narrow white margin, and the cardboard comes in a variety of tints and textures. This will be quite a saving over the cost of the double-weight velox in large sizes, and this sort of an album is so easily made you can afford to use them freely for holiday gifts. Few things will be more gratefully received than one of these little booklets filled with ten or a dozen pictures of familiar scenes and friendly faces, and the recipient will not feel overburdened with obligations, as in the case of an expensive gift.

The quaintest of all my albums was made entirely from blue-print paper, and is an "illustrated edition" of the old song, "I Wandered by the Brookside." It was made in much the same manner as described for prints on double-weight velox, with even broader margins, and a line from the poem written below each picture in blue ink. The cover is of Whatman's water-color paper sensitized and printed to a rich tone of blue under a tracing of the cover design on thin paper. This brings the lettering out in pure white, but by giving the entire sheet a short exposure after the tracing is removed any combination of light and dark blues can be had. Tie in the leaves with blue and white cord twisted together.

Blue prints can be toned to so many shades that almost any color scheme can be worked out on these lines, but I prefer the rich, natural blue tones to any of the freaky changes.

The albums I have made for real use and hard service were constructed in quite a different manner from the pretty but perishable ones I have been describing, and, while the expense for materials is no greater, they require considerable more time, patience and skill.

The one that seems most popular is made from a long strip of heavy drawing paper folded back and forth upon itself, with the covers in separate halves and attached to the ends of the strip. This book opens on both front and back and will hold a surprising quantity of prints. The drawing paper can be had in many tints and in several weights and surfaces; select one having both sides nearly alike and heavy enough to avoid buckling when the prints are pasted in. Heavy-weight ingrain wall-paper answers well and comes in some beautiful soft colors, but it does not take the ink so well in lettering. By all means give the rough or deckle edge to these papers when getting the strip of proper width. Unless there are several prints grouped on a page, I draw a fairly heavy black line about one-fourth inch from the edge of the prints, sometimes entirely surrounding it and perhaps crossing at the corners, again a bare suggestion at one or two corners only. This serves to frame the print and adds greatly to the general effect. With India ink I print in some title that will make the picture as suggestive as possible of all the fun that may have happened on the occasion when it was taken.

One collection of choice Green Mountain scenery was mounted on paper of a warm buff tint, the border lines in deep green, and the covers made from dark green bookbinder's leather lettered in gold ink.

The one I like best of all, and which certainly seemed to give the most pleasure, might not be considered an artistic creation, for it is only a collection of about seventy of the places and faces familiar to the boyhood of a young friend of mine. All are there, from the deserted and decaying house where he was born, to a portrait which includes his dog and gun, and taken on the very last day he spent among these never-to-be-forgotten scenes. Pictures of the "swimmin' hole," the old sawmill, the October cornfield with long ranks of "stooks" and dotted with pumpkins, not all unlovely pictures by any means, even to a stranger's eye. Perhaps only we whose boyhood vanished before the days of kodaks can tell just how much such a chapter out of one's early years will be valued later on in life.

E. R. Plaisted.

LOADING PLATEHOLDERS

Editor Recreation:

Permit me to venture a few words on a photographic subject discussed in the October issue: "Loading plates in darkness." This is often very necessary, as stated, and the method of loading plateholders is safe if followed with the utmost care. While it is true that plate-makers pack plates face to face, it does not follow that the operator always uses plates in pairs; in fact, the opposite seems true—they are used singly and if a man uses three or four kinds of plates extra fast for portrait and quick work, Iso or Ortho for color work and slow for general work, he would need a book to keep tab on whether the next plate was face-up or back-up. Most everybody tries to keep loaded full up in case of emergency or short notice, so one could not very well keep loading in pairs.

My way of loading is to lightly touch or feel one corner of the plate. Holding the plate by the edges in the left hand, I touch the corner with the thumb on one side and the forefinger on the other, and in case of doubt move both slightly and lightly. Besides a difference in temperature, the glass side being colder, there is a great difference in adhesion—the glass side seems to stick, while the emulsion has a velvety feel so much different that one or two trials will convince you of the value of this way. Of course, the hands should not be sweaty or wet while loading. There is but little danger of injuring the film by this method, as dozens of plates in my possession testify, and my hands are those of a machinist accustomed to handling castings and forgings.

Let me mention the developer also: For instantaneous and snapshot work I have used the following formula with the best of success. It is strong in the sodas, so no more should be used; for extremely under-exposed plates fresh developer with two or three more grains of reducer, especially metol, will bring up everything possible; but no developer will bring out of the plate that which was never put on it. That is the limitation of matter. The formula follows:

Water	8 oz.
Hydroquinone	15 gr.
Metol	11 gr.
Sodium sulphite (Des.)	80 gr.
Sodium carbonate (Des.)	80 gr.

One drop of 10 per cent. bromide of potassium to each ounce of developer for clear work. Mix in order named, and be sure that hydroquinone is dissolved before adding metol or sulphite. Use warm water if necessary to obtain that end. This is a fast developer, and though I use Cramer plates almost exclusively, I have tried it on Seed's, Hammer's and Eastman's with success.

A chrome-alum hardening bath used in proper conjunction with this developer will give you negatives profuse in detail and extremely sharp in definition, this latter being the property of chrome alum—forcing the hypo to dissolve the unaffected bromide of silver to the veriest edge of the reduced bromide.

Wm. H. Brooks,
New Kensington, Pa.

SOME FRIENDLY WORDS

Editor RECREATION:

Each month as RECREATION comes to my desk I lay it aside to enjoy it with my pipe and a leisure hour. And may as well confess at the start that I have a weakness for considering each number better than the preceding. Perhaps the relief of a quiet hour and Dame Nicotine contribute somewhat to my receptive state, but really, it's a good "mag." Perhaps the publishers know it, too; at least I hope so.

To-day (Sunday) I have been reading and smoking, and living over with the writers of RECREATION some of the incidents that I can picture and understand so well, for I am an ardent admirer of Nature and all her charms. Every year I go into the "big woods" of Maine for a two weeks' outing, and as soon as one is ended I begin to look ahead to the next. My son (now a 17-year-old high-school youth) goes with me. Went the first time two years ago. We shall start again the 28th of this month. Are counting the days now. We take rifles, cameras, shotguns. We go for a good time and have it, anyway. The privilege of rambling in the woods amply pays for the expense of the trip. The saving of doctor's fees balances the account once more. Our pictures are worth the price; our game is clear gain after realizing 300 per cent. on the investment. We have some good trophies, and our neighbors and friends yearly get a taste of venison. I don't know why I am writing to you unless it is because I got full and had to let out. I have read RECREATION for October from cover to cover. I like your platform and gladly sign the pledge. "Them's my sentiments." Go on with the good work. I like your stories. I don't like game hog stories. I don't like slaughter stories. I like consistent statements of experiences near to nature's heart. Stories that one may believe and enter into the experience himself with enjoyment. "My Friend the Toad," and Harry Dillon Jones's "Pennsylvania Beaver" lay way over the most thrilling story of "letting 'em down." I like a little game—one deer a year satisfies my big game cravings—but I am passionately fond of the life and lessons of the great silent, yet talkative, forest and its population.

I have read your invitation to "Write for Us," in "Around Our Camp Fire," and it has set me to wondering if I have had any experiences, with photographic backing, that would be the "right kind of goods for sale."

Perhaps I may attempt it later. I may get some pictures this year that would interest you and your readers.

In the meantime accept my appreciation of RECREATION and my congratulations, then excuse me while I "smoke up."

G. R. Chadbourne, Auburn, Maine.

BUT THERE IS LITTLE NIGHT

Editor RECREATION:

I was much interested in a discussion in a recent number of RECREATION about the drumming of ruffed grouse during the night. My experience in this country is that the grouse do most of their drumming during the night and early morning, especially during the months of May and June. I have heard them every hour of the night, not one, but several. Also the blue grouse does most of his hooting in the night during the months of April and May. While one will hear an occasional ruffed and blue grouse during the day, there will heard a great many more after nightfall.

J. Frank Callbreath,
Telegraph Creek, B. C.

THE HABITS OF GEESE

Editor RECREATION:

Can you tell me through the columns of RECREATION where geese going south make their final stop; also where they start. Tell me also, if you can, how fast they fly.

C. M. Donelson, Swartz Creek, Mich.

The Eastern wild goose does not, as a rule, go farther than the Gulf Coast of the United States in winter. The Hutchins' goose, found in the west, goes down to the high table lands of Mexico.

Each goose starts from where it nested, and they nest from the State of Maine to Labrador and perhaps further north. The pace at which they fly is disputed, but we think that they rarely, if ever, exceed sixty miles an hour, unless they are going with a strong gale behind them.—EDITOR.

THE GAME LAWS

THE GAME LAWS

In 1905 legislative sessions were held in 41 states and territories, and in all but two of these changes were made in the game laws. Including the local laws of New York and North Carolina, the statutes affecting game numbered about 180, exclusive of appropriation bills.

Seven states—Arizona, Idaho, Indiana, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas and Utah—adopted entire new game laws, and California, Michigan, Missouri and South Carolina passed laws giving complete protection to non-game birds. Important progress in protecting game birds was made in a number of states, among which should be mentioned Montana, Utah and Wisconsin, which cut off spring shooting of waterfowl, and California, Colorado, Indiana, Pennsylvania and Utah, which gave protection to shore birds. More attention than usual was paid to licenses, and a strong tendency was noticeable toward local legislation, which, in North Carolina, was carried to the extreme of enacting special laws for a number of different townships.

Among the novel features of the legislation of the year may be mentioned the adoption by Montana of a uniform season for all game, thus greatly simplifying the law; the principle adopted by Oregon and Vermont of fixing certain seasons by days of the week instead of the month; the practical prohibition by Minnesota of placing game in cold storage; the establishment by Wyoming of a large state game preserve immediately south of the Yellowstone Park; the adoption by Wyoming of a $1 permit for photographing big game in winter, and the requirement of Wisconsin that each special deputy warden shall carry an identification card bearing his photograph, his signature, the seal of the department and a miniature reproduction of his commission.

A few important changes were made in the laws regulating the export of game. Missouri and British Columbia extended their non-export laws to cover all protected game. Maine, which formerly prohibited export of wood ducks, black ducks, teal and gray ducks, changed its laws so as to include practically all ducks. Utah added shore birds to its prohibited list; New Hampshire, birds, and Arizona, ducks. On the other hand, Wyoming modified its prohibition of the export of any big game except under a hunting license, so as to permit the shipment of one head, one hide, one scalp, and one pair of tusks of big game except moose, by any person under certain restrictions. Michigan authorized the export of one deer under the non-resident license, and ducks by non-residents under the special license mentioned above. Missouri, in its new general law, provided for the export of a limited amount of game by non-resident licensees, and Washington extended this privilege to all non-resident licensees instead of restricting it to those from Oregon; South Dakota reduced the export limit on deer from two to one; New Hampshire cut off all export of deer, and Manitoba made it necessary for a non-resident to secure an export permit from the minister of agriculture and immigration.

A gentleman in Hanover, Virginia, who announces himself as an independent candidate for the Legislature, seeks to win votes by advocating a repeal of the game laws. He would wipe out all the statutes on that subject and substitute a law giving to every man the right to kill or capture game on his own land at any time. There is not much probability that this candidate will be elected, or if elected that he will make converts enough in the Legislature to enact his proposed law. The land owner is not the only man interested in this matter. The wild animals and birds on his farm do not belong to him. True, he has the right to forbid hunters and others from trespassing on his land, but he has no natural right to destroy game at all seasons, and the law should not give him that right. If such a policy should be adopted it might before long result in the extermination of game in that commonwealth.

Game birds are already scarce, and if they be not protected in the breeding season they will become still scarcer, if they do not entirely disappear. It may be assumed that this gentleman would withdraw protection from all birds and leave them at the mercy of every man or boy with a shotgun. The result would certainly be a slaughter of the innocents. The destruction of the song-birds and the insectivorous birds would only be a question of time. Then, when too late, the farmers would find that they were the sufferers by the extermination of their most efficient allies in the war against destructive insects. Farmers, sportsmen and all lovers of birds should oppose the programme of this Hanover independent.

Game Warden Carter, of Lincoln, Neb., says that the demand for game licenses this year is much in excess of what it has been in the past, and the total will probably be 6,000, as compared with 4,000 last year. This is regarded as an indication that the people of the state are determined to obey the game law. To begin with the department sent out as many as last year, about 4,000, and since that time has had so many applications that the available surplus of 1,000 was speedily exhausted.

Wolf hunting is a profitable business in Minnesota. Since the passage of the first wolf bounty laws in 1866 wolf hunters have received from the state treasury the amazing sum of $773,672.22; while from county governments they have received an additional $51,269.37.

In other words, $428,941.59 has been paid out for the purpose of wiping out the timber and prairie wolves which made life a burden for the early settlers, and which still ravage stock farms in the northern part of the state. Even more than this has been paid out, as many counties have a separate bounty, of which the state makes no record. The state has been paying wolf bounties for over forty years, and although Minnesota is now a well settled state, it is evident that wolf bounties will be paid for many more years to come. There are now in the hands of the state auditor for payment of bounty claims amounting to over $15,000, and some of the northern counties will receive over $1,000 each in county payments this year.

The State Game Department of Nebraska reports that the increase in the number of hunting licenses issued keeps up with the increase of wild fowl in Nebraska. Six thousand licenses have already been issued, while the total number issued last year was 4,000. Chief Game Warden Carter declares that ducks, geese, prairie chickens and quail are more plentiful than ever before. The Shickley lakes in Fillmore county, usually very shallow, are now so full of water that boats must be used in hunting. They are filled with mallards, canvasbacks and red heads. Near Hyannis grouse and prairie chickens are especially plentiful.

Every person in Wisconsin should become a game warden and make it his duty to arrest, or complain on, any one found hunting deer before the season opens. The people themselves are to blame for the "sooners," as a few complaints by farmers and others, followed by arrests and fines, would make these "sooners" pretty careful how they shot game out of season.

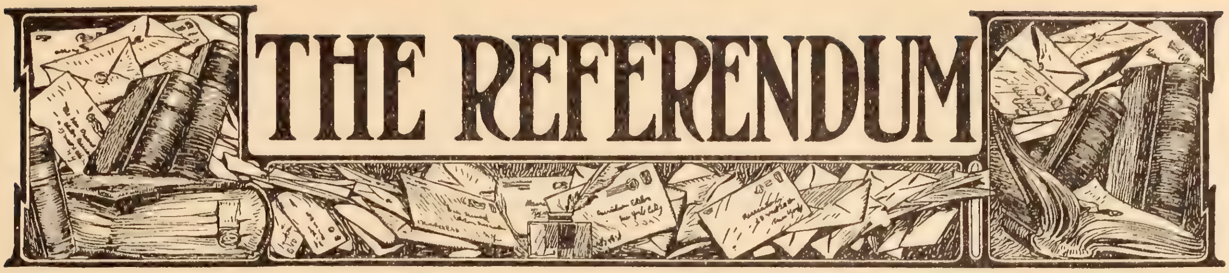
Bobwhite, or the common quail of the East, eats tons of weed seed annually and should be protected by every farmer as his greatest boon, is the verdict of the Department of Agriculture. This authority has taken great pains to study the quail from every point of view, and the results of the investigation will soon be available in a bulletin. The department has even taken the trouble to compute the possible amount that may be disposed of in Virginia and North Carolina, where there are believed to be four bobwhites or "partridges," as they are known in the South, to every square mile, making 354,820 in each of the two states. According to the figures the quail of the two states each year dispose of 1,341 tons of noxious seeds.

Gaitanos Veuchio, an Italian, living in Philadelphia, visited the outskirts of Camden recently to shoot robins and had such excellent luck that he is languishing in the county prison in default of paying fines amounting to $120. Unless the money is paid he will remain behind the bars for many days. When he was discovered by Game Wardens Gutheridge and Wilbur, he became angered and drew his gun and threatened to shoot the state officers. The revolvers of the wardens scared the Italian, and when he was searched six robins were found in his game bag.

The State Fish and Game Warden of Kansas has sent County Clerk Niehaus 100 more hunters' licenses. The county clerk still has a few of the original 20,000 left and is anxious to see who will get the one numbered 20,000.

A committee to organize a society to protect fish and to secure good roads in Lake county, Illinois, was appointed at a meeting held in Fox Lake recently by residents of the county. Attorney A. K. Stearns was named as chairman of the committee, which is to draw up a constitution.

The Texas game laws on seasons are in part as follows: Turkey—Unlawful to kill between Feb. 1 and Nov. 1. Doves—Unlawful to kill between Feb. 1 and Sept. 1. Quail or partridge—Unlawful to kill between Feb. 1 and Nov. 1. Prairie chicken or pinnated grouse—Unlawful to kill between Feb. 1 and Sept. 1.



THE REFERENDUM

THE STRENUOUS LIFE OF A TURTLE

Editor Recreation:

Not green, not even a real turtle, only a little land tortoise about the size of the crown of your hat, but what tenacity to life.

I have so often heard stories of this kind, but, like fish stories, laughed at them, even when good. But facts tell and facts were forced on me when a live tortoise was brought in by Mr. W. W. Washington, from the Howard Gould Estate, at Sands Point, Long Island, with instructions to mount it walking (as lifelike as possible). Now, I had heard, as I said before, many stories of how hard it was to kill a turtle, or rather how long it took to extinguish the vital spark, but, like fish stories, I discounted them largely. However, I will now make apologies to all my friends on the subject (with witnesses to corroborate).

On Thursday, October 12, at 10 a. m., I received a tortoise, to mount. The custom is to chloroform such specimens, but curiosity and the desire to prove what I considered incredulous, I cut its throat, and took close record of the time it took to really exterminate life from the reptile. Note the following:

October 12, tortoise in strong, healthy form; 10 a. m., throat cut well back, spinal column and all muscles severed; at 6 o'clock p. m., the mouth was going through the motions of breathing (in distress). All blood had apparently left the body, but rather in sympathy I refrained from cutting it open and hung it up, head down, till 8 a. m. of the 13th inst., at which time the nervous or muscular life appeared to be not in the least diminished. I then placed the tortoise in a pail of water, with sufficient weight on top to keep it under, in hopes of drowning out whatever vitality remained; at 10 a. m., just 24 hours after we had cut its throat I took it from the water and found that the nervous or muscular life was as strenuous as ever.

Believing that there was no real feeling of pain, I opened one side of the under shell (which was of hinge-like form) and carefully and completely removed the vitals (the lungs, liver and heart), which was then apparently working in normal condition.

This statement, no doubt, seems as incredulous to the reader as it did to the writer, but is a fact. These vitals were laid carefully on the table. The heart continued to beat, or pulsate, raising almost clear off the table. I then cut the liver and lungs away, leaving only the heart, the larger arteries, and about an inch of the windpipe. The heart continued to pulsate and raise with a strong, regular movement up from the table. At 10:30 I made an incision, cutting the heart almost in two, and the sections continued to beat or throb with strong muscular action, gradually the action grew weaker, and at 11 a. m., I applied a little fine salt, when the action again started, strong, but quick, and finally at 11.40 ceased.

Returning to the body, which was to be mounted as lifelike as possible, I found the muscular life was there in all its strength, and it was with difficulty that I forced the limbs out from the shell sufficiently far to skin them, so strong was the muscular life still remaining, even lacking all vital power and vital circulation.

I would not dare relate the above had I not several witnesses. I myself was so surprised, in fact had such an uncanny feeling come over me, that after mounting the tortoise I wired him strongly to prevent his escaping, thereby losing the profits of my labor.

Wm. W. Hart.

IS THE WARDEN ASLEEP?

Editor Recreation:

I wish to call your attention to the total disregard of the game laws at Rye Lake, Westchester County, about three miles north of White Plains. Myself and friends have occasion to visit this country nearly every Sunday, and it is a shameful fact the number of men and boys to be seen gunning there. No bird or beast, however small, is safe when they discover it. The law plainly says that no gunning is allowed on any of the New York City water reservations, and the shooting I complain of is on the lake or within the 250-foot strip belonging to the city—and on Sunday.

A short time ago there was a family of beautiful white herons that located along the shore, but one by one they were destroyed. Also there is to be seen nearly any Sunday fishermen using from 50 to 100 floats scattered over the lake with hook and bait attached to each line, against which there is a penalty.

If there is a game or fish warden near

there he is not doing his duty. I am sure any Sunday there would be a rich harvest for a fearless game warden at this season, especially at Little Rye Lake.

I was requested by several of my friends (all readers of RECREATION) to call your attention to this outrage so near New York City. Trusting this will receive your earliest attention, very truly yours,

Joseph Mitchell.

A PLEA FOR THE SKYLARK

Editor RECREATION:

The European skylark (*Alauda arvensis*), one of the finest songsters in the whole world, was brought to the vicinity of New York City over fifty (50) years ago; so little notice has been taken of him that we do not know to-day how far north, south and west he has penetrated.

Of the millions in this country, both natives and foreigners who have heard his song in the Old World, there must be a few hundreds like myself who would be glad to help spread his song all over North America. Bird importers in New York City will sell the birds by the hundred at $1.50 per pair, male and female, delivered in New York. I would like to be one of one hundred men to contribute $1.50 apiece for one hundred pairs of skylarks, the money to be placed in the keeping of the Editor of RECREATION, and the birds to be liberated in the fall of 1906 at some point in the Gulf States.

The skylark is migratory all over Northern Europe.

I am satisfied that if a number were liberated during autumn in the South they would soon spread all over the continent. In 1888, seventeen years ago, a number were set free at Portland, Oregon; they have spread over California Oregon and Washington. It is fifty years since I have heard the lark and I never expect to listen to him again, but I would like to give his song to future generations.

Edward K. Carr, Kerrville, Texas.

BACK FROM THE STIKINE

Editor RECREATION:

I'm back again to where people sit in chairs and live in cages.

We had a splendid trip and I brought back a lot of photographs, drawings and good health.

I wish you could have been with me. The Stikine river, I am sorry to say, is becoming very popular. This year there were fifteen or more sportsmen hunting there, and all of them were more or less successful. This, of course, is a great strain on any country, and although the Stikine is a big country, a few years like this one will be hard on the animals.

I am speaking about large heads only, as the game is abundant and can look out for itself for years to come, but the big heads will be difficult to secure, as in lower British Columbia, where sheep are still numerous, but large heads very rare.

I was successful in securing some photographs of wild sheep and one of them, a picture of a Stonei ewe, with a grand glacier for a background, is most interesting. Many fine caribou heads were brought out, and in the rugged interior country they are still plentiful. All in all, it was a successful summer. We had more comforts than I have ever had before in camp, namely, a cook—but luxury doesn't agree with me and after this I am going to cook my own grub and do my own camp work. We took horses for the first time (with packs) into the country west of the Theslay and Tsi Tsehlah mountain. This work I love, and "packing" certainly is interesting work.

Belmore Brown,
Tacoma, Wash.

A RECIPE FOR ARSENICAL SOAP

Editor RECREATION:

RECREATION is one of my favorite papers. It is always on my table. I am seeking a little information. Can you tell me what preparation is used on the skins of birds and smaller animals to preserve them when mounted? I do a little of this kind of work, but am only an amateur at the business. My specimens have not been very good at keeping. Will you kindly send me a receipt for the composition used? Any expense I will be pleased to pay. Hoping that RECREATION will always be as good in the future as in the past, I remain.

C. W. Bedford, M. D.,
New York.

Take one pound of arsenic, one pound of ordinary yellow soap and shave the latter into thin slices, which will dissolve in warm water to a thick paste, add four ounces of camphor, and mix all these together. You will find this a very useful arsenical soap.—EDITOR.

A REVERIE

BY MARGUERITE JANVRIN.

Our thoughts of summer do you say
Are buried with the ocean spray;
Beneath a sheet of morning dew,
Or lost in mists of rainbow hue,
Lie deep within the brier-rose,
Dreaming where the starlight glows
Perhaps 'neath autumn leaves they lie
While breezes croon a lullabye.
'Till springtime breathes a silent prayer
They sleep, then waken blooming fair.

MY FIRST MOOSE HUNT

BY CHARLIE GRAHAM

When the holiday list was passed around our office two years ago, and we were asked to fill in the time we would like best for our vacation, it did not take me very long to decide on the last two weeks in September, for it was on the 15th of that month that the season for shooting moose opened in Nova Scotia.

For two years previous to this I had planned on a moose-hunt, but both times just at the last minute something had upset my plans and I was determined that this time I would carry out my intentions. The evening of the 15th saw me on board of a train homebound, and on arriving there on the following evening found every one well and apparently glad to see the prodigal who had been away for over a year.

In the course of the evening I asked my brothers if they had heard how the moose were that year, and they told me there seemed to be quite a few of them around, although it was very difficult to get near them. They had just got back from a week in the woods, but although they had been very close to them several times, had never been able to get a shot, as the moose always heard them before they got a chance to shoot. Hearing this, I decided to waste no time, but to start right away and try my luck at them, so next morning I saddled the horse and rode down to see Phillips, an old hunter who always accompanied the boys on their expeditions, and after a while he consented to act as my guide.

We talked over the best route to take and provisions required and chances of success, etc., and after mapping out a kind of course I left him promising to be down to his place by daylight the following morning ready to start.

I was kept busy all day getting everything together, for it is surprising what a lot of grub you will go through in a week spent in the woods. We packed all our stuff on the wagon that night so as to leave as little as possible to do in the morning, then completed my preparations by going to bed early and getting a good night's sleep. Half-past four the next morning found my brother Harry and myself on the road to Phillip's, and when we drove up in the yard found him at the door with his budget beside him all ready, as he had seen us coming. He seemed to be in very good spirits and declared we were going to get a moose this trip, sure. "Well, Phillips," I said, "jump in then and let's get him quick, for that's what I want."

Soon we reached the woods, and after a little the partridges commenced to come out to the side of the road to sun themselves and to eat the grass growing alongside, and Harry shot eight of them before we reached the junction where he was going to leave us.

By and by we came to the wood road leading into Loon Lake, and here we tied the horse, and after arranging things into packs convenient to carry, started off on our two-mile walk to the lake. I wasn't at all sorry when it came in sight, for my pack seemed to weigh about a ton. When we came out on the shore we unloaded and sat down by the boat to have a rest and well-earned smoke.

I can't imagine anything more beautiful than that lake was that day. Just as smooth as glass, and the trees growing thickly along the margin, casting their reflection far out in the clear water. Not a sound to be heard except now and again a loon would call to its mate and be answered from one of the numerous coves running far in the woods. Phillips broke short my gazing around by jumping up and saying: "Well, Charlie, we won't do much shootin' if we sit here all day, and more than that, there's a lot of work to do between now and night. Our tent to get up and a week's wood to cut, for, mind you," he said, "you won't feel much like cuttin' wood when you get back to the camp at night, after tramping around all day."

After saying good-bye to Harry and telling him to be careful not to get lost getting back to the road, we loaded up the boat and rowed up along the shore of the lake. We rowed for perhaps half a mile and were just rounding a point jutting out in the lake, when Phillips asked me to row ashore for a minute till he had a look around for otter sign. "I had a trap set here last fall," he said, "and caught two fine otters, and I want to see if they have a run here this year." We landed and while he was looking around, I took a stroll through the woods. I had hardly gone a gunshot when I came to a place where some large animal had been lying down, and after glancing at the track I saw at once that it had been a moose. So I went quietly back and spoke to Phillips. He came back with me, and when he saw it he caught me by the arm and whispered: "For heaven's sake be careful, for he's a roncher and has only left here a few minutes."

"Well," I said, "let's get after him." And he said, "Yes, we will."

We went back to the boat, and while he was loading up both barrels of his muzzle loader I slipped five cartridges in my Winchester and left the rest of the box in the boat. He put two extra bullets in his pocket and left the rest as well.

Then we went back and hit the trail and followed it just as quietly as moccasined feet would permit, looking carefully around us all the time and pausing at the slightest sound. We followed this way for about a quarter of a mile, and here the trail came to a brook, which Phillips said connected Loon and Hardwood Lakes. Here we stopped and Phillips whispered to me: "Charlie, keep your ears peeled, for we're after a great big bull and we're right alongside of him."

By this time I was getting pretty well worked up and was praying that something would turn up to relieve the tension on my nerves, for even to my inexperienced eyes it was very apparent that we were getting very close up to our game.

After looking all around us and straining our eyes into the thicket we followed the tracks again, just creeping along, and our rifles ready for instant use.

In about another hundred yards we could see the glint of the water between the trees and just then we heard a kind of a grunt, and Phillips grabbed me by the arm and said very excitedly: "Lord, Charlie, he's in the lake, and we've got him sure!"

We stole noiselessly down to the edge, and when I parted the screen of boughs to look out my heart seemed to jump in my mouth, for there, sure enough, was the moose wading slowly along the shore, but a long distance from us.

I pointed him out to Phillips and asked, "What in the deuce will we do now?" For I thought we could never hit him at that range. He said: "I guess we'll have to try him."

"Well," I said, "you had better fire first, for you're a better shot than I am." Then we both took careful aim and I waited for him. In a second he fired and I saw the ball hit the water fully fifty yards this side of the moose, but directly in range. Then I fired, and where I struck we could not tell, then Phillips fired again and I twice more just as quickly as I could work the lever. By this time the moose was just sticking his head in the woods, and Phillips was loading his gun like mad and saying to me: "Give it to him; give it to him; he'll get away from us!" And just as his head was out of sight behind the trees I fired again, but as soon as I did so I said to Phillips: "That shot was wasted, for I know I fired a mile high." Then the moose disappeared in the woods and I never expected to see him again. However, as soon as Phillips had loaded up we started around the lake, and after awhile found the track. We followed it for a short distance, then separated, one of us going on either side of it, thinking that by so doing we might head off the moose as he turned for either up or down the lake, as we thought he would do next.

We had scarcely lost sight of each other when I heard Phillips fire, and he called to me and said: "I got him, Charlie." I started in his direction as fast as I could go, when again I heard Phillips yell: "Look out, Charlie; he's up and making for the lake; head him off quick!"

With this I scrambled through the thickets and ran toward the lake. Once I caught a glimpse of the top of a horn between the trees, but could not find an opening through which to shoot. When I parted the bushes at the edge of the lake and looked out the moose was down flat in the water, but when he saw me he made a great effort and got on his feet again. I fired without taking time to put the rifle to my shoulder, and down he went again.

Phillips now came running up, and when he saw the moose plunging around, raised his gun, but instead of hearing a loud report, we only heard a slight one. His gun had missed fire. I put up my rifle, too, and snapped. My rifle was empty.

Here certainly was a nice state of affairs. A wounded moose not more than twenty feet from us and both of our guns out of business and our ammunition in a boat about a mile away from us.

I looked at Phillips and he looked at me. I said to him: "Well, by Jove, we're in a nice fix now. What are we going to do?"

In a minute he had thought of a scheme and told me I would have to stay there and watch the moose while he went back to the boat and got some cartridges and an axe, in case we had to build a raft to tow the carcass ashore.

As I couldn't see anything else to do I agreed to stand watch over the moose, and he started off for the boat.

I think the next hour was the longest one I have ever put in, for every time I would stir that moose would toss his head around and roll those blood-shot eyes at me and try his hardest to get at me.

After what seemed to be an age I heard Phillips coming through the woods, and the moose heard him, too, and making a supreme effort he turned and plunged out in the lake, perhaps twenty yards.

By this time Phillips was standing by me, and with him he brought some rifle cartridges, rope, an axe and my little .22 rifle as well. I asked him what he brought that for, and he said he wanted me to try a shot at the moose's horns with it to see if that wouldn't make him get off in deep water and force him to swim across the lake, which would save us carrying the meat all the way around.

I tried this and it worked to perfection, and although he found bottom twice before he got across, a well directed shot would make him start off again. When he seemed to be pretty close to the other shore we went around after him and came out on a long point at one side of where we thought he would be. He was standing in the water up to his back and as soon as he saw us he made for the opposite shore again.

I was tired of this kind of sport by now, so I took the Winchester and fired and the moose rolled over in the water dead beyond a doubt. Then we cut two long slim poles, lashed them together and tied the remainder of the rope in the form of a running noose, and I swam out and fastened it to one of the horns and we towed the carcass ashore.

We couldn't begin to get it out of the water, and as it was now getting late in the afternoon we decided we would have to go back to town to get help. So we went back to the boat, ate a very hearty meal and started on our long tramp home.

I was feeling pretty weary when we reached Phillips', for we had to walk the whole twelve miles there. We harnessed his horse and he drove me home.

When they saw me walking into the house of course they thought something dreadful had happened, as I had told them I would not be back for a week. And when they heard I had only shot a moose they felt very much relieved. Then I had to tell them all about it, and every one seemed to think we were very fortunate getting off as well as we did, for a wounded moose is a dangerous thing to be near.

Next morning early we started off again with six or seven of the boys in town to help us, and after a long, hard day all the meat and the head were brought out of the woods and distributed around to our friends, for there hadn't been a moose killed around our section for twenty years, and every one was curious to know what moose meat tasted like. I had the head nicely mounted, and now when I go home and see it hanging in the hall it takes me back to that hunt two years ago, but I think it looks much more peaceable hanging there than it did in the lake when I was guarding it, and although I was offered a fancy price for it, I would not think of parting with my first moose head.

THE BLACK, BLACK CROW

Editor Recreation:

In July number of Recreation, I see you regret the destruction of crows by side hunts. As I live in this State I may be able to show how the game and crows get along here. The game here in this State is declared the property of the State, and each hunter is obliged to procure a license to hunt even rabbits. By paying one dollar he can hunt game in season. The prairie chicken and the ruffed grouse are absolutely protected for five years, or until 1907. Nearly 50 per cent. of the quails in the northern part of the State were destroyed by the hard winter of 1904-5. As a result, the State game commissioner posted up notices for the destruction of crows. The prairie chickens were almost exterminated in the northern part of the State when the law protecting them five years was passed. And they have not shown much increase during the three years of protection. It is the belief of many, and is also my belief that crows destroy the eggs and young, not only of these birds, but any other birds whose nest they find. The crows are very numerous here, and seem to be on the increase; as they have no enemies except man, and their nests are built in trees, it is no wonder they increase. There were at least two crow roosts in this township last spring, each roost containing over a hundred birds. I told some of the young men in the neighborhood I would pay a bounty for the crows. The boys thought it would be easy to get ten birds a day. Three of the boys in six months have killed just three crows. I soon found out it took veteran hunters to get them. One roost was practically wiped out by the veterans. We killed about ninety birds. The other roost now has about one hundred and fifty in it. One of my neighbors told me that in 1904 the crows destroyed about one-half of his young chickens. One sportsman in the central part of the State reported that in nine prairie chicken nests he found the eggs were all destroyed by crows. A friend told me he had seen them catch young rabbits. When young rabbits first leave the nest they are very weak and frail; they are about the size of a short-tailed meadow mouse, and would be easier for a crow to catch than a *wise old grasshopper*. I could mention many other instances where I have seen crows destroying eggs or young birds, but this letter is too long now. I have not seen a live prairie chicken in at least five years. When I can write to the Editor of Recreation and say I have not seen a crow in five years, then I will hang up my gun and give the crow a rest. But that time will never come in this State, for the crow is too wary.

Geo. O. Greene.
Princeton, Ill.

OBJECTS TO THE WARDENS

Editor Recreation:

I fully indorse Recreation's platform, but think two more clauses should be inserted; namely, the abolishing of the present system of polluting the rivers with the filth and refuse of the cities, and the employment of honest and honorable men as game wardens. In Ohio we have had about as many rascals employed in enforcing our game laws as we have had good ones. The game laws are all right and should be enforced, but let them be enforced by gentlemen and in a gentlemanly way.

Clarence Vandiveer.

A BUFFALO HUNT

BY MRS. W. V. TOMPKINS.

Down in my Southern home, spring had fully come. The mockingbirds made passionate love to each other, and the magnolias lifted their white cups filled with perfume. From tangled woodland coverts, shadowed and cool with brake and fern, came the faint fragrance of early, coyly blooming violets. The faint silver stars of the dogwood paled in the deeper, darker thickets, and the glow-worms lighted their fluttering, golden lamps. But here in the far Northwest, winter still reigned undisturbed. The wind had more than a suspicion of frost in it still, and the mountains had barely doffed their cloaks of white. The snow still clung to the foothills and the stunted junipers on the lake shore cowered and whimpered peevishly in the twilight, when the sun had gone down and the breeze from the lake strengthened a little.

Our little party was camping on the eastern shore of Flathead lake, and it was almost June. Our campfire glowed brightly in the shelter of the juniper-fringed shore, and I think that we were all just a little tired. No one had much to say. I had ventured to broach more than one subject, but my efforts were not very well received, and even I became a little discouraged and fell silent. The child in my arms slipped sleepily down upon the rug beside me and laid his head upon my knee, while my small daughter, her blue eyes wide, listened, with horror depicted in every feature, to the call of an owl hard by.

Truth to tell, it was past the children's bedtime. I felt this guiltily, but my tent was so far from the circle of light thrown by the blazing logs, and the shadows of the junipers were so forbidding that I feverishly postponed leaving the comfort and warmth for the gloom out there in the darkness. And I knew so well how it would be. Just as soon as the restraint of the women's presence was withdrawn the men would rouse to activity Fresh logs would be thrown upon the blazing campfire and one more pipe would be lighted while they reminded each other reminiscently of that fish that got away or that time back in the East——

Our camp was upon the Indian reservation, and during the day group after group of ill-smelling bucks and unkempt squaws would loiter in the sunshine about the tents and beg for bits of broken food or scraps of tobacco. Not Cooper's Indians. Far from it! I cared not a straw for them while the sun shone; no more than for the coyotes that howled from the foothills just out of sight and drove the dog to the verge of madness. But at night—well, things are different.

"Would you like to go on a buffalo hunt, Mrs. Temple?"

I looked up quickly.

"The buffaloes are almost extinct," I said guardedly. "On the plains where once roved——"

My husband sniffed.

"Don't you think that the children should be in bed, Helen?" he asked suspiciously.

"Are *you* going to bed?"

"Well, not just yet. I thought——"

"What about the buffaloes, Mr. Wood?" I asked politely but hurriedly. The conversation was by way of taking a turn which I did not like.

"I was not jesting," he said quickly. "The Allard herd of which we have talked so often were wintered on the island which you see out there, and when an attempt was made to remove them early in the spring two of the bulls turned ugly and had to be left behind. A rich haul for the pot-hunters if they only knew it. We might look them up to-morrow if you like."

I looked away and beyond the failing firelight to the full moon just rising behind the evergreen-fringed shoulder of an island far out in the lake. So engrossed was I that the child upon my knee slipped from my hold and whimpered fretfully. My husband rose.

"I will take him to the tent for you," he said as he lifted him in his arms. "Come with father, Ethel."

So I made a virtue of necessity and followed him a little unwillingly, and the pleasant little group about the camp fire dissolved.

The next morning my liege lord made one of his periodical visits to the nearest settlement fifty miles away, just as we stepped into the little boat en route for the island.

A more beautiful scene than that presented by Flathead Lake as it rippled in the morning sunshine one would go far to find. The sky was a faint, sapphire blue and little wisps of clouds like tangled threads of wool floated now and then across it. A drift of paler green marked the current of the swollen brook that sobbed hoarsely as it emptied into the lake at its northern extremity, where the willow fringe budded into color, and a loon laughed hysterically and dived in the shadow of the island.

Now I hadn't the faintest desire to hunt for buffalo. In the first place, I hadn't lost any myself and I had no right to assume that Mr. Allard cared to employ me in the capacity of buffalo herder. But I dared not confess to being afraid. So I clung frenziedly to Ethel's mop of yellow hair and lagged behind as we toiled through tangles of brake and fireweed and struggled for a scanty foothold on the drift of outcropping shale that marked out path and impeded our progress.

"*Don't* make so much noise, *please!*" said our guide, looking back irritably. "It is bad enough to have women and children along.

What could we do, do you suppose, if a frenzied buffalo bull should charge us?"

It was upon the tip of my tongue to ask him whose fault it would be, but even I sometimes have glimpses of discretion, so I only bit my lips and looked suspiciously over my shoulder at the path behind me—the boat—and safety. And again the thought came to me how worse than foolish it was—how criminal for human beings, made in the image of the Creator to intrude unannounced and uninvited into the presence of a gentleman buffalo of uncertain age and temper.

We came out from the shelter of the undergrowth by and by and reached the first of a series of little, bare knolls. I had lagged behind all the way, but by some unhappy mischance I now found myself in front even of the guide, and it occurred to me (not for the first time) that it would be strictly in accordance with my usual luck to have to meet the buffalo myself and have to announce his visitors and account for their presence. In which case——

I had reached the top of the knoll by this time and looked beyond. My heart gave one convulsive flutter and then retired temporarily from business. In a little cup-shaped depression a little way beyond and below me was the buffalo! He looked the part—and more. A huge bull—his head turning suspiciously from side to side—and he was snorting defiance and ill-temper at every breath.

At first he did not see me nor the others who in response to my signal had followed me so closely. If the lion is the king of the desert, there can be no reasonable doubt that the buffalo is the paramount lord of the rest of the universe. Nor had I the slightest desire to dispute his supremacy for a moment. It seemed to me that the uppermost feeling in my heart just then was one of abject apology. The children clung affrightedly to my skirts as his hoarse challenge was answered by a distant bellow, and the thought occurred to me again what an appropriate place home was for a woman.

It seems to me that generally speaking a woman is simply a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions. I was horribly afraid of the buffalo—as well I might be. We were unarmed—there was but one man in the party—we were hampered by the presence of the children, and I at least with middle-aged dignity and increasing stoutness would have cut but a sorry figure in a headlong flight for the boat. I told myself all this over and over in a vain attempt to check the temptation that was tingling to my finger-tips. Unfortunately the attention of the rest of the party was momentarily diverted, and Mr. Wood, who usually was very quick to have his suspicions aroused, had momentarily forgotten me. He had seated himself on a fragment of rock in the shelter of a stunted evergreen and was telling the children, who now clung to him so closely, what a rare opportunity was theirs; that of seeing a buffalo at close range and in his native state, and was trying vainly to rectify something that had gone wrong with his camera.

My cheeks burned guiltily as I turned aside just a little, for I was keenly aware of the fact that in carrying the camera for him while he helped the little ones out of the boat and over a particularly rough bit of ground, I had dropped it more than once. I did not care for that so much, for it was accustomed to rough treatment while in my care, but the last time when I tripped over a bit of shale and impeded by my skirts had fallen headlong, I remembered having distinctly heard the crash of broken glass. So I thought it decidely best all at once to become absorbed in the scenery.

"What can be the matter with this camera?" he said fretfully, and with a look of suspicion at me. "Are you *sure* that you held it *all* the time just in the way I told you?"

"I was thinking some beautiful thoughts just then," I said indignantly. "Men have so little consideration. I am quite sure that the sentiments will never occur to me again. And I should think that I ought to know the proper way to carry a camera by this time. It is not my fault, I am sure, if at your age you are hasty enough to expend your money for one that is absolutely worthless. And I do *not* like to see you lose your temper in such an absurd fashion over such a trifling matter. I should think that you would be ashamed. You ought to have more regard for an infant of tender years——"

"He is four years old," he said hastily, "and I have heard him say far worse things than that. You yourself——"

"That is worse than ever," I said with dignity. "If you have no more discretion than to criticise a mother in the presence of her children—and I didn't say—what you *said* I said," I added severely.

I was glad to see that his mind for the moment was distracted from the matter in hand. He laid the camera aside, and kneeling beside a tuft of dried grasses showed Ethel a tiny depression where a ground bird had hidden her half-built nest. Mrs. Wood, undisturbed by the discussion, was watching the flight of a far-away bird against the horizon, and again I turned to the buffalo.

He was still suspicious. He had ceased to bellow, but turned restlessly from side to side and looked sullenly about him. His hidden comrade again sounded an answer to the unspoken challenge. And then the temptation seized me again irresistibly, and my guardian angel who knew the mood forsook me utterly. I stepped from behind the screen of stunted evergreens and taking off my hat gave a cry of defiance.

I heard an inarticulate gasp somewhere behind me and came to myself in a panic as the buffalo lowered his head and charged madly. And then the flight for the boat became a rout. Mr. Wood caught up the younger child in his arms and half-carrying the other plunged headlong into the undergrowth. Mrs. Wood did not waste time in fruitless reproaches. She was ahead. I heard the crash of broken boughs and the rattle of falling shale. Even then, terrified as I was (and I was never so frightened in all my life) I had the grace to remember the camera, and tucking it under my arm fled for my life. Fourteen times between that bare knoll and the boat I fell with that unfortunate machine, and I was usually uppermost. I could hear the vicious brute close behind me and fancied more than once that I felt his hot breath upon the back of my neck. I thought once that I had as well allow him to overtake me as the only reparation I could make for my idiocy. Again I thought what a lovely hanging basket the camera would make with a few augur holes in the bottom and a clump of maiden hair fern exactly in the centre. I thought of numberless other things, but my past life did not unroll itself like a panorama as I have heard other people say theirs did in moments of extremity. Possibly I was too much occupied. I did think once of the widow with the red hair and the cast in her eye whom I had already fixed upon as my successor in case of my early demise, and hoped that the children would lead her a life and wished vainly that I had destroyed my point lace handkerchief before starting out. And then all of a sudden I became aware that the noise behind me had died away—that the others were nowhere in sight—and that a few feet away the boat rocked upon the shimmering surface of the lake.

So I smoothed my ruffled dignity as best I could and sat down to wait for the others whom I now heard near by. An instant later they appeared, Mrs. Wood well in the lead. Mr. Wood was pale and agitated and his voice shook a little.

"You—!!!" he said, and then speech failed him.

"I have been waiting here *hours,*" I said coldly. "I don't want to criticise anybody, I am sure, but really under the circumstances —a little presence of mind is indispensable at times. I was so glad that I was able to divert that brute's mind in the way I did. A very little more and you would have been—*gone!*"

Behind us there came again a hoarse bellow of rage. I shivered a little as I stepped into the boat.

"Another time," I said icily, "I do hope that things will be managed better. I know I have twisted my ankle again. But I saved your camera even if it is worthless. You ought to thank me for it, for I dare say that you would never have thought of it again."

He gasped, but was wise enough, whatever he thought, to keep his mouth tightly closed. And looks never kill *anybody.* We pushed out into the lake in silence and I smiled complacently. It is half the battle on occasions like this when a woman is wise enough to take the initiative. There is such a thing as making a grand coup and capturing the enemy's arms and ammunition when, of course, you are in a position to dictate terms.

Looking back when we were well out in the lake I saw our late adversary pawing the earth and heard again his bellow of defiance. He was at home and I was not. His foot was on his "native heath and his name McGregor." I do not care to visit him again.

THE CONTEST POSTPONED

The Pike's Peak's hill-climbing contest has been abandoned, or at least postponed until next year on account of the fact that the promoters did not see their way clear to putting up $5,000 to prepare the road up the mountain. The proposal was almost too audacious ever to succeed, and the writer was always dubious as to the outcome.

MANY WOLVES

Editor Recreation:

I have just read my letter to you, in October Recreation, on wolf hunting with Mr. Robert Beal's hounds. Mr. Beal was at my ranch last week, October 4th; he says that since January 1, 1905, to October 1, they had killed and got the scalps of sixty-one (61) wolves. Some more were killed and not found He hopes to run the number up to 100 before January, 1906.

We have the finest climate and country for wolf and wildcat hunting, from now to next May, to be found in all America. I am sorry to say the game is abundant within ten miles of Kerrville.

I will answer inquiries only through the columns of Recreation.

Edward K. Carr, Kerrville, Tex.

ONE OF OUR BOYS

Editor Recreation:

I have been somewhat of a hunter in my younger days. Have shot deer in the states of New York, Pennsylvania and Michigan. I am now in my ninetieth year and enjoy reading sporting papers.

J. C. Percival,
Palo, Ionia Co., Mich.

DRUMMING AT NIGHT

Editor RECREATION:

I lived for over thirty years, winter and summer, right amongst ruffed grouse, and know them "from the egg to the pot," and can vouch that they do, under certain atmospheric conditions, drum the night long, desisting at the break of day when they leave the log or rock to feed.

The condition most favorable for their prolonged night drumming is following a heavy rain—either a steady downpour or a heavy thunder-shower. Such is generally followed by a calm, still night. The air is surcharged with moisture ascending from the earth and vegetation, and on a night like this at the end of April or first week of May one can hear the partridge drumming for miles around.

I have often lain wakeful, after a prolonged stay in one camp, and kept tally on the different birds, mentally calling the one nearest the camp "Cheek," the next one at the foothill "Turkey" and the furthest off on top of the mountain "Morgan," and they would drum in regular succession as dogs in a village answer one another when baying at night.

I had the rare opportunity, once, of seeing a partridge drum at midnight at a distance of less than two feet, and I venture to think that a description to the reader of how this close proximity came to pass would be interesting. I will, therefore, relate how I was so situated.

I was traveling with two Indians in a bark canoe on the big water-feeders of the St. Maurice river. We came out to a large lake, in the evening, which was noted for its delay to travelers by frequent high winds during the daytime. My guide proposed we should have supper and then paddle over the largest crossing, which was right before us, and there pass the balance of the night.

The stretch is called eight miles from the discharge to the point we made for, and as the night had settled down perfectly calm we did it leisurely in three hours.

As the men always carried my tent-poles and pegs in the bottom of the canoe, they simply had to pitch the tent, and as the night was a perfect one they slept in the bottom of the canoe, which was pulled up in the grass, in preference to planting their own camp.

The point upon which we found ourselves ran out considerably into the lake and the extreme end upon which we had landed had been used for years as an old camping ground and had clumps of alders with small glades of grass between them.

The men were tired from their extra long day and were soon asleep. On the contrary, I felt no inclination for immediate sleep, so spread out my waterproof and blankets, partially undressed, lit my candle and began to read.

The large lake of over four hundred miles in circumference was so still that not even a ripple laved its shore.

All at once, without even "the preliminary cough of etiquette," a draught of wind almost extinguished my candle, followed by a second and third, which left me in darkness, and then I knew what was happening.

A partridge was drumming not two feet from the curtain of my tent, and I lay there perfectly still and listened. At the end of his second drum, for which I had been waiting, I could locate the bird within, I was sure, a fraction of an inch, and I considered the probabilities of my catching him by sneaking out my arm under the curtain, but on secondary consideration I concluded it would be more profitable to me to study every sound of the drumming process while I had the opportunity.

Man is never satisfied and the writer is no exception, although they do say all rules have their exception; this I doubt, for it is man's nature (and we can't go against that old party) to always strive for something just a little in advance, something that requires reaching for, and there I was, by listening to the repeated drumming I had the whole process from the gritting of the stiff wing feathers when extended preparatory to the first downward motion right down to the final tremors where things are going at several hundred revolutions to the minute.

But I wanted to see!

Amongst my things in the grip I carried a small hand-mirror for shaving, and I conceived the idea of setting this back of the candle to act as a searchlight, at an angle where the wind-waves would not affect it.

This was no sooner thought of than carried out. My next move was to slit a small opening with my penknife just opposite and on a level with the partridge. Through this cut I could watch its every movement. The glare of the light did not seem to bother it and the strong reflection from the glass brought out every feather clearly.

Every bushman is familiar with the measured pauses between the three first beats and then the rapid ecstacies of the last part of the act. Well, all this I witnessed several times over, under these unusual advantages.

Finally, I blew out my candle and turned in for the remaining hour or two before daylight, but at regular intervals until we broke camp at daybreak and drove him away that partridge kept up his drumming.

To brace the tent pickets the men, in the darkness, had placed them at the back of the drumming log, and the bird had actually passed the night between two of the guy strings.

I have killed hundreds, possibly thousands, of drumming partridges in my life, but have never seen one tame enough to remain to have sticks thrown at him. In this I must disagree with Mr. Kegar. On the contrary, they are very scary at such times, and one has to stillhunt them with as much care as a deer.

At the sight of man they are off the log and away in the underbrush, but if one keeps perfectly quiet they return and resume their old place, only to be shot.

The partridge's favorite place to drum, and the place where most frequently found, is on a fallen tree (never a green one), but I have known them to drum off a hillock of earth, and not unfrequently, in the old burnt country, on a rock. To one who has studied the different sounds one can always tell in advance if he is on the ground, rock or log. This is readily detected, but would be hard to explain.

Martin Hunter.

[To the true sportsman, the killing of partridge while sitting on a log must appear murderous in the extreme, but he must remember that in "The Wilds" one depends very considerably for his subsistence on game.

We shoot for the pot and we fish for the pot, in both cases without any fancy touches or frills.—M. H.]

GAME SCARCE IN CENTRAL OHIO

Editor Recreation:

While not a regular subscriber to your valuable magazine, I have been a constant reader for five years or more, and it is very few numbers that I have missed during that period. I have always thought that the newsstand man should have a living, and each month finds his stock depleted by one, the number on my desk. I think the most intelligent step toward the jealous protection of such wild game as this country now has left would be through placing a copy of your magazine into every family in the country. I have not failed to note the increasing respect for our wild animal and bird friends by those who are fortunate enough to have gone through a few numbers of Recreation. It has had its good effect on me. Sorry to say that that savage inclination to destroy, which is born in most persons, was a cause of many an unnecessary kill during my boyhood days, back in the beautiful hills of western Pennsylvania, which, in those days, abounded in a plentiful supply of all small game.

In those days I used the shotgun. But now the shotgun no more for me. A pair of fox squirrels, or a pair of grays, or a couple of pairs of red squirrels, I find a satisfactory kill, with the rifle. Of course, I am joshed by the shotgun man for going into the woods with a 22-calibre rifle, but my reply to him is that what I can't get with the little 22 should get away.

In this part of Central Ohio the small game is fast passing. I daresay that the quail in this (Crawford) county will not average one covey to each farm of 120 acres. There are enough rabbits to afford most hunters at least a day of excitement in the brush. The grouse is rarely seen here nowadays. As to squirrel, the litle red fellow leads in numbers, and is quite plentiful. The big, sly fox squirrel comes next, and is fairly plentiful. The gray is rarely seen except in a very few well-protected pieces of timber near some farmhouse. We have two very active deputy wardens in the township who are keeping tab on the protection of our remaining small game. Our streams, Sandusky, Brokensword and Whetstone rivers, contain some very nice bass, and many a nice fry is taken during the season, near the city. I have a keen interest in rifle and revolver shooting, and all those discussions by Recreation readers are very profitable to me. I shoot a .22 Stevens pistol with 10-inch barrel, which I find a most effective weapon for any small game. I had about decided to buy a .32-20 Colt's single-action revolver for target shooting. I shall wait till next issue of Recreation. The discussion is waxing warm, and I may have cause to change my mind. With best wishes for your good work,

B. F. Spicer, Bucyrus, O.

NOT UNUSUAL

Editor Recreation:

On page 180 of August Recreation a correspondent reports a rattlesnake with eight fangs, four on each side, and adds that "if anyone has been able to get more fangs out of one snake," he has not heard of it. Then he certainly has not examined the literature of the subject very attentively. Surely four on a side cannot be considered remarkable or unusual. They always have some reserve fangs, varying in maturity, and Dr. Mitchell reports from eight to ten fangs on each side. See "Researches Upon the Venom of the Rattlesnake," Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge, 1861, page 16, and "Poisonous Snakes of North America," Annual Report of U. S. National Museum, 1893, page 369.

Junius Henderson,
Museum of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.

The Massachusetts game commissioners have sent warnings to milliners against the use of plumage of any birds in decorating hats. The commission declares its intention of enforcing the law, which is very strict in that state.

In an Oregon circuit court, on Oct. 23, John Schwatka, indicted for having a Mongolian pheasant in his possession during the closed season, was acquitted by a jury on the instruction of the court that a dead bird is not a pheasant, but a carcass. The game warden's testimony that the defendant had the bird was held for naught, as the bird was dead.

BOOK TALKS

"The Sá-Zada Tales," by W. A. Frazer, is most beautifully illustrated by Arthur Heming. Heming is a careful student of animal life and an all around outdoor man himself, and a hunter who has had sufficient experieence to write many interesting volumes without using up the abundance of material he has stowed away in his most valuable and interesting note books. It is worth while to take a look at "The Sá-Zada Tales" on account of the illustrations of Mr. Heming. As far as the stories themselves go they are in the familiar nature story line; but are not destined, we think, to make the stir created by the Jungle Tales or those interesting animal novels by Ernest Thompson Seton. Apropos of this talented writer we notice the following item in "Out Door Life." The editor, in speaking of the bears of Yellowstone Park, says: "It is this very grub pile, back of the Fountain Hotel which has been immortalized by one of Thompson Seton's works. Ernest, it seems, had never seen a wild bear before (and never has since, except one in a trap, caught for him by John Goff), and, in order to study their characteristics he says he dug a pit large enough for himself to enter and placed some boards or rails over it, leaving cracks large enough for him to peer through. Over these rails he says, after he secreted himself in the pit, the garbage was dumped and he says he watched the bear for a long time and took nose to nose sketches of them and heard them fight and growl and saw wonders no other man has witnessed before or since."

We think our friend, the editor of "Outdoor Life," is a little too hard on Brother Seton. Personally, we have visited this spot ourselves, and, although we looked in vain for the hole said to have been dug in the snow-like geyser formation which forms the ground about the garbage heap, still it makes little difference to us whether Mr. Seton actually dug this hole or not. Of course, such a proceeding would be unnecessary, because anyone can view the bears safely from a distance of ten or a dozen feet; but even this is a matter of little importance. The fact remains that Seton has given us some of the most fascinating and interesting animal stories ever written, and, if we were to force him into the narrow and matter of fact domain of science, we would lose a great and talented story teller. We think his tale of the "Sand Hill Stag" is a classic. Seton, too, has our sympathy, inasmuch as he has started scores of imitators who turn out stuff which is neither science, poetry nor literature, and which, if our wild friends were posted in law, would give them good grounds for suits for damages of defamation of character.

Apropos of this latter class of writers, Theodore Roosevelt, in his book which we have mentioned above, says, in speaking to "Dear Oom John" (John Burroughs):

"I wish to express my hearty appreciation of your warfare against the sham nature-writers — those whom you have called 'the yellow journalists of the woods.' From the days of Æsop to the days of Reinecke Fuchs, and from the days of Reinecke Fuchs to the present time, there has been a distinct and attractive place in literature for those who write avowed fiction in which the heroes are animals with human or semi-human attributes. This fiction serves a useful purpose in many ways, even in the way of encouraging people to take the right view of outdoor life and outdoor creatures; but it is unpardonable for any observer of nature to write fiction and then publish it as truth, and he who exposes and wars against such action is entitled to respect and support. You in your own person have illustrated what can be done by the lover of nature who has trained himself to keen observation, who describes accurately what is this observed, and who, finally, possesses the additional gift of writing with charm and interest.

"And we might add, as the lazy man did after he had nailed the Lord's prayer to the head-board of his bed, each night, as he pointed to it with his thumb, exclaimed, 'Oh, Lord, them's my sentiments.'"

Since Mr. Beard has achieved such great success with his "American Boys' Handy Book," "Jack of all Trades," "Outdoor Handy Book," and his articles for boys in RECREATION and other periodicals, there have grown up a number of other writers who are ambitious to get a foothold in the same field. There are plenty of boys in the world and the field is a big one; but it is not necessary, neither is it professional courtesy on the part of these writers, to imitate Mr. Beard's books in size and style of cover and to copy his inventions for their contents.

We have before us "The Boy Craftsman," which is gotten up in the same style as one of the Beard books and upon looking through the contents we find that it describes how to build a log cabin and carefully gives credit to the log cabin and cottages by Mr. William S. Wicks. At the same time, the diagram or plan of a log house, shown on page 187, shows the clay fireplace which was invented and first published by Mr. Beard. This might excite the suspicion of anyone familiar with the Beard books and cause him to believe that they were not unknown to the writer; and, when we turn to page 293 we find not only one of Mr. Beard's inventions, apparently but slightly altered to escape the copyright law, and wearing his identical title, "A Back Yard Toboggan Slide."

The rest of the book, which we have only glanced through, seems to be good enough in the carpentery line to have published without using material which so closely resembles the inventions and plans of Mr. Beard and which, combined with the shape, size and cover design, makes it appear as if the author and publisher feared their own ability to make a salable book and consequently produced so close an imitation of one of the Beard books that it is difficult to suppose it accidental.

We have also received for review "The Scientific American Boy," which, though written in an old-fashioned style, has many things such as bridges and other structures, which should make it popular and useful, but, in glancing through this book we also find a plan of an underground club-house which is almost identical with the one first invented and published by Mr. Beard, and indeed so closely resembles it that it needs a comparison of the two cuts, side by side, to detect the difference. This is not as it should be. It is manifestly unjust to use any man's own material and inventions to compete against himself, and we are grieved and surprised to find that our friends whom we highly esteem, in "The Scientific American Boy" should have allowed this to appear in their book. We should like to be disinterested in the matter and recommend "The Scientific American Boy" because of its good qualities but, under the circumstances, we must say that, if our readers want books of this kind, they had better go to the fountain head and buy the Beard books that have made the success and gained the popularity that seem to have tempted other publishers to forget professional etiquette.

But when we pick up "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter," by Theodore Roosevelt, we find a volume of original observation through and through and written by a man who has the courage of his convictions and would not stoop to imitate another person's style or use any material but his own. His dedication to John Burroungs is delightful. We all love John Burroughs and we all love Theodore Roosevelt. We love both of them because of their charming personal qualities and their undoubted sincerity, and we should like to call the attention of all our readers to this book of Theodore Roosevelt's as it is filled, from cover to cover, with original observation and will be of great value to naturalists, nature-lovers, and outdoor people the world over. The illustrations are photographs taken under most difficult circumstances on the hunting ground, and they bear the stamp of being the real thing. We are also rejoiced to find that so eminent a hunter and so prominent a man as Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, should take the same grounds and advocate the same common-sense policy in regard to the protection of game that Recreation has ever since we took charge. Every reader who can afford the price should secure a copy of Roosevelt's book, and those who can not should go to the library and read it. The language is bright, breezy and unconventional, the author's observations are keen, careful and intelligent, and many of the things he tells about the cougar and other big game will be new to most students of natural history. Published by Chas. Scribner's Sons; price, $3.00.

While we do not expect the authors of boys' books to be as great as Mr. Roosevelt, we do expect them to stand their own eggs on end and the public demands that they drop the paste-pot and shears and shake the gray matter in their own brains before they perpetrate a book upon the public.

THE COAST WAY

Editor Recreation:

Your last number is a good one; but if Brother Boyd expects to ever come to the coast he will have to modify his pack outfit to get his deer to camp. In the first place, kill him, turn on the back, start at the point of briskett, split open, take out entrails, split hide on hip to knee and hock joints; skin legs from hoop down and cut off, tie legs together, fore and hind. From opposite sides put arms through fore leg and hind leg. Get up and go to camp. If you have two deer and horse, tie together the same, throw across horse and hike.

Yours for sport, by Big Jack.

After writing the above it struck me that it would be hard for a man to skin a deer and get a clean hide. Try hanging up by the neck, skin down until you can take your hand and push the meat away from the hide you are working at, at the thick end of the pelt.

B. J.

THE LINE TREES

BY CORA A. MATSON DOLSON.

I felled the trees a-down my line;
Their roots grew deep in land of mine;
I trimmed them, as an axman should,
And corded them for fuelwood.

But through the spring-time air, I heard
A homesick note from seeking bird,
And one small girl wept bitterly—
"You are a wicked man!" said she
But what of that? Another one
Would do the same as I have done.

And yet, above my hearth at night,
Sometimes, when glows the wood-fire bright,
A little, troubled face I see,
With tear-filled eyes that plead to me,
And thrills a child's cry through my breast—
"Where can our hang-bird build it s nest?"

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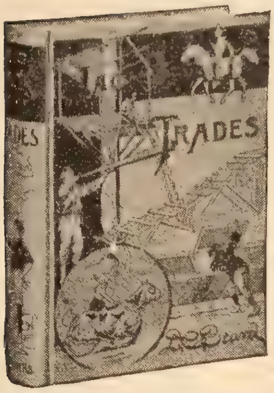

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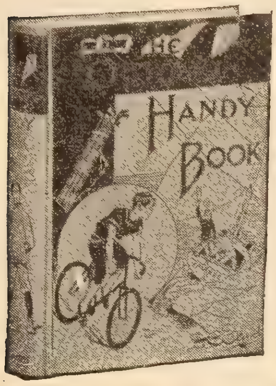

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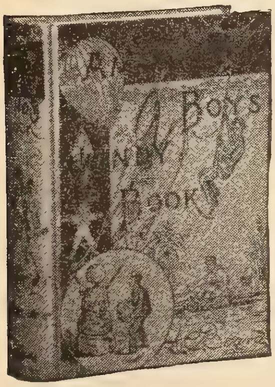

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—*Indianapolis Journal.*

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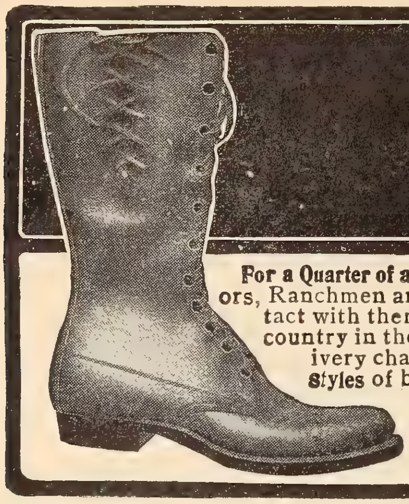

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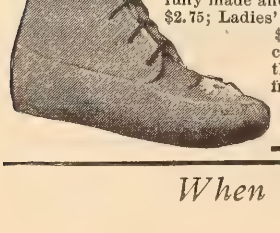

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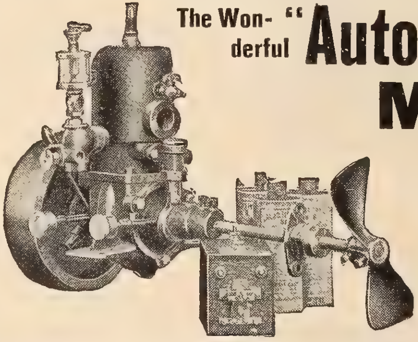

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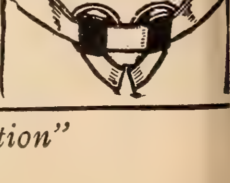

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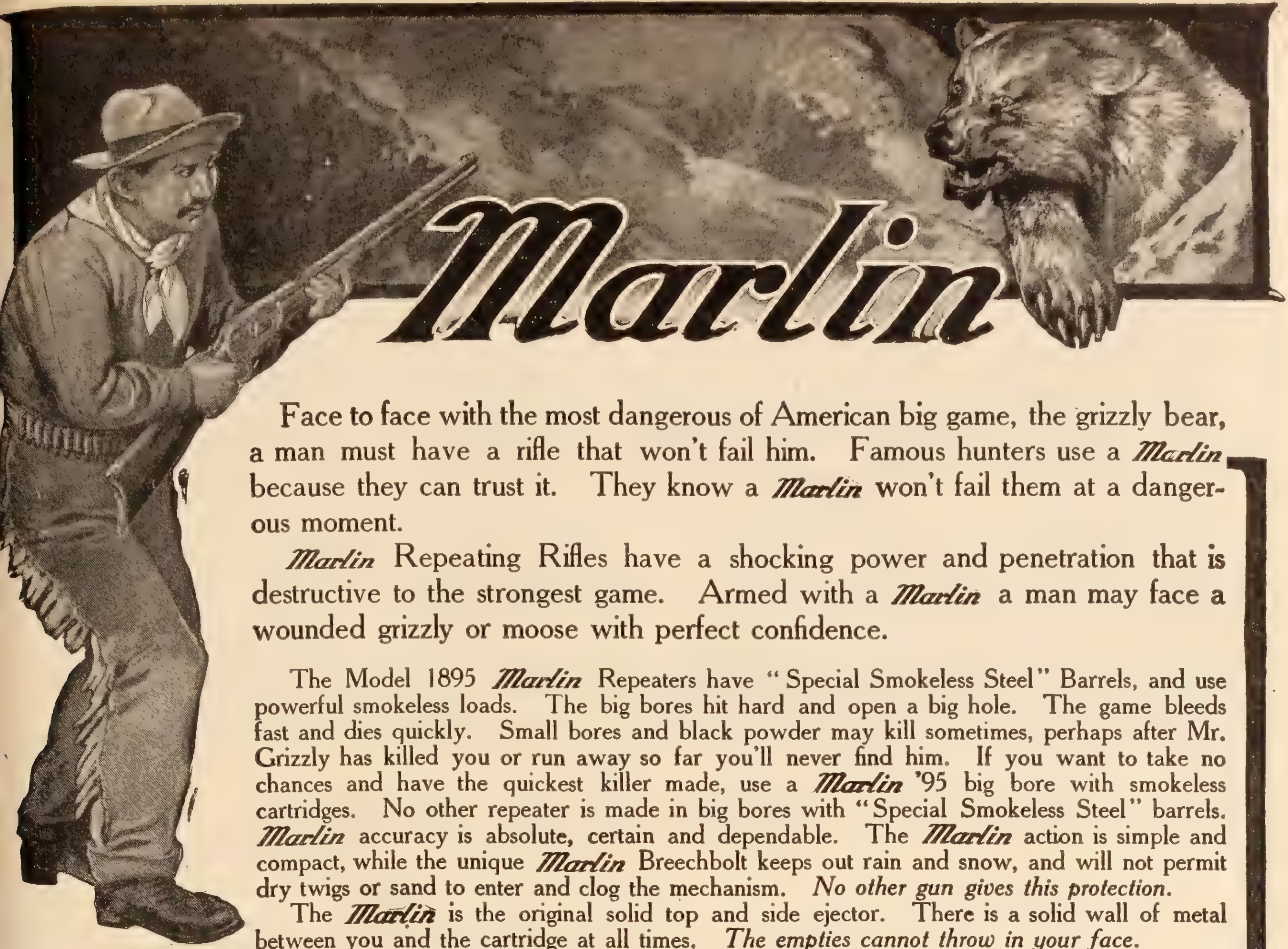

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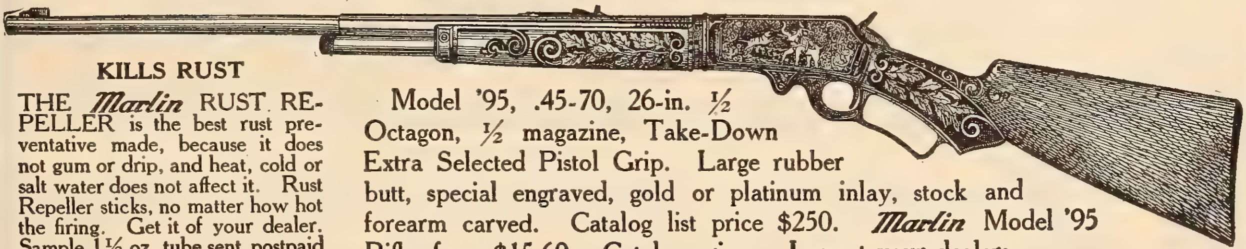

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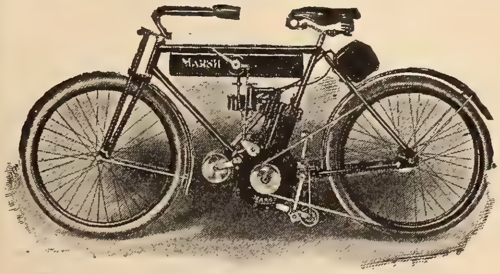

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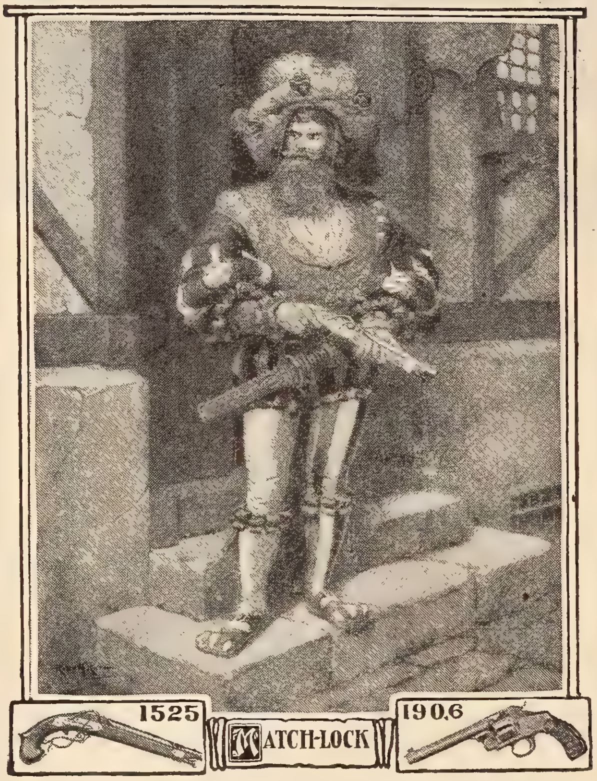

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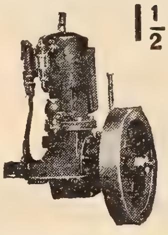

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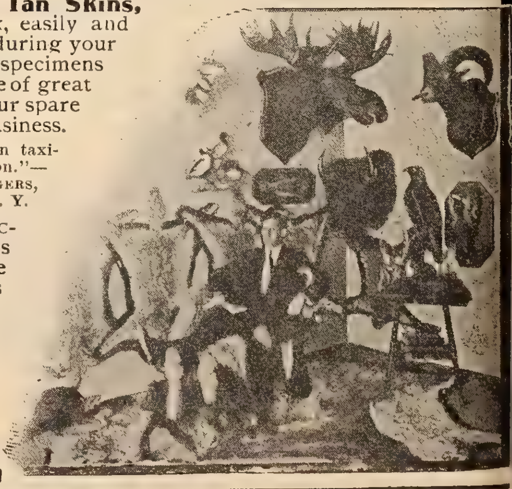

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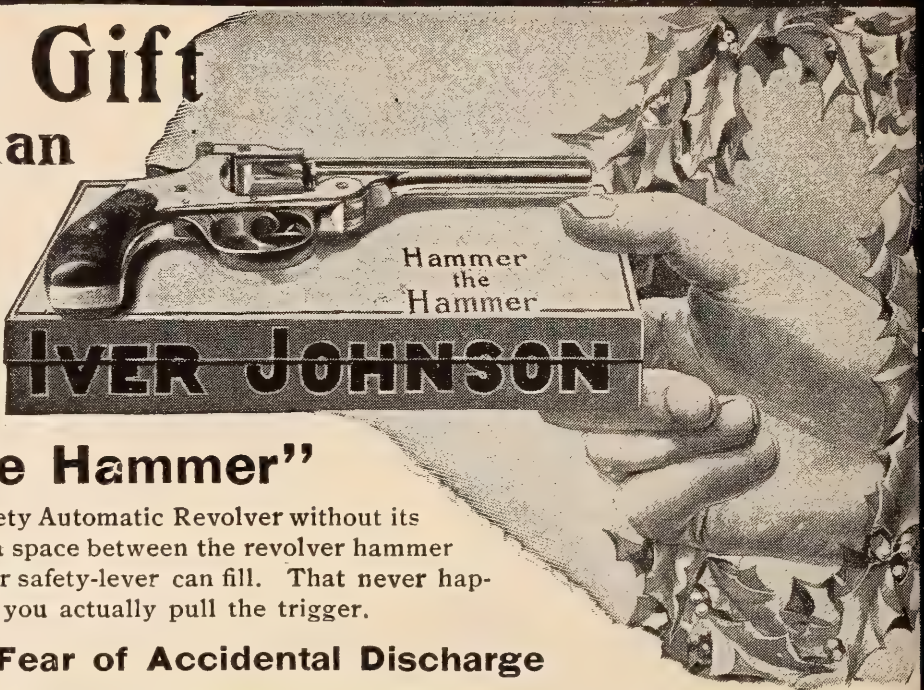

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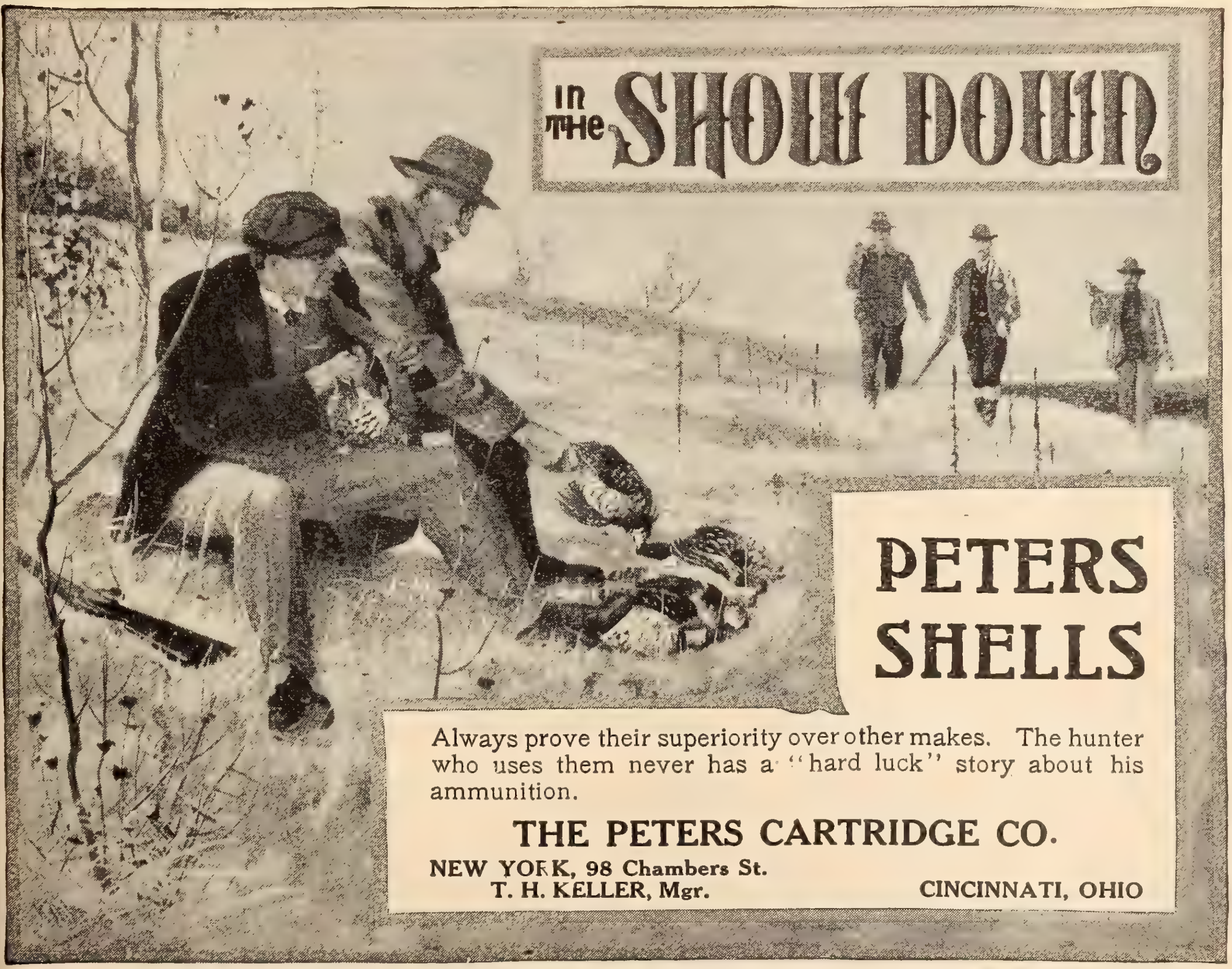

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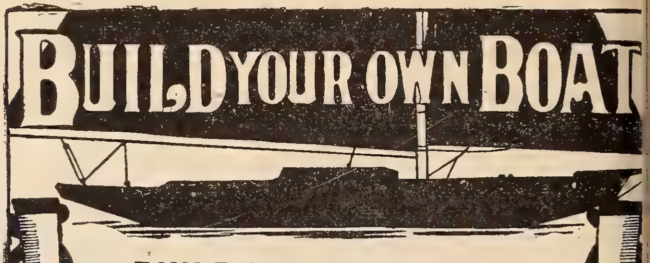

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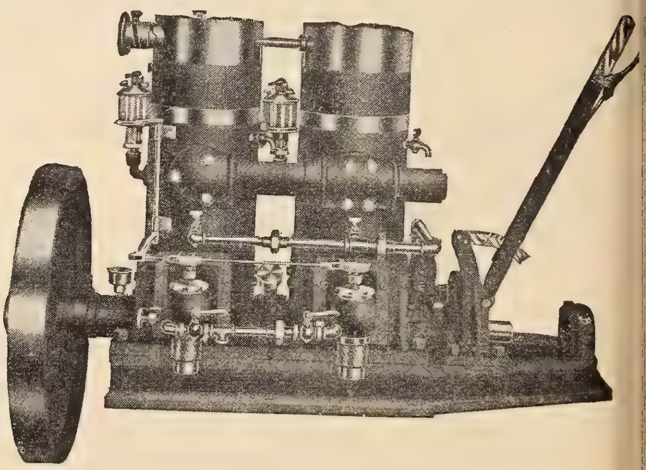

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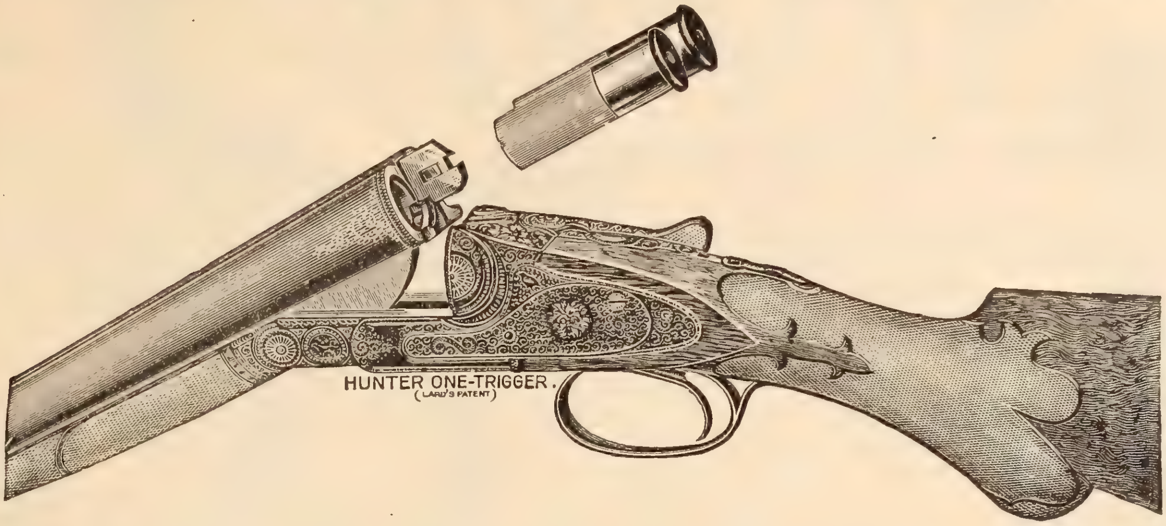

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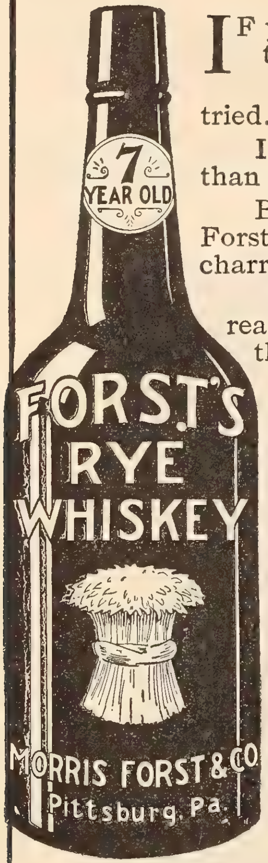

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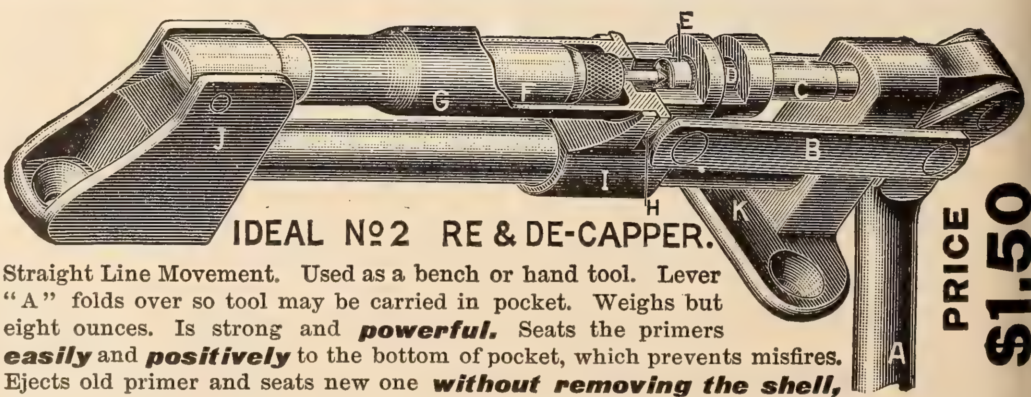

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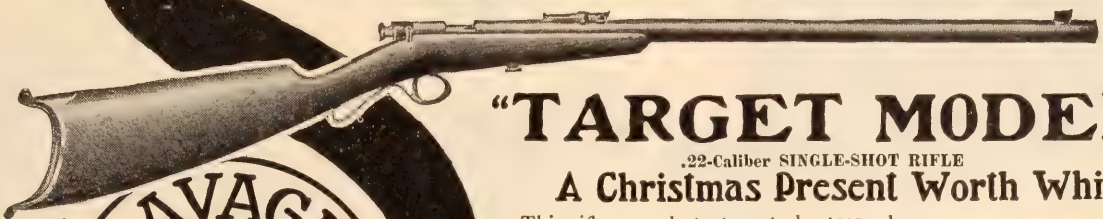

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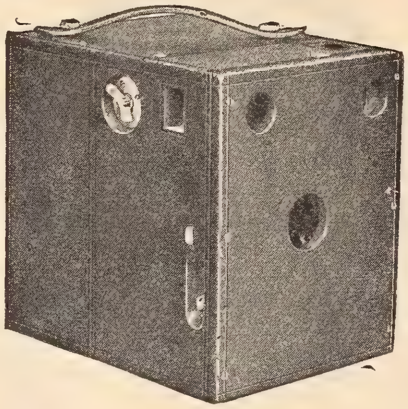

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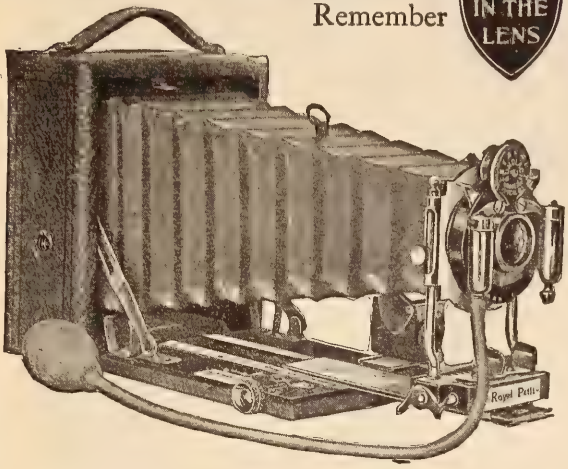

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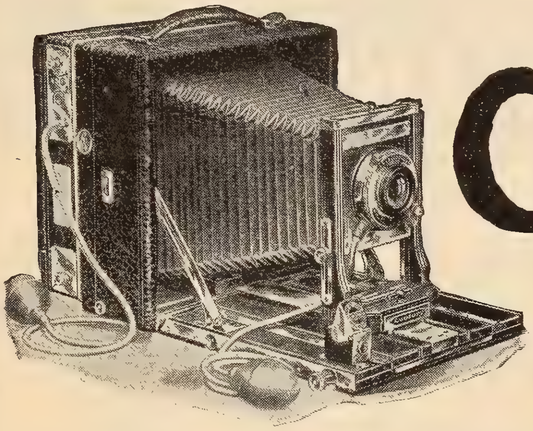

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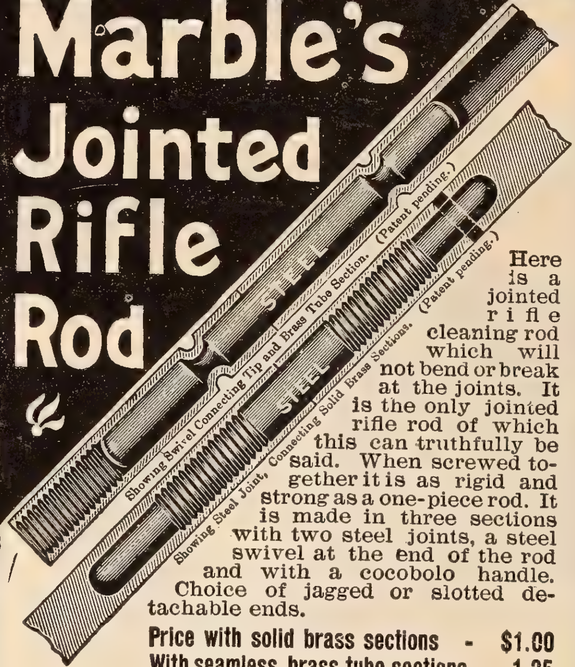
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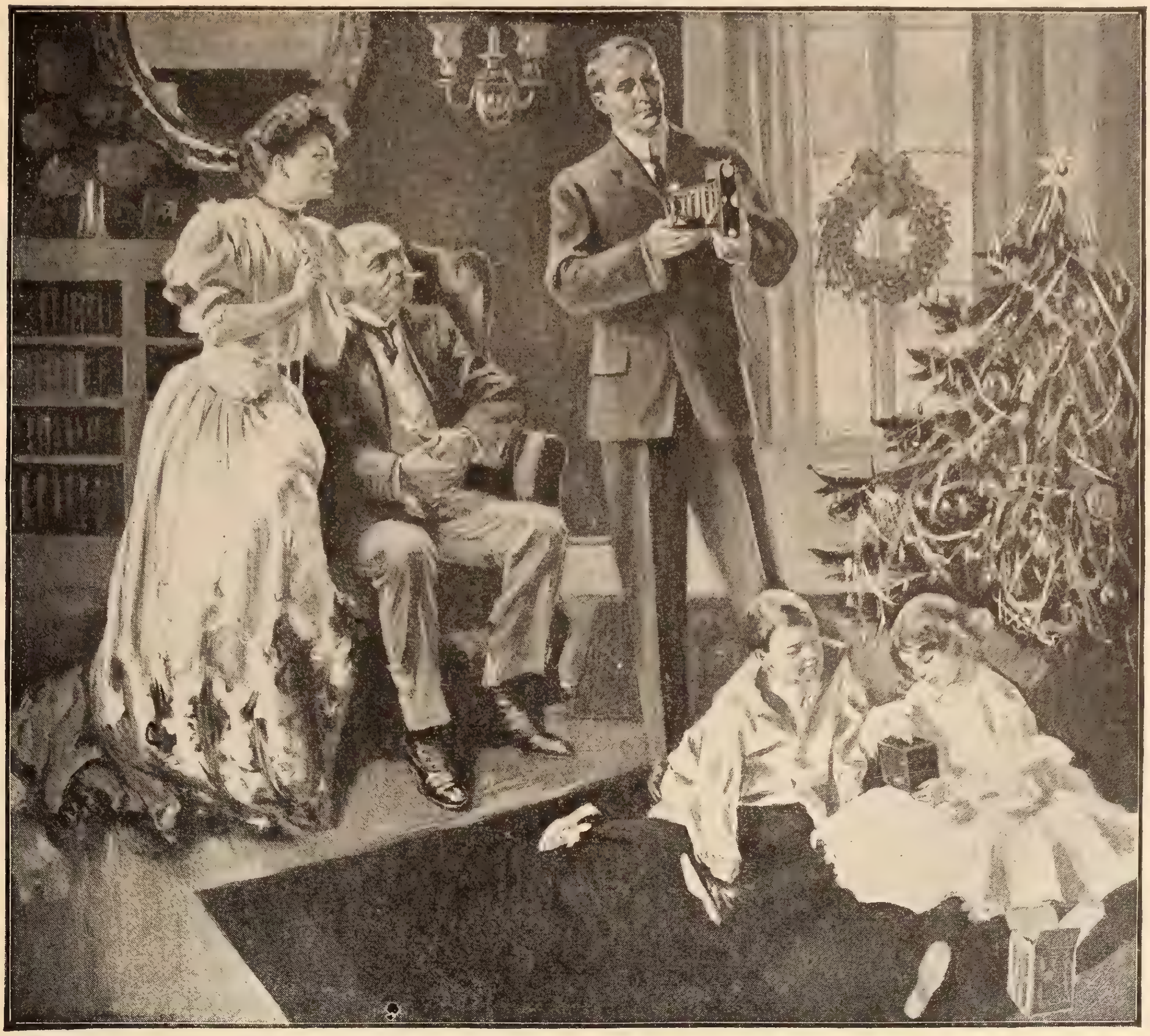

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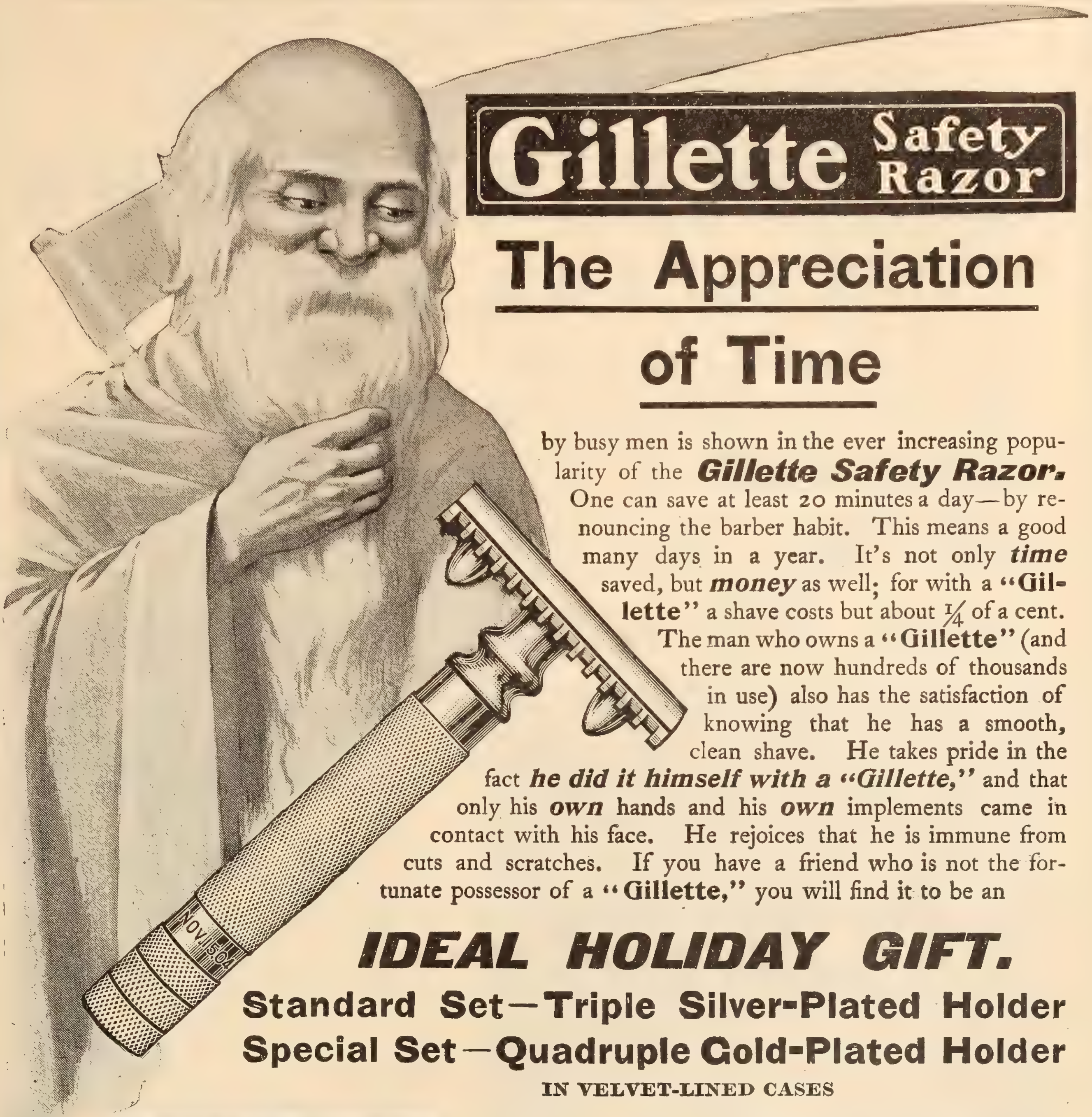

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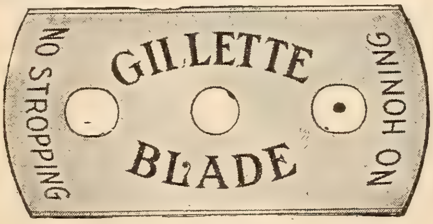

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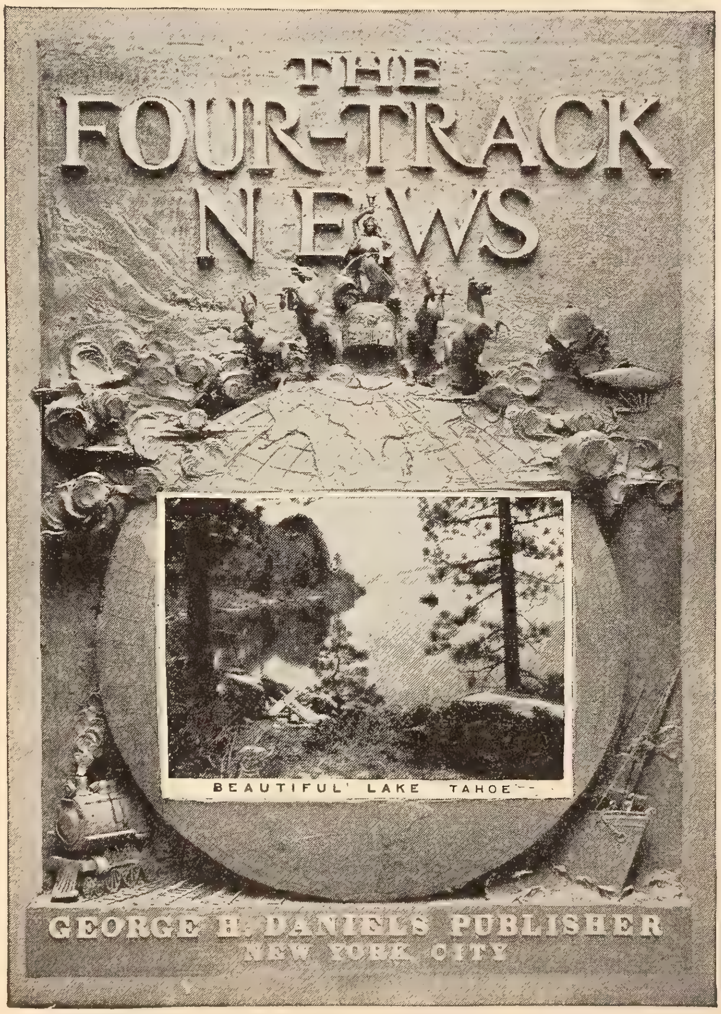

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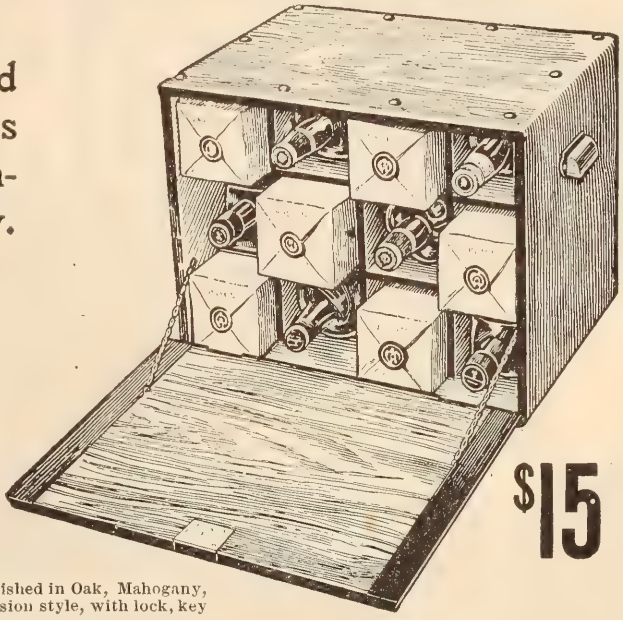

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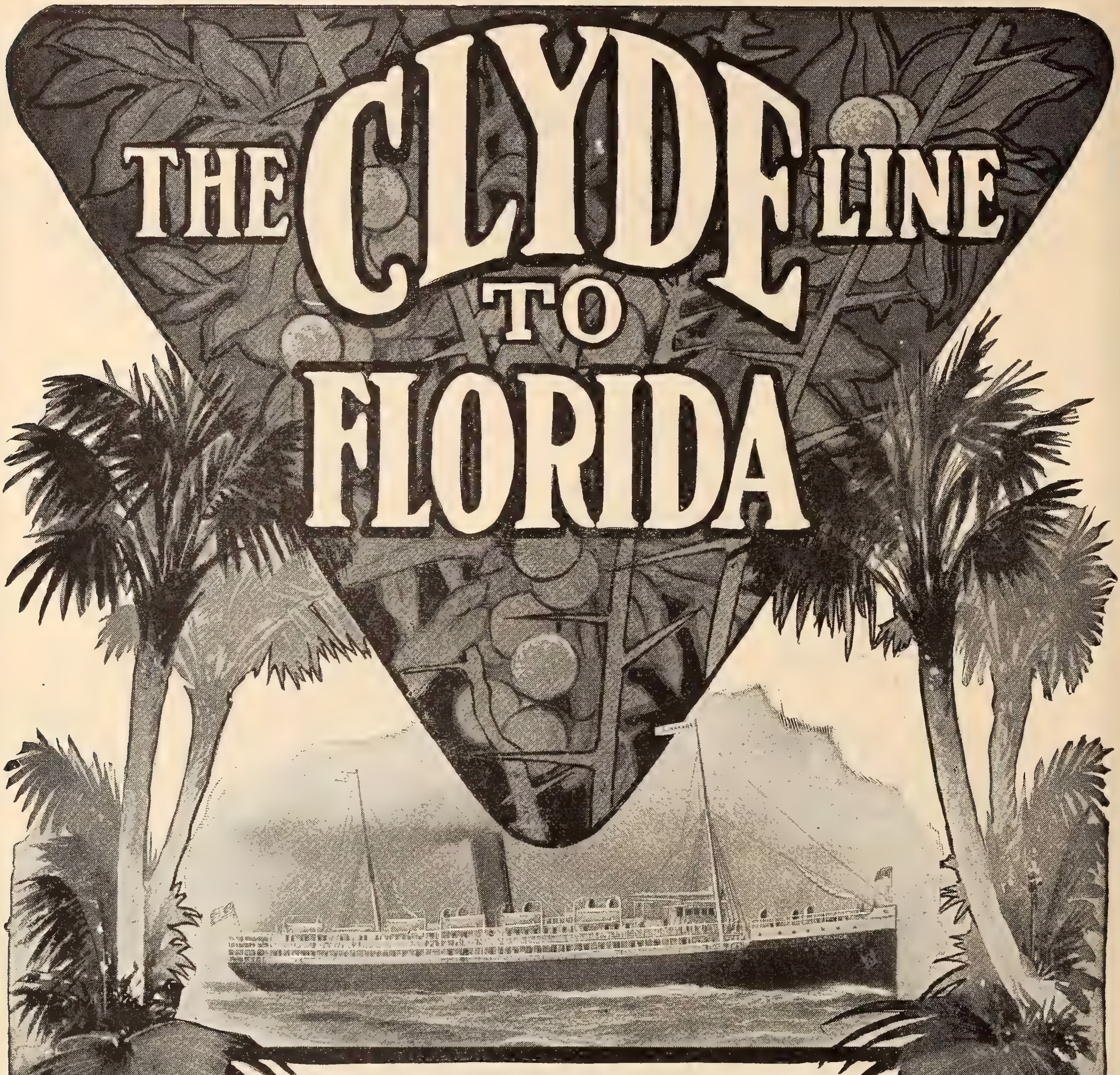

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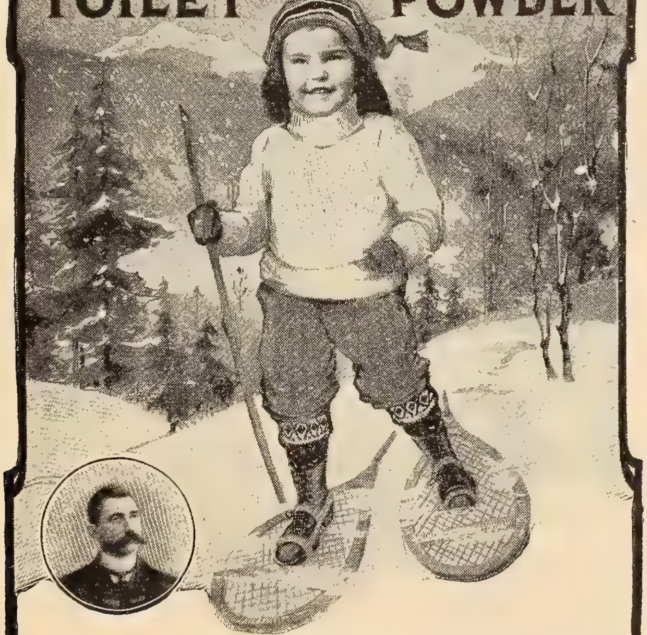

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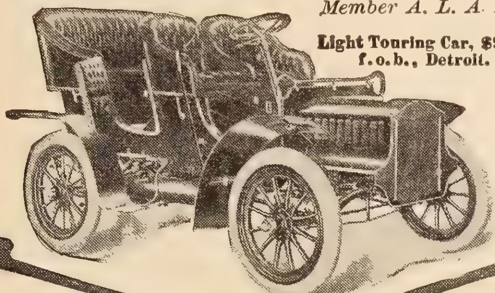

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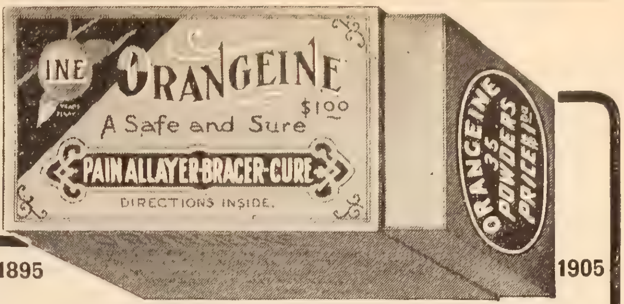

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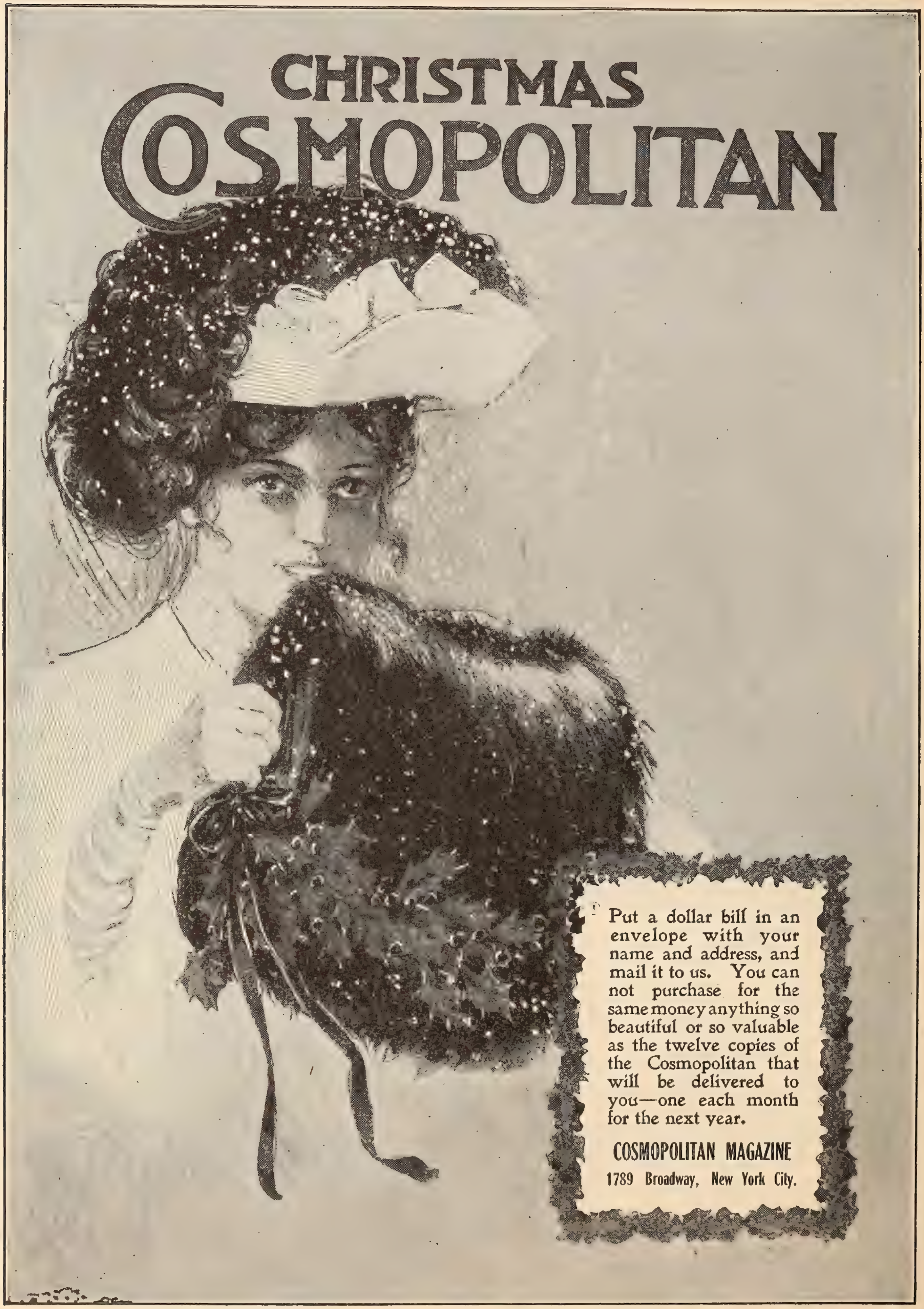

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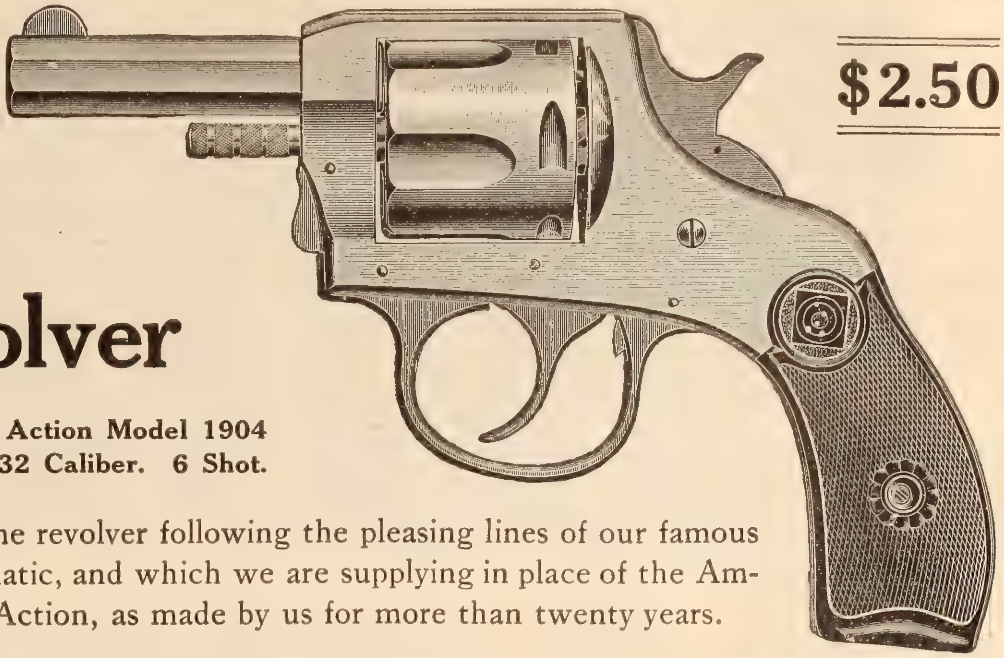

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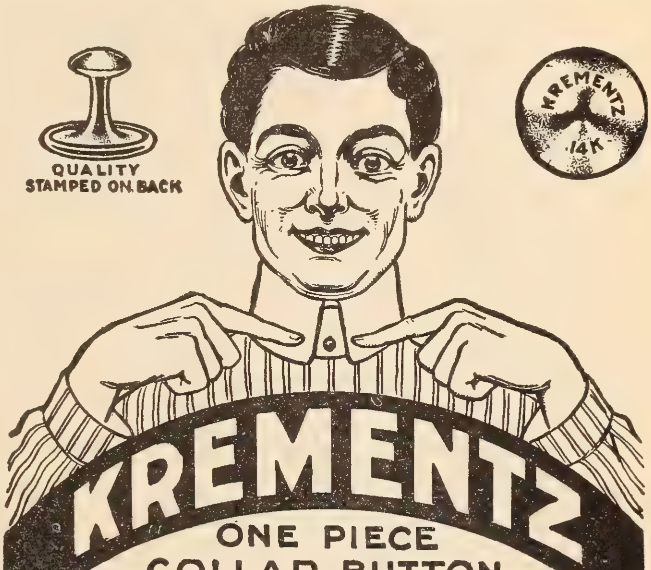

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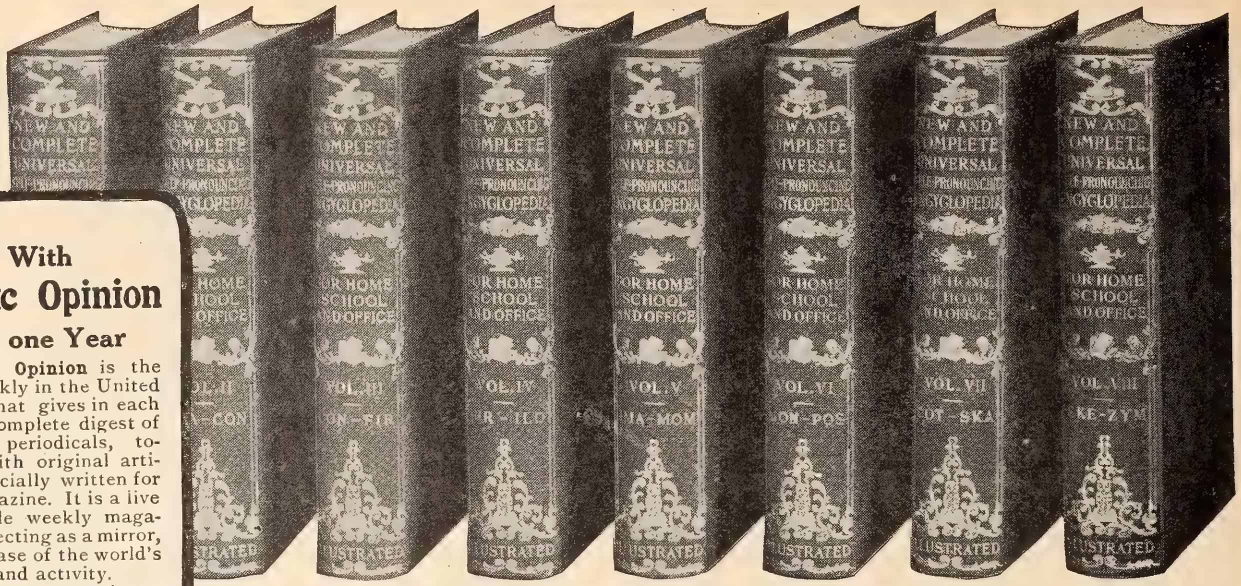

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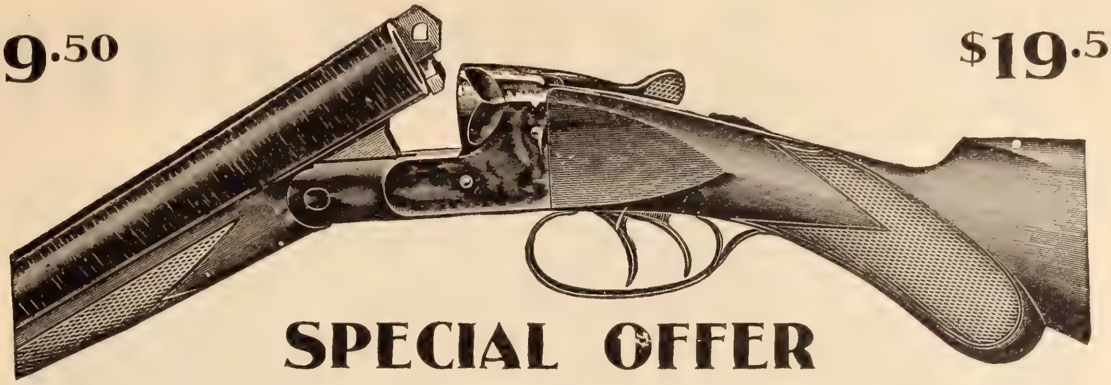

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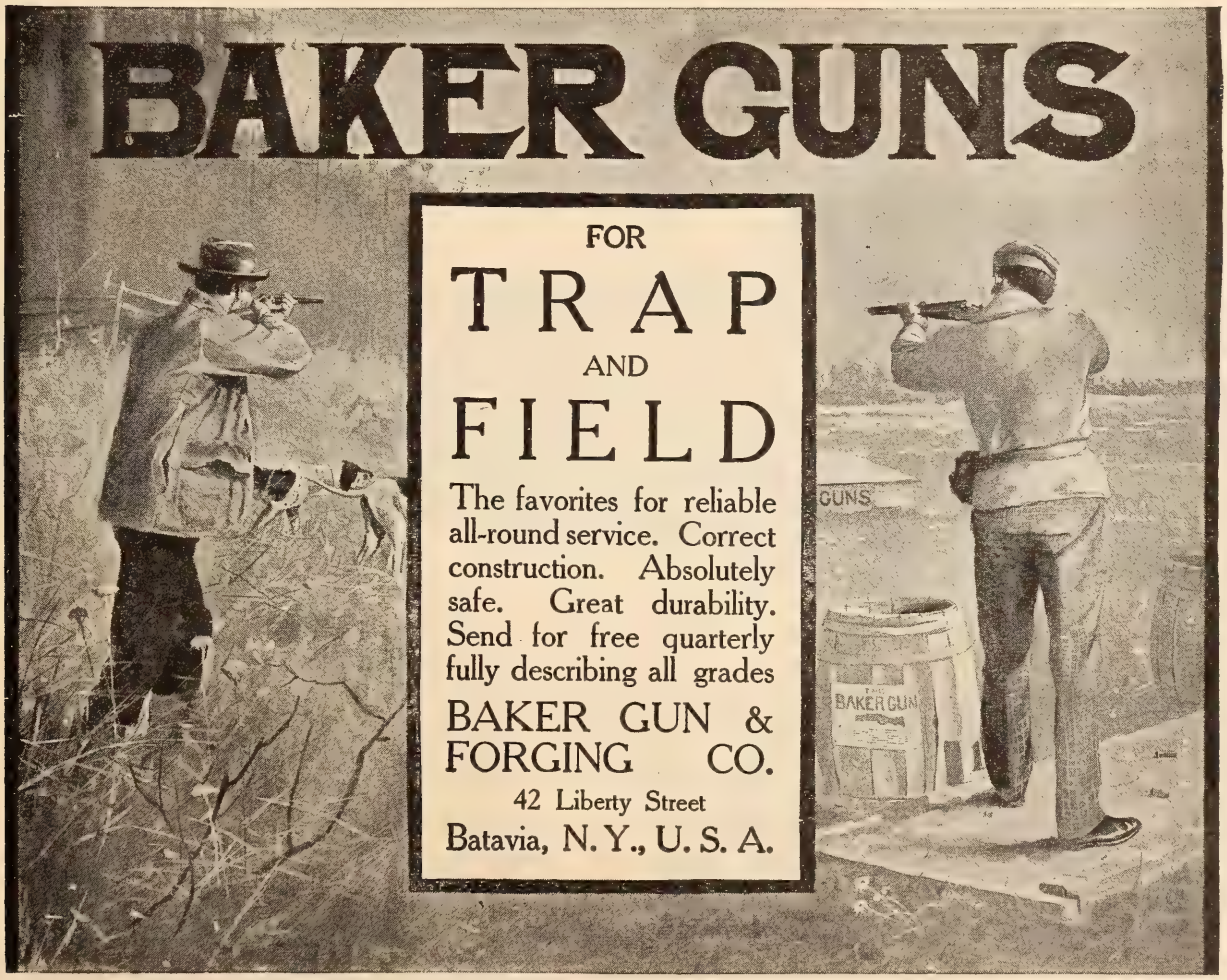

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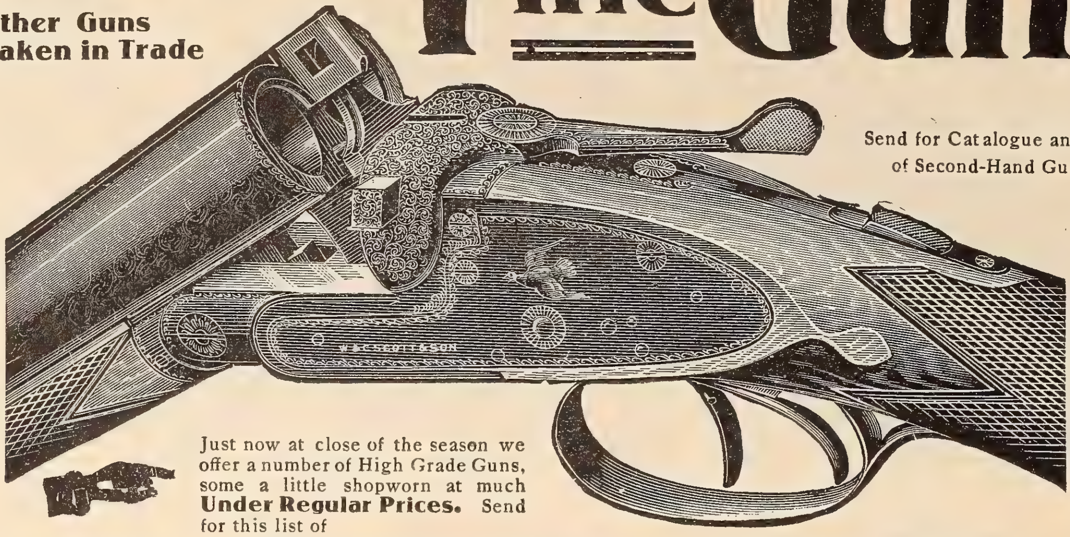

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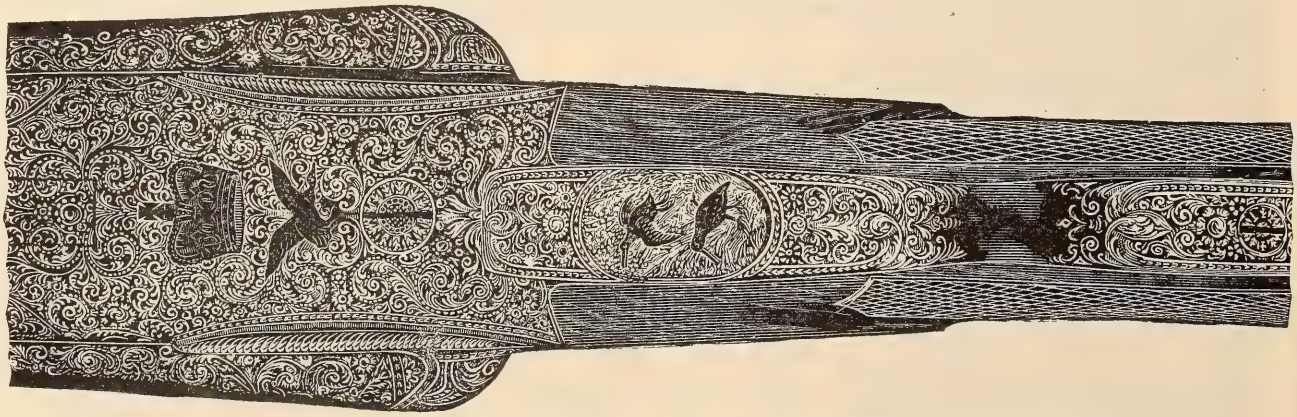

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